

VOLUME 32

NOVEMBER 2024

CLASSICO OPINE

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The Special Power of Global Experiences

I have a confession to make: I missed Arrival Day this Season.

It's always notable because of what it represents: new faces, new hope, a new start.

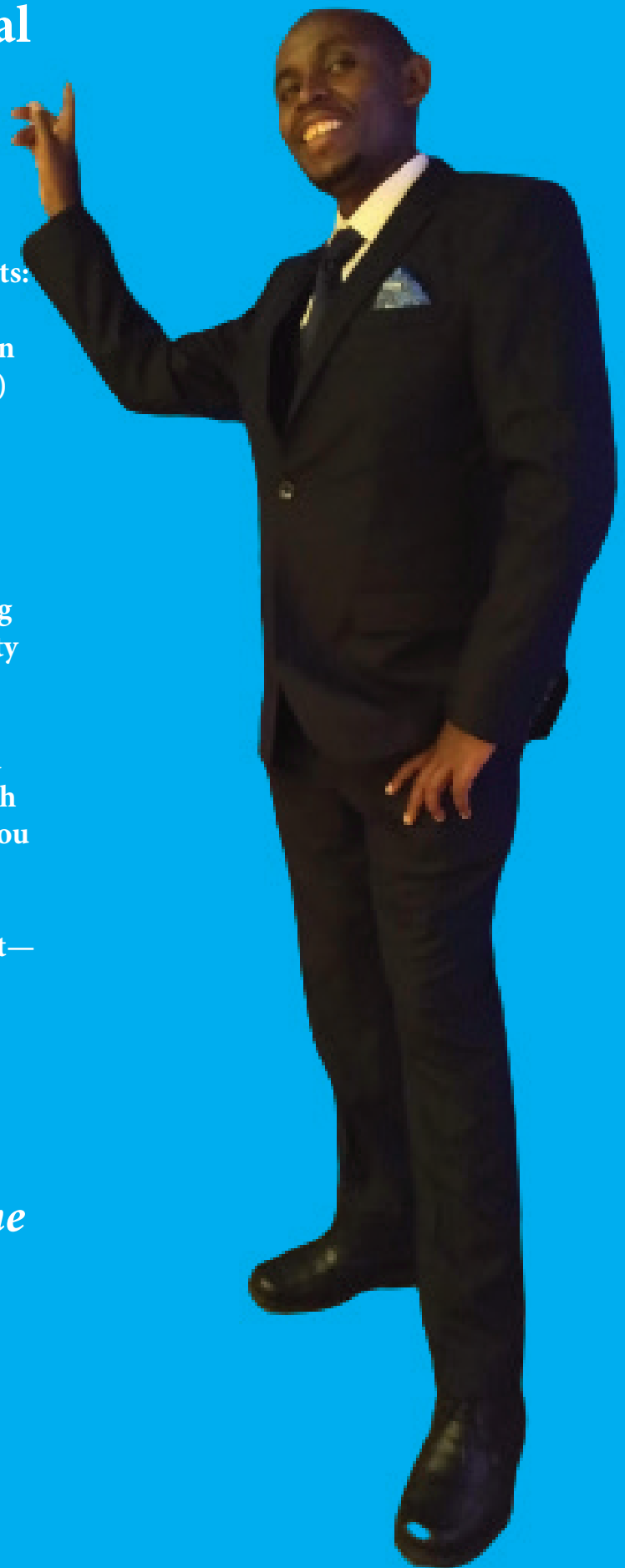
This edition, however, was more poignant than ever, as it wasn't just fresh-faced (and masked) new first-entrants from Uzbekistan and their peers stepping foot on Classico Opine for the first time.

I NOVEMBER have missed this edition's New Experience, but with the campus full and the energy and excitement of the students buoying us up, it's clear that every day is an opportunity to celebrate the start of something new.

I hope that as you read this issue, you're inspired by our poetry magazine's efforts, and reminded of your own confidence and strength to make a positive difference. And wherever you are in the world, we hope you'll come back on board to our magazine sometime soon—be it for contributing, Reunion, or just to comment—and teach us, in turn, about all the world has taught you.

