

# ALSPHERE

ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE  
AUGUST, 2022



**3RD JASHN-E-AZADI**

**2022, DUBAI**

**SPECIAL FEATURE**

**INTERVIEW WITH  
MANOJ KRISHNAN**

**AUTHOR & FOUNDER  
ASIAN LITERARY SOCIETY**



# **ALSPHERE**

**Literary & Art Magazine**

**August 2022**

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## From the Editor's Desk

Dear Readers

The month of August is special in many ways as we celebrate the 75 glorious years of India's Independence.

This month we bring to you, the sixth issue of our magazine since our first issue in March 2022.

We have some interesting and captivating read as always.

Our flash fiction section focuses on the monsoon season with heart-touching stories quilled around rain while our art section celebrates the birth of Lord Krishna with artistic galore.

You will find interesting verses celebrating various facets of life, and photography that captures nature's beauty. Our section on 'People of Determination' covers an interesting conversation between Nisha Tandon with Rahima Amiraly, Founder of Rising Stars on the importance of theatre in the development of special needs children.

And last but not least, we have a special interview with our very dynamic and versatile Founder, Manoj Krishnan. Do read to know more about his views on writing, some tips for writers, and his vision for ALS.

Thanks everyone for participating with your creative entries and making this issue special.

Hope the readers enjoy it as much as we did while creating it!

Happy reading!

Cheers

Vandana Bhasin

Editor

## Being Human- an illusion

Munira Dalal

### Being Human- an illusion

'Father,' said the child, this is an earnest appeal  
Why don't you mold toys that can touch and feel?

Your toys like puppets, dance when pulled by strings  
Their false painted smiles, no more joy brings

Can you please make their eyes shed a tear?  
When in distress they see someone, not their dear

Make their hands ready to hug and embrace  
Sad, depressed beings, they can comfort and solace

Can their lips part to speak words of love and care?  
Sooth and balm a wounded soul that lays bare

Give them ears they lend to a friend in sorrow  
A little of your time, joy and laughter let them borrow

Let their feet not crush, destroy and trample  
Others' freedom, honor and land in battle

And yes, can you make a place too for a small heart?  
'You have to have one' they say, the most important part

Your toys look attractive but are hollow and empty  
Please fill them with kindness, compassion and empathy

Father said hopelessly 'I created my toys to look like humans'  
I hope and pray when molded thus, they 'become humane'

**Munira Dalal**



## **A View to Behold**

The forest was aflame with clusters of oranges and reds,  
As she, on the soft velvety petals tread  
The magnificent view had her in its vice enthralled,  
A dazzling crimson carpet at her feet was gloriously sprawled

The leaves drifted down in twos and threes,  
Rustled and settled down in the evening breeze.  
The bare trees too topped with their scarlet mops,  
In the wind lazily dripped their bits of sun drops.

The distinct parrot-shaped flowers spread on the top,  
A flaming torch made an onlooker's eyes pop!  
Not for nothing, it's named, 'Flame of the forest'  
In its splendorous beauty our attention arrests!

Standing beneath this canopy of fire,  
Towards a bright life, she vowed to aspire.  
Like the flames that reached for the sky,  
She too aimed to soar up and fly!

Not for her a mundane life,  
Flame of the forest taught her wise,  
Weathering tough conditions is a given,

If in your life, you want a slice of heaven!

**Vaishali Chandorkar Chitale**





## **Persevere**

In the myriad voyages of existence,  
In the mundane chaos of life,  
The mind in search of redemption,  
In perpetual pursuit of happiness, foresees,  
Impediments coexist in every trail,  
Posturing detriment in every stride,  
Hindering the pace to ace.

Whilst everything around,  
Appears to be intimidating,  
Annihilating, unfeasible  
To fathom, to accomplish,  
And when the weary mind relinquishes,  
To the untold banes of existence,  
Deter not my friend!

