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FROM THE DESK OF EDITOR IN CHIEF

*Rest with your dream inside my dream.
Love, grief, labour, must sleep now.*

The words of Pablo Neruda signify dreams, love, and so much more that life is made of.

Dreams are what make us come alive. Love, labour and grief are all part of our existence. One has to pass through these stages to achieve the dream.

Dreams are necessary. Without dreams, there will be no ambition to chase. There will be no goal to reach. It will be like following an invisible shadow.

Dreams are an essential part of life. Without dreams one may lose interest in living.

Dreams are not empty ideas. They give people ambition. It is the pursuit of ambition that shapes a person.

Sigmund Freud wrote that dreams are a representation of unconscious desires, thoughts, emotions, actions and motivations.

Dreams can give people power of hope, and influence how people live their lives. Dreams are also a road to the unconscious mind and are a way of discovering oneself.

As Walt Disney said: "All our dreams can come true if we have the courage to pursue them."

These pages are filled with dreams. Dreams of hope, joy, love and ambition. Let us herald a new dream in our lives. Happy Reading.


Affan Yesvi



FROM THE EXECUTIVE EDITOR'S DESK



DR. SONIKA SETHI

'You are never too old to set another goal or to dream a new dream.'
(C.S. Lewis)

Humans have, since times immemorial, ascribed great significance to dreams. Dreams, the ancient Egyptians believed, were a window to the future and hence employed trained seers to interpret them for decision making. Similarly, Greeks and Romans, attributed dreams to a peep into the future as well as a dialogue between the living and the departed.

Dreams can be fleeting and surreal, yet have the capacity to invoke the muse for the poets. Samuel Taylor Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan' is a manifestation of his opium-fed dreams. Dreams though unreal and imaginary, can lay the stepping stone to a grand reality provided one has the conviction to transform one's visions into reality.

Martin Luther King, Jr. when addressing 250,000 people in 1963 from the steps of Lincoln Memorial in Washington, told them of a dream he had- the dream of a land sans the blot of slavery and racism. The following year, America through the Civil Rights Act of 1964, superseded all state and local laws requiring segregation. Such is the power of Dreams!

So dream all that you can. Always support and never undermine the dreams people see, for civilizations have been built on the shoulders of men who envisaged a better and secure future for their fellow beings.

This issue of our magazine turns into actuality some of the gossamer creations weaved by our writers and poets in the form of short stories, anecdotes and poems. We wish our readers

Happy Reading! Happy Writing! Happy Dreaming!

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Wingless, I Fly

*My dreams are the visual representation
Of my heart's inner most incarceration
Through dreams I tend to grow wings
So that my soul could dance and sing
Dreams quench my soul's longing thirst*

*In my dreams I wish to be always immersed
What would I do without my dreams?
As they are the ones where I am the queen
As I go to sleep each night, with my wonderful dreams
I step into another world, into a fantastic theme
Where I am happy, elated, soaring high
Where I am wingless, yet I dare to fly*

*Some dreams are scary, wake me up with a jerk
Some of them are nightmares, that make me feel berserk
Dreams are an integral part of my life
At times they cut through my soul like a knife
Without dreams my life would be dull and colourless
Dreams fill me with hope, make me feel ageless.*

*I shall keep dreaming, never give up
Because dreams enable me to see life close up.*



SRIVIDYA GUPTA
quit her corporate career to pursue creative writing, and writes blogs, short stories and poems on various online platforms.

My Fluid Dreams In Glass

*Crystals beautifully encompass,
My colourful fluid dreams in glass.
From a molten liquid state they pass,
But these solidified dreams will last.*

*Longer than the ballerina with a broken arm,
Whom I positioned in my drawing room,
At angles that would catch the light,
Reveal to sight only parts that looked right.*

*I moulded my dreams like pieces of crystal,
Into fantastic shapes which couldn't be real.
I played out all fantasies into multi-hued art,
Unbelievable exquisite shapes of crafted glass.*

*The more life cut and glazed the rough surfaces,
The more my personality was refined and polished.
If only our thoughts and future would be as clear,
We would forever hold our crystal dreams dear.*



**DR. DEVIYANI
SINGH**

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'International
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at Delhi University
and worked with
the Lok Sabha
Secretariat. She is
presently the Editor
of an education
magazine.

