



Issue 07, Sep'23

Yourview

In search of an unique perspective

An E-Magazine Publisher

Poem

Art

blog

Article

Photographs

Short story

Quotes



About Us

YourView is more than just an internet-based magazine; it's a dynamic platform that aims to bring the thoughts and creations of talented artists and writers to every corner of the world. Our vision is to create a global community of passionate individuals who believe in the power of art and expression to foster connection and understanding.

Our Vision:

At YourView, we hold a clear and ambitious vision. We are committed to amplifying the voices and talents of gifted individuals, transcending geographical and cultural boundaries. We firmly believe that unique perspectives are a source of inspiration and change, and we're here to make sure they are heard and celebrated.

Our Mission:

Our mission is to collect and curate the most distinctive works from these exceptional minds and present them to a wider audience. We strive to create a space where artists and writers can freely share their creativity, stories, and insights, allowing them to reach a global, diverse audience.

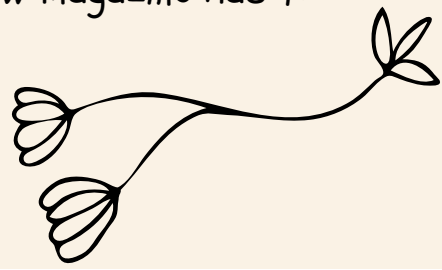
Making a Positive Change:

Through the power of art, words, and ideas, we aim to contribute positively to the world. By showcasing a variety of perspectives and stories, we hope to inspire, provoke thought, and foster unity and understanding among our readers.

Join Our Community:

YourView is more than a magazine; it's a community of passionate individuals who share a common love for creativity and exploration. Whether you're a contributor or a reader, we invite you to be a part of this global community and support our mission to make the world a better place through the power of art and expression.

Thank you for joining us on this exciting journey. We look forward to your stay and can't wait to share the incredible works and perspectives that YourView Magazine has to offer. Together, we can make a meaningful change in the world.





Editorial

In the realm of artistic expression, where words intertwine with colors, emotions blend seamlessly with storytelling, and captured moments come alive, "YourView" stands as a testament to the vibrant tapestry of human creativity. As readers, writers, artists, and dreamers, we are fortunate to embark on this enchanting journey within the pages of our cherished literary magazine.

At "YourView," we celebrate the profound beauty of poetry, where each verse carries the heartbeat of the human soul. Our poets craft narratives that span time and emotion, inviting us to experience the world through their profound, whimsical, and poignant lenses. Their words touch our hearts, bringing us closer to the essence of existence.

Art, the visual counterpart to our narratives, complements our literary offerings. Talented artists bring our stories to life with vibrant brushstrokes and intricate illustrations, bridging the realms of words and images. "YourView" becomes a canvas where the imagination takes flight, offering a richer understanding of the stories within.

Short stories, as snapshots of the soul, delve deep into the human experience. From heartwarming connections to spine-tingling mysteries, our authors unveil lives that feel as real as our own, inviting us to explore the extraordinary in the mundane.

Photography, the art of capturing moments in time, transports us to different corners of the world. Through the lens of our photographers, we discover beauty in the everyday and the extraordinary in the ordinary.

"YourView" is more than a magazine; it's a community where creativity thrives. It's a testament to the shared human experience, a space where readers find solace, inspiration, and connection.

As we continue to showcase the works of talented creators, we invite you to join us on this enchanting journey. Immerse yourself in the world of "YourView," where imagination knows no bounds, emotions run deep, and the human spirit soars.

In this ever-evolving tapestry of art and literature, "YourView" remains a beacon of creativity, a testament to the enduring power of human expression. Thank you for being part of our community, and we eagerly anticipate experiencing the world through your eyes, your words, and your art.

