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FROM THE DESK OF GROUP EDITOR

“Missing someone is like living in a perpetual twilight. The sun has set on the warmth of their presence, leaving only shadows of memories. Every moment feels like an eternity, every breath a reminder of their absence.

In this issue of Rhyvere Beat, we delve into the complex emotions of longing and separation. Our contributors bare their souls, sharing stories of love, loss, and the aching void left by someone’s departure.

Through poetry, prose, and art, we explore the universal language of missing someone. We navigate the labyrinthine corridors of memory, where laughter and tears entwine like ivy. We confront the ache of loneliness, the desperation of reaching out, and the resilience of holding on.

From the whispered promises of distant phone calls to the scribbled lines of forgotten letters, we examine the fragile threads that bind us to those we miss. We question the fragility of human connection, the cruelty of distance, and the beauty of enduring love.

In these pages, you’ll find solace in the words of those who understand your pain. You’ll discover that you’re not alone in this desolate landscape, that others have walked this path before you.

So let us gather around the fire of shared experience, and let the echoes of longing become a chorus of hope. For even in the darkness of missing someone, there’s a glimmer of light – the knowledge that love remains, a constant heartbeat in the silence.”

Affan Yesvi
Affan Yesvi



RHYVERS BEAT

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

Theme

The End and the Beginning



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

28 November, 2024

Please email your contributions to
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For further details please visit

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Unwomanliness

*...missing you
is more comforting
than actually having you
by my side*

*...it bestows more space
to breathe sans your presence
to not feel smothered
under the overpowering*

*...being all in my skin
myself a king in my queenly pursuit
without the dictates
without the trespassing*

*...the hollow moulds
do get me sick
the ruthless smog
halts my pace*

*...such unwomanly under-sense
seeks disguise in confessions
serves to hide the shame
of thinking of myself
ahead of you!*



Jyoti Raj

is a Professor of English at
Tau Devi Lal Govt College for
Women, Murthal (Sonipat),
Haryana. She has two poetry
books to her credit.

My Guiding Star

*In memories, your smile shines bright,
Warming my heart, banishing the night.
Your guidance and love, a precious light,
Illuminate my path, through the darkest plight.*

*The nights are long, and the days feel cold,
Without your warmth, without your hold.
But in the stars, I see your light,
A father's love, shining bright.*

*I miss you more than words can say,
But I carry you with me, every day.
A warmth that filled each empty space,
Now leaves a longing in its place.*

*Though you're not here, you're always near,
In every smile, in every tear.
Your spirit's woven in my soul,
A part of me that makes me whole.*

*Time may heal, but won't erase,
The memories, the love, the space.
Your legacy lives on, a shining light,
Guiding me through life's darkest night.*



Dr. Manisha Mor
is an Associate
Professor of English
in Govt. College
Aharwala (Bilaspur),
Haryana





The Girl in the Mirror

I like the French way of saying ‘miss you’- *Tu me manques* which means ‘you are missing from me’. It conveys a sense of deep connection. It is just another way of saying that we were one! I miss that part of me which was you.

I miss the ‘me’ I was a few years back. I could read books or watch movies endlessly. I was a go-getter and was quite outspoken. I couldn’t bear an iota of misconduct or injustice. I wouldn’t hesitate to raise my voice to correct people. I was a determined, strong-willed person. I was quite spontaneous and impulsive. I was quite clear in my thoughts and actions. I knew what I wanted, and what I certainly couldn’t stand. I knew how to walk away. I had a brilliant way of ‘floating’ through life with little or no consideration for others’ opinions. I was happy with my life in general.

Today, I am a different person. My passion for reading has subdued due to the paucity of time. I am careful about my words now. I speak as much as is absolutely necessary because it is already quite noisy around me. I am cautious and skeptical all the time. I have become way too conscious of others’ opinions of me. My toddler is unleashing a whole new me, peeling one layer at a time.

I was unaware of having that many

layers to my character. She is challenging and changing me every day. ‘Child is the father of man.’ I couldn’t agree more. I am acquiring saint-like patience and tolerance these days. Things seem beyond control at times, but I am learning not to respond at the drop of the hat. I often picture my previous self in the present situation and laugh at all the outrageous repercussions.

I let things take their course and reveal their purpose. I have been experiencing brain fog lately where I am utterly confused as to what should be done next. I am exhausted most of the time. The girl in my mirror is not the same any longer. However, the only silver lining is that I have started writing about it all.