A Dream Deferred

Red Hero bicycle was a dream come true. After all I had slogged hard and bagged the first position. My dreams got wings. I would ride across the campus, race along with friends, ride to school. On a Sunday morning Papa requested our gardener to teach me. One look at the full-size bicycle and the plump me, the wise simpleton opined that I should first master the art of balancing and later on he would teach climbing-alighting.

Strategically positioning it near a big stone or the road curb, I would place my right foot on the lifted right pedal, a gentle push, on the seat and the poor man held the carrier. O what an exhilarating feeling! To stop I would apply brakes and jump down. 'Let's ride home', I suggested and moved to the road. Little did I realize that I was peddling hard on a slope. Alarmed, I looked back at my savior knight slaying his arms and shouting incomprehensible entreaties. The

bicycle jumped onto the pavement and Don Quixote me fell flat on a bed of stones. Howling, bleeding I returned home and that was curtains.

Years later my sister floated a brilliant idea. Let's learn to drive a scooter. Switch on the ignition, press with left hand, kick start, take seat and slowly release. Really tricky, if released slowly the scooter would stop and if quickly it bolted like a horse. Patiently, I picked up. From the ground I shifted to the main

road, slyly I eyed the college gate hoping a friend might see only to be reprimanded by the instructor. Finally, a dream come true moment, I planned to make a grand entry to the college. Thanks to pre-digital era and my Papa's foresight, an application and I acquired a Driving License.

On my maiden trip, as I rode jubilantly, a benevolent cow incarnated out of nowhere. I



**SURUCHI KALRA
CHOUDHARY**

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slammed the brakes with all my might, flew over her, flat onto the road and the scooter meandered in the drain. Leave aside my friends, the entire college turned out! What a fiasco!

As Mother's Day gift, my darling son enrolled me to Maruti Driving School. 'You are in the hands of professionals', reassured the executive. A couple of instructions followed by lessons on the simulator by the time you can apply for a learner's license and then on the road. Much to his amusement, I placed my DL on the table. I learnt my lessons well and after much wise deliberations/survey got a new car.

Furnished with choicest accessories, a bold red 'L' painted, I was all set to ride to college. As a precautionary measure my husband employed a driver for a month to accompany me and train me well. Chirping birds, rising sun, a palette of red/orange/yellow spreading across the blue sky, a black tarmac under me...the poetic flight rudely halted by admonishes to change gears and speed up.

A roadways bus honking gives me jitters. A heavy truck passes just a whisker away and the insolent driver leans over with a volley of unwarranted advice. An overloaded tractor trolley moves at a snail's pace in the middle of the road unmindful of biometric attendance. A biker shoots past taking away the rear-view mirror. Wiser by all these escapades I have reconciled- I wasn't meant for the driver's seat though I concur with Langston Hughes "it just sags like a heavy load".



I Dare to Dream

Caught unawares, I drift..

I drift....

I drift into a world of dreams, This unknown fantasy

I dare to dream

Where my aspirations reign supreme Dreams.....

Like a caged wild animal

Like an incarcerated soul

Yet my thoughts are free

I dream...

I dream of change,

Of a better world

Of love and peace



**When frozen in this eternal bliss
All barrenness shall become fertile
All diseases cured
Fulfilment rest assured
In this genesis of life
Decay and pain shall meet its nemesis**

**We will all grow
And seeds of love sow
Our existence taken care of
Dreams in sequence,
One after another, in a row
We will all flow**

**And love will pervade
And success shall invade
For love knows no boundaries
Neither do dreams
A conglomeration of ideals
A giving heart nestled
In a strong body
And an intelligent mind**

**To reason with
From the kingdom of cerebral moments
To the world of "Utopia"
From the reality of a phantasmagoria
This is my dream,
This is my dream,
This is my dream.**



SREYASHI GHOSH
is a human rights
lawyer turned writer,
published poet,
artist and singer.
She currently lives
in Kolkata.