Dan Mwangi

Executive Editor, Classico Opine Magazine



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My Institute



MUHAMMAD ADNAN

Bio -

Muhammad Adnan
Muhammad Adnan Gujjar, lecturer in English at The University of Chenab, Gujarat. He has completed two Masters in English Philologies: M.Phil. in English Language and Literature from UOS and M.Phil. English Literature from MUL. His research studies on Classical Folktale Her and Ranjha. He operated the narrative structure of Heer and Ranjha. Secondly His take is on Modern Literature. In this module he studied Usman Ali's plays in the light Edward Bond's perspective of Drama. In addition, he is quite vibrant in his research studies.

Until now, he has ten research articles which are related to classic and modern literature. He has numerous research presentation at National and International level. He has presented these research presentations in numerous conferences held in top ranking universities of Pakistan: NED Karachi, IUB Bahawalpur, PU Lahore, UOS, Sargodha, Garrison Lahore, Education University Lahore, IIU Islamabad, Fatima Jinnah University for Women Rawalpindi, GCU Faisalabad and University Club Boston America.

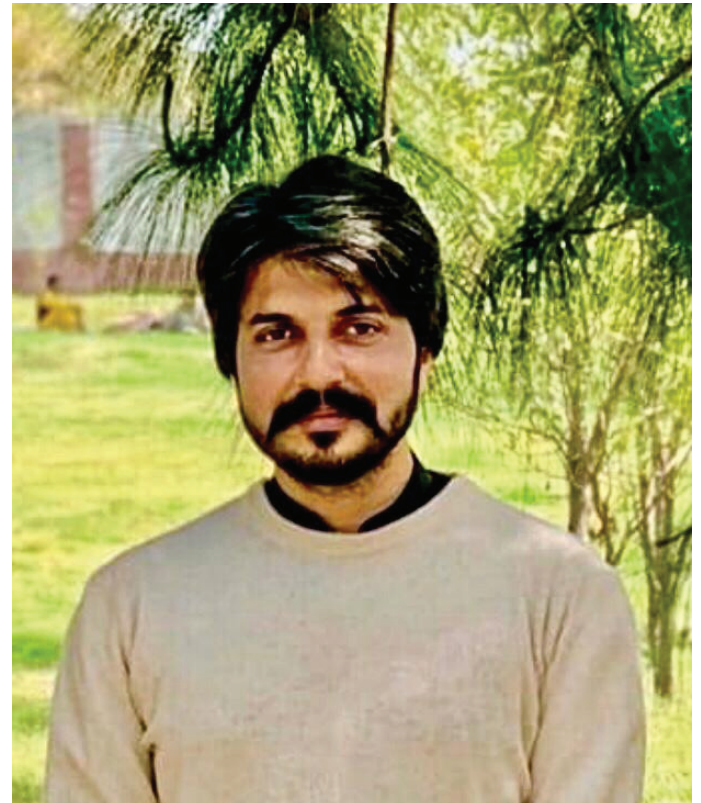
Furthermore, he engraves English Poetry and glorifies as a phenomenal poet. He served as a Co-Author in National and International Anthologies and his flawless poems have been published in Raven Cage Zine, a literary German Magazine and Hope with hopes, an Indian Magazine. He has been highlighted as an Author in a renowned E-paper in the USA and Africa, Mount Kenya Times. His interview has featured in an African Paper, The Mount Kenya.

Moreover, he heartens and provokes the students in Creative Writing. His students are also sharing the vibrant sharing around the globe. Truly, his students are emblems of transparency. He inculcates passion into the minds of their students in order to nurture their raw potential. His aim is to bring out the glory and immeasurable brightness. He believes in having a vibrant perception. He is always there to energize the eager spirits with his soulful thoughts.

Content -

1# A Fig Tree

Wandering like a wandering cloud
Echoing eternity and fraternity in
a barren land Planting seeds and
yelling loud
A seller sells dream on wasteland.
Sharing and Adoring Classics
Cherishing and Singing Romantics
Milton, Spencer, Chaucer, and
Pope
Awakening the sleepy and pouring
hope.
Yelling and yelling before sleekly
stones
An eager bird in the chest never
stops
Years and years passed in this
ritual
A few fig trees emerge and never
collapse.
Among them, a plant stands tall
In winds, and tempests, it never
falls
Marching like a Greek warrior, it
preaches Peace
It sways in summer and always
calls.
Sombreness, serenity, and chastity
are tenacious tools It remains
cool among fools
Begging and absorbing graceful
narrations



It lushes and lures literally in
endless generations.