Content

Poems

Name

Shailee Nitnaware

Sharon Abigail Abigail

Samiul Hussain Wani

Gauri S M Paithankar

Paul Ifeanyi

Kunal Chauhan

Uzezi David Henry-omaduvie

Rainier Paul

Andrea rose

Tittle

-The moon

-Discover the diamond in you

-Season of Fall

-Entangled in the dark

-Independence

-Thinking

-Spell Bound

-Of the Light

-The Fallout

Art

Name

Prabodh Shah

Shreya Dudhnag

Tittle

-Rani Tarabai

-Gojo satoru fanart

Photography

Name

Aksha dhanani

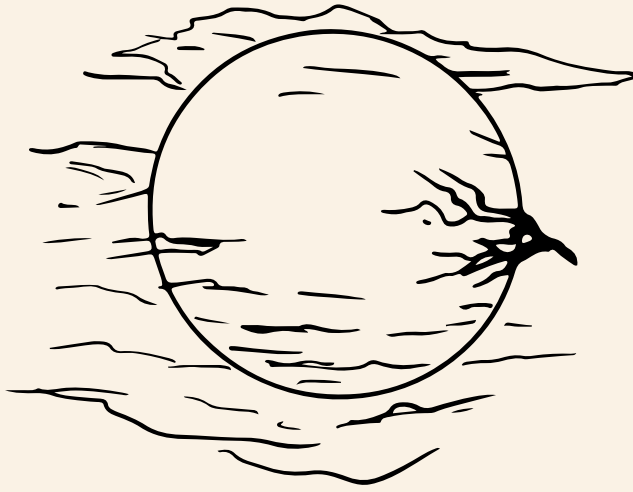
Tittle

-Just a Selenophile
adoring the moon!!!





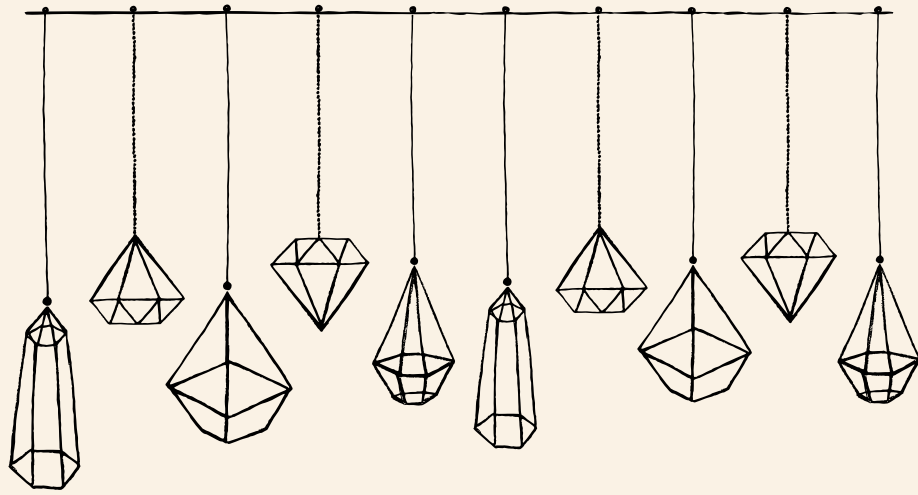
POEMS



THE MOON

I wanna fall in love with someone who looks at the moon as if it's thier long lost lover,
I wanna love someone who craves for the unattainable.
It's selfless and pure The one who will stay even when I'm going through phases.
Someone who would appreciate the mess I am, just like the moon in the day.
Unrequitedly would fall and willingly will stay.
Someone who would love me even on my faintest days.
And on all those times I am not visible I hope they would wait,
cherishing the exquisite moments I was Believing in me,
That I am gonna show up again.
Dwelling, striving patiently even when the moon falls,
I wanna fall in love with someone who would tear heavens apart for a glimpse of trace.

Shailee Nitnaware



DISCOVER THE DIAMOND IN YOU

I had million dreams
Bright light and beautiful memories
It was fulfilled by me
Through my eternal peace Of love and perfect gift
From above By the creator of universe
Life is filled with adventure
By learning and discovering
New ideas and thoughts
Helping and caring for others
Is the precious love Of heaven and earth Be a change
In others life Being a sun shine
With full of lights
In our deep hearts
To touch the effort Of joy and love .

