



# RHYVERS BEAT

VOLUME 04 | EDITION 5 | JULY 2025 | ₹ 200



Fragrance

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# RHYVERS BEAT



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VOLUME 04 | EDITION 5  
JULY 2025 | ₹ 200

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## FROM THE DESK OF GROUP EDITOR

Fragrance has a profound way of transporting us through time and space, evoking memories, and shaping emotions. Whether it's the sweet scent of blooming flowers, the warmth of vanilla in a cozy evening, or the invigorating zest of citrus in the morning, fragrances weave themselves into the fabric of our daily lives.

In cultures across the world, fragrances play a pivotal role in rituals, traditions, and personal expression. From the aromatic incense of spiritual ceremonies to the sophisticated blends of high-end perfumes, the power of scent is undeniable. Fragrance can evoke intimacy, evoke nostalgia, or even boost confidence.

The art of perfumery itself is a blend of science and creativity, where notes of essential oils, aroma compounds, and fixatives come together to craft unique olfactory experiences. As trends shift towards more sustainable and personalized scents, the world of fragrance continues to evolve, offering endless possibilities for self-expression

In the end, fragrance is more than just a smell—it's a language of its own, speaking to our senses and memories in ways words often cannot.

*Affan Yesvi*

Affan Yesvi

BE A PART OF OUR NEXT INSPIRING ISSUE!



# RHYVERS BEAT

Inviting contributions for the next edition  
of our magazine, slated to be published in October 2025

*Theme*

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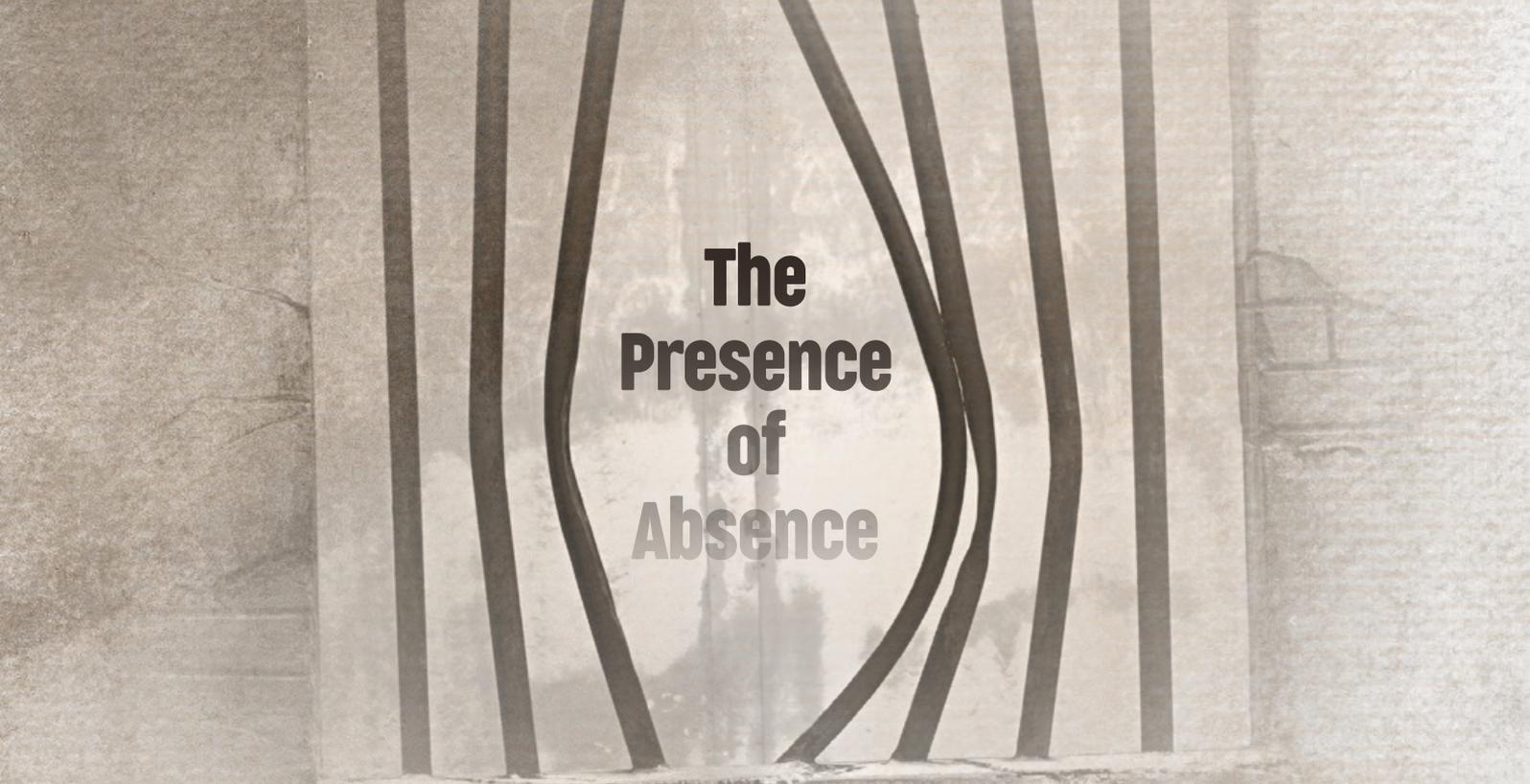