2# Firefly

We were sleeping on balmy
nights
Blinds were awakening in sticky
October
People were waiting and whispering
during the flight Mob was
ecstatic and somber.
Sylph, a beautiful nymph emerges
from nowhere
She rushes and lushes everywhere
She fused folks around the globe
She knows how to handle the mob!
Glowing with grace and dignity
She wears the mask of purity
She is the little princess of another
planet
People call and admire her rarity.
Sometimes she seems like the
butterfly of words worth
Sometimes she is the song of autumn
of Keats Sometimes she is lyrics
of Shelley's wind

And sometimes, she is the Muse
of Earth.

Her aura is majestic and ecstatic
She is the unheard poem of
Romantics
People name her Tajallah
She is the oxygen in universal
law!

3# Cunning Lock

Eyes speak mystery
A tangible chemistry
Eyelids invite to Mine
And eyebrows shine!
Visage glow
Valleys flow
Mountain among valleys glitters
And white buttons filter:
The uncanny vibes
Lips commune too
Chir whispers remain naive
And the tip of nose a lovely
cave, Pink petals wrap white
pearls The cunning curls
Touch the valleys
Seek attention and hurl.

SHUKUROVA ZAHRO FARXODOVNA

Bio -

Shukurova Zahro Farxodovna:

Shukurova Zahro Farxodovna, teacher of Foreign Languages faculty in Jizzakh State Pedagogical university. She has more than 4 years of English language teaching experience. She is dedicated and passionate about her job, as it has always been at the top of her dreams list.

Content -

Cultural events hold a special place in societies around the world, as they serve not only as celebrations of tradition and heritage but also as powerful tools for social connection, education, and community building. These events can take many forms—festivals, art exhibitions, concerts, dances, food fairs, and more—and each plays a vital role in preserving and promoting cultural identity while fostering mutual understanding and respect. The significance of cultural events extends beyond entertainment, touching on aspects of education, unity, economic development, and global connectivity.

Preserving Cultural Heritage

One of the primary reasons cultural events are significant is their role in preserving and promoting cultural heritage. These events provide an opportunity for younger generations to connect with their roots, learn about the customs, traditions, languages, and practices that have been passed down through generations. Whether through folk dances, traditional music, or local cuisine, cultural events offer a living testament to the rich history and unique identity of a community or nation.

Promoting Cultural Exchange and Understanding

Cultural events also provide opportunities for cross-cultural exchange, bringing together individuals from diverse backgrounds to share their customs, beliefs, and traditions. These events can serve as powerful platforms for learning, where attendees gain a deeper appreciation for the richness of other cultures. This fosters mutual respect and helps bridge divides, whether they be racial, ethnic, religious, or national.



Education and Awareness

Cultural events are an invaluable educational tool. They provide an informal, engaging way for people of all ages to learn about history, traditions, art, literature, and social issues. Educational activities embedded within these events—such as storytelling, workshops, and live demonstrations—allow attendees to immerse themselves in the learning process, making it both fun and meaningful.

As such, cultural events remain one of the

most effective means of bridging divides, nurturing creativity, and creating a more harmonious and prosperous world.

Evans Amubi Asikoyo

Bio -

Evans Amubi Asikoyo
Evans the poet

I am a dedicated teacher, writer, and poet with a deep passion for serving the community and society. With a heart for education, I strive to inspire and guide students, fostering a love for learning and self-expression. Through my writing and poetry, I capture the beauty of everyday life, using my words to connect with others and make a meaningful impact. My commitment to helping others extends beyond the classroom, as I actively engage with my community, always seeking ways to uplift and empower those around me.

Content -

My Beloved

You stood breast high amid our suffering
Like the heart of the sun you fought
And won many glowing kisses
My beloved

On your face read sweet fine wine
Deeply ripe from the french vines of sweet grapes
Yet no one took time to see the thorns
Brown as were born
Leaving red wounds of your achieved corn
My beloved

At your hat
Brought your bright forehead dim
Standing amid with shock
Yet praising your God with your sweetest looks
As victory was being announced
My beloved

Surely i say
The earth didn't want to be mean
For you reap and here you come
To share your harvest with my home
My beloved

