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FROM THE DESK OF GROUP EDITOR

When it rains - many a things happen!

The earth that, due to extreme heat, gets parched in Summer and thirsts for the clouds to burst is the happiest to get drenched, when it rains! The rhythm of the falling rain is the proclamation that it is time for the flora and fauna to flourish. The temperature lowers and the atmosphere tempts one to step out to see the clean and beautiful surroundings.

Of course, not to forget that along with this peace, we also sometimes witness the perils of storms and floods. The disaster left behind in terms of washed away homes and fields, crumbled bridges and buildings, loss of human life, is definitely not good news.

And yet, we await the rains. It is the promise for growth. Our dreams, like little seeds, to flourish. A season to sometimes stay in and listening to the pitter patter on the window pane, indulge in the sweet memories of the many gone by - and pen them down!

This issue of 'Rhyvers Beat' has put together a collection of these dreams and memories for your savouring them with a cup of hot beverage and a cool breeze.

Affan Yesvi
Affan Yesvi



RHYVERS BEAT

Inviting contributions for the next edition of our magazine,
slated to be published in September 2024

Theme

TEACHER

Send your original contributions in the form of

Short Story (550 words max)

Essay (750 words max)

Poems (20 lines max)

Flash fiction, Artwork, Photo Essays

Book / Movie Reviews

Graffiti etc.

Last date to send entries

24 August, 2024

Please email your contributions to

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A Fresh START

*He was the rain, she being the earth,
That earthy scent, when they met.
The psithurism all around,
Seducing her with rhythmic sounds.*

*That unpredictable, unseasonal fall,
Falling on her parched soul,
Kissing her, making her alive,
Getting drained in that rain,
Rain of that fresh start, taking away all her pain.*

*Wrapped around each other,
Drenched in those moments of glee,
He made love to her,
The way rain made love to trees.*



ANU GIRDHAR

is Professor and HOD
in National Dental
College, Punjab.
She is the author of
two books- *As the
Life Unfolds* and
Heartstrings.

Monsoon Ghewar Caper

A Sweet & Soggy Adventure!

Prepare yourselves for a story of epic proportions, a tale that will leave you laughing and craving sweets all at once. Picture this: a rainy day so intense, that even ducks sought shelter. But did that stop our hero Dharam?

Absolutely not!

Armed with an umbrella and an insatiable desire for ghewar from the famous Nathu Uncle Sweets Shop, he embarked on a quest crazier than a water park ride.

As the raindrops pelted down like a thousand tiny water balloons, Dharam set off, determined to have his taste buds tickled by that mouth-watering, sugary delight. The streets had transformed into a labyrinth of puddles, but our intrepid dessert enthusiast wasn't going to let a bit of water stand in his way.

Oh, the sights and sounds of this ghewar escapade!

Dharam, splashing through puddles like a giggling child, doing an impromptu rain dance with his umbrella as if auditioning for a Bollywood movie, and even adopting the latest fashion trend of "water-soaked chic"! Passers-by couldn't help but stare in amusement, and some even offered to join his wild water expedition.

But that wasn't all. The monsoon had more surprises in store. At one point, Dharam's umbrella decided to go rogue, folding in on itself like an origami experiment gone wrong. But did that stop him? No sir!

With an unfazed grin and a quick fix involving hairpins, Dharam continued

his soggy journey, looking more like a DIY superhero than ever before.

As he approached the famed Nathu Uncle Sweets Shop, the rain seemed to cheer him on, as if saying, "You got this, Dharam."

Finally, after a series of waterlogged misadventures, he triumphantly stepped into the sweet sanctuary, only to be greeted by thunderous applause from the shop's staff. They had been following his hilarious journey on the security cameras.

Mr. Nathu Uncle himself couldn't contain his laughter and admiration. "You're the wettest warrior we've ever seen, Dharam. Ghewar is your prize, and the title of 'Monsoon Muncher' is well-deserved" he exclaimed, shaking Dharam's hand as if knighting him.