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The  
Presence  
of  
Absence

# FRAGRANCES FROM THE PAST

“Raasto’n, kya huey vo log jo aate jate  
Mere adab (salutation) pe kehte the k jeete rahiye!”

*(O, the old passages of my house-  
I miss my loved ones in you,  
Who once passed by,  
Greeting me with love and blessings!*

Each summer, I eagerly look forward to spending a slice of my vacation at my grandparents’ house. Though they are no longer with me, my grandparents’ house holds sweet memories of the summer vacations spent together.

As I stepped into the ancestral home of my grandparents, a flood of cherished memories washed over me, carrying me back to the idyllic summer

vacations of my carefree childhood and serious youth. Though time has cruelly robbed me of my loved ones—Nana Abba (maternal grandfather), Nanna Ammi (maternal grandmother), and my beloved Ammi (mother), the memories of our time lived together remain vivid.

As I entered through the ‘sadri darwaza’ (main gate), tears welled up in my eyes, and

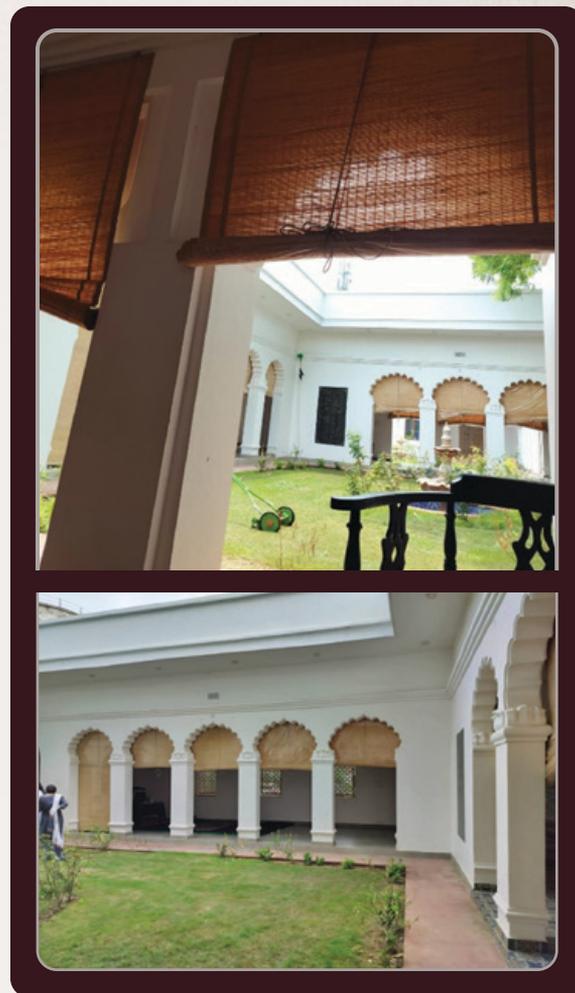
I felt as though I would be greeted by those familiar faces, warm smiles, and open arms. The threshold, once a symbol of joyous reunions, now stood still—a poignant reminder of what has been lost.