Evans Amubi Asikoyo
Evans the poet



GABRIEL S. WEAH

Bio -

Gabriel S. Weah

Poet, novelist, teacher by profession, and devout Christian, Gabriel S. Weah, alias "Lyrical Genius," is an eminently multi-talented Liberian award-winning writer who learned his writing career through dreams. Lyrical Genius, as he is commonly called, hails from Sinoe County, Liberia, and was born unto the union of Mr. and Mrs. Weah. Gabriel S. Weah from the Land of Liberty is the author of six books: three poetry collections, two novellas, and a novel. He has co-authored over thirty international published books, including the World Guinness Book of Record-Hyperpoem Project. Gabriel S. Weah was shortlisted among the Prst 101 international English-speaking Saino writers in the world, invented in the Republic of Nepal by Mr. Khemlal Pokhrel on March 25, 2020, according to Motivational Stripes, the world's most visited literary platform. He is also one of the many writers to be featured triple in the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th international poetry anthem videos translated into 72 languages.

Content -

If I Die Soon

If I die soon,
Don't cry like that widow
wrapped in bruises.
In my heart, there I write my
letter of sorrow.
Even in the dark, my lips are



Painted.
Sorry, not with sauce, but tears
of misery.
In my tomorrow dream, there I
saw,
A creeping cockroach crying
for allegiance.

I wish my death wouldn't cause
confusion.
Now, as I speak, I'm like a
walking dead,
Design with the dream of emp-
tiness.
Please don't tell my mom this.
I've seen countless droplets in
her eyes.
Don't say I didn't tell you; these
are my words.

If I die soon, bathe me, not for

sins sake.
But those voiceless mantles
whose
Skeletons chew the bones of
uncertainty.
Oh! Corruption has become an
ordained
Prophet of the Lord, as unem-
ployment, the
President of this dark conti-
nent, Africa.

If I die soon, Oh, please don't
cry for me.
Save the beauty of humanity
and the light.
Of those vagabonds who are
lamenting.
The dead don't eat, I suggest;
don't cry.
Instead of beautifying my

cloud, I appeal,
Give it to the needy; they need
it, not me.

If I die soon, let it be a day to
remember.
I will weep; who shall push the
message?
Even if I go, another will be re-
incarnated.
Soldiers died, and soldier
arose.
But if I die soon, remember me,
For I am the voiceless preach-
er.

©Gabriel S. Weah

Barbara Gramza "Sarna"



Bio -

**Barbara Gramza
Sarna**

Poland

Content -

Overgrow With Gray Obsession

Overgrow with oblivion
like stone signs
covered with gray wrapping
then in the already dead day
in the wavering lights
grow from the blues

eclipsed
towards the top
blackened trunks and crowns
and down in the gray
lights of warm memory

shimmering, wavering
carving soaring streaks
turning trees and shrubs
motionless, leafless

and the cemetery becomes one
without names, without faces
a common presence - of the
absent
great in this silence of shadows.

DR DAVID SOH

Bio -

Dr David Soh
Singapore

Content -

Our little light

Everyone of us
has a small
spark of light

Whether we do
good or bad
the light is there

When we do bad
our pride and ego
create darkness

As we carry on
in life darkness
cause blindness

Our eyes will
open when we are
faced with tragedies

Only than we
realized the bad
we had done

It is never too
late to reflect
right now

On this beautiful
day of DIWALI
together with all

Regardless of race
or religion as HINDUS
celebrate this day

Let us together
triumph all our
Darkness with LIGHT

Let our LIGHT shines
and make this world
a better place



Wanjohi. P. Mugambi



Bio -

Dr Wanjohi. P. Mugambi
He is a great man to this generation. A teacher, counsellor and therapist, Associate lecturer in the department of swahili Mount Kenya University. Currently working with the ministry of Education Muranga County and a columnist at Mt. Kenya Times Magazine
Wanjohi. P. Mugambi has won many hearts with his literal work of art. He is an author. He has published: Kilele cha Mambo, Mapenzi ya Mwanaharamu, Siri ya Mapambazuko, Barua kwa Moyo wangu, Kitumbua cha Mauti, Kaa la Moto, Korija, Sauti Redioni, Jehanamu Yangu, Whispers of Shadows, Blind Journey, Haidhuru, Ufunguo wa Uhuru,

Malenga Wa Afrika, Sheshe ya Ushairi, Mazoezi sufufu ya Insha.
He has won many awards including A community Survive Award and Best Fiction Writer.
He is the CEO of Maisha Mema Foundation and Managing Director of Spirit of Giving Organization.
He is a dedicated fellow in youth ministry and he has been appointed as the International Youth Change-Maker Global Ambassador.

