



RHYVERS BEAT

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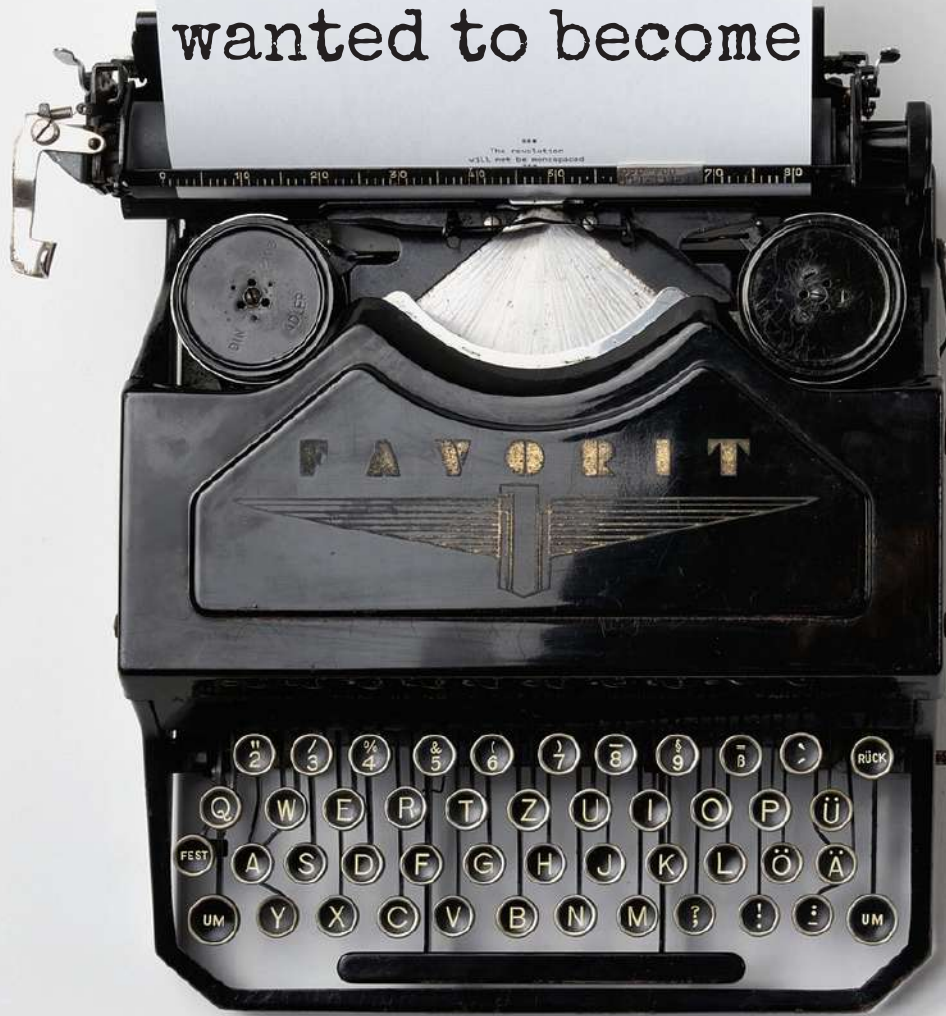


Celebrations



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FROM THE DESK OF EDITOR IN CHIEF

There is much around us to pull down our spirits. But the wise say life is what you celebrate.

Greek philosopher Aristotle enshrines happiness as a central purpose of human life and a goal in itself. Celebration is an acknowledgement of the abundance and blessings that happiness brings.

In our edition for the festive season, we celebrate every step of our journey, with infinite opportunities to appreciate the positives with joy and gratitude.

It is never too late to start celebrating our journey. Big or small, any celebration is about taking time to notice the beauty around us.

Celebrations don't have to be limited to a particular occasion. It is an essential part of living a balanced life and creating a strong bond of togetherness. Let us today use it to create a life that feels good on the inside as much as it looks good on the outside.

Read on, and be part of these celebrations of abundance.

Much joy


Affan Yesvi



FROM THE EXECUTIVE EDITOR'S DESK



DR. SONIKA SETHI

Human heart is an industrious spider ever busy weaving a complex web of emotions and paradoxically getting entangled in the gossamers of its very own creation. Entrapped in the midst of this intricate network, it fails to recognize the sole aim of its existence, which is, to celebrate its own existence!

The average human heart beats 60 to 100 times a minute. Every beat resonates with the presence of life in the human body. Therefore, every beat, every throb and every pulsation is a joyful celebration of our existence on this planet. Osho says, “*Life should not only be lived, it should be celebrated.*” Even the Dalai Lama says, “*The purpose of our lives is to be happy.*”

Why wait for occasions and reasons to celebrate? Life is too short to wait for momentous occasions. It calls for celebrations right from “the blue bed to the brown”. What Robert Herrick advised ‘The Virgins’, holds ground for humanity in general

*Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.*

Remember, we own but a fraction of time, a handful of breaths and perhaps a few seasons to live before the sap of life ebbs out of our body. Therefore, do not waste another moment in letting out sighs or in frowning that sweet brow. Andrew Marvel told his ‘Coy Mistress’ to make the most of the precious youth before time and tide turn around,

*Had we but world enough and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime....
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.*

Sing to your heart’s desire. Dance till your feet ache. Love till it hurts. Reach out to the ones you love. Hold their hands and celebrate your togetherness for the moment once gone is gone forever.