I lost my father in a road accident when I was a toddler, since then my grandparents' home became a haven of pure love, warmth and values. It was a realm of autonomy and will fill with the aroma of Nanna Ammi's delectable cuisines, the sweetness of seasonal 'halwas' and 'laddus', and the irresistible allure of Ammi's special thin 'rumali rotis'.

The memories of Nana Abba's grand feasts still linger, and I recall the temptation of stealing and chewing dry beetle nuts from Nanna Ammi's traditional 'Paandaan', despite her warnings about its serious health implications. The ancestral helpers of our house, who once lined up to greet me with affection and smiles, added to the warmth of our home. Their love and kindness are etched in my memory—a testament to the bond we shared!

During vacations, we would adhere to a disciplined schedule, allocating time for academic pursuits and enriching activities that helped me hone new skills beyond our tedious daily routine. I cherished engaging in intellectual discussions with my Nana Abba, who lived through the British era, about the rich cultural legacy of 'Awadhi Tehzeeb', and our family's heritage. Our conversations about history, culture, and family traditions with Nana Abba, a living link to the past, were truly enriching and instilled in me a deep sense of pride and connections to my roots!

Rooted in the timeless wisdom of my ancestral house, I've cultivated unshakeable confidence and an indomitable spirit, empowering me to navigate life's challenges with courage and resilience. As I stood there, nostalgia washed



over me, and I felt the gust of memories, both joyful and sorrowful, roll in. Yet, in that moment, I realised that even though my loved ones have left me alone, their memories will continue to give me strength in this unpredictable life of an impermanent world.

As I walked through every nook and corner of my LIGHTHOUSE, I felt a deep sense of metaphysical connection to the past—one that refuses to fade with the harsh passage of time! ■



**Dr. Afzal Fatima** is Assistant Professor of English in the Department of Applied Science and Humanities, Mewat Engineering College (Waqf), Nuh, Mewat.

# Fragrance of Love

*Words fail to capture  
The scent of my love for you  
Silence hardly voices  
My hidden yearnings.*

*The agony of parting,  
Barely stifles the fragrance  
That clings like my longing  
To be with you, to share  
The unsung tunes,  
Vibrating in our hearts,*

*To breathe in the intense emotions  
Ready to burst, to melt  
Into the alluring smell of our love  
like a soulful, unsung melody!  
Love is a fragrance that envelops us,  
binds our souls, never growing stale!*



**Dr. D. Maya**

is a Professor of English and retired as Principal of University College, Thiruvananthapuram, Kerala. She is a bilingual writer with eleven books to her credit.



# ESTRANGED

*When autumn leaves fell swift between their paths,  
Two scholars' love grew distant as the stars.  
Their books, once shared, now served as epitaphs  
To passion dimmed by time's unyielding scars.*

*She traced equations on an empty board,  
While he pursued his theories, worlds apart.  
The campus halls where once their spirits soared  
Now echoed with the silence of the heart.*

*The change came as subtle as the shifting air,  
Their words grew formal, cold as winter's breath.  
Two minds that once found heaven in a stare  
Now passed as strangers, suffering a death.*

*Yet in their separate rooms, when night falls deep,  
They dream of what they could no longer keep.*



**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.

# Aroma of the Unseen

*In twilight's hush, the petals bloom,  
A whispered scent dispels the gloom.  
The jasmine breathes its silent song,  
A melody that floats along.*

*It lingers where no words can go,  
In memories, the heart may know.  
A childhood lane, a mother's shawl,  
A summer rain, a lover's call.*

*It weaves through time on an unseen thread,  
Awakening dreams long thought to bed.  
A single breeze, a hint, a trace,  
Can paint a smile upon a face.*