Content -

Dear Sister

Childhood passes
Just like perfume on a windy day
Come
Let us chat

For every second is sweeter than before
Come
Let us sing
The sweet songs while fetching water and firewood
Come
Sweet sister

Away from weary cares and nightmares
Come and let us wander in sweet dreams
Of our childhood memories
Full of wizard fantasies from momma's stories
Full of runs from papa's beatings
Come sister

Do you recall
Our living calendar
From birth we were twins
In the world you were the oldest
Don't you remember

Our universal birth
We were to be together
Why did you leave
Yet you were supposed to live
Sister
My heart is crying
Come
Let us talk

Too soon you weep
Leaving me crying
With our broken vow
That we will go together
Was it painful sister
Is their sorrow there
What prides you there sister
Come
Talk to me me sweet sister
Or place a mirror
That we may reign together forever

Wanjohi. P. Mugambi
Weeping Onion

QUEEN ADEJOKE

Bio -

Queen Adejoke
Nigeria

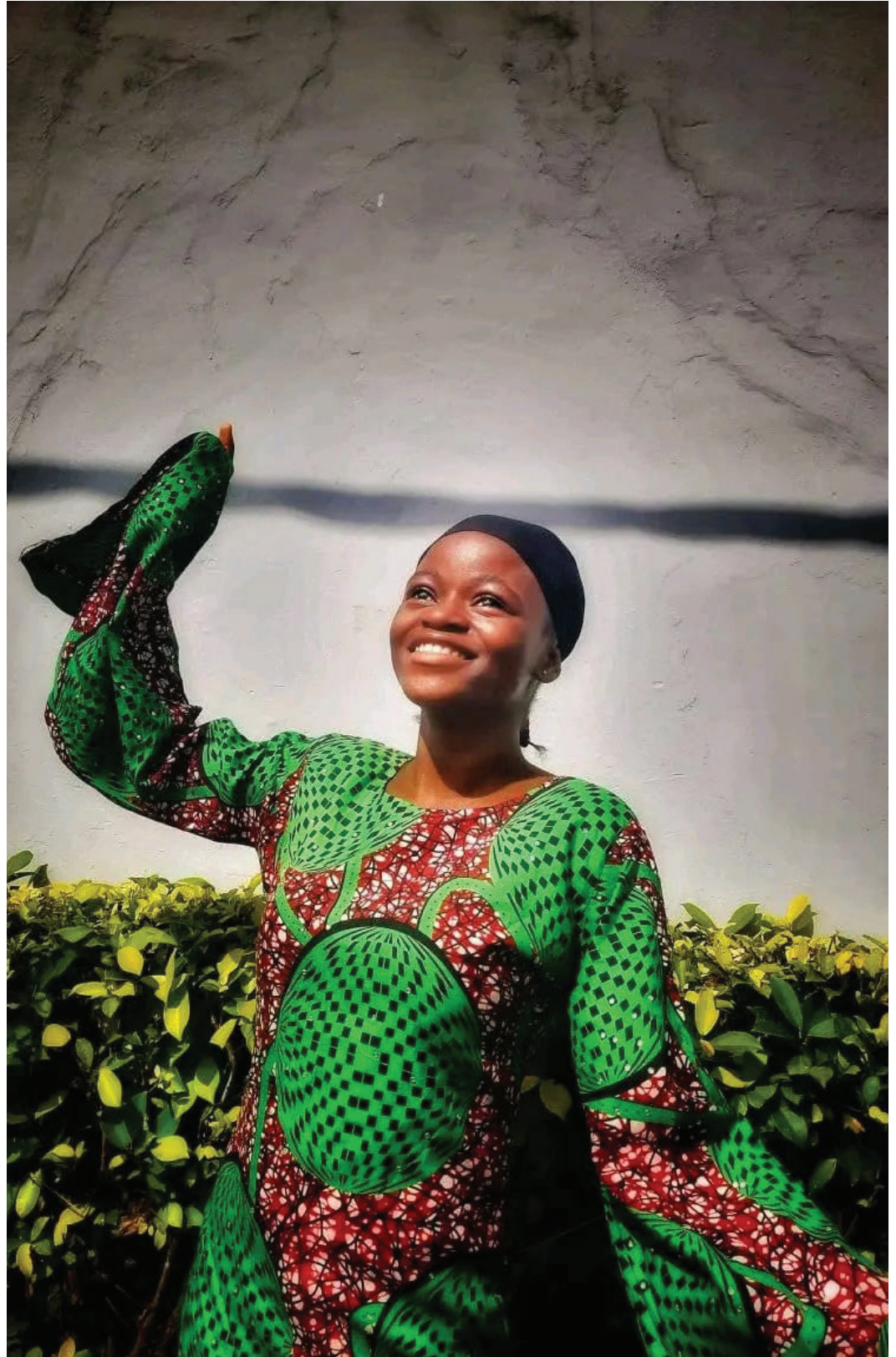
Content -

Resilience

In the midst of adversity,
All rays of light look so dim,
Dream shattered, all hope lost,
Challenges; a part of the scenario.

In the room of war,
Filled with grief and tension,
My health was deteriorating,
Oh! I was lost in the room.
Bended and wounded with sorrows,
Thrilled and filled with troubles,
I stumbled back to my feet.

No! Even if I fail, I'm not gonna give up,
Even if I fall, I'm gonna get back on my feet.
It's just a matter of time,
I'll possess my possessions,
I'll activate my activations,
I will not surrender,
Until I climb higher.
I'LL STAND AND STAY STRONG
BECAUSE IN EVERY FALL, I FIND MY STRENGTH.



Vivian Ofili

Bio -

Vivian Ofili
Nigeria