I wish I could go back to that energetic, and impulsive phase. I direly wish to make the same mistakes differently. I want to experience everything again. I miss those carefree days, and the ‘me’ I was back then. I am acquiring maturity, grace, and composure yet I long for the instinctiveness I had earlier. I know it is necessary to change, to evolve with time but I wish to be my previous self too. I so ardently desire to re-acquire the lost and co-exist as one. I don’t want it to be missing from me anymore.

Becoming is not difficult, being is.



Dr. Harleen Kaur
is an Assistant
Professor of
English at Multani
Mal Modi College,
Patiala (Pb)

Missing You

(An Acrostic Poem)

My love, your memories linger like whispers in the breeze...,
In laughter, we shared, secrets with ease.
Summer days faded, now shadows remain,
Skipping through gardens, we danced in the rain.
I can still hear your voice, a sweet melody,
Nights spent in dreams, just you and me.
Growing apart feels like losing a part,
Years may have changed us, but not my heart.
On this journey of life, we cherish our past, and
Ubiquity of our friendship will breathe by time's heart....



Rajan Khaira

is a Research Scholar,
M.J.P. Rohilkhand
University, Bareilly,
UP



The Wall of Life

*The wall of life
Built with bonds
Pouring heart and soul
In the foundation.*

*Painted bright with
Mosaic of Memories
Frescos of fondness
Tinsels of togetherness.*

*But then,
The bricks start falling!
One,
Then another.
Then another.
Creating big holes,
Leaving you with
Stygian darkness
Staring at you.*



Narinder Jit Kaur
is a retired Associate
Professor of English,
a tri-lingual writer,
poet, and translator.
She has seven books
to her credit.

A Chasm Deep

*A deep wound resurfaces
An intimation.... Depart it won't ever
Will always remain.
Hibernate...then peek
At a moment adequate.
The pictures.... Alive still,
Defy the loss, denying the cruel truth...
That you are no more
No more in flesh and blood....For me to snuggle up
To hide my face upon your shoulder
To feel the gentle slide of your hands
To hear the soothing murmurs
Of prayers, for me to comprehend
To hear the pious "Bani".
The smiles, despite the pain
Directing me to be the same.
Biji, Papaji, no words were ever made
That could apprise that void cavernous...
A chasm none can bridge
An abyss that none can pervade.*



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

Where Love Once Lingered Quietly

*I wake to find your side of the bed
Empty, cold, where you once laid your head.*

*The sun spills gold, but nothing warms
the space that's shaped by your absent arms.*

*I search the day for signs of you—
A glance, a word, a fleeting clue.
But silence drapes the hours long,
A quiet ache where you belong.*

*The night comes slow, I count each star,
Wondering if you see them from afar.
The moon whispers secrets I can't hear,
Because they're meant for only your ear.*

*Until you're back, the world stands still—
I wait in the shadows, missing you still.*



Sandra Joseph
is an independent scholar from Kerala and dabbles in creative and academic writing.



Longing Transcends Me

This one's for you, I hope you are reading...

I Miss You, I want to say,

For that old girl was carefree,

Something bizarre than this new one,

She was alive.

And you, you died some months ago,

Or should I say decades?

Something breaks off and separates, every second,

Or should I say daily?

You bloomed like spring,

But now, lay bare, withered, no glow.

Smile defined you, and look at you girl,

Tear stains paint you,

In some dark and dull hues.

You can come back, I know.

For me, my empty soul and abandoned core,

I drench my hollow heart every night,

Sleeping with a hope, you might come to me,

Even in trance,

I wish someday in reality too, I get to witness you.



Yashika Garg

is an aspiring writer and an undergraduate student from Punjab.



Driving Towards Connection

When I moved from Mumbai to Sydney five years ago, I thought I'd get used to the loneliness. New city, new beginnings— people said it would be exciting. But excitement has a way of fading when you don't have anyone to share your day with. For years, I floated through this city, doing everything on my own, watching everyone around me live their lives with their friends, while I felt like an outsider.

Then, one day, I met Harsh.

It's strange how one person can change everything, isn't it? Harsh

wasn't just another face in the city. He was different. It didn't take long for me to realize that he had this warm, kind-hearted energy that made me feel like I'd known him forever. We connected effortlessly, and suddenly, Sydney didn't feel so big and lonely anymore.

Harsh became my first real friend in this city, the one I could laugh with, share my thoughts with, and be myself around. I could tell him anything, and he'd always listen— whether it was my frustrations about adjusting to a new culture or the little joys I experienced

throughout the day. I no longer felt like I was navigating through life alone.