Seducing Flutes...

*Tale of Every Mortal or Woe of Every being
A Heathen or a Theist
A World within a World
A Savior in the Ocean of Miseries
A Hope in Disguise
A Prophecy made or Ingrained within the Soul
A Beautiful companion for life
An Enigma till Realized
A Charter or a Conviction
Or Trajectories to be Tread upon
A Shrouded Reality or A Spark Within
An Illuminated Desire or A Life Inducer
A Cherished Memory of the Past
Diminishes Reality when Weaved
An Infinite Charmer even when Remains Unfulfilled
A Seducing Mellifluous Tune of Flute
A Chase so Passionate as Wooing the love
Eternity is your disposition
As you Live even after People Cease to Exist
In the Core of Living.*



RUPINDER KAUR

is a poet and
academician
from Ambala.

She tossed and turned. The demons slay her sleep, flogging away the last vestiges of peace. Her mind exhausted by the day's events refused to provide oblivion. Sometimes blankness is heaven. Like a needle stuck on a record the incident made deep indentation on her psyche, playing the hurtful conversation again and again.

Her brother and his wife had their usual argument, slightly overpitched this time to reach her ears. She was accusing him of not persuading his sister to sell the property to pay off the mounting debt. His voice was weak with denial like an abused horse flinching in a tapering tone.

The gibberish died down as she slipped into a reverie where pastels dominated the picture, laughter reigned, as her brother, her parents and she were in a hushed heaven before a monster truck pulverised their dreams. The parents were gone. She crutched onto her wheels, her brother's unchanging attitude. Fate brought her sister-in-law into their lives. The early years were idyllic as she was the sister, she'd never had.

As Covid took a nasty turn in their finances, things changed imperceptibly. A disdain, a gruff murmured protest always under-breath started the super string of expletives till it got to the point where her spirit broke. The ancestral home that was a mute witness to their joys till then, became one to their disasters.

Her wheeled evening walks through the overgrown garden were all the freedom she desired, her moment of sanity in this mayhem. The old nodding tree, as she called it, always nodded in perfect acquiescence as she strolled through the unkempt bower. But she realised it was time, time to let go of the legacy of her past for the sake of the future. Her brother deserved to live happily.

She knew about her father's will. If there was the slightest doubt about her unnatural death the property proceeds will go to charity. So, she had to act very carefully. She pushed out into the garden. The nodding tree beckoned her as if to comfort her. The roots of the tree, gnarled with age, protruded in the hardened soil. She acted as if haste pummelled her, as her steel wheels caught in the web of root-mire.



She forced herself to force fall, struck her forehead and slipped into oblivion.

The brother watched as his wife and kid stepped out onto the desolate road. He couldn't bring himself to drive his poor sister into Home for disabled. His wife had made a drink laced with poison under the guise of medicine to be given to his sister. He refused. She stomped off in anger. He took the glass in his hands and caressed it.

The next day Sun peeped through the leaves to fall onto the mound below, flowers and dried leaves forming a bouquet of reverence to the spirit beneath.

She arrived, with the child, in deep remorse. The kid rummaged through the debris, finding the human spirit long since gone. She ran inside only to see her husband clutching his bosom. A piece of paper flew at her feet. "I have a dream.... a fantasy that all of us were happy". Her son brought another piece of paper from the garden, the same words echoed...

"I HAVE A DREAM...."



SUREKHA SRINIVASAN

is an English Aptitude Trainer by profession, working for the T.I.M.E. Institute, and has 8 anthologies to her credit.



Vivid Like Me!

Dreams...

*Comprising of
multiple colours, of
Success and happiness,
dawn upon me,
quite often.*

I love their vibe...

My dreams are Colourful!