Emancipate your mind of the encumber,  
Have faith in thy self, forge ahead,  
Shed the binding inhibitions,  
And set the journey anew,  
With a rekindled exuberance,  
To prevail, to persevere!!

**Dr. Vedha Surendra**

*Poetry*

## Surrendered Self

Shruti Bhardwaj

### Surrendered Self

A day so sad and solemn would mark  
The soul would leave the world and go  
And I would witness the sorrows of my loved ones  
Lamenting the departure of another, in woe

Who stands here so responsible to allow this all?  
Who stands here so brave deafening to hear a man call?  
Who has the might to absorb his suffering and pain?  
No one, alas, when there's so much to gain

I had heard of cannibals, who live in the thickets  
But little did I know I'll face them here  
Where pyres will alight amidst the once happy lands  
I'll see them there, smiling in saltless tears

You might have failed to recognize, their dirty and treacherous part  
Growing horrendously, lashing their spiteful fangs  
I know not how man will heal his heart  
How will he carry his empty selfless soul

For I see the skies,  
Continuing to darken their clears with soot  
While the serpent-like nights  
Stealthily linger to lengthen their deadly roots

The times are tough  
The loss is grave  
I gave up hope of mankind to save  
The world that is chained to slavery and disgrace

But day and night will change with their course  
While the heart will silently sob in remorse  
Is there something that could reverse the time?  
For happier moments to come and stay as mine

Memories of the love lost will remain a song  
A silent tune in my heart till I'm gone  
And till then you will be a thought to cheer  
As I miss u in me, a silent tear.

**Shruti Bhardwaj**



## Stay

In my dreamy world of cheery cottages and fairy rings  
Soft snow in alabastrine translucence floats as it sings

I'm homeward bound after an arduous journey  
The skies are blue-gray, puffy clouds marking my destiny

Snowmen stand sentinel by the path least trodden  
Mutedly welcoming me, a traveler long-forgotten

A sunlit glitter adorns, a blanket of bluster shrouds  
My footprints. 'You're home!' they say, stay away from the crowd

The hearth and fireplace cocoon me with comforting warmth  
Reminds me of days spent scampering in the basement beneath

Dusty film carpets the floorboards now  
Echoes abound with playful gaiety, but there's no happy show

Memories retreat like footprints fading  
I keep the embers alive, stoking them, prodding

Lest one day I find, they're forever gone  
Leaving me clueless and all alone

There's thrumming in the air, my home knows me  
I knew you'd be back; this is your retreat and sanctuary!

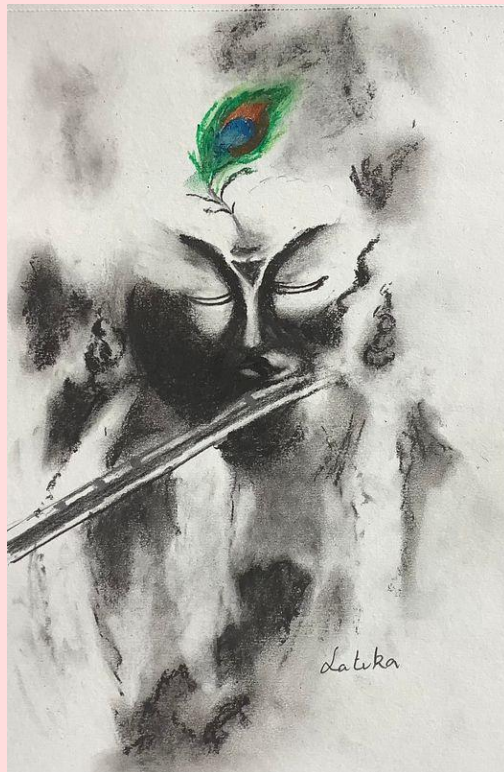
Rime-spangled trees shiver in a flurry  
Sprinkling crystalline dust, my footprints outside, quietly they bury

**Sangeetha Kamath**

*Artworks*

"You can't use up creativity. The more the you use,  
the more you have."