Recently, he started teaching me how to drive, and let me tell you, it's been quite an adventure. The way he patiently guided me through every step, laughing off my nervousness, and cheering at my smallest victories made even the most mundane driving lessons feel like something special. I'd be behind the wheel, nervous and clumsy, but Harsh would always be right there, offering encouragement, and reminding me to believe in myself.

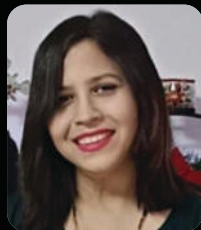
It's funny how quickly a person can become such an important part of your life. If I don't see him for even a day, I find myself missing him. It's as if something essential is missing from my daily routine. The jokes we share, the conversations about life, and those moments of silence where words aren't needed—I miss it all. I miss how he makes me feel understood, without judgment, and how he brings a little bit of Mumbai's warmth into this foreign city. Sydney has always felt a bit like a stranger to me, but with Harsh around, it feels like I've found a piece of home. He's more than just a friend; he's my confidant, my partner in this journey, and the person who's shown me that it's okay to be myself. He's taught me that no matter where we are in the world, it's the people we

Harsh became my first real friend in this city, the one I could laugh with, share my thoughts with, and be myself around. I could tell him anything, and he'd always listen—whether it was my frustrations about adjusting to a new culture or the little joys I experienced throughout the day. I no longer felt like I was navigating through life alone.

connect with who make a place feel like home.

And so, here I am today, missing him. It's not just about the fun we have or the laughter we share; it's the comfort of knowing someone is there, who genuinely cares, who makes the loneliness fade away. It's about having someone who can turn an ordinary drive into an adventure, and who makes you believe that you're capable of more than you think.

Harsh has become that friend I never thought I'd find here. And now, even if just a single day goes by without seeing him, I feel that familiar emptiness creeping in again. But this time, it's different. This time, I know that he's just a call away, that he'll be there to share the next adventure, the next laugh, the next story.



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

Wings of Hope



Alam Jeet. His daughter too has this name. He was reading it from the online ticket in her cell phone she had produced on his asking. He turned blank for the moment before holding on to his present, his duty as a ticket checker on the train she was travelling.

The protracted period of twenty years had been a never-ending tunnel from one end of which he made umpteen attempts to reach her and Bindo, Binder Jeet, his wife. The father, Aftaab and mother, Binder Jeet Kaur. The address from Raipur? Alam...Is that you, my child? His daughter was barely five when riots in the city devastated their lives.

He sat on the platform bench as his duty was over. The hurricane of memories riveted to the time of his first meeting with Bindo, their inter-faith marriage, their child and then the thud of separation and pain. That day, the crowd swarmed their house in Delhi when Bindo was reading out to the child the stories of the Sikh gurus. Her faith was close-grained and he didn't mind that as love asked no questions on religion or other artificial borders.

They ran out from the backdoor onto the streets. He was away to Jalandhar then. A telephone call...“the house in ashes...” “Your wife and child escaped...the colony burns”. He caught the next train and reached the mayhem. Searched one camp after another amidst mounds of donated clothes and shoes, across which flew the wails and cries of the survivors.

Binder Jeet's body was found floating in the gushing drain two days later. Her one arm up the water carrying her to the calmer part of the city was noticed by someone. The police reached the site where it had got stuck in the branches of the tree falling over it and paid two hundred rupees to one of the onlookers for retrieving it.

Binder Jeet's parents had severed ties with them after their marriage. After

performing the last rites, Aaftab rushed to them for any clue about his daughter but learnt that the family had left the place in the company of a child. Twenty years thence, Aftab's shelter had been his native place in Punjab, with his mother and other relations who offered balm to his wrecked self.

Alam, my child! How desperately I scoured every nook and corner to find you! The rioters did strike me that day when I reached our house. I ran and was saved by, remember whom? The owner of the school, Munshi ji, who used to chat with you as I carried you on my shoulders to the corner sweet shop. Your grandparents must hold me responsible for their interminable grief. Not me...dear child. The birth entraps the humans and occludes the spontaneous flow of the stream called Love. My dear girl, can I find you now?

I remember your ticket was up to Amritsar, the abode of peace and harmony, as your mother used to believe. How my emotions clouded my senses and warded me off the exact lines of the address. How foolish of me!

Aaftab applied for leave the next morning and jumped onto the first train to Amritsar flying on the 'wings of hope' of meeting his daughter.