*Dreams make me glow,
with hope and desire, to*

*Own up my follies
and weaknesses,*

*Conquer the hardships,
Achieve the unachievable,*

*And to work upon
my entire self,*

*in an attempt to upgrade
into a better version of myself.*

My dreams are priceless!

*Dreams enlighten me and
lead me unto light from darkness.*

They exhilarate me,

Liberate me

*They soothe me from the
harsh realities of life.*

They resurrect me.

*My valiant dreams dare to
push me into the unknown.*

My dreams are courageous!

Wandering into my Dreamland

I see them crystal clear

They are beautiful,

They are vivid

Occasionally they are strange

*At other times, they tend to engage
Friendly or Unnerving, whatsoever be*

I endeavour to unveil them all.



SARIKA DHUPAR

is a poet, script writer, anchor,
choreographer and actor by
passion and works as a Biology
Lecturer in Chandigarh.



Chase my Dreams!

*A balm to my wreaked frame
Gushing desire in my veins- along with flaring zest
Sweeter than wine, sedative as opium
My solace from the madding crowd
Unadulterated as white
Yet red and passionate- brimming with energy
Bosom-friend of my soul- the immortal companions
Vanquishing colours of the sky- no longer a barrier
Yes, the stroke of midnight is rendered futile
For me to chase my dreams!*



STAFFY BHATEJA
is a poet, editor and
painter hailing from
the City Beautiful,
Chandigarh.



Sizzling Dreamy Eyes of Mine...

*Sizzling dreamy eyes of mine
Reciprocated to the call which seemed divine
My imbecilic dream to love you, put me on fire
Silently I gave in to my heart's desire.*

*Oh! What a terrible mistake I made
For soon the colours of your love did fade
My dreams shattered; my soul was torn
I wished I had never been born.*

*Arise.. Awake.. Conquer the world, for you are a queen
Muster up the broken pieces of your heart serene
Loving just a man can never be your only aim
Dream big. Listen! The sky is calling your name.*

*Sizzling dreamy eyes of mine now follow a new vision
There is no interstice for any illusion
No grudges...no hatred...just gratitude
Your apathy gave way to make my dreams come true.*



SHIVANI GHOSH
is an educator,
motivational speaker,
an established
Personality
Development Coach,
a Podcaster and
a Life Coach from
Mohali, Punjab.

अकडू ख़्वाब

जागती रातों के, अकडू ख़्वाबों के
सिलसिले जारी है
मखमली पलकों पर अपनों की बातों के
छींटे भारी है
आज भी
बिखरी है नींदे चारों ओर
कहीं है करवट, कहीं ख़्वाब
बीच में है बीते दौर

जिस दौर से गुज़रते-गुज़रते सब गुजर गए
बेअदब रात पिघलती रही ख़्वाब दिखने से मुकर गए
नींदे धकेल कर मैं ख़्वाबी हकीकत जीता रहा
झपकी क्या लगी वक़्त के जुए सब ख़्वाब कुतर गए
कैसे छू लूं मैं आसमान
क़दम बढ़ने से पहले ही टोक रहे हैं
सगे यूँ ही है बदनाम
यहाँ खुद के ख़्वाब ही आंखों में धूल झोंक रहे है



विक्रम सिंह

फतेहाबाद, हरियाणा
में रहते हैं और @
lafz_bhige नाम से
इंस्टाग्राम पर कविता
लिखते हैं.



तुलसीदास एक चौपाई में इस असार संसार को महज एक सपना कहते हुए चुपके से पतली गली से निकल जाते हैं। मज़े की बात यह है कि खूबसूरत दुनिया के बारे में इतनी दिल धड़काऊ बात वे बड़े निरपेक्ष भाव से शंकर पार्वती में एक संवाद के रूप में पेश करते हैं और अपने कथन के समर्थन में वे उनके अनुभव का तड़का लगाने से भी नहीं चूकते। उनकी उलझाई गुथी आज तक नहीं सुलझ पाई कि हम इस दुनिया को सपना माने या हकीकत।