Sharon Abigail Abigail



SEASON OF FALL

How alluring is the season of fall,
When the trees, all big and small,

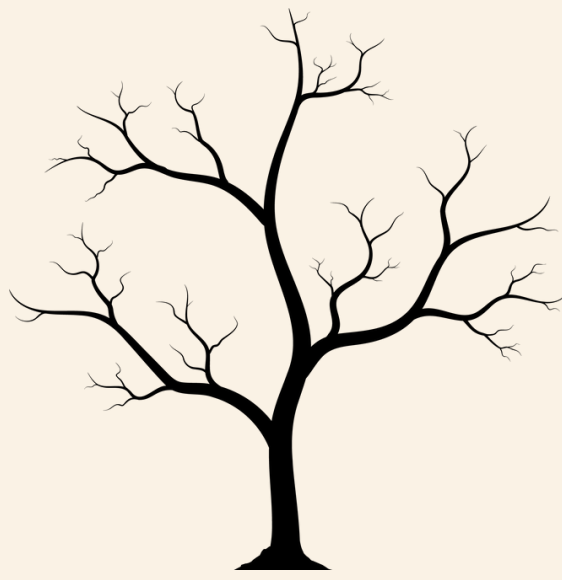
Let go of their crackling golden leaves,
And decorate the earth with no regrets and grieves,

They sacrifice the one's they had given birth,
Just to show their love for the mother earth,

Fall is the season of affection and love,
And yes, it is here and now,

Show your love for the one's you hold dear,
As, the season of fall makes it crystal and clear.

Samiul Hussain Wani



ENTANGLED IN THE DARK

How strenuous I feel,
Bonded with the ruthless laws,
And admiring all the lies,
As if I am entangled in the dark,
Entangled in a mournful mesh,
And bewildered by these false smiles.

I was extremely shattered,
As they altered their gazes,
And complemented my flaws,
Why didn't they warn me,
When I wore the blindfold,
And followed this unverified clause.

I now feel dishonoured,
By my own decisions,
And thus, I am petrified,
I wish to rewind my sins,
And bring back harmony,
But my request is denied!

Gauri S M Paithankar



INDEPENDENCE

Independence perhaps, I should tell you about a small town where my bleeding pen writes from, there are no green grasses here, neither day nor night but a colossal clump of void and darkness, pregnant serpents sing melodiously before laying plastic eggs on golden waters that rust just after these yolkless eggs hatch, widows fetch water with baskets and orphans drink rusting waters from the mouth of broken rivers, bullets are stars in the sky, yet the men in purple robes drink wine and adorn their fingers in gold perhaps, one day we would triumph over our freedom from the shackles of hell, dance to the sweet tunes of lyrics that would fall from the altar of our burnt lips, smile like overripe sunlight and tender chlorophyll upon a rose, celebrate excessively towards the fading of imprints from death's warm embrace over our shoulders? For we were once a generation of tourists in hell for a donkey years, at some point full-time citizens with green cards perhaps, one day I would bring out a hale and hearty pen to write a million poems about the appearance of this little town's fortunes like a genie in the sky.

Paul Ifeanyi

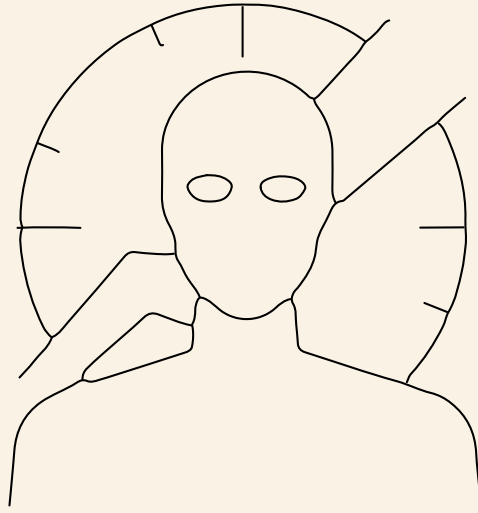


THINKING

What should I write , I think
I might Give up the fight , holding the pain though...
Things I've been through , rest of my life ,
Hurt that I knew , going to rain so...
Strap up your belts , things that I've dealt ,
Things that I've felt , aren't so plain know...
Weight on my chest , weight on myself
I rip my wound , go take some drops woah...