Celebrate before it’s too late! Celebrate till your heart beats!

Celebrate till Rhyvers Beat!!!

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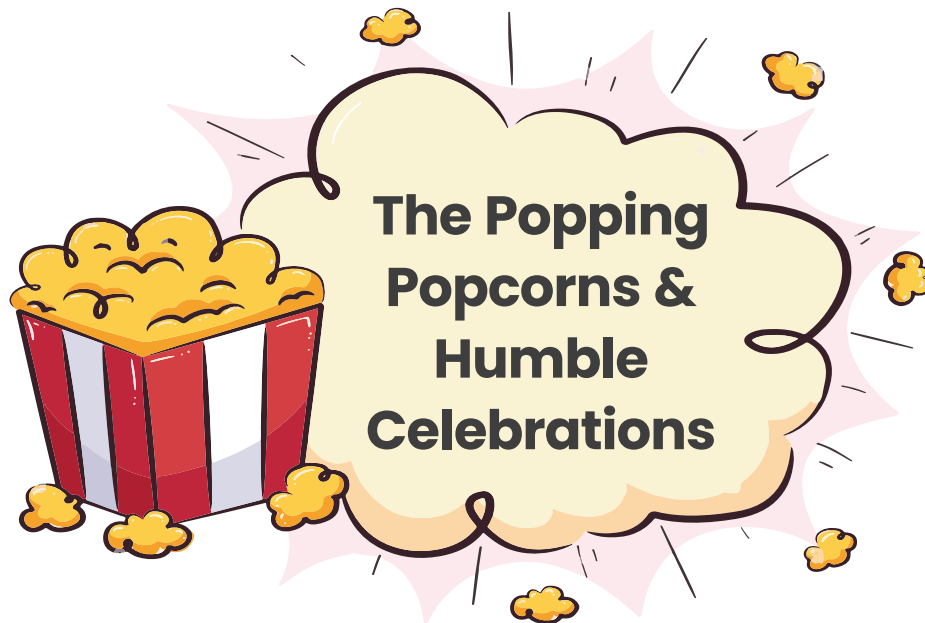
Celestial Fiesta

*In the deepening crepuscular horizon,
A streak of lightning plays strobes of an impending celestial fiesta,
And Earth waits with bated breath that would send wisps of petrichor,
I wait as rain song hums in my throat,
The breeze strums the air acknowledging my anticipation,
Foliage taking on a blackened green hue, still and silhouetted
Like ballerinas waiting in a green room,
Songbirds quieted, for they know of water arrows
That would strike their downs,
And hope, like summer rain, looms in the night sky
Where stars are rehearsing,
Soon to disappear as clouds sing their earth song,
In celebrations of gratitude they only know to express,
By giving themselves to Existence.*



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.



The Popping Popcorns & Humble Celebrations

The other day at the cinema, it became bemusing to select the flavour of the popcorn from the lengthy list. I ended up with caramel but as soon as I grabbed them, my mind drifted to the humble popcorn place at my maternal village Butala near Amritsar and I was on a nostalgic trip down memory lane. I recalled the place called '*Pathi*' – an integral part of every village, at least till the late 90s which was a favourite haunt of one and all, especially children.

Bigger villages had two or three of them and were usually managed by an elderly lady who knew everyone and anyone and their stories. I recall, we also had a short story titled '*Pathiwali*' in our Punjabi textbook at school, which beautifully highlighted the intriguing role of the protagonist and portrayed many scenes related to her profession. The place was all mud but kept spotlessly clean. One corner was designated to wood, cow dung cakes and dried leaves which were used to build and sustain the fire in the *Pathi*.

Every evening, for almost every child, every street led to the humble shack of the *Pathiwali*. While some came alone, others were accompanied by elders. You may still be a few steps away when the mouthwatering fragrance would hit you, followed by the sound of dancing popcorns being popped in hot sand thrown in a large '*Karahi*'. We also looked forward to the corn that kept jumping out, for it meant-free tasting. Other than corn, people also brought wheat grains or grams for roasting,

which were then sprinkled with jaggery powder and relished. The aroma created during the entire process was unforgettable besides being so beguiling for the eyes.

Interestingly, simplicity ran even in the business style as people would rarely bring money to pay. They brought a small portion of corn or any other grains from which she kept her share and within minutes delighted her customers with a warm treat which was joyfully carried home in an old fashioned cotton cloth bag. Occasionally, it appeared that she took way more than her share but her engrossing tales would compensate for the loss.

Discipline, too, stood tall as we patiently waited for our turns and often many of us would be standing in a queue long before her arrival. The day she was a bit late, someone was sent to follow up, taking off straight to her home and the day she would take an off, we felt a rare dryness in the day. After all, it was also a rendezvous point, where children met new friends and women went on swapping gossip, anchored by the chief of the place, who was undoubtedly, fond of it.

It has been more than a decade since the village panchayat built a storehouse for food grains at the very same spot but I must say whosoever was associated with it, still remembers it as the storehouse of infinite memories and of the simple world it was home to once. Whenever I walk past it, the very same fragrance and the sound of dancing popcorns marches effortlessly to remind me of the old world celebrations!



RAMESHINDER SINGH SANDHU

is a writer and a travel enthusiast. His write-ups are regularly published in national dailies.