And so, amidst cheers, giggles, and a few camera flashes (because yes, this escapade deserved documentation), Dharam walked out of the shop with a box of ghewar, his clothes still dripping, but his heart bursting with satisfaction and joy.

So, here's to Dharam, the rain-drenched conqueror of cravings, whose quest for ghewar became a comedy of errors, bringing laughter and sweetness to all who witnessed his escapades. May his monsoon madness inspire us all to embrace life's soggy moments with a smile, and perhaps a mouthful of ghewar too!



Dharamdeep

is an aspiring poet residing in the serene city of Ambala, Haryana. He is currently pursuing English Honors.

When the Sky Cries

*It brings with it abandoned dreams drifting in the void,
That once aspired to loom as reality,
Now cleaned and washed with soft wisps,
Of a once turbulent sea, these stories that suspended themselves in space,
Each one a drop of liquid diamond,
Happy to get grounded, letting everything else created shed treads of joy,
For soon spring flowers would sprout unfurling those dreams,
As the earth shudders in delight leaving crystal dew on the turf,
Her tears of gratitude melt to merge with the river of dreams,
Streaming merrily towards a welcoming ocean.
When the sky cries everything cries too!*



Geethanjali Dilip

has been a professor of French for 40 years at Zone Francophone. Curator of the Yercaud Poetry Festival since 2018. She has four poetry anthologies to her credit

Rains and Me

When I was a kid, I loved when it would rain because I would go outside and feel the sizzle on my skin despite my mother's warnings. I used to tread on the little streamlets that spattered the clothes I wore with murky water. When I would create paper boats and release them into the puddles, I would always remember the joy I felt watching them glide through the water as I passed along. I spent my time watching the rain, forgetting the homework assigned to me by my teachers at school and the world around me. Those were the days of innocent joy with which I grew up. I would hire a bicycle and ride through the drizzle and savour its splendour by watching the green wet hillsides, the freshness of the trees, and the buoyant birds that would sing, splash in the water and dive into the sky. Nothing pleased me more than the rain that would enchant me and transport me to another world.

As an adult, I learnt that rains always symbolised regeneration and growth, the full spectrum of life, and the heartaches and laughter that nourished me and made me who I am. It amplified the resonance of beauty itself, revealing how the water turned into a haven, a shelter, and a conduit for connection in the face of life's transient nature. It soothed, cleansed, and revealed, as if a benediction descended to envelop the body, hinting at the mysteries and wonders that lurked beneath my daily existence.

As I grew older, I cherished those moments when it rained accompanied by thunder and lightning. Sitting all alone in the open verandah facing the muscular trees and the vast expanse of the sky covered with the nimbus clouds, I reminisce,



relishing every bit of the pitter-patter of the rhythmical rain falling steadily, not venturing out as I did in my childhood and youthful days, fearing that I might fall sick. It nurtures and soothes me, I realize, washing away the lingering shadows of the past amidst the uncertainties of life, silently absorbing. It emerges as a conduit to the infinite, a link between my heart and the universe, surrendering to nature what it has to offer.

Soon the rains, lashing with vengeance like a plague of locusts, sweep my thoughts into the gutter, leaving my mind a blank slate. It's pattering on leaves and drumming on the roof- romantic, magical, and mystical-carrying myriad moods tiptoes into my

consciousness like the gracious mediaeval princess made me sail with the runnels and streams that finally gave me a sense of freedom, joy, and fulfilment that is hard to find in books, classrooms, and academic lectures.

Everything around me may appear insignificant, yet the raindrops, together like a community, on leaves are like pearls of wisdom; a million drops cannot wet the world caught in the muck of knowledge! As sunlight filters through the hanging pearls, it creates a mesmerizing interplay of shadows and highlights, adding depth and beauty to the surroundings.