*The rose may fade, the hours flee,  
Yet fragrance holds eternity.  
No lock can bind, no eye can see,  
Yet it sets captive spirits free.*

*In every bloom, a tale is spun—  
Of life, of loss, of love begun.  
So breathe it deep, this fleeting grace—  
The soul's soft echo in time and space.*



**Dr. Richa Biswal** is an Assistant Professor at Maharaja Purna Chandra Autonomous College, Mayurbhanj, Odisha.



# Fragrance of a Woman

*Thoughtful, tender words, spoken with warmth  
Ushered in the aroma of kindness.  
Your generosity, compassion,  
Selfless service towards family and society,  
Intensified its sweetness.*

*Readiness to lend a listening ear  
Stirred up an incense of empathy.  
Reassurance of unconditional support,  
Compassion, concern and insightfulness,  
Strengthened its purity.*

*Fierce persuasion of goals  
Invoked a whiff of perseverance.  
Single-minded focus, hard work,  
Confidence and courage to go on,  
Reinforced its freshness.*

*Acceptance of circumstances with grace  
Aroused the scent of wisdom.  
Prioritizing peace over drama,  
'No complaints' and 'let go' attitude,  
Heightened its richness.*



**Dr Suruchi Aditya**

works as a senior lecturer at Dr HSJ Institute of Dental Sciences, Panjab University, Chandigarh. She is the co-author of the book "Install Antivirus in Your Heartware."





# A Hymn of Gratitude

*A beautiful sunrise  
fills my heart with pleasure  
I descry the moon talking to  
My jasmine flowers in the evening  
My home, filled with fragrance.  
Raindrops after a sultry day  
Petrichor, soothing my soul.  
Temple bells ringing in the distance  
The inviting food on my table  
The sweet and savoury fragrance  
Triggering memories of the 'prasad '  
'Bhajans' playing on the console  
Poetry dancing in my thoughts  
Turning, twisting and shaping into words.  
Your fragrance saturates my breath.  
Reminding me of the incense sticks  
That I light at your altar in the temple  
I wish I rose like the fragrant smoke.  
And merge with the divine.  
I am drenched in the fragrance of gratitude.*



**Alka Kansra**

is a retired  
educationist from  
Chandigarh, an  
author and a poet.

# Magic in the Mundane

**M**osaic Moments is a heartwarming collection of personal essays and musings imbued with the fragrance of Dr Suruchi Kalra Choudhary's reflections. With her keen observation, wit, and tender affection, Dr Suruchi weaves the vibrant, colourful threads of family bonds, societal quirks, nostalgia, and resilience. Each essay in this collection sparkles with a tint of hue, a tile in a medley—distinct, full of character, yet forming a unified mosaic of experiences.

A teacher by profession and a writer by instinct, her essays, many of which first appeared in leading Indian dailies like *Hindustan Times* and *The Tribune*, explore a wide range of themes: the joy of intergenerational bonding over Tambola during lockdowns, the subtle empowerment given by her feminist father, the relatable humour of domestic dynamics, her unapologetic love for her children, and more. Phrases like 'Lockdown Tambola,' 'My Feminist Father,' and 'Bringing Up Twins' blend humour and warmth, creating engaging social commentary. Her writing is rich with the textures of everyday life: 'the crisp cotton sarees,' 'steaming cups of tea,' 'childhood games,' and 'the scent of old newspapers.'

The book *Mosaic Moments* celebrates magic in the mundane— from grappling with un-scheduled and unwanted power cuts to celebrating adorable daughters' achievements, from social satire on pompous pamphlets to lyrical reflections on monsoon rains. She describes life's ironies and its sudden jolts— from partition memories to pandemic blues— addressing them with grace and grounded optimism.

What makes the book one of its kind—



## Mosaic Moments

Author : **Suruchi Kalra Choudhary**

Hardbound : 236 pages

Publisher : Rhyvers One

truly unique—is Suruchi's voice: deeply personal yet universally echoing, wry yet affectionate, nostalgic yet futuristic, humorous yet heartfelt, candid yet contemplative. Her prose is easy to understand and accessible, often lyrical, and always resonant. The book is less a conventional memoir and more an album of snapshots from a well-lived life, lovingly captioned.