An Ode to Celebration

A harbinger of Joy, Fun and Frolic

A Rame

An abditory for the aching heart

*Your territory knows no bounds: you are limitless,
infinite and borderless*

Forever satiating the thirst for happiness

Democratically

Leaving behind colour, race and nationality

An eternal muse of Mankind

A great respite, a protection

From the ever predator melancholy

A painter who fills the blank, dull, canvass of life

With splendid and vibrant shades of colours

Enthusiasm, revelry and happiness

Find their true form in your presence

Your souvenirs are kept

Safe on the shelf of life.



RUPINDER KAUR

is an educationist for the last 14 years. She is a Certified Soft Skill Trainer and a Writer.



Celebrating Defeats

Defeat—a word that has no place in the dictionaries of great men. Yet, at times defeat becomes a delightful feat. There are times when one quite naturally starts drawing immense pleasure and pride in one's defeats and vies for many more such moments. As strange as it may sound, defeat at the hands of children right from their infancy is experienced, relished and celebrated by all.

I can still visualize how ecstatic my son would feel when competing in a race with me. I would deliberately lose the race to pump him up and encourage him to take milk regularly in his diet. The milk time at night was also full of competitive spirit and kids were encouraged to finish the contents ahead of their elders so as to inflict defeat upon them, which they did unfailingly. The defeats bestowed upon parents instilled a unique sense of achievement among children and brew immense contentment in elders. Such exercises hopefully are put to practice in almost every household in one form or another.

My son scored 89 percent in his 10th board exams. He was dissatisfied with his performance. My father remarked “My dear, today you have defeated not only me but also others in the family as you have surpassed everyone with your score.” Yes, we stood there defeated, but that defeat filled us with a distinct sense of pride and we silently prayed for many more such defeats in life. Later in life when he was placed on a handsome salary in a reputed company, my

father wrote to him “Another defeat for your father and grandfather as you have once again surpassed everyone in the family as far as your position and package is concerned. I acknowledged that defeat with folded hands, thanking God for such blissful moments.”

On successful completion of my doctorate when I bowed to touch the feet of my father announcing the award of my Ph.D. degree, his instant remark with a distinct spark in his eyes was “Once again I stand proudly defeated by my son” and planted a kiss on my forehead. With tears in his eyes, he gently prayed that the younger generation should continue providing the elders with such privileged moments of pride.

My father went to stay with my son and his wife in Mumbai shortly after their wedding. My son messaged me on WhatsApp a photograph of ‘besan ka poorā’ cooked by my daughter-in-law, one of Dada’s favourites. The message read— ‘Besan Ka Poorā’ by Priyanka beats Chachi and Mommy both— A verdict by DADA’. I instantly sent him the reply “Another defeat for Dada as my daughter-in-law defeats and surpasses his daughters-in-law.’ My wife proudly acknowledged this defeat and lost no time in congratulating her and informing others in the family of the culinary traits of her daughter-in-law. My father said ‘May God bless everyone with such delightful moments of defeat.’

Such defeats are beyond doubt delightful feats to be celebrated only by the blessed ones!



**DR. SANJEEV
TRIKHA**

Associate Prof. (Retired)
is a freelance contributor
based at Gurugram

Joie de vivre!

*Oh, it was a day like any other,
What day, which month, friend, how does it matter?
But for me, it was a moment that spoke of my vigour,
Overwhelming emotions, unstoppable thoughts,
Ah! They didn't need a trigger.*

*For the world, it was just another victory.
For me, it was one fourth of my life in a spree.
I had waited for years for the dream to come true,
Crawling, limping, falling
But not giving up on it all through.*

*Oh! That day, the woman holding the Ph.D wasn't the old me,
The novice, under confident, dreamer was just a history.
Yes, it was a day like any other, but for me,
My heart celebrated victory,
Over the demons no one else could see...*



**DR. BALJEET
KAUR ANAND**

is Assistant Professor
of English at Sri Guru
Granth Sahib World
University, Fatehgarh
Sahib, Punjab.

The Chosen One

Simran was again late for the meeting. She cursed her luck. Her life was a rollercoaster ride. Things would fall apart any minute on a promising day when she would think nothing could go wrong. It was as if God found it funny to land her in awkward situations. She was a joke, a good laugh and a caricature of entertainment for the Almighty sitting above. Today for instance, she was ready for work way before time. She left home before schedule hoping to reach for the academic meeting in her college where she taught Philosophy. As soon as she stepped out of the house an uncivilized neighbour decided to throw garbage from her balcony at the precise moment. She groaned, took a deep breath and thought, “There is still time to change. Today I won’t let you have a good laugh at my expense.” She changed her clothes and thought, “I will catch the 8:30 bus and will make it sharp at 9:00 for the academic council meeting with the Dean and the board of studies.”

Although momentarily, she had forgotten that her luck always played hide and seek with her. The 8:30 bus was overcrowded. Yet she managed to squeeze in only to find the bus break down within 10 minutes of boarding. She clenched her jaw in anger. Luckily (or she thought it was luck!), she caught hold of a shared auto and hopped in. A young teenage girl was already seated in the auto. 5 minutes in the auto and the girl began to vomit. She collapsed right on Simran’s already burdened shoulder. Simran rushed her to the nearby hospital in the same auto. She waited for the girl’s relatives to show up so that she could leave. The doctors informed her

that the girl had consumed poison and though she was stable, it was a police case so Simran will have to wait for the cops to show up before she could go on with her routine. “Wow! I really don’t know whose face I saw this morning! Why can’t my day ever be normal?”