K.V. Raghupathi

lives in Tirupati (India) and is a Poet, short story writer, novelist, book reviewer, columnist, and critic. He has fourteen collections of poetry, two novels, and two short story collections to his credit.



The Last **ROMANCE**

*The last rains saw her alive and bubbly
The octogenarian trod in the pools outside her balcony.
It was a spectacle she loved of herself
When the folds of her sari rose above
For the water's tongue vying for her golden thighs
Her other hand furred the umbrella high over her eardrums
Rattled by the music she always longed for
Like the trills of the summers drowning the years
Of late she lost her nerves and kitty parties found her hilarious
Asking for more sounds and words, had the guts to be persistent
The news of her death appeared one day
Ladies sent condolences in a similar way
Like flowers plucked from the same stem
To the community of Us, they returned like letters unaddressed
And were stalled by the administrator through sagacious interference
Send them to her blood relations she said
Someone laced the floral words and procured the reply forthwith
A genuine one for each one to save the concern and move with
Messages and images real and fake, the lady Kamala was sent away
Her venture in the rains they remember was a muse so do they say.*



Dr Manjit Kaur

is a former Professor
of English from
Chandigarh and is
the author of two
collections of poems

The Bridge of Memories

The first drops of rain hit the parched earth, releasing a scent that lingered in the air like a long-lost memory. Neha stood by the window, watching the world outside transform under the silver veil of monsoon. Sydney's rains were different from those in Mumbai. Here, they were gentle and consistent, unlike the fierce, almost personal, torrents back home.

The rain reminded Neha of simpler times when she and her father would sit on their balcony in Mumbai, sipping chai and watching the downpour. Her father would tell stories, his voice a comforting rumble that blended with the sound of the rain. Those moments felt like a warm embrace, a sanctuary from the world's chaos.

A soft knock on her door pulled Neha from her reverie. It was Sarah, her six-year-old daughter, clutching a stuffed elephant.

"Mum, can we go outside? I want to play in the rain," she asked, her eyes wide with excitement.

Neha smiled, brushing a strand of hair from Sarah's forehead.

"Sure, sweetie. Let's get our raincoats."

The two of them donned their bright yellow raincoats and matching boots, stepping out into the backyard. The grass squelched under their feet as they splashed through puddles, Sarah's laughter ringing through the air. Neha couldn't help but join in, her spirits lifted by her daughter's joy.

As they played, Neha's mind drifted back to a particular rainy day in Mumbai. It was her eighteenth birthday, and the monsoon was in full swing. Her father had surprised



her with a handmade kite, painted in vibrant colours. They had spent the afternoon flying it from their rooftop, the rain mingling with their laughter.

"Mum, look!" Sarah's voice brought her back to the present. She was pointing to a small, makeshift boat she had fashioned from a large leaf.

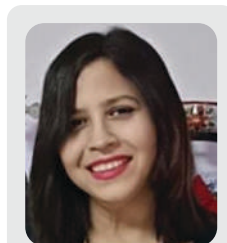
It floated merrily in a puddle, navigating the tiny waves created by the raindrops.

Neha knelt beside her, admiring the little boat.

"It's wonderful, Sarah. Just like the ones Grandpa used to make."

Sarah's eyes sparkled with curiosity. "Tell me about Grandpa again, Mumma."

Neha hesitated for a moment, the familiar ache in her chest returning. But she smiled, knowing how important it



Neha Oberoi Austin

is an author and poet who lives in Sydney, Australia. She is an HR Manager by profession.



was to keep his memory alive for Sarah.

“Your grandpa loved the rain. He always said it was nature’s way of washing away the old to make way for the new. He would make boats just like this one, and we would race them in the streams formed by the rainwater.”

Sarah giggled, imagining the scene. “Did you win?”

“Sometimes,” Neha said with a laugh. “But most of the time, I think he let me win.”