सपने सिर्फ नींद में ही नहीं खुली आँखों से भी खूब देखे जाते हैं। खुली आँखों के सपनों को अंग्रेज़ी वाले 'डे ड्रीमिंग' और बनारसी हिंदी वाले 'दिवास्वप्न देखना' कहा करते हैं। व्यक्ति सपने देख भी सकता है और दिखा भी सकता है। सपनों पर कोई टैक्स नहीं लगाया जा सकता। ऐसा होता तो हमारी कुशल वित्त मंत्री सपनों की पैदावार पर कभी की टैक्स की कैची चला चुकी

होती। सपनों के हाइवे पर न कोई लालबत्ती होती है और न कोई गति अवरोधक इसीलिए वहाँ ट्रेफिक कभी जाम नहीं होता। सपनों के लिए कोई क्षेत्र प्रतिबंधित नहीं। सपनों के हवाई घोड़े पर कोई कहीं भी बेखटके जा सकता है। सरहद पार जाने के लिए सपनों के परिंदों को पासपोर्ट नहीं लेना पड़ता। सपनों के आवागमन पर आज तक कोई कर्पू नहीं लग पाया।

इतिहास गवाह है कि सपने दुनिया की शकल बदल डालने की क्षमता रखते हैं। इसी कारण दुनिया के तानाशाह और मनमानी करने वाले राष्ट्राध्यक्ष बेचैन रहते हैं कि कहीं किसी के दिल में उनके तख्तापलट के सपने को कोई ज्वालामुखी बन जाने वाली चिंगारी न पैदा हो जाए। दुनिया में क्रांतियाँ ऐसे ही घटित होती रही है।

हरे भरे सपने टूटे दिलों को जोड़ने में फेविकोल का काम करते हैं और कुछ घाव को भरने के लिए मरहम का। सपने मरुस्थल जैसी जिंदगी को भी हरियाला बना देते हैं। कोई सपना जिन्दगी जीने के लिए एक नई उम्मीद और नया मकसद सामने लाकर

खड़ा कर देता है जो टॉर्च लाइट बन कर जिंदगी की नयी राह दिखा जाता है।

आज दुनिया के बाज़ार में सपनों के बहुरूपिये सौदागर भरे पड़े हैं। वे आदमी की कमज़ोर नस को पहचानने की कला में पारंगत होते हैं। वे पहले कुछ सपनों की झलक इस इस तरह दिखाते हैं कि अच्छा भला आदमी उनकी इच्छानुसार कठपुतली बन जाता है। ऐसा सौदागर कहीं धर्मध्वजी बना भगवान और भक्त के बीच बिचौलिया बनकर मोक्ष का तो कहीं स्वर्ग का सपना बेच रहा है। कोई पुत्र रत्न, छप्पर फाड़ धन या अप्सरा जैसी जीवनसंगिनी प्राप्त हो जाने का सपना दिखा रहा है। लोग हाथों हाथ इन्हें खरीद कर धन्य हो रहे हैं।

राजनीति में सौदागर खूबसूरत सपने को जाल में चारे की तरह इस्तेमाल करते हैं। सत्ता प्राप्ति के लिए इन

शुभ स्वप्न दर्शनम

दिनों अच्छे दिनों के आगमन, मुफ्त राशन-बिजली-पानी, राम राज्य स्थापना, और वसुधैव कुटुंबकम के सपने सफलता की गारंटी बने हुए हैं। इसके लिए वे कहीं विज्ञापन, कहीं जुमलेदार भाषण, कहीं गरीब की झोपड़ी में पत्तल में भोजन ग्रहण और कहीं पदयात्रा का सहारा ले रहे हैं।

सौंदर्य प्रसाधन के बाज़ार में कोयले सी काली काया को गौरवर्णी बना देने, किसी लंगूर या लोमड़ी नुमा चेहरे को शाहरुख खान और दीपिका पादुकोण में पलट देने के सपने धड़ाधड़ बिक रहे हैं। किसी का सपना पलक झपकते साकार हो जाता है तो किसी की जिंदगी इसी इंतज़ार में कट जाती है।