The cops arrived an hour and a half later. After the statements were recorded, Simran was allowed to leave. She booked a cab. After cancelling the ride three times, one driver finally agreed to come. The cab had cruised for about 15 minutes when the driver overtook a car from the wrong side. The driver of the other car started to hurl abuses. One thing led to another and both drivers stopped the cars in the middle of road and a fight ensued between the two. Simran tried hard to pacify the driver, to make him move, but all in vain. It was already 12 noon. “I will have to apply for a half day leave” she thought. “You Win God! You got your joke. Please stop this madness now and make this day normal”, she said aghast.

She reached college at 12:30 p.m. only to find a hysterical crowd gathered outside the main gate. There were police and media vans, ambulances, crying parents, relatives and onlookers. A cop stopped her midway and told her that she could not go further. She was told that around 10:30 a.m. two armed men entered the college premises and opened fire. 36 people were killed including students and members of the academic council who were in the middle of a meeting—a meeting, she too, was supposed to attend.

It was the moment she realized she was **THE CHOSEN ONE!**



SMITA CHANDAR TOLANI

is a gold medalist in Physics and winner of P.L Khare Prize in Physics and National Crystallography prize. She is currently working as an Assistant Professor in the department of Applied Physics at St. Vincent Pallotti College of Engineering and Technology, Nagpur, Maharashtra.



A Dress with Pockets

*All we really need
Is a dress with pockets
Paisley and pink
With terracotta buttons
A wide belt on the waist
And big patchwork pockets.
Big patchwork pockets
To hold the paper-trail black of desire
An ink pot for the black ink
That I wear on my eyes
And that I dress my temptations with
A cup that holds my blood
And a handkerchief that wipes it off my eyes.*

*Two big patchwork pockets
To hold my flame
To water my tears
To elude my smile*

*And to admonish my shame
Two patchwork pockets
To patch my strength
With my fears
And a paisley pink dress
With terracotta buttons
And two patchwork pockets
To pocket me within
And without.*



SONIKA KUMARI
is a Research Scholar
at Sharda University,
Uttar Pradesh

Soulmates

*The odyssey of Us
Cruising, traversing through tides
Of Passions and promises
Of strengths and fears
The journey of life, together over the years
Through the whirlwind of emotions–
Masculine cosmologies
Clouting feminine prides
Sonnets written of his sweat
Criticized by beautiful mess
Persona problems and clashes
Unspoken phrases and phases
Facade of stoicism and silences
Tactful rhetoric weaving through situations
Juggling and balancing, calm or chaotic days
Spectacle of love in myriad ways
It is said soul binding happens in heaven
We say it is by mutual love and compassion
You and me,
Celebrating our togetherness.*



**DR. RASHMI
CHOWDHARY**

is a Dentist by profession
and writes short stories
and poems.



Soul-filling Celebrations!

*Socket-plugged dainty fairy lights
Don't mirror the brightened moments
Neither do the endless flowery trails
Adorning the graceful event*

*Oh no! Not that jarring music
Playing beats that thump your heart
Frills & lanterns, paper-patterns
Setting all decorations apart*

*These may paint a perfect picture
To eyes, they are a treat
But if it can't brighten a dim-lit soul
Such brilliance is incomplete*

*Colorful smiles on happy faces
Hugs that melt the heart
True love in the sparkling eyes
Are what set festivities apart!*



ANNURANI 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 Different Celebration

The received modes of celebration today are generally boisterous enjoyment of an event that can be either organized or impromptu, and carpe diem with unmistakable epicurean ring to it. However, not being given to high jinks, and not at all enamoured of the culture that envelops us in the fog of ersatz positivity, goads us to count our blessings, and to run after happiness as if it's the only goal in life, celebration means something different to me. In trying to parse the original connotations of the word before several accretions brought it closer to the epicurean ideal, I took the etymological route.

In the mid-15th century, the word 'celebration' had a distinctly religious signification as it referred to rites of public worship. Apart from public performance of such ceremonies, these demonstrations could also include displays of collective sorrow. However, today the term 'celebration' has come to mean celebrating certain occasions like anniversaries, important days such as Friendship Day, Mother's Day, and many more. These celebrations are underpinned by consumerism that sells happiness as a fungible commodity to essentially unhappy, alienated human beings inhabiting their egotistical silos in a culture that prioritises individualism over everything else.

No doubt, we've enough to cheer and celebrate today. The blessings we can easily count are that we're Covid survivors, we're not in the war zones in Ukraine or Middle-East, we're not citizens of some famine affected countries where people are dying of hunger. But we cannot be unmindful of the dark, gory and violent underside of our blessings. Apart from this, any celebration has to be cognizant of melancholy, which is the essential condition of being human. No

celebration can ever be unalloyed.

In this regard, John Keats's poem "Ode on Melancholy" comes immediately to mind. He put his finger on this essential human condition when he wrote: "Ay, in the very temple of Delight / Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine." To Keats, joy and sorrow are not irreconcilable polarities because they are mutually inclusive. Joy cannot be had to the exclusion of sorrow and vice versa.

There are some very significant moments in our life which make us look beyond the faux binaries of joy and sorrow, when we experience the intermingling of the two in the very flow of time through us.