In this speed-driven world, *Mosaic Moments* invites us to slow down, sip life gently, and rediscover the joy in its everyday prose and verse. This is a book to curl up with on a rainy afternoon, a companion for solitude, or a gift for a friend or sibling who cherishes heartfelt storytelling. A tribute to the power of the personal and the emotional, *Mosaic Moments* reminds us that sometimes, the smallest stories carry the deepest truths and the most engaging moments ever.



**Dr Deepti Sharma**

works as an Assistant Professor of English at Kumari Vidyavati Anand D.A.V. College for Women, Karnal.

# Siamese Twins



*As the drawers were pulled out unceremoniously  
Forgotten pictures and letters scatter  
Memories tumble...one over another  
Some do not seem so old, surprisingly.  
The flow of sentiments is uncontrolled.  
The carpenters go on diligently...*

*The woody redolence spreads.  
I open yellowed pages, Oh! so gently,  
Nostrils inhale deep  
This fragrance enchanting  
Memoirs and pages merged  
Like Siamese twins bonding  
The carpenters go on diligently...*

*The yesteryears awakening  
A kaleidoscope incessantly whirling  
Eyes, through the heart, witnessing...  
Those words...Stirring the dead leaves  
That whoosh up from the nostalgic valley.  
Ah, magical incense exudes!  
Gratitude, O carpenters working diligently.*



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

# The Invisible Language

## A Meditation on Fragrance



Fragrance, it slips through the air unnoticed yet unforgettable, a trace of memory, a whisper of time, a touch of the divine. In a world overrun with noise, fragrance remains one of the most intimate, mysterious, and evocative experiences we possess. It lingers. It enters quietly but leaves a mark.

Helen Keller, despite never having seen a rose or heard the rustle of leaves, understood its magic: “Smell is a potent wizard that transports you across thousands of miles and all the years you have lived.” One breath can take you home. Another can awaken a long-forgotten summer. The human sense of smell is directly wired to the limbic system—the brain’s emotional hub—which is why scent has the uncanny power to resurface memories we thought were lost forever.

From the first smell of monsoon rain on dry

earth, petrichor, to the nostalgic aroma of your grandmother’s kitchen, fragrance holds many stories. It is a silent archivist, keeping moments alive long after they’ve passed. Marcel Proust immortalized this in *Swann’s Way*, where the scent and taste of a madeleine dipped in tea unleashes a flood of childhood memories: “When from a long-distant past nothing subsists... the smell and taste of things remain poised a long time, like souls, ready to remind us.”

Across cultures and centuries, fragrance has held sacred meaning. In temples, churches, and mosques, incense has always been more than mere aroma—it is an offering, a prayer in smoke. The scent of burning sandalwood in India or frankincense in the Middle East connects worshippers to something beyond themselves. In these moments, fragrance is not just sensory—it’s spiritual.



On a personal note, we wear fragrance not only to feel good, but to be remembered. A single spritz can become a signature, a kind of silent biography written in scent. The legendary Coco Chanel once declared, “A woman who doesn’t wear perfume has no future.” Though bold, her words hint at fragrance’s role as an extension of personality.

Nature, of course, is the original perfumer. The scent of blooming jasmine on a warm night, the crispness of pine in a winter forest, or the heady richness of ripe fruit in a summer orchard—all of these are nature’s love letters to our senses. Poets have long tried to capture this. Rumi wrote, “Your fragrance fills the room, like a candle in the dark.”

In today’s fast-paced, commercial world, synthetic scents and artificial sprays dominate our homes and bodies, often overwhelming rather than enhancing. We’ve begun to drown in a cloud of chemically engineered aromas that mask rather than reveal. Reclaiming the puri-

ty of natural fragrance—through essential oils, fresh flowers, or slow, conscious living—might just be a way to reconnect with our senses, and ourselves.