-Maya Angelou



***Artwork titled "Tum Krishan se ho, Tum Krishan ke ho" by artist Latika Shah***



***Artwork titled "Govinda" by artist Ritu Khare***



***Artwork titled "Makhanchor" by artist Shalini Mathur***

## Micropoetry

Sometimes, a few words are enough

### **Haiku- Pre Monsoon**

hailstone and rainfall  
follow lightning and thunder  
pre-monsoon delight

**Kishor Kumar Mishra**

### **Haiku- Pride D'amour**

seven vibrant hues  
taught mankind a thing or two  
'bout a thing called love

**Narayani V Manapadam**

### **Haiku- Refugee**

from morning to night  
people waiting for rations  
in refugee camps

**Mohammad Erfun Amin**



## **Fragrance (Cinquain)**

Fragrance  
Of petrichor  
Felt once a year and the  
Parched earth finally soaks in rain  
Blessed

**Sheela S. Iyer**

## **Fearless**

her fearful first plunge  
into the waters so rough  
and her fears were drowned

**Vandana Nadar**



## Interview with Manoj Krishnan

Mr. Manoj Krishnan is the founder of the Asian Literary Society (a community of thousands of readers, writers, and artists from all over the world). He is an M.Tech from BITS Pilani, and PGDIT from Symbiosis, Pune. He is a prolific writer and artist. He has compiled and edited many national and international anthologies. He has also authored six books.

Here's a tete-a-tete with the dynamic personality!

**Vandana Bhasin: Mr. Manoj, what is the driving force for your unrelenting efforts in the space of literature and arts?**

**Manoj Krishnan:** I have been passionate about literature and art since childhood. I firmly believe that writers and artists deserve an engaging and truly world-class platform to showcase their talent, hone their skills, get appreciation from a wider audience, and an opportunity for recognition and get awarded for their incredible work. I think the earnest desire to create such a vibrant platform kept me devoting my energy and time to this mission.

**Vandana Bhasin: We have seen ALS expand tremendously over last five years. From literature to arts, photography, people with special needs, and indigenous languages, ALS has expanded in diverse directions. What is your vision for ALS in the next five years?**

**Manoj Krishnan:** All these are verticals of ALSphere Foundation. I am glad that all these verticals are highly engaging communities. In the next five years, I am expecting expansion in membership base, more

collaborations with reputed institutions and corporates, and to be part of many success stories of our writers, artists, and women entrepreneurs.

**Vandana Bhasin: Writing is impactful if it comes from the heart, and truly resonates with the feelings of the writer. What is closer to your heart- poetry or prose? Which genre gives you more liberty to express your true feelings?**

**Manoj Krishnan:** Though I have written a lot of poems in Hindi and English, but novel writing is quite close to my heart. I think that I express emotions quite well in my writings and am good at weaving plots. Novel writing gives me the opportunity to live the life of each character and I really enjoy the arduous yet fulfilling journey of novel writing.

**Vandana Bhasin: All writers seek inspiration for writing, no matter how seasoned and skilled they are. Who or what instigates your pen?**

**Manoj Krishnan:** To be honest, as far as my poetry or prose pieces are concerned, I never sought inspiration from any other writers or poets; although I had read many books by noted writers. I had spent a lot of time in solitude in my childhood and I used to observe people and watch their habits, demeanor, and temperaments and then weave stories in my mind. I think it has probably helped me to evolve as a writer.

**Vandana Bhasin: Writing space has seen an immense transformation in the last few years. From physical space to the digital world, from classics to youth with slam poetry, from print media to Facebook and Instagram, we have made a lot of progress and adjustments. What suggestions do you have for contemporary writers to create a place for themselves in this progressive world?**

**Manoj Krishnan:** If someone is pursuing a career in writing, set a realistic plan with answers to questions like what is your preferred genre, what skills you need to possess before writing good quality content, identify your target audience, and then engage and expand your followers with relevant and engrossing content. It takes time but it is rewarding. Remember audience or customers do not come from Mars. You and I and common people like us are audiences and customers. Whatever we think is completely worth spending money on, most others do also feel the same.