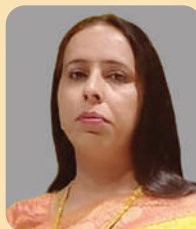
Dr Manjit Kaur is a former Professor of English from Chandigarh and is the author of two collections of poems.

Missing Celebrations

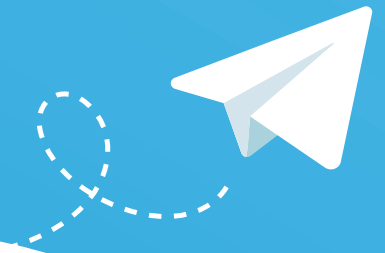
*Where is the enthusiasm of festivals?
It seems that festivals have lost the way
In the commercialization of lifestyle
In the pomp and show of rituals and customs.*

*Where is the inner happiness of festivals?
Happiness gusted away with winds of modernization
Into the heights, like fog and mist
In the darkness of hollow relations, never coming back.*

*Missing real happiness in false associations
Missing true love in fake bonds
Missing brotherhood in jealousy of superiority
Missing pain of togetherness in festivals.*



Dr. Suman Panjeta
is an Assistant Professor
of English at Govt.
College, Aharwala
(Bilaspur) Haryana.



Message to A Missing One

*Here she lies, so calm, so quiet
No sign of pain, still and motionless
A brother lost his loving sister.
A child lost her caring mother.
A man lost his soul companion.
Left him with an unfulfilled promise
Promise to be inseparable
Let God's grace be upon you
Let the blessed soul reach the zenith
The vacuum that can never be filled
Left the reality for us to realize
To live and face the circumstances
Thou low grim pale face
So quiet, so still but still I feel will get up
And speak something
An unfulfilled wish
To talk to her loved ones
Come and see her once on her funeral pyre
Let the gracious God bless your soul
Let the God in Heaven welcome thou with open arms.*



Pratham Bidlan
is a writer and
musician from
Ambala (Haryana)

Echoes of Loss

*Alone I stand, my heart a shattered glass,
Your absence leaves a void I can't repair.
The wounds you left, like daggers in morass,
A pain so deep, it's more than I can bear.*

*I feel adrift, a ship without a sail,
In seas of grief, I'm tossed from crest to trough.
Your departure leaves me broken, frail,
A soul bereft of love, of joy, of troth.*

*I mourn the loss of what we used to be,
A love once pure, now tarnished, cracked, and worn.
Your choice to leave has stripped me of my glee,
A bitter truth that leaves my spirit torn.*

*Yet in this darkness, I still hold a flame,
A flicker of hope that whispers your name.*



Parminder Singh

is an Assistant Professor of English at Dev Samaj College for Women, Chandigarh. He is a multilingual poet, translator, and short-story writer.



A Letter To My 24-Year-Old Self

Dear 24-year-old me,

“We do not remember days, we remember moments. The richness of life lies in memories we have forgotten.” – Cesare Pavese.

This quote perfectly encapsulates my thoughts as I pen down this letter. I know life is just starting for you. The whole world is your oyster. You are completing post-graduation and eager to start work as a doctor. I wish things could remain unchanged and your life be just as you had pictured it.

However, plans come undone at the hands of destiny. It is unfortunate, but life is going to get much harder for you. To be diagnosed with an incurable autoimmune disorder like Lupus is like going to war against yourself. Your body starts to attack itself and it destroys your sense of being in every sense. Tackling it with courage boils down to your mental strength. Being in the medical profession will help ease some of the apprehension initially but the knowledge comes at a price. To be fully aware of all the complications and still be helpless.

Life will unravel at a faster pace than you had imagined. The innumerable investigations are going to be accompanied by a barrage of medications; each with a side effect that is worse than the other.

The simple act of getting up from bed is going to be hard on some days. The incessant joint pain, muscle



weakness and chronic fatigue will slowly become a part of your life. There will be rashes on the body and allergic reactions to drugs and food items that used to be your favourite. Your vanity is going to take a severe hit with the hair fall and the butterfly rash on the face. Perhaps the most uncomfortable experience will be getting used to the face looking back at you from the mirror. A face that is swollen and so altered by steroid usage that the once sharp jaw outlines and blemish-free skin will become a distant memory. Movie dates will be replaced by hospital visits, the prime years of your life will turn into a sour memory and all plans will revolve around your affliction and the periodicity of your relapses and remissions.