Yeah , it always start like that , star light at scar might get ready to flow...
All my tar night set , bar sight debt , far ride met I think I know...
All my rhymes tight bet! Time's fright let crimes height jet , thready they grow...
All my thoughts get red , foughts get back
lots get met , in blood I row...
All my life... all my life , I've been just thinking...
Times change , people too, but not my sinking...
It is strange isn't it? Just how quick it change though...
One sec I'm on the top , another sick of change go...
What is present ? I am living in past and future , What it represent? I am living in vast end suture.
Mind is mess , duality exhibits , it is just fusing,
It's the cage , it is the moocher , it's so confusing...
Using my musing I take a shot to stop the bruising , I'm choosing...
Cruising abusing losing myself I think I'm noosing , oozing defusing attempt deluging
hell lot of thoughts ,
Just a snippet of complex perplex I've got, with bit of jot...
Let me tell you things I'm not...
No, I am not a snot
I'm as real as it gets
Can't relate ? Nope not your fault
Just the pain that needed to come out ,
It shout ! now I should halt.

Kunal Chauhan



SPELL BOUND

I'm helpless at your gaze
for those dark eyes have held me captive
I'm lost in thought for days
remembering the warmth of your soft skin
losing sense of self
reminiscing about you
daydreaming of the future
that you'd give meaning to
they say lioness hunt
it's no wonder you've ambushed
my heart my woman of renown
ferocious but yet calm
wit tempered with innocence
the coalescence of empathy and beauty
I'm held captive by your smile
as I watch your lips unfold
you've set my heart aflame
and caused my love to bloom
how I wish I could admire you forever
to watch you grow and glow
the drop that births
the sea the ocean that fills me.

Uzezi David



OF THE LIGHT

Life's path the warrior within must travel,
search all corners, look under every stone.

The mission not so complicated,
simply to conquer limitations of the self.

What is within must be exposed in full;
heart and mind must be as one.

Flying deftly through the wild winds of life,
gaze upon the soul residing within.

Find answers to the many questions,
draw strength from the goals ahead.

During tendency to falter in the dark,
look to the light within, you are of the light.

Rainier Paul

THE FALLOUT



Not sure what I'm sad about
On this day where the rain filters through my blinds
Woke up alone, feet thrown over the side of the bed
In this cotton home where I now lay my head
The tears fell like sinking stones in the river

Maybe the loneliness has come back to eat me
Even though lately I've been in a state of full bloom
I guess most things in life are not mutually exclusive

Maybe it's the moon; the carousel I ride every 28 days
The tides have a way of pushing me face-first with my demons
It's not the first time biology has ripped the rug from under me

Or maybe it's missing you specifically
Although the cracks in my surfaces have all fused shut without you here
And the love I have alone is worlds bigger than the rain you left in my bucket
Still sometimes your laughter rings through the air

I grasp at all of these maybes just to feel productive
Just to feel like I can cross my t's and dot my i's
I've been this type of detective for the better half of my life
Silence sitting and expert talking and internet scouring
But mostly I've decided the answers mean nothing
They didn't crack my world open like the fallout did

So maybe I'm just mourning the girl I lost in the fire
The one who nestled further into her false home at the first sign of smoke
The one who painted maps of her future just to douse them in lighter fluid
The girl who had to run away, fast and hard, knees buckling

I pay my respects to the wreckage each day, in fact, I thank God for it
But that doesn't mean I don't miss her
It has me thinking that maybe the slightest bit of ignorance can be bliss
And maybe that's what got me through the carnage
Maybe that blind hope is what I miss

I'm sorry I couldn't give her what she wanted
Even though the road ahead sends glimmering promise
I've been looking forward at it since October crept in
I guess it's okay to turn my head, if only for a moment

To let the sadness creep up into the room
To feel the ache that I thought was long gone
To miss all the things I thought I was done missing