Content -

I Wish It Were Just A Door

I wish it were just a door
That could lead me out
I would walk out this realm
And never look behind

If only it were easy
I would steal my breathe
Existing is heavy
The weight lies in me

Who formed me?
I want to be bid farewell
My space is dead and dry
Denial is my abode

Their lips utter words of mock-
ery
Their actions speaks rejection
Albinism, my skin
Why come with pain?

Many of the thing I could get
I lost, discriminates lives on
They lie on a path of unfit
Their actions speaking
I am a disability with no use

If I was asked one last request
It's to quit here and go back
My world is dark and pale
No strength to live on
If only to die was just a door
out



PRINCE SAMWARLEI LAHAI

Bio -

Prince Samwarlei Lahai
Liberia

Content -

We Serve Servant

They wish that we remain poor,
And lick under their feet like a dog,
We have been paid with disgrace;
Self-limitation is killing us gradually,
Wrong people are living in our midst.

The truth is protesting against;
We survive by lying on a daily basis,
Their lips are empty saucers.
Many are damaged by their languages.
Get ready to die young if you talk.

Distance your pureness from them,
The blood is dipping loud sounds,
Their views bring in lies like farewell,
No trust tasted on their lips anymore;
Be strong, and brave if you're poor.
Don't serve servants, they'll sell you.

Their words are not near paradise,
They are breathing and grieving;
Choices of no desire are their faith,
Investing sadness into the reality of peace.



Purity Onyam

Bio -

Broken

Content -

Broken

I am utterly broken
For my very essence has been taken
Leaving me naked like a snail
without shell
Struggling my bitter tales to tell