The festival of Lohri on the thirteenth day after my father's death in the evening of 1st January 1994 brought this realisation to me. Lohri that year didn't

hold any celebratory value for us. My mother was slowly coming to grips with her widowhood. She told me to light a small fire in the evening to pray for the good of the living. I was reluctant. But she insisted that we've to start living again. A doctor friend walked in casually to give us company in the lonely evening. He had brought with him some sesame seeds, revdis and roasted groundnuts. We sat in a circle around the fire we had made in an iron basin, feeding sesame seeds and revdis to it.

It was a different kind of celebration with new shoots of inchoate hope for life visible in the crackling fire which was no different from the pyre that had consumed my father twelve days ago. The dull ache of immeasurable sorrow dissolved into hope in this solemn celebration. We were preparing to live again; the aching, hoping heart was commemorating my father's absent presence through a celebration tinged with the acute awareness of ephemerality of life. This celebration couldn't have come at a more opportune moment for us.



DR. SWARAJ RAJ
is a retired Professor of English from Govt. Mohindra College, Patiala. He dabbles in poetry and prose and is also an amateur photographer of nature in its myriad forms.

Our Music is Our Heritage



*Madhumita Ray, renowned classical vocalist of India gives an insight into her style which is an amalgamation of both Hindustani classical and fusion music in an exclusive interview with our editor, **Sonika Sethi**.*

How did your journey as a musician start? Who motivated you to embark upon this journey and who all influenced you?

Music is something that I have inherited both from my father as well as mother. Our home was abound with the melody of classical music and as far as I can remember, music has been a part and parcel of my consciousness. My mother, Kalyani Prakash was a disciple of Annapurna Devi— renowned sitar player, daughter of Ustad Allauddin Khan and wife of Pandit Ravi Shankar. She played the sitar and though my father was a renowned stamp designer, he too practiced classical music and both my parents were always engaged in discourse related to classical music. As a result, the influence was right there in my natural environment and classical music came spontaneously to me. When I was hardly 4 or 5, I would accompany my mother to her training sessions and recitals. Therefore, there was

no option for me. It was like a river follows its course, I followed the course of classical music.

Please tell us something about the kind of music you practice and enjoy listening to in your leisure time.

In my leisure time, I love listening to different kinds of music. In fact, I have done a lot of experimental work also with artists from around the world. The Government of Norway in the year 1999, invited me to do a fusion concert with Rikskoncertene, the Norwegian Concert Institute. I worked with Norwegian jazz musicians in a collaborative project touring across Norway, fusing Indian classical music and jazz. I repeated the collaboration with one of the tour musicians, the Norwegian bass guitarist Ingrebright Haker Flaten on his visit to New Delhi. I have done fusion music with Indian Folk artists, Sufi and Bhakti movement artists and also with painter-visual artist, Pulak Biswas.

Who are your favorite vocalists?

I love listening to Ustad Amir Khan, Bhim Sen Joshi and of course D.V. Paluskar tops the list of my favourite vocalists. Kishori Amolkar is another one of my favourites.

Being a classical singer, what is your opinion about the future of classical music in India?

See, times are changing and I also believe in changing and moving with the times. But I also think that our music is our heritage. It is so ancient and yet so scientific and enriching. Hence, it must be preserved and upheld by us at all costs. We must take responsibility to preserve it through the Guru-Shishya parampara which is actually an unbroken chain through which heritage passes from one generation to another. Therefore, the younger generation must be made aware of its importance. We live in times of instant gratification and youngsters, of course, are attracted towards these new found vistas and avenues. They must be taught the values of perseverance and the significance of 'sahaj pake so meetha hoye.' Classical music can only be preserved through persistent efforts and patience.

You have given musical performances, both in India as well as abroad. Have you perceived any palpable difference in the audience's response towards classical Indian music?

Yes, I have given performances all over the world and one major difference that as a classical singer I have perceived is that the audiences abroad are much more focused than back home. There is pin drop silence in the hall and their dedication towards the artist and his music, is more profound. The audience is multifarious. They

come from all walks of life— students, musicians, art lovers— to listen to my style of music and some of them, I even managed to convert. People who said they did not like music earlier, fell in love with it after listening to my music. It gives me immense pleasure to think that I have been able to light the lamp, somehow.

Please share your views on 'Music as a form of celebration of both life and love'.

Absolutely, there is no other way which can completely express the feelings, human emotions, sentiments and the connectivity with nature. We are so deeply connected with nature that every form of music can be derived from nature. For example- Raag Malhar for rains, Raag Basant for Spring, and so on. In fact, man's very soul is connected to nature. What is basically sur and taal? When a child is born, it cries and its heart beats. That is rhythm which is nothing but 'sur' and 'taal'. Look at a horse's trot, the fluttering of a butterfly's wings, the way your heart beats, everything in nature represents rhythm. It is the rhythm of life and it is in the very existence of nature. The Vedic chants gave us the 'sa re ga' sur and the rest have been imbibed from nature— the 'pa' sur came from the koel's cooing, 'ni' came from the sound of the elephants, 'ma' came from the goat's bleating, so on and so forth. Therefore, life is nothing but a form of celebration which manifests itself through music.



"They should learn to connect with their souls as well as with nature. Connect with music for the sheer joy of it and not because of any ulterior motive. That will be the biggest celebration of life!"

Any message for our readers?

My only message to the readers is to listen to what their heart says. They should learn to connect with their souls as well as with nature. Connect with music for the sheer joy of it and not because of any ulterior motive. That will be the biggest celebration of life!



