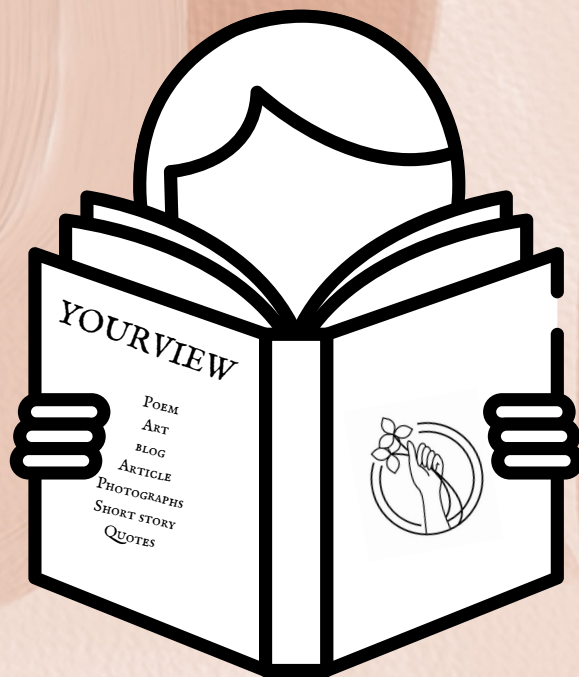


YOURVIEW

In search of an unique point of view

ISSUE 3

SEPTEMBER EDITION



Poem

Art

blog

Article

Photographs

Short story

Quotes

AN E-MAGAZINE PUBLISHER

About us

Your view is an internet-based E-Magazine which seeks to sprawl the views of confided artists and writers to every corner of the world and makes a worldwide community of passionate people.

Having this vision in mind, we conclude to collect unique works from unique minds to make them visible to the aspiring audience. By doing so, we are trying to make a good change in this world.

If you see our idea as an incredible initiative to make every single writer and artist proud and worthy, then don't forget to support us.

That being said, I would like to wish you a happy reading.

Editorial

In this time of global crisis, I wish you all a very healthy and hearty month. Hope you all are safe and sound. Days are tough and there's always a chance it might get tougher but as a unit we stand.

We do not go above, neither below, we go through. Because that is who we are and because that is what the moment demands. This world has shown an extreme level of tolerance, in these times of unbearable uncertainty and sky high intolerance. I bookmark these times as an example in prudence, awareness and helpfulness.

With a request to respect our public service staffs and officials, to support the efforts of our governments with maximum of your will and to save yourself from being a liability to your countries by staying in as much as possible, I'd like to continue.

I understand if you think the timing is inappropriate however my perception is, 'desperate times call for desperate measures'

With these words I bring food to your soul, something to take away your anxiety, something to dilute your dark thoughts and some to give wings to your imaginations. A remarkably good read for your current month.

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POEMS



Flower

I can picture her.
Almost dancing with the ghosts.
But she can't go. Oh she can't go.
Not yet, I see future in her soul.
Things can get worse.
I don't want to lecture.
What you know, what you've heard.
I know where you've been. It's similar.
I decided to hold it a little more.
And little things, views, and some angels on earth.
Made it work. Made it worth.
Hard to move and let go.
But it's life. Up and lows. Backwards and forward.
Harder for you. Oh I know.
And as harsh as can seem, it's power.
Power they'll never hold.
Only a few can survive. That's how you grow.
The most beautiful flower.
Oh you can't go.
Not yet, I see faith in your hope.
I see future in your soul.

Kimberly Marlene Esparza

Porcelain

Mud; brown and spinning, slender fingers carving
Among vivacious fires, the porcelain cooks
Embellished with lace whites and berry blues,
songs of past and miracles, memory hues.

Sunlit at the curator's corner,
I see a crack inside; dark and dull!
I was once mud and clot. carved I was too
the mystery remains tho by who?

Oh, remember how I dazzled you without even trying?
Childhood dreads -oh, I need no reminder of your sickness
It sharpened my tongue, Your exquisite dishonesty engulfed it with honey
You see, this better be slick and I savage.