अब रही बात तुलसीदास के दुनिया को सपना कहने के कथन की, तो उसे सही या गलत ठहराने के चक्कर में घनचक्कर बनने से बेहतर होगा कि हम और आप एक बेहतर दुनिया बनाने की दिशा में साकार करने की शिद्दत के साथ आप अपना वह खूबसूरत सपना देखना जारी रखें जो आपको खुश रखे। शुभ स्वप्न दर्शनम।



ओम बनमाली
अम्बाला में रहते हैं
और लेखन का शौक
रखते हैं।

CHANDIGARH
LITERATI
SPRING LIT FEST 2023









Shades of Love: An Anthology by Rhyvers edited by Dr. Sonika Sethi launched by Dr. Sumita Misra IAS Chairperson CLS, Affan Yesvi, Director Rhyvers Publishing Group, Subhash Bhasker, Secretary Chandigarh Sahitya Akademi, Dr Puneet Girdhar, Joint Director, Medical Education & Research, Punjab.





Divya Aberah's Hindi Poetry collection 'Manzar Kashi' launched by Dr Sumita Misra, IAS, Chairperson CLS, Affan Yesvi, Director Rhyvers Publishing Group, Dr. Chander Trikha Director, Haryana Sahitya Akademi, Manmohan Singh, IPS, Vice Chairman, Chandigarh Sahitya Akademi



Annu Rani Sharma's Hindi collection of poetry Kavya Tarang launched by Dr Sumita Misra, IAS, Chairperson CLS, Affan Yesvi, Director Rhyvers Publishing Group Dr. Chander Trikha Director, Haryana Sahitya Akademi, Manmohan Singh IPS, Vice Chairman, Chandigarh Sahitya Akademi



Alka Kansra's English Poetry collection Sunset Musings was launched by Dr. Sumita Misra, IAS, Author Khushwant Singh, Director Rhyvers Group Affan Yesvi, Resident Editor of Indian Express Manraj Grewal and Director Haryana Sahitya Akademi Dr Chander Trikha

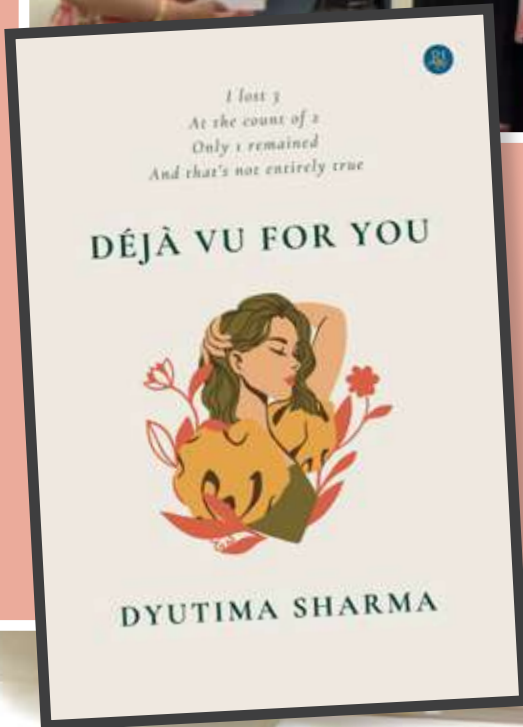
Lamhon Ki Shabnam Urdu Edition launched



Dr. Sumita Misra's best selling book Lamhon ki Shabnam Urdu Edition launched by Dr. Chander Trikha, Director Haryana Urdu Akademi, Affan Yesvi Director Rhyvers Publishing, Manmohan Singh IPS, Vice Chairman Chandigarh Sahitya Akademi

DÉJÀ VU FOR YOU

26 March 2023 | UT State Guest House, Chandigarh



A poetry collection by Dyutima Sharma Launched by Dr Sumita Misra IAS, Chairperson Chandigarh Literary Society in presence of Mr Vivek Atray Ex IAS, Speaker, Author, Mr Affan Yesvi, Director Rhyvers Publishing Group, Mr. Sanjiv Dosajh, Asst Director AIR & Doordarshan, Chandigarh