Fragrance is more than a product or a passing breeze. It’s an emotion. It’s a memory. It’s a presence. It lingers when words have faded, and footsteps have gone. As Kahlil Gibran beautifully wrote, “The fragrance of flowers spreads only in the direction of the wind. But the goodness of a person spreads in all directions.”

In every sprig of lavender, every drop of rose oil, every gust of jasmine on a moonlit evening, there is something more than scent. There is a story. There is soul. And in that lingering trail, long after the candle has burned out or the person has walked away, something ineffable remains.

Fragrance, therefore, is a reminder that the most powerful things in life—love, memory, spirit—are invisible, and eternal.



**Dhanvi Suri**  
is a student of  
English Honours at  
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# Fragrance

an acrostic poem

**F**loating recollections of the sparkling days, gentle as the morning dew,

**R**acing barefoot over fields of infinite hue.

**A**ll laughter, as petals in the breeze,

**G**littering happiness under the whispering trees.

**R**oses of naivety, blooming radiant and free,

**A**midst scents of dreams, sweet as honey from the bee.

**N**umerable longing smells of that time can't be forgotten,

**C**radling moments shrouded in a warm embrace somewhere.

**E**lated wheels of childhood always linger in the deepest ecstasy.



**Dilkes Gangwar**

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



# Smells Like Home

An auto ride around Central Delhi in October could heal anything in me. The boulevard lined with Saptparini always had a better effect than any paracetamol. When I was in college, after every cerebrally taxing assignment I received in the autumn, I would go to the road near India Gate, or sometimes Lodhi Garden, doing nothing in particular, just strolling around, eyeing the green trees that had almost invisible little whitish-green flowers - my aromatic elixir. Sometimes, I added sipping iced coffee to the experience. My two favourite fragrances together. Those were the days. That was my life.

Now, all I could smell was sharp antiseptic.

The disinfected floor somehow disturbed my nostrils. Of course, my family noticed all this; they had always loved me. Their bouquets of roses, lilies, and sometimes jasmine tried to cover the sterilisation, although not quite perfectly. The disinfectant was too strong, too clinical. A constant reminder that I was a patient. It was ironic how I had been a patient for two weeks now; it had always been difficult to be one for even five minutes. Anyway, it wasn't like I had another choice. Survival over life had become the norm.

A plus is that I had always wanted to come to this strange land. A minus, now that I was here, clearly for the wrong reasons, I missed

something else; I wished for something else. To disturb my meditation, my Tara walked in. Wearing high heels, she TikTok-ed her way inside the ward. No regard for my meditative patience. I loved that sweet devil. To my surprise, unlike everyone, she was carrying no flowers. Just a small round box in her hands, wrapped in brown paper, tied with cotton string.

“No jasmines?” I asked, raising an eyebrow.

She shook her head with a grin. “Like you care for jasmines? I got you something else.

Here.”

She placed the box gently on the bedside table beside a colourful bouquet of lilies. I opened it, expecting maybe dry fruits or something palatable for a patient. Instead, there was a folded handkerchief, a small sachet of roasted coffee beans, and an old Metro Card.

The smell arrived before the meaning did. A strong, soft, whitish-green fragrance. The kind that only rose when you weren't expecting it. I brought the cloth to my nose, and my mind relaxed, slowly drowning in it.

“I found a local perfumer near Bengali Market,” she said, watching me. “He still works with native blooms. The coffee... well, I picked it up from the hospital cafeteria. Couldn't carry your iced latte on the flight.”

“And the card?” I asked.

She smiled. “From your wallet. You never threw it away, even after getting a new one.”

I held it all close, letting the scents seep deep into my skin, heal me from the inside. In that moment, I wasn't on the fourth floor of a sterile hospital with an IV drip. I was on that road near India Gate, the October sun falling lazily through Saptparini branches, a half-sipped iced



coffee calming my fingers.

“You brought me back,” I whispered.

“I just brought a box,” she replied. “The rest is you.”

Later, when the nurse came in, she paused and sniffed.

“Smells like . . . unique flower and coffee in here. Like outdoors.”

I smiled. Healing had arrived.