Also, it is important to decide what is your purpose of writing, is it passion or money? Both are equally important. If you are writing for your passion, pour your heart and soul into your work and invest in great experience and recognition. If you are writing for money, identify sectors where the profit margin is high and chances of new project opportunities are more but remember that your passion for writing poetry or story, or some art or craft, need not necessarily result in making money often.

## *Photography*

"It is an illusion that photos are made with the camera.  
They are made with the eyes, heart, and head."

-Henri Cartier-Bresson



*"Beauty of Nature"- A photograph by Abhijit Sinha*



*“Ruins of Shaniwar Wada”- A photograph by Kishor Kumar Mishra*



*“Nothing but silence” – A photograph by Upendra Sharma*



*A photograph by Vasudha Pansare*



## **3rd Jashn-e-Azadi 2022, Dubai**

Asian Literary Society (ALS) and its UAE Chapter organized the third edition of its annual Jashn-e-Azadi event in Dubai.

Asian Literary Society in association with NIAC Global, organized the 3<sup>rd</sup> Jashn-e-Azadi 2022 at The Hive, Dubai on 14<sup>th</sup> August 2022 to commemorate the 75 years of India's independence, being recognized as Azadi ka Amrit Mahotsav throughout India.

The poetry recitation, song performance, and motivational speech by the distinguished participants were the highlights of the event. The event saw enthusiastic participation in great numbers by the Indian community in Dubai and was highly appreciated by the esteemed audience.



## August Rain

"How much do you love me?" he asked in a playful manner while twirling a loose curl from her lustrous mane around his index finger.

She pondered over the question in all seriousness and then replied, "I love you like the August rain."

"August rain?" he asked.

"Your love nourishes my soul as rain nurtures the parched soil to loosen it. The moistened earth then allows the seed to germinate and push forth its tiny leaves. Your love soaks my soul and allows the fount of my love to burst forth," she said.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Your love is sensuous like the August rain," she replied.

His laughter filled the room as he sat up in bed and pulled her in a bear hug.

"My senses feel you through the rain. My ears pick your words like the esoteric sounds made by the pitter-patter of the August rain on the rooftop and the windowpanes on those sleepless nights when the world sleeps in the quietest slumber.



My skin tingles at your touch like the balmy drizzle that embraces the dust-laden trees, shrubs and lanes, only to cleanse them with its gentle touch and fill them with verdant lush.

My nostrils tickle with your musk fragrance as if you were the heady, earthy smell of the plains after the first rains that remind you of a long forgotten memory buried deep in the recesses of your heart. And, Oh! The taste of your lips, I compare to the elixir drops falling from the drifting clouds or the rain drops hanging on the edges of serrated leaves after a heavy downpour that tastes like nectar or some exotic drink meant only for the gods.”

Outside, the rain fell silently, trying not to make a sound so as to catch every syllable of what she said so as to ensconce it for once and all.

Inside, his eyes could hardly contain the barrage of tears that wanted to break all barriers, and they did.

“In my next life, I promise to love you with my eyes too.” Her hands reached his wet cheeks and wiped the August rain.

**Dr. Sonika Sethi**



## A Mission

As the rooster bellows at first light, the gleaming bicycle is ready for the day. It isn't just a bicycle but a harbinger of hope, love, pain, surprise, and disappointment. The bicycle sets its pace every morning as Nathu Ram rubs the machine earnestly, right till the rails and rims glisten in the ochre dawn. The approaching retirement does not dim his fervor.

As the village postman, folks await the tinkling of the lofty bell perched atop the silver handlebar. "Postman Chacha" the fond acronym always brings a smile to his face.

Postman Chacha's two-wheeled ride sweeps into the post office. Unlocking the tiny hutment every morning feels like the greatest joy to him. As the windows and doors are unlocked to welcome in another new day, the mail truck swerves into the courtyard.