Indo Iranian Publishers Meet



Affan Yesvi, Director Rhyvers Publishing Group participated in bilateral meeting with Iranian Delegation of publishers organised by The Federation of Indian Publishers



Affan Yesvi with Dr. Ramesh K. Mittal President, Federation of Indian Publisher



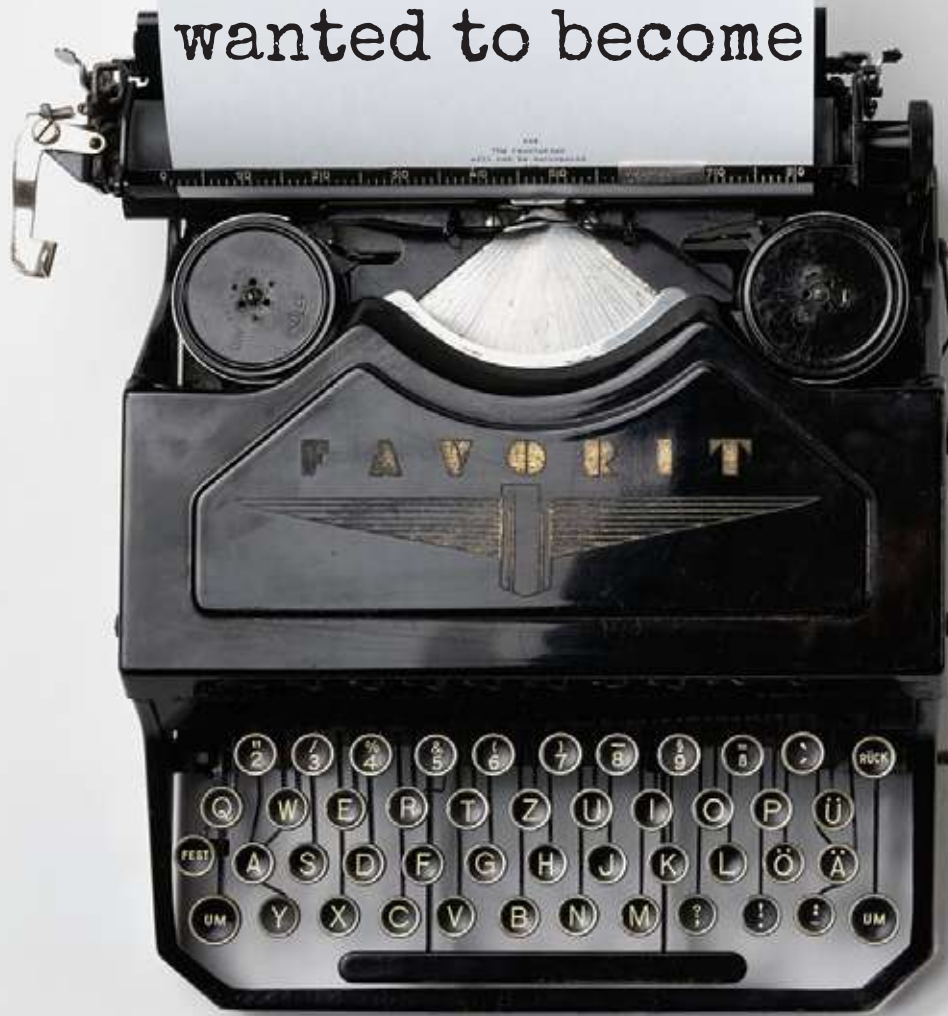
The Iranian delegation was headed by Mr. Ali Ramezani, Vice President of the Tehran International Book Fair and Director of the Iranian House of Books and Literature along with Dr Mohd Ali Rabbani, Cultural Counsellor of the Islamic Republic of Iran, Head Iran Culture House, New Delhi.

Publishers from both countries discussed cooperation in the publishing industry between India and Iran.



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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.

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