Then pick up my feet and keep moving

Andrea rose



ART

RANI TARABAI



Prabodh Shah

GOJO SATORU FANART



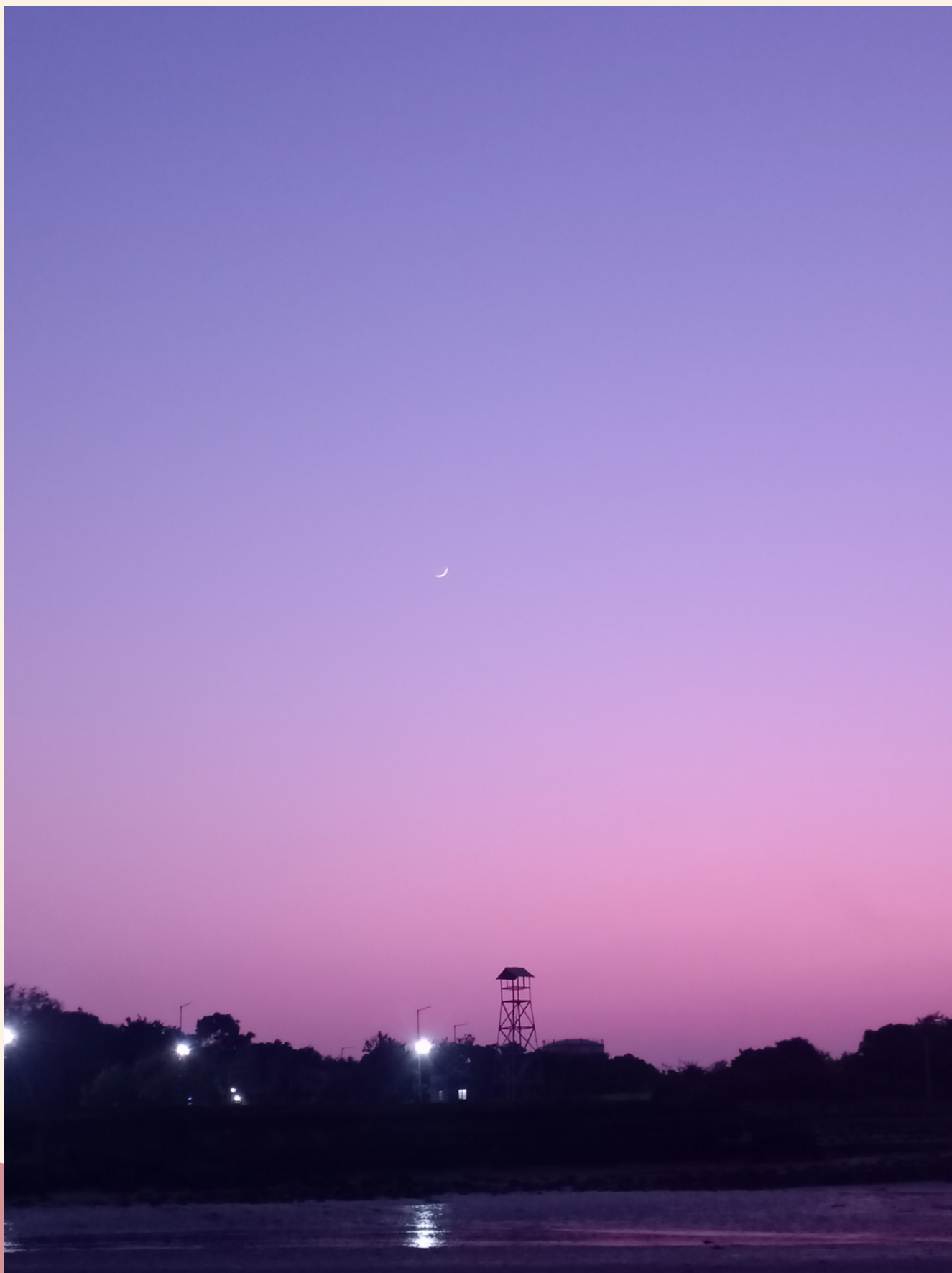
Shreya Dudhnag



PHOTOGRAPHY



JUST A SELENOPHILE ADORING THE MOON!!!



Aksha dhanani

CREDITS

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yourview