"Manoj Bhai, please step down for some tea". He is welcomed with the steaming brew as he squats under the Peepal tree. Sipping the fragrant tea Manoj's sudden shrug catches Nathu's eyes. "What is it Manoj Bhai? Is the tea unappealing?"

"Oh! No. Not at all." Manoj sighs, "In fact, it soothes my weary bones after the uphill drive. It is this chit-chat at the head post office that is unnerving."

"Post offices in the far-flung areas including this will shut down soon", Manoj continues as Nathu's face turns pale.

"What?" is all that Nathu blurts before sitting with a thud, almost losing balance. "What happens to us? Why?"

"The Internet be cursed Nathu. It is akin to the jinxed black cobra in the village temple that is transforming fertile lands to the wilderness."

Manoj bids goodbye and good luck while Nathu promptly pedals towards the Sarpanch's abode.

He greets the Hukkah smoking octogenarian, "Namaste Sarpanch Ji."

The latter responds with a raised hand "*Kaise Nathu. Sab kushal mangal na?*"

"*Kahan Sarpanch Ji*" Nathu replies. "I hear the post office may be closing soon. Have you known? Where will I go?"

"Why do you worry! You have a pension to sustain you," replies the Sarpanch emphatically.

"This isn't about money. It is the emotional connect I share with the villagers through letters. I will be distraught. You have to suggest a way out."

The Sarpanch ponders intensely before replying, "Nathu, my dear, these decisions are taken at the top. I have no say. Except that now I have another task to put the derelict building to some use."

Nathu's mind is distraught. With just the two of them and the bicycle, there is nothing to occupy him. The thought makes him shudder. He continues sitting, pensive, lost in thoughts, eyes closed. And then suddenly he jumps up like Archimedes rising from the bathtub, exclaiming. "Sarpanch Ji! Even if the post office is shut let the building remain. Let me convert it into a postal museum!"

The Sarpanch looks up, impressed. Smiling, he continues, "Work out a plan and then we will take it to the Panchayat."

Nathu cycles back beaming as bright as the bicycle, "I'm on a mission now!"

**Saravjot Hansrao**

*Short Story*

## The Disaster

Sudha Vishwanath

### The Disaster

*August 30th, 2005*

Today is Sneha's 18th birthday. She smiles at me from behind the garland on the photo frame.

When did I last see her with the same happy countenance?

It was on that fateful Monday, the 25th of July.

*"Dad, can you drop me at the station before going to work? The rickshaw guy takes an eternity to reach during the monsoon."* She flashed the same million-dollar smile before getting inside the railway station when I dropped her. That day the sky was overcast like any typical monsoon day.

Maternal instinct probably drove my wife, Savitri, to deter Sneha from attending college, citing rainfall as the reason.

*"Come on, Ma, if it doesn't rain in monsoon, when do you expect it to pour? I have an important practice to attend today, no way I can stay back home."* Sneha stuffed her books hurriedly and joined me in the car.

Things did not seem very bright throughout the morning. The sky opened up with vigor and there began heavy rains in the city of Mumbai. Soon news of water logging on railway tracks and roads started pouring in.

I frantically tried to reach Sneha. I was glad that I had some means to contact her. Had I yielded to Savitri's tantrums over gifting Sneha with a handset on her 17th birthday, I would have felt helpless.

However, her phone was switched off.

The office staff began moving out trying to find some transport to reach home. I tried calling Sneha again but in vain. Meanwhile, Savitri called up with the same woe, "*Sneha's phone is switched off.*"

Worry began to grip us when a friend of Sneha informed us that she had left college at about 11 am but her phone had been out of charge. Phone lines got jeopardized in the city. Our hopes that Sneha might contact us from somewhere dwindled further.

Throughout my drive back home on flooded roads, I was only thinking about my daughter. I reached home three hours later to find that Sneha had still not reached home. However, her friend said that she had seen Sneha trying to board a bus since trains had stopped.