My demons may have learned to survive through hell,
And a corner of my soul must be dark too,
But
I believe in upstaging God this time, For I am
A perfect mix of his essence and my sins
A human, stripped of trust in humanity.

(This time the cracks make it beautiful.)

Maha MadadAli



Does she know we live under the same sky?

Through these clouds,
I see her face,
Between the lightning sparks,
The moon Shedding tears,
Along with me and the falling stars,
Consoling me,
Telling me,
What's LOVE all about.

Does she know we live under the same sky?
'Cause I won't mind flying out!

Sahib Singh

Its what makes you

It's that beat in motion
That instrumental keeping me focused
Its that transformation
It's that connected meditation
Its that lessons of procrastination
It's the moments of no patience
It's that click moments that revelation
Its those story motivation
It's that amazing outer body experience transportation
It's that time alone isolation
It's that wise word information
It's that present location
It's that powerful imagination
It's that hard situation
It's that current occupation
It's that so called useless education
It's the different people the communication
Its that overcome temptation
It's that inner energy vibration
It's that capture now and forget the acceleration
It's that comfort zone irritation
Its that's goal vacation
Its that inner validation
Its that cancellation
It's that grateful moments the celebration
Its about the acceptance the translation
It's that healthy separation
Its that hard hitting conversations
It's that positivity knowing no matter what you will make it

My human

Hey Human! My human! Wake up quick
Let me fetch my leash, its time for walk
Pat me, pet me, hug me right now
Till then I never stop my bow bow
The bulldog will come to the dog park
I will teach him lesson with my fury bark
You know my human, he said I m adopted
What made him think of me like that
I have my own home, my own toys
My favorite food, that tastes good
I have my paw spa day
Lot of friends to play
Even I tear your pillow,
You are being nice fellow
you are very busy,
You make time for my huggy
Going to tell him, go back to your home
The human holding me is my own Mom

Nanthini Chandrasekaran

Heal

Dreary wind transforming into gale,
Self-acceptance, filling the voids
If the moon isn't visible some nights,
I bow and pray, to asteroids.

Loneliness turning into solitude,
Applying self-love, on all the cracks,
A soothing warmth, spreading through my soul
It feels like, I'm coming back.

Cramped words changing into verses,
Murmuring a prayer, to the sun,
Understanding the beauty of my existence,
No more on the run.

Unsung melodies crafting into tunes,
Phoenix tears, falling, where I bleed
With the sunlight glistening on my skin,
I see that all my scars, heal.

Mannat Arora





ROOM FOR ART



Acrylic painting

Kanchana Das





Little creativity

Mayur Pagrut





ROOM FOR ART



Life is short, art is long

Mehdi







BLOGS



Flashback to a "Fat Indian Wedding"

"Marriages are dedicated in heaven and performed on earth". It is an oft quoted sentence...what would a teenager make of that ? That God is a matchmaker who has blessed the maulvis and Pandit Ji's of this Earth an eternal source of money making by tying the nuptial knot of desperate brides and grooms ready to embark upon the journey which would convert their status from single to committed!! Guys that's the take of millennials but things were different a couple of decades earlier.

Well...! Twenty years back marriage was more so looked upon by the bride as a day when her Prince Charming would come to her place, with due respect for her parents he would touch their feet, amidst great fanfare would perform all sacred rituals related to marriage; and then take the love stricken bride to the abode of eternal love and bliss. Clearly, a never say die approach to pleasing everybody which might prove to be a far cry nevertheless.

Back in the year 2000 my elder cousin was soaring on cupid's arrow after she had bedazzled her would-be husband : a fresh B.Tech graduate , when he first came to see her; by her refreshing looks and great choice of attire suited to the occasion which was a brocade saree neatly wrapped around her curves; not to talk about how the ghar ka banaa motichur ka Laddu and aloo ka samosa complemented the the charm of my didi.

Jija ji was like a shy little boy braving into the world of men hesitatingly ; but he had a very clear goal of winning for himself a beautiful wife...bhai B.Tech isi din ke liye to kia tha...