Gentle Scribbles

*The colour of mehndi in my palms for you
Accentuates the beatings of my heart on a tender night,
When its red tint transcends the glistening moonlight.
The seamless flow of gentle scribbles never falters;
Like a brook passing at a patient rate,
Only meant to be engulfed and absorbed by
The passionate fire of Faith that dances
In between the wrinkled, crooked lines of Fate.*



GURPREET KAUR
is an Assistant Professor
of English in Panchkula,
Haryana.

One Life to Celebrate!

She promised her that this Diwali, she would definitely bring home everything needed for the celebrations. She had been postponing the celebration since last two years on one pretext or another. The ground reality, of course, was the lack of funds. After slogging and saving for two years she had managed to collect enough money to buy diyas, oil, new clothes and sweets for Renu, her seven year old daughter. She promised that she would cook the meal of her choice—Puree, chana and halwa.

“How luck had robbed her of celebrations?” she wondered. Two years ago every day was a celebration for her and her family.

The little house made of half-baked bricks was small but to her it was a palace full of people she loved. Bursting with energy and feeling happy, she did unending household chores from morning to evening. Starting from tea in the morning to cooking breakfast, lunch and dinner and also cleaning the house— she never complained. Everyone else went out to work— her husband, her father-in-law and mother-in-law.

She was lucky that unlike most men in her neighbourhood, her husband was not into alcohol. She took pride in the fact. Most ladies in her neighbourhood slogged day in and day out, always tired and worried since most of the men were into drinking. She hardly ever stepped out of her home as she was not required to. Her husband, though worked on daily wages in the fields, felt happy when his family received him like a king.

With her meagre resources she could cook the tastiest food even when the lentils were

like a soup. But the food was served fresh and hot and mealtimes were the best times. When her elders blessed her she felt blessed to the core. She was adept at stitching the tatters so well that no one could guess that the curtain that hung on the entrance door was actually a torn bedcover that someone had given to her mother-in-law. Brimming with energy and love as she was, she celebrated every moment of her meagre existence.

Two years ago the tragedy struck her little paradise. Everybody, except her daughter, was wiped out due to the pandemic. Like a cruel joke, she was jolted out of her celebrations. It had been a Herculean task for her to fend for herself and her daughter as she had never moved out of the house. But move she must to feed and eat.

It's been two years now since she took up this new role.

And today she will celebrate what she had been postponing.

Yes, she had to. She had Renu to look forward to— to cherish and to celebrate!



DR SANGEETA HANDA
retired as Principal, Govt
Mohindra College, Patiala. 36
years of experience as Professor
of English. Author of 2 books and
several articles in national and
international journals

Colours of Celebrations

*The bloomy bliss received
from the gods of heavens.*

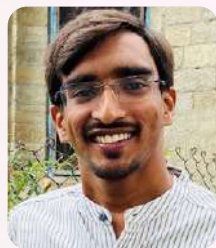
*The cheerful charming criss derived
from delightful expressions.*

*I am the reason behind joyous, joyful, jubilation
I am known by the name— celebration!*

*I owe my existence to the Goddess of smile
She sends me to vanish all woe and vile.*

*I come with the gifts of blitheness, glee, elation,
I am the cherished one, God's dearest creation!*

*I am a blessing of enshrined abode of celestial beings,
A song of love which the angel sings.
It is my duty to sprinkle drops of jollification.
I am known by the name— Celebration!*



PRATHAM BIDLAN
is a singer and composer



BUDDING WRITER' CORNER

Celebrating the Day of the Dead

In Mexico butterflies are believed to hold the souls of the dead. Día de Muertos (the day of the dead) was only a day away. Stalls were decorated with marigolds and stuffed toys. The air was suffused with the sweet aroma of food and sweets. A straight path, that the annual parade follows every year, was being prepared to be lighted up with candles and LEDs. Trees were decorated with flowers and face painters sat all over the city with grinning cheerful faces.

Isabel and her friend Sierra circled around the red slide in their neighborhood park, stuffing their mouths with cotton candy and trying not to crash into each other while sliding down with one hand.

“Come home Isabel it’s getting dark!” came a sound as sharp as a knife ripping through, making Isabel’s eyes widen. The two friends giggled with mischief, said their goodbyes and headed home.

“I’m here Abuela (grandma)” Isabel said loudly removing her shoes at the door. “When are you making Chilaquiles, Mama?”

“In two days Mija, when we celebrate the Day of the Dead,” tuned in Isabel’s mother walking gracefully into the dining room balancing two plates in her hand.

“Ughh! Mama, how is Lola now? Is she better?” asked Isabel. “She’s getting better Isabel. She’ll be ready to play with you tomorrow. It was only a fever.” Isabel jumped off the chair and giggled, running in to see her sister Lola. A deranged scream from the room made her family rush in to see a shaking Isabel on the floor holding the head of an unmoving Lola.

“She isn’t waking up! She fell down Mama. She isn’t waking up, Abuela. Do something Papa,” said Isabel, tears blurring her vision as her mind went numb. Everything after that was a blur. The faint scent of blood seeping through a veil of antiseptic reached her when she opened her eyes.

Was it really happening? Was her sister really gone? She had been planning to wear the red and pink dress to match with her sister’s during the parade. Match the paint on their faces. All the memories started running through her head as she heard the continuous sound of her mother weeping.