A little box full of Delhi.

A little box of Home.



**Deepti Kumari**

is an independent researcher and writer with a passion for literature.



# The Perfume

## *She left behind*

The first time Kabir noticed her, it wasn't her eyes or her smile that stopped him. It was the scent— vanilla, with a trace of something citrusy— like orange blossoms dancing in twilight.

She brushed past him at the old bookstore in Colaba, her fingers grazing a spine of Neruda's love poems, and just like that, she became a question he couldn't stop asking the universe.

He started visiting the store every Saturday, pretending to browse poetry while secretly hoping the scent would find him again.

Weeks passed. Then one rainy afternoon, she was there. Again. This time, she smiled.

"You're always near the poetry section," she said, tucking a damp strand of hair behind her ear.

"So are you," he replied, trying not to sound too breathless.

They sat on the little bench by the window, talking about books, monsoon, and the smell of old pages. Her name was Ira. She collected second-hand perfumes and believed every fragrance told a story.

"I never wear the same scent twice," she said. "Perfume is memory. And I don't want anyone remembering me the same way."

But Kabir did. Every time she walked

away, her scent stayed— stitched into his shirt collar, the seat of his car, the space between his ribs. He never told her how deeply she'd seeped into his world. Maybe he was afraid she'd vanish like the scents she never repeated.

And then, one day, she did.

No text. No goodbye. Just silence.

Weeks turned into months. The bookstore still smelled like nostalgia and rain, but never like Ira.

Until one afternoon in March.

He returned to the poetry section, not looking for anyone anymore, just a habit wrapped in heartbreak. And there, beside Neruda's Love Sonnets, was a tiny gift box.

Inside it: a bottle of perfume.

Vanilla and orange blossom.

And a note.

'For the one who remembered me the same way. Turn around.'

He did.

She was there— same smile, different scent, but unmistakably Ira.

"*I missed you,*" she said, her voice softer than he remembered. "*But I had to be sure you weren't just chasing a fragrance.*"

Kabir smiled.

"*I wasn't.*"

This time, when she reached for his hand, he held on.



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



# The Incense of Human Emotions

*Dusting aroma of diverse nature*

*Often has a message to deliver*

*To share the beauty of how, once, nature started loving humans.*

*It gave the splendid beauty to become the ornament of the bun,*

*Or sometimes became the natural fragrance of sandalwood or rose*

*Also became the source of pleasing the divine one.*

*Nature therefore proved 'I love humans from the beginning to the end'.*

*The aromatic wet sand often calms the minds of ordinary people like us*

*Delivering the soothing energy of the feeling of love and generosity.*

*Nature never offered something that was beyond God's compassion and love*

*It went on calming the living beings and proving that each is different from the other*

*The tint of beauty or the presence of someone close*

*Just came to know about the flavours of their dressing up and glamour*

*Just like a little offspring holds on to its mother's love*

*With just the cord of personal touch and the fragrance, that's the only thing known to him*

*He lingers on the known one*

*For he knows the only flavour— of his mother's love.*

*Therefore, nature collaborates with humans, with emotions*

*And pushes them towards the positive side of glowing from within.*

*As here comes monsoon with the fragrance of long, deep messages from the bosom of Nature within...*



**Kaushki Katoch**  
is a student from  
Himachal Pradesh.

# Sillage

It's a harsh world for a woman alone, harsher still if she's young and recently widowed. Ever since that fateful accident took my husband away, the very air around me feels different. It's sodden wet with heavy, unseen threats. Each morning, when the milkman arrives, I brace myself. His touch, fleeting yet deliberate, lingers longer than it should. I pretend not to notice, though inside, I flinch. My neighbour, once a polite acquaintance, now watches me with a gaze that strips away whatever shreds of dignity I try to hold onto. Grief has not been my only burden. There's also fear, suspicion, and the quiet ache of being preyed upon. My world has become a place where loss is not mourned, but exploited.