All we could do was helplessly stand on our verandah and anxiously look at the entrance gate that was half submerged.

The rains were lashing and then from nowhere, we saw Sneha approaching. Wading through waist-deep water, she had almost reached the gate when suddenly we lost her from our sight. She disappeared inside the earth as if someone had pulled her down.

Savitri fell into a swoon. I ran down the steps as the lift had become dysfunctional, but there was no trace. Accompanied by my neighbors, we cautiously approached the place, and then we realized a manhole's lid had caved in.

Gone was my daughter into a world from where we could not retrieve even her mortal remains.

**Sudha Vishwanath**



## **All the World's a Stage**

*"If you feel as though you don't fit in this world, you're probably here to help create a new one." — Javier Galitó-Cava*

And that is exactly what our star mentor, Rahima Amiraly set out to do. Rahima, with her vision and passion, desired to create a perfect world for her rising stars- those individuals, who have been diagnosed with various disabilities. Her association with them has been for nearly a decade now and she wishes to fulfill the dream of spreading her wings globally and getting them their due recognition. Rahima is the founder of Rising Stars under Starlight Talent and has worked in the education field for over 15 years. Having spent 9 years in the UAE, she has seen a need to build an initiative with the families she's worked with. She believes in inclusion through music, dance, and drama and hence started UAE's first Talent initiative for people of determination, Rising Stars. The term "*People of Determination*" was coined by HH Sheikh Mohammed bin Rashid Al Maktoum, the Vice President, Prime Minister as well as ruler of Dubai in 2016.

Through the performing arts, Rahima believes in providing an environment that celebrates and nurtures their talent, builds their confidence, and gives them a safe space to share their dreams. Rising Stars has worked in collaboration with Amir Khan, the boxing champion, Scott Welch, and Khalid Al Ameri, the popular influencer in the Middle East. These celebrities, through their networks, have raised the profiles of the stars by celebrating talents to be inclusive. The motto of the academy is to focus on TALENTS and not labels. Rahima passionately wants to create an inclusive world for people of determination, where they see a star's talent before anything else and gives them a space within the entertainment industry.

When asked, what inspired her to work with people of determination, Rahima shared a very interesting story. At 16, she had a beautiful encounter with a young girl, diagnosed with autism. The child was restless in a queue and in seeking attention, she pulled out Rahima's hair extensions. Surprisingly no one paid attention to the child but showed concern for Rahima. She felt deeply about society's ignorance towards the basic

needs of the special community. This incident inspired her to take up this cause strongly, and that became the genesis of her initiative, Rising Stars, which was later renamed Starlight.

Rahima feels there should be enough space in society for people with special needs, without fear of being judged or held accountable. It eases their struggles and gives them opportunities and a platform to shine beyond their diagnosis. These opportunities help them to improve their social, cognitive, and physical skills, and to learn an instrument or sing without apprehensions, or be a part of the group through music, dance and acting.

On being asked if a career in the arts was feasible for these children, she responded in the affirmative. She feels, that if they have a passion for such activities, they should be given more career opportunities in music, media, and arts because research studies show that these therapies have a positive impact on their lives. She would love to have the active involvement of parents in organizing committees and taking responsibility to be more dedicated and involved to support the movement through performing arts.

One of their accomplishments was when the Rising Stars was given an opportunity to perform at Expo 2020 in Dubai where inclusion and equality were the highlights. The shows by Rising stars ended up being the favorites of the organizers and there was extensive media coverage by local channels.

Rahima's vision for her stars is very clear. She sees these performers as ambassadors to other children globally and proves that the impossible is achievable, especially in developing countries that lack resources. One of the stars Iman says, "You can dream big, and anything is possible. No matter what, you can follow your dreams, and whatever the disability, it becomes your ability." Truly inspiring!