The strange mix of his aspirations, hesitation and desperation was getting things done!!! First he overturned the bowl of chutney of samosa into the tray and then inadvertently made a slurpy sound while taking his tea and then jumped with a shock when buaji proffered him another round of motichoor ladoos as he was rapt in a romantic dream sequence with his lady love. As far as the lady love is concerned, she was swept away just by the prospects of an approaching marriage ... thanks to the sonnet no 116 and 18 of Shakespeare which she memorized to her heart's content during her B.A.

So the BIG DAY approached when we had to host the baaraatis. Even though Buaji's voice had already cracked after month of shopping, planning and inviting relatives both through the telephone and the posted invitation cards, her energy was still boiling over. She wanted to give the baaraatis a feel of their being on the Moon itself.... After all; the fixed deposits had always been meant for the exuberance and the grandeur of marriage.

Bua ji had her own special plans to impress everyone at the marriage ceremony of her only daughter. She chose the silver colored sheer saree for the occasion which had a shimmering petticoat. Matching jewellery added to the sparkle of the silver saree.

Har hairdo reminded me of a bird's nest and the dangling strands of hair on her face looked like misplaced pendulums. The thick coat of her lipstick shows cracks upon closer observation and a big purse on her shoulder was meant to collect the Shagun. Everything was picture perfect as buaji had always dreamt of. She had planned everything extravagant. Even the dosa stall had varieties of fillings you can choose from. She wanted to show to the world on this special day that no one can match with her for the love she has for her daughter as she knew no better way to show off the love than to display an array of cuisines to be served for dinner with the kulfees and the brownies being served on side by side tables; but she had the apprehension that Baaraati is a rare species which can never be satisfied. A baaraati can find place for criticism even in the Garden of Eden; so she prayed and prayed in her heart of hearts that everything goes well with the baaraatis and the Dulha and the father and mother in law of her beloved daughter.

On the day of marriage Didi was looking like an expensive "MANNEQUIN" when the beautician left her room for freshening up. She was dressed in exquisite Magenta lehenga embroidered with golden beads, sequins and delicate laces. Heavy jewelry studded with crystals sparkled under the lights. Tinkering bangles in scores chimed in the hotel room. Intricate Henna work on her hands up to the elbows and her feet made her look like a piece of artwork. Her hair was puffed and pressed and straightened and decorated with sparkling beads. She was told not to smile lest her makeup cracks. She was told not to eat lest her makeup lose its luster. So Didi was there ... extremely beautiful, extremely still, extremely vigilant of her adopted beauty.

At midnight the Baaraat approached with Band-Baja and an army of dancing aunties and uncles to the tunes of hackneyed foot tapping numbers from the nineties. Toddlers, kindergarteners, teenagers were all part of the euphoria. Jijaji was seated on a Chariot with real horses. His nephew was seated beside him in exactly the same set of clothes and mojris. Having put on gaudy dresses they looked as if they were straight away coming from the sets of Mahabharat. I was wondering why didi was marrying a Superhuman who had a Superhuman nephew?

Apart from the bride and the groom, the next most important person on the day of the big fat wedding was the Panditji who was going to perform the nuptial rights, everybody was taking orders from him!

Ever since I was quite young, I had heard females brag about the pleasures of witnessing JAIMALA but I had never been a part of any such event. So my heart was racing to be around when the ritual was solemnized. And I was there at the right place at the right time! I saw didi blush at the moment of garlanding but jijaji's smile was a charmer. An over enthusiastic friend of didi wanted to greet the groom in her own unique way. She had prepared a garland of dry fruits and currency notes to be presented to the soul mate of her best buddy in a teasing manner but the tables turned when in an attempt to shock the groom by garlanding him unguarded, she lost balance and fell off the stage with the embroidered chiffon pallu of her emerald green saree flowing after her and then covering her embarrassed face after the fall. That was a thing to remember:)

After the marriage was solemnized, Didi was sent off with Jijaji and bua ji's voice had deteriorated to such a level that though she spoke nobody heard a word. Phuphaji could be seen instructing the driver of 'Chota Haathi' to safely deliver all the sweets and giveaways to the groom's house. All the ladies of Wales wept our hearts out for parting with my beloved didi but kept our spirits high kyunki reception abhi baki tha mere dost...

Dr. Sabiha Mumtaz
LECTURER of ENGLISH

credits

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