I bury myself in work, hoping the office would offer some reprieve, but even here, safety is an illusion. My desk has become a magnet—not for collaboration, but for lingering eyes and accidental touches that are far from accidental. I've learned to stay silent, for every protest seems to fuel their arrogance, feeding egos that thrive on discomfort and fear. My boss calls me in more often than he does others, his tone laced with a familiarity I never invited. The calls don't stop, even after hours, as if my grief and solitude have made me fair game. In this maze of cubicles and glass cabins, I walk a tightrope—between dignity and survival, between silence and a scream swallowed whole.

Even relatives, cloaked in concern, are no different. They drop by unannounced, with sympathetic words and lingering glances, offering

assistance and guidance I never asked for. Their visits feel less like comfort and more like an intrusion. This unrequited trespassing seems as if widowhood has stripped me not only of a partner but also of the invisible ozone layer that once protected my space. It's as though my grief has made me porous, letting in what once bounced off. The sanctity of my solitude is violated by whispers, pity, and unspoken intentions.

To preserve what little is left of my peace, I've begun to build invisible walls around myself, quiet fortresses to shield my soul. I feel like a rose bush that no longer dares to bloom. Instead, it grows only thorns in self-defence. Once upon a time, I, too, exuded warmth and joy; a gentle fragrance emanated from me that touched hearts and softened moments. But that softness has withered. In its place now rise the fumes of fear, sorrow, and quiet rage. Where beauty once lived, caution now grows. I haven't stopped feeling; I've just learned that to survive in a world so cruel, even a flower must learn how to wound.

\*Sillage (French- pronunciation- see-yazh)- In perfumery, it refers to the scent trail left behind by a fragrance.



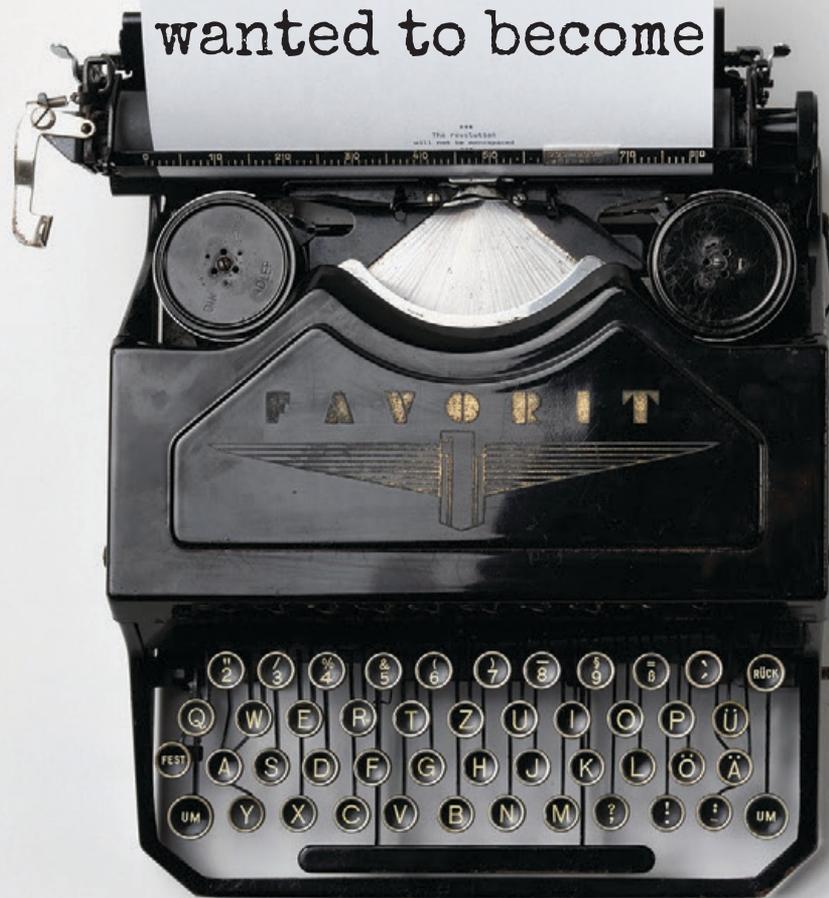
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