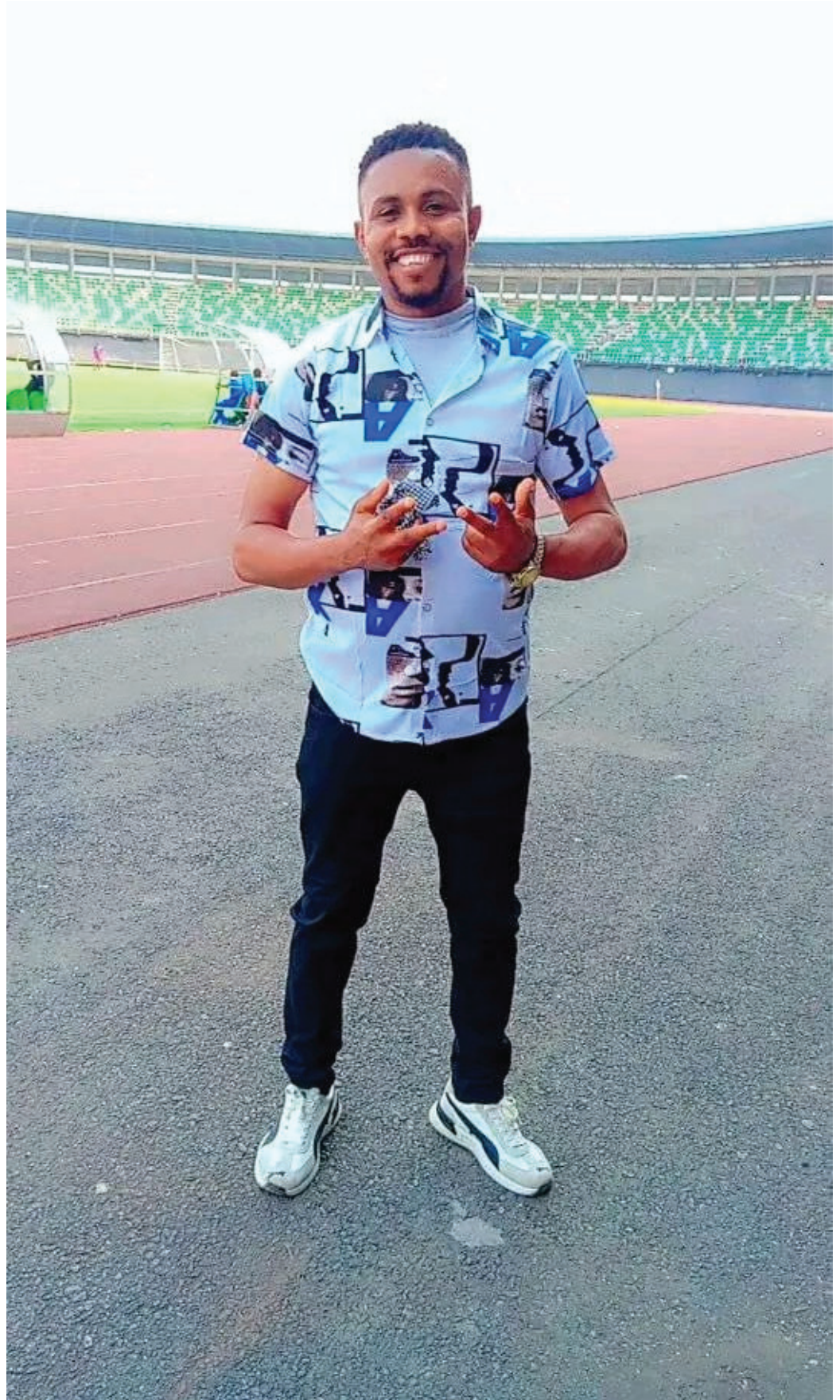
I am a city after a gruesome war
As I stand with broken walls
With my treasures buried deep in the debris
My soul now wanders, recounting the loss

The seas deny me;
My emotions break, and tear me apart.
Depressed!
I now stand naked, fully undressed

Who rings me when I need it most?
Who cares if I perish?
None, for I am forgotten at the world's extreme corner
Waiting for the predators to make feast of my carcass.

And finally when I'm gone
Thousands of wreaths?
A million tears?
And countless tales of my worth?

Hold it, you hypocrite!
For you broke me into pieces
And crushed me into dust particles
I am gone inherit the earth!



EMMANUEL CHIMEZIE

Bio -

Emmanuel Chimezie

Content -

Cordial Departures

We were so cordial... like the media's soft shot that coos;
She saw me as the bird—with words that flew and bruised.
We were like flies, perching, yet
yearning to soar beyond the moon—
We were so cordial, but now...
a knife divides us, too soon!

We were so cordial—soft as the pillow's frozen release;
I saw her as a nightingale, singing... peace upon peace.
We were like the ocean, flowing
through the millennia's tune—
We were so cordial, but now...
a ghost
wails in colloquium, too soon.

We were so cordial... our hearts entwined as one;
We were like the broom—never to be unbroken or torn.
We were like the dove, a heart embalmed and loved to the boon—
We were so cordial, but now,
we
depart... we depart, too soon.



Shavkatova Nilufar Erkinovna



Bio -

Shavkatova Nilufar Erkinovna

Advisor to the dean on women's issues of Bukhara Institute of Engineering and Technology.