Life will not come to a standstill of course. You will learn the art of navigating the good and bad days and will derive strength from family and friends. You will become more patient and grateful for the simple pleasures of life like reading, spending time with your dogs and relishing good music and healthy food. Though you will become spiritually inclined, there will always be anxiety about the future and regret regarding the missed opportunities in your career and life.

Eleven years on, I can safely say that you will not be defined by your disease. You will find the courage to live admirably.

But you are the part of my life that has been lost in the shadows forever and whom I miss the most. I stare in the mirror and long to see you looking back every day.

To witness those long tresses again, that dazzling smile and the sparkle in the eyes; the confidence to take on the world, the cheerful disposition, and the incredible zest for life. I miss those days of unending dancing, playing cricket in the sun, partying with friends without a care in the world and feeling invincible in the power of youth where everything was within grasp.

I long to be filled with that joie de vivre again; to feel fully alive again. Remembering you is always tinged with nostalgia and melancholy about what I have left behind and what life could've been without Lupus.

You epitomize the memory of my former life; the one I try to hold onto and yearn to return to so I can be part of you again. I promise you that I will never stop trying.

From

Your thirty-five-year-old self



Puneet Somal

is a Pathologist by profession and dabbles in creative writing.

If you're looking for solutions with a side of sass, **write to Aunt Ara**, your personal problem solver
At Rhyversdesk@gmail.com or Whatsapp it on **78300 15300**



Body Un-proud

Dear Aunt Ara,
I met a really cute girl on a dating website. We've shared some laughs, dated a few times and kissed and cuddled. Now she's eager to go further. The problem is that I have a huge, ugly birthmark on my chest and I'm afraid that when she sees it, she will hate my body. I've started avoiding her because of this fear and she's hurt and angry. Help!
Agonized

Hey Boy,
It sounds like you and your girl have a strong connection beyond just the physical, which is wonderful! She likely values you for who you are, not just how you look. Have you thought about sharing your feelings with her? Letting her know about your insecurities and how you're feeling can help build trust and understanding between you two. Also, remember that your worth isn't defined by your physical appearance. Embracing your body, including its imperfections, is an important part of building self-worth and self-esteem. Plus, it's often these unique aspects that make us who we are and can even deepen the love and affection we receive from others.

You're valued for so much more than just your appearance. Give her a chance 😊

Aradhika Sharma has run a successful online Agony Aunt column, under the pseudonym "Preeto Ma'am" for several years. Among other publications, she is the author of the popular book, "Dear Agony Aunt."

Clingy Sister

Hello! Hello!
My sister who is 6 years younger than I am, is very clingy. She always wants to be around me whether I'm doing homework, hanging out with friends, or in my room. She's so irritating! Please help me shake her off.
Cling-Kong

Dear Cling-Kong
Dealing with a clingy sibling can feel like having a shadow that never leaves. But don't worry, try some fun ways to handle it.

Set aside some "sibling bonding time." Think of it as your weekly sitcom episode – maybe a movie night, a trip to the park, or a shared hobby. Give her the spotlight, and she might not feel the need to be your constant sidekick.

Arrange playdates and hangouts with her friends and classmates. The more she's busy with her crew, the less she'll be glued to you.

Another way is to help her discover her inner superstar. Whether she's into singing like a diva or playing a sport, support her hobbies. This way, she'll be too busy becoming the next big thing to follow you around.

Remember, a little effort can go a long way in giving you both some breathing room. Plus, you'll get to enjoy some peace – finally! 😊

Quarrels with my partner are straining our relationship

Dear Aunt Ara
I've been in a relationship for three years, but things have gone sour recently. We've been arguing a lot over small things, and don't speak to each other or get intimate for days on end. I hate this situation. Should we break up and move on, or is there a way to work through our issues and save our relationship?
Confused Girlfriend

Dear Confused Girlfriend,
It sounds like your relationship is very important to you, and it's going through a tough time right now. But don't give up. All is not lost.

Why don't you try to identify the root cause to find what triggers the arguments? Have a heart-to-heart with your boyfriend. The key is to keep it friendly and avoid blaming each other. You might even consider seeing a couple's therapist together for some expert guidance.

Sometimes, we get so wrapped up in our relationships that we forget about ourselves. Take some time to focus on your well-being, personal growth, and interests. This will boost your self-esteem and, in turn, strengthen your relationship.

A short break can give you both some space to evaluate your priorities. Some alone time might help you figure out what you want in a relationship.

Remember, it's okay to seek help and take time to figure things out. You've got this!



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.

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