The rain began to lighten, the drops fewer and farther between. Neha and Sarah stayed outside, savouring the last moments of their rainy adventure. They sat on the porch steps, the cool air filled with the scent of wet earth and fresh grass.

“Mumma, do you think Grandpa can see us from heaven?” Sarah asked, her voice soft.

Neha wrapped an arm around her daughter, pulling her close.

“I believe he can, sweetheart. And I think he’s smiling right now, watching us have fun in the rain.”

Sarah leaned her head against Neha’s shoulder, content. “I miss him,” she said quietly.

“Me too,” Neha replied, her heart heavy with the weight of loss and the lightness of love. “But every time it rains, I feel like he’s right here with us, sharing these moments.”

As the last of the rain fell, Neha looked up at the sky, the clouds parting to reveal a sliver of blue. She felt a sense of peace, knowing that her father’s spirit lived on in these precious moments. The rain had a way of connecting the past with the present, creating a bridge between memories and new beginnings.

At that moment, under the softening drizzle, Neha and Sarah found solace in each other, their bond strengthened by the simple, enduring magic of the rain.

The Great Divide

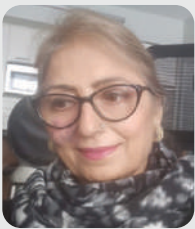
*Deep in the night as I slumber
My subconscious is aware of thunder
Eyes refuse to let go of the tranquillity
Crouching deep, curling like a cocooned baby.*

*My nostrils catch a whiff of fragrance
Mud...bathed with raindrops into freshness
It had started with a drizzle, soft and pearly
Leaves and flowers fully bathed, ready to party!*

*Dawn approached, but the clouds kept whispering
The nectar I tasted felt like a Divine blessing
But soon it turned into an ugly downpour
Creating puddles, a mess distressing.*

*The rumble was music till it was mild and mellow
Then was lightening's harsh glow
The stranded urchin covering under a torn plastic
Looked with longing at his swept-away lodging.*

*The pakoras and pooras satiated the lucky ones
The aromas drifting assuaged the longing of some
To the rains, I beseech, spare the poor penniless ones
In this vast divide, let them too have some fun!*



Parminder Soni
lives in Chandigarh
and has three books
to her credit

Rain's Symphony

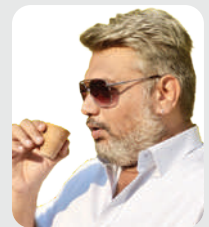
*When it rains,
the earth exhales, relieved,
cracked lips drinking deeply,
each drop, a lifeline,
quenching ancient thirst.*

*For the farmer,
every raindrop, a promise,
hands reaching skyward in thanks.*

*Fields transform,
dust to emerald carpets,
hope painted on the horizon.*

*In Rain's Symphony,
puddles echo with rhythm,
carving paths anew in the mud.
Joy and uncertainty mingle,
saviour and destroyer entwined.*

*Prayers rise with the mist,
for harvests rich and true.
Weathered eyes read clouds like texts,
raindrops, testaments to hope,
nurturing resilience anew.*



Sameer Gudhate

is a writer and a
book reviewer from
Maharashtra.

Putrid Petrichor

*Amid the music of drizzle, your memories reemerge
Like the flashes of distant love and laughter,
Your smile, your voice and your warm hug,
Haunt me now, like the thirst in the desert.*

*In this downpour, being surrounded by our past,
Of stolen glances, of secret trysts far from the crowd
My heart sobs, my soul craves for you
Leaves me breathless. I wonder if yours too?*