Content -

We Are Against Corruption

Corruption is one of the most painful problems of our society. It leads to the cessation of economic growth, the violation of social justice and the loss of trust in public authorities. Although Uzbekistan has implemented many reforms in the years of independence, the issue of fighting

corruption is of urgent importance in any country.

Consequences of corruption. Corruption not only damages the economy, but also worsens the social environment. It reduces the quality of life of people, reduces the quality of services in the fields of education and medicine. As a result of corruption, funds allocated from the state budget can be used inefficiently, which slows down the development of infrastructure and lowers the standard of living of people.

Fight against corruption in Uzbekistan.

Under the leadership of the President of the Republic of Uzbekistan, Shavkat Mirziyoyev, anti-corruption programs have been developed and are being implemented. Measures aimed at

reducing corruption by ensuring transparency in the public administration system, digitizing services and increasing citizen participation are being introduced.

In addition, the establishment of an anti-corruption agency and expansion of its activities serve to raise awareness of this problem in society. Every citizen should be aware of his rights and should not be indifferent to corrupt situations.

Our role.

Each of us has a big role in eliminating corruption. As citizens, we must demand an open and transparent government system. By reporting cases of corruption, expressing our opinions, we can contribute to positive changes in society.

It is also important to explain the harmful aspects of corruption to the younger generation in the field of education. Young people need to know how to choose the right path - it is very important not only for their future, but also for the well-being of society as a whole.

In conclusion, we are all against corruption! Every citizen should feel his responsibility and act actively in this regard. The fight against corruption is not only the duty of state bodies, but also the duty of each of us. Together we will make Uzbekistan more prosperous and succeed in building a fair and transparent society!

ATAMURATOVA ANAKHAN

Bio -

Atamuratova Anakhan , was born on April 10, 2007 in the Koshkopir district of the Khorezm region in the family of a teacher. My nationality is Uzbek. My father is Bekchonov Hamdambek Atamuratovich, a doctor at the Koshkopir District Medical Association of Khorezm Region. My mother - Madrimova Salomat Rakhimberganovna is a teacher of primary education at the general education school No. 41, Koshkopir district, Khorezm region. We have 3 children in the family. My sister - Atamuratova Asaloy Hamdambek's daughter is a student of Koshkopir district specialized school in the system of Presidential Educational Institutions Agency of Koshkopir district of Khorezm region. My brother is the son of Atamuratov Alisher Hamdambek, a student of AFCHO'M 4, Koshkopir district, Khorezm region. In 2013, I was admitted to the 1st grade of general education school No. 41 in the village of Ortayop, Koshkopir district, Khorezm region. During my 11 years of schooling, I have achieved many things.

Content -

My Mother, My Love

Is there a woman like you in the world?
The world is dark without you
The world is too small for me without you.
My life is meaningless without you,
Even my nights don't pass.
Even if I don't see it for a day
I will be like a blind man.
I miss you all the time
I admire your patience.
He has seen in this world
Angelless Mother.



Teshaboyeva Fazilat

Bio -

Teshaboyeva Fazilat

Content -

My Institute

The Department of Foreign Languages and Literature at Termez State Pedagogical Institute is not just an academic department—it is a place where language and literature intertwine to offer students a gateway to new worlds, ideas, and cultures. Here, we engage in more than the technicalities of language; we explore the stories, histories, and voices that languages carry, delving into the poetry, prose, and philosophies that have shaped civilizations.

Walking through its halls, there's a unique sense of purpose. Every classroom resonates with the energy of students striving to bridge cultures, to understand not only the mechanics of a foreign tongue but the way it embodies the soul of another people. Professors are our guides in this journey, drawing on their rich knowledge and experiences to inspire us to look beyond words and into the subtleties of language that reveal how people think, feel, and connect.

Literature courses invite us to wander through epochs, from classical works to modern masterpieces. They push us to question, to feel, to empathize. We read, not merely to interpret, but to uncover layers of meaning that have shaped human thought across time. This engagement goes beyond academics—it becomes a personal transformation, a chance to see ourselves and the world from new perspectives.

In this department, language is a living bridge, and literature a map to understanding humanity. We learn to see beauty in words, depth in silence, and stories in the spaces between. The Department of Foreign Languages and Literature at Termez State Pedagogical Institute gives us not just knowledge but a profound awareness of the endless connections and possibilities that language and literature offer.



RUSTAMOVA CHAROS NORBOTAYEVNA