Performing arts plays an integral part in the holistic development of individuals with special needs. It encourages them to expand their imagination and teaches them perseverance, creative problem solving, and the ability to focus which leads to success. These are used as a therapeutic measure in a professional setting as a means to connect young people with disabilities to their bodies, emotions, and self-esteem.

For people with disabilities, participating in creative arts programs has not always been possible. Even today in more enlightened times, we don't see the level of participation, or inclusion, in arts programs among young people with disabilities as we see in able-bodied children and teens. Slowly but surely, theatre programs, visual arts classes, and dance troupes designed specifically for people with disabilities are providing an outlet for invention and creativity.

**Nisha Tandon**

## *Musings*



### **Bird Brains**

As the sky would take on a rosy hue, I would tie my shoelaces and head out for the awaited evening walk – a time to exercise, relax, think and plan.

A part of my walk was a stroll through a park that had a large pond with a walkway surrounding it. At its edge lived a family of geese, which soon increased in number with the birth of two fluffy white chicks. The geese family would swim up and down the pond, but Mother Goose stayed behind with her young ones, proudly strutting around and glaring at the bemused crowd of onlookers.

Not in her home one evening, I found her swimming with two heads bobbing beside her – the young ones had naturally taken to the water.

Sunk into the ground, the pond was at quite a depth and a steep climb away from the bird pen. As I watched, the whole gaggle of geese began to climb up to head back home. Two young ones struggled as Mummy Goose, who was monitoring them, looked up, egging them on. With a squawk of pleasure, one young one made it to the top, but the other one couldn't seem to manage.

I have never heard the geese make the racket they did that day to help the helpless young one but to no avail!

To my utter surprise, the entire family of geese went down to the young chick, took a walk around the periphery of the pond, and found a gentler slope for the young one to climb out. Flanking the little one from all sides, they helped him come up.



This dramatic scene continued to repeat itself for the rest of the week. The entire bird clan would try the steep slope first, then walk over to the milder climb until one day, the little struggler made a considerable effort and managed to conquer the steep climb and run into the pen. I could feel the joy and pride of the entire gang. Together they had achieved what seemed impossible at first. Since the time-tested method had failed to work, they innovated and devised a new one, unwilling to abandon their young family member. And to think that we refer to those with lesser intelligence as “Bird Brains”!

Are we worse than a family of geese that we insist on imparting learning only through methods put in place ages ago? We frown upon and label as failures, those who do not tow our line, whereas it is we who have been found wanting. Is it inertia, lack of commitment, or plain disregard that makes us so uncaring in our approach?

The younger generation is in need of a ‘younger’ approach. Let us evolve with time – after all, change is the only constant!

**Neeti Parti**



Musings

## The Mirror on the Wall

Vandana Bhasin

### **The Mirror on the Wall**

The mirror on my wall is not just my reflection but also the book of my life.

It has seen me through the days of my childhood to my transformation into a young woman. It is a repertoire of my styles, my charms, my persona, my behavior and my emotions at different stages of my life.

It knows all my stories; stories of love, broken heart, and betrayal; of tears and shame; of guilt and melancholy, and of secrets I could never share with anyone.

It has proven to be my true mate- on days I had no other friend; on days I needed solitude; on days I wished to introspect; on days I fancied talking only to myself; on days I failed; on days I celebrated victory.

This mirror is also illusionary for me. At times, I see someone else on the other side; someone who questions my identity; someone who quivers my confidence; someone who intrigues my mind; someone who dares me in the face; someone who empathizes with my solitude.

This mirror is indeed a source of inspiration too for me. I visualize my future in this mirror. I see my dreams in my eyes when I see my reflection in the mirror, and those dreams instill confidence, conviction, and courage to shape them into reality. When I am tired of my life, this mirror gives me hope and shows me a ray of light by reflecting that I do not look graceful in a forlorn and weary facade.

My mirror is reinforcement. It reinforces my belief in myself, my faith in my vision, and my trust in the world.

The mirror on my wall shows me who I am and clutches the hope for who I want to be.

**Vandana Bhasin**

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