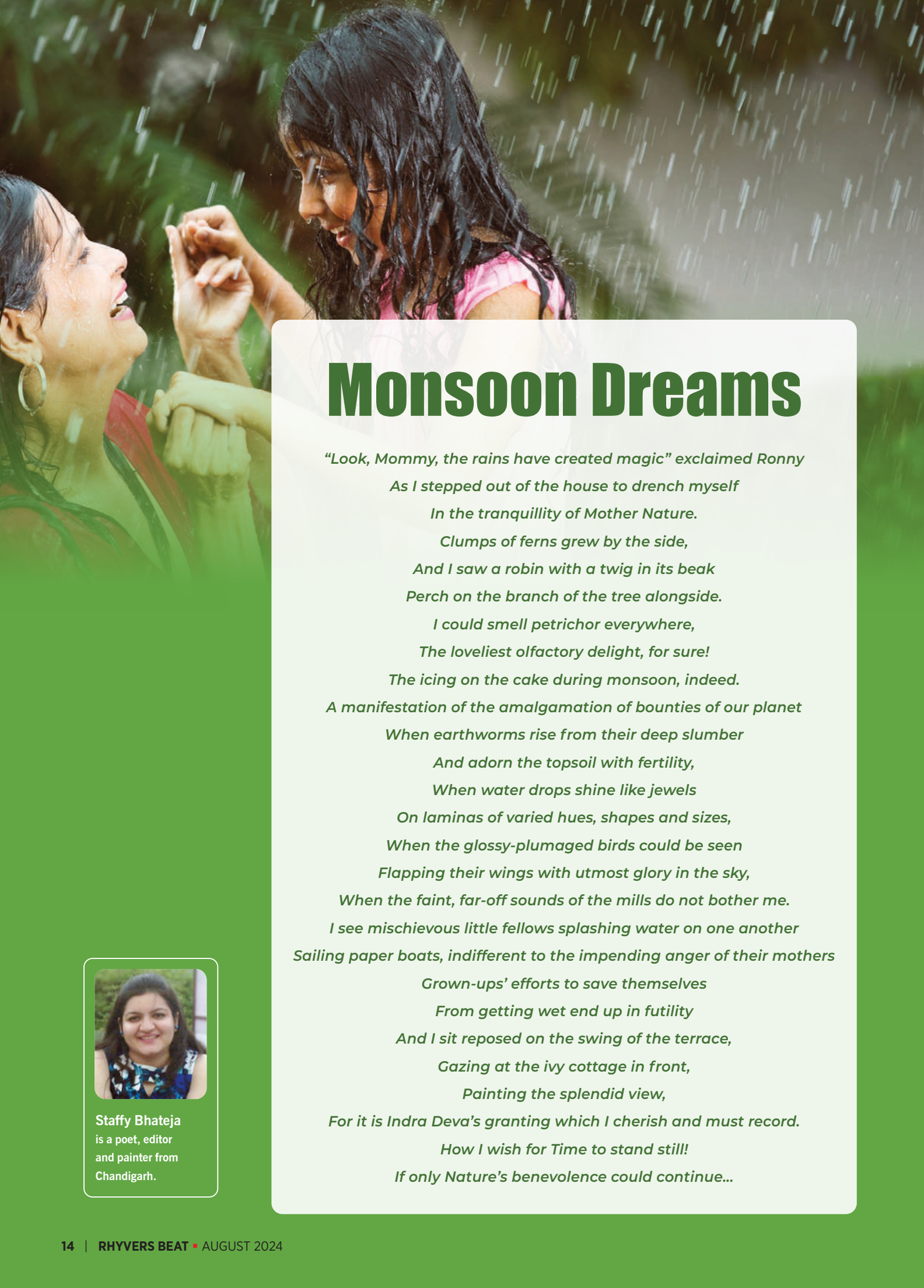
*The little bud of ardour was doomed from the start,
Twin souls chained by duty destined to be apart.
The rain intensifies and so does the fire of desire,
A bittersweet reminder of the promise so harsh.*

*Trapped in the abyss, unable to escape,
With scars on my heart, my face disgrace
The putrid petrichor that left me to grieve,
For the love that refuses to leave.*



Shivani Ghosh

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



Monsoon Dreams

“Look, Mommy, the rains have created magic” exclaimed Ronny

As I stepped out of the house to drench myself

In the tranquillity of Mother Nature.