“Let’s play what we saw today *Hermana* (sister).” “Let me paint your face.” “We’ll go to see the parade together where Papa will let ME sit on his shoulders.” “Don’t cry *Hermana*, I’ll be up and playing with you in no time.”

Her sister had lied to her. She felt her fists clench with anger as tears started making their way onto her cheeks again.

The open casket was set up on a table for everyone to pay their last respects. The altar was lit with candles and everything that excited Isabel a day ago pained her even more.

Not able to handle the pain, she ran towards the grave of her grandpa. “Please send her back to me Abuelito (grandpa). I miss her so much. Please send her back to me, to us. Mama hasn’t been the same. She cries every night and Papa hasn’t spoken a word since... Please take care of her” she sighed and got up watching people gather and gasp as they stood around the casket of her sister.

A pink butterfly with red spots sat on top of the casket. Tears started to run down her eyes as she ran to hug a breathing Lola!



MUSKAN SHARMA

is a first year student of Psychology who believes in the power of writing.



Celebrations Galore

Cherry on the top or red balloons– what's the difference?

We celebrate every day like its Christmas.

Fairy lights on Diwali, aren't they so pretty?

Oh, these celebrations make me feel like a celebrity!

We like to celebrate all year,
With no worries and no fear,
Decorate the house in full gear,
Blow candles, light up lights when it's here!

Come January and we fly kites,
On blazing days and in shivering nights.
When winter ends, it's time for spring,
We go to fairs and have fun till it's time for the lights.

Then comes everyone's favourite– Holi,
Play with colours, have *masti* with *friends ki toli*.
It's now time for the festival of sister and brother,
We exchange gifts, share sweets and promise to stick together!

And when the end of the year comes,
We sit and remember all the jubilations,
Families meet, it's time to greet,
Every day is a day of celebrations!

ANSHIKA KHATTRY

is a student from Varanasi



Padma Shri, Dr. Surjit Pattar, Chairperson Punjab Arts Council and Dr. Sumita Misra IAS, Additional Chief Secretary, Govt of Haryana and Chairperson, Chandigarh Literary Society were the Chief Guests on the occasion.



Yeh Na Thi Hamari Qismat, Bilingual book of Gazals by Lily Swarn Saba launched

Dr. Chandra Trikha, Director, Haryana Sahitya Academy, Deputy Chairman, Haryana Urdu Academy; Dr. Lakhwinder Johal, President, Punjabi Sahitya Academy, Secretary General Punjab Arts Council, Vivek Atray, Ex IAS, Author, Motivational Speaker and Affan Yesvi, Director, Rhyvers Media Group were guest of honour.

The book is one of its kind as the ghazals are published parallel both in Hindi and Urdu. The event was attended by large number of literary enthusiasts from tricity.



Multilingual poet and author, Lily Swarn Saba with her book of Ghazals *Ye Na Thi Hamari Qismat*, launched at Press Club, Chandigarh on 22 September 2022.



Fifth Edition of YERCAUD POETRY FESTIVAL held



RHYVERS MEDIA GROUP is proud to be associated with YERCAUD POETRY FESTIVAL as Media Partners for second consecutive year

Yercaud Poetry Festival-V, was held on 26 & 27 August 2022. The festival has been organized annually for the last five years and is based on one of the elements—Earth, Water, Fire and Air.

This year it was based on the fifth element 'Ether' and the theme was 'Dream Poetry...Restore Space' and was held at Coastal Grand Anglo-French Resorts, Yercaud.

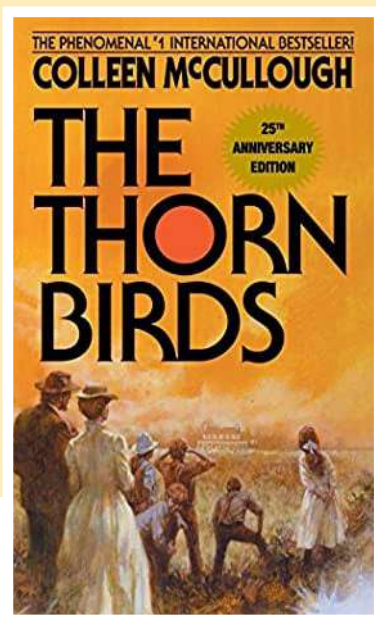
91 poets from around the world participated in the event, both physically and virtually and shared their poetry in multiple languages.



EDITOR'S PICK OF THE MONTH

The Thorn Birds

by Colleen McCullough



The *Daily Telegraph* calls *The Thorn Birds* “A true epic” and writes, “It’s easy to see why this stunning tale has been called the Australian *Gone With the Wind*.”

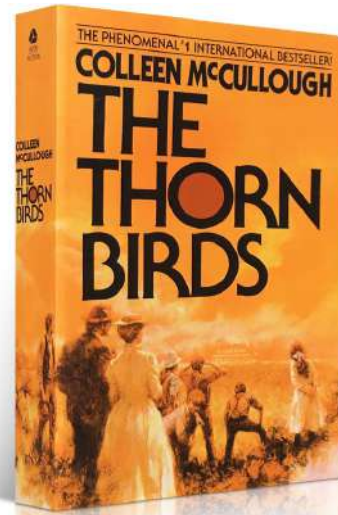
The blurb on the book reads, “For only those who have slipped and fallen know the vicissitudes of the way...” and Meggie always knew that Ralph had fallen very deep, albeit only once, and now they must pay the price for it.

The novel first published in 1977 by Avon Books traces the lives of three generations of the Cleary household from their meagre existence in New Zealand to the supposed greener pastures of Australia. The novel became a roaring success and was later adapted into a mini-series in 1983. The Cleary family includes the matriarch Fiona and her husband, Padraic or Paddy, eight

sons— Frank, Jack, Hughie, Bob, Hal, Stu, James and Patrick and a daughter, Meghann or little Meggie. The family moves to New South Wales in Australia to work and later inherit the Drogheda sheep station owned by Paddy's rich sister, Mary Carson.

The plot revolves around the tragic love story of the star-crossed couple, Meggie and Ralph de Bricassart, a young priest in the remote parish of Gillanbone, near Drogheda. Meggie's aunt, Mary is a benefactor to Ralph and goes to great lengths to seduce him. But Ralph stays committed to his vows to the church and there is only one person he cares for, little Meghann Cleary. As she attains womanhood, Meggie can think of none but Father Ralph and there is a moment when Ralph loses his outward composure and they kiss. But Ralph's ambition leads him away from Meggie and Meggie marries Luke, a farmhand, for the sole reason that he looks vaguely like Ralph. Luke leaves a pregnant Meggie as a live-in maid at the house of a kind couple, the Muellers and leaves for Queensland.

Post-partum, Muellers send Meggie to rest on an isolated island resort where Ralph joins her and for the



first time they consummate their relationship. Meggie leaves Luke, returns to Drogheda and gives birth to Dane, Ralph's son. Ralph is unaware of Dane's paternity and loves him like a nephew. Despite Meggie's resistance, Dane decides to take orders and join priesthood. Tragedy strikes Meggie and Cleary family one after the other as Dane dies young and at his funeral when Ralph learns the truth of his parentage, he is heartbroken. He dies in Meggie's arms.

A tragic love story for the lovers of romance. The title owes its origin to the legend that alludes to the 'Parable of the Sower' in the *Synoptic Gospels* and chapter 9 of the *Gospel of Thomas* about a mythical 'thornbird' that impales itself on a thorn and sings the most beautiful song ever heard as it dies.



RHYVERS BEAT

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

Theme: Gratitude

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: Oct 15, 2022

For further details please visit :



rhyvers.com/ezone

Please email your contributions to

 rhyversdesk@gmail.com



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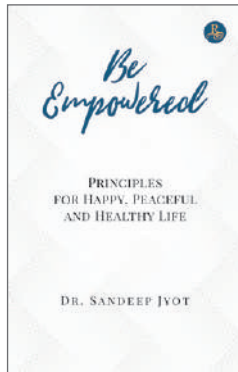


OUR PUBLICATIONS



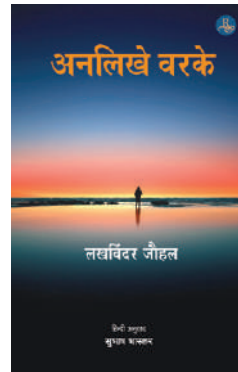
SUKOON-E-ABERAH

Divya Abira
Genre: Poetry



BE EMPOWERED

Dr. Sandeep Jyot
Genre: Motivational



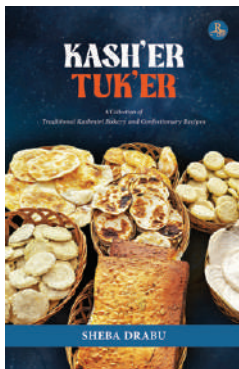
ANLIKHE VARKE

Dr. Lakhwinder Johal
Genre: Poetry



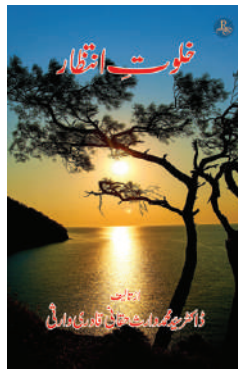
KRISHNASHTAK

Er. Anoop Pandey & Dr. Purnima Kulkarni
Genre: Anthology



KASH'ER TUK'ER

Sheba Drabu
Genre: Cookbook



KILWAT E INTIZAR

Dr. Syed Mohammad Waris
Genre: Poetry



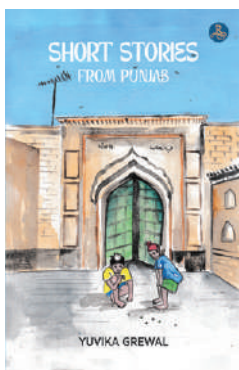
NIWAS SE PRAVAS

Ninder Ghugiyarvi
Genre: Travelogue



PUT YOUR BEST FOOT FORWARD

Col. D.S. Cheema
Genre: Self Help



SHORT STORIES FROM PUNJAB

Yuvika Grewal
Genre: Stories



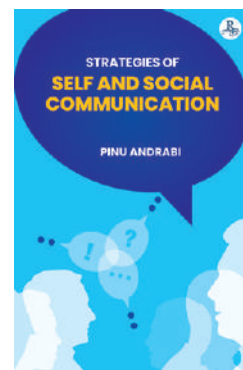
HANDBOOK ON PERSONAL FINANCE & CONSUMER STUDIES

Sania Shakeel
Genre: Finance



PREVI

GN Tanveer
Genre: Story



STRATEGIES OF SELF AND SOCIAL COMMUNICATION

Pinu Andrabi
Genre: Management



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