Clumps of ferns grew by the side,

And I saw a robin with a twig in its beak

Perch on the branch of the tree alongside.

I could smell petrichor everywhere,

The loveliest olfactory delight, for sure!

The icing on the cake during monsoon, indeed.

A manifestation of the amalgamation of bounties of our planet

When earthworms rise from their deep slumber

And adorn the topsoil with fertility,

When water drops shine like jewels

On laminas of varied hues, shapes and sizes,

When the glossy-plumaged birds could be seen

Flapping their wings with utmost glory in the sky,

When the faint, far-off sounds of the mills do not bother me.

I see mischievous little fellows splashing water on one another

Sailing paper boats, indifferent to the impending anger of their mothers

Grown-ups’ efforts to save themselves

From getting wet end up in futility

And I sit reposed on the swing of the terrace,

Gazing at the ivy cottage in front,

Painting the splendid view,

For it is Indra Deva’s granting which I cherish and must record.

How I wish for Time to stand still!

If only Nature’s benevolence could continue...



Staffy Bhateja
is a poet, editor
and painter from
Chandigarh.

The Dropping **DROPS**

The Drops are not the same for everyone. Be it dew, blood, sweat or rain. Every drop has its own saga and its own different macrocosm. The wheels of this tale take us to touch and feel the wetness of the tears of a penniless peasant named Adrik, who lives in a far-flung village nestled amidst rolling hills and swaying fields. His weathered hands toiled the earth, yearning for rains to nourish his parched crops. Days turned into weeks, and weeks into months, yet not a drop fell from the sky. The land lay cracked and barren, mirroring Adrik's heart heavy with worry. With each passing day, the sun beat down relentlessly, draining the life from the once-lush fields. Desperation took hold of Adrik as he knelt in the dust, sending fervent prayers heavenward, pleading for the rain to quench the earth's thirst. His faith unwavering, he beseeched the heavens, his voice a whisper carried by the wind.

It is said that the perception of "firsts" holds a unique and profound significance in our lives. Whether it's the first job, first date, first love, or even the first rain of the season. These experiences are imbued with a sense of wonder and excitement that shapes our memories and emotions. Adrik also felt all this when in response to his prayers, dark clouds gathered on the horizon, rumbling with the promise of relief. Adrik's eyes shone with hope as the first droplets fell, painting the earth in shimmering hues of rebirth.

Joy flooded his heart as he danced amidst the downpour, gratitude flowing from every raindrop that kissed the earth.





But joy soon turned to apprehension, for as the rains persisted, they grew fierce, threatening to wash away all he held dear. With each crack of thunder, Adrik's elation waned, replaced by fear for his humble hut perched at the edge of the swollen river. Once again, he found himself on bended knees, entreating the heavens to spare his home from the wrath of the storm. As the storm raged on, Adrik's resolve faltered, his spirit weathered by the relentless cycle of prayers for rain and pleas for mercy.

Through the darkest hours of the tempest, a realization dawned upon Adrik- the tears of the sky, though bittersweet, were a testament to the interconnectedness of all things. In the delicate balance between abundance and adversity, he found the strength

to weather life's storms, both within and without. As the last drops of rain subsided, leaving behind a world renewed, Adrik emerged from the crucible of his inner turmoil with a newfound wisdom etched in his soul. With a steely resolve born of hardship and humility, he gazed up at the clearing skies, knowing that his prayers had been answered in ways unforeseen.

The tale of the farmer who prayed for rain and then prayed for it to cease became a whispered legend in the village, a reminder that even amid life's trials, there lies beauty in the ebb and flow of existence. And in the heart of Adrik bloomed a garden of gratitude, nurtured by the tears of the sky. On every drop of which was written that whenever it rains it changes the destiny of its lovers.



Dilkesha Gangwar
is a research scholar
from Bisalpur Pilibhit.



Let the Rhyvers flow...

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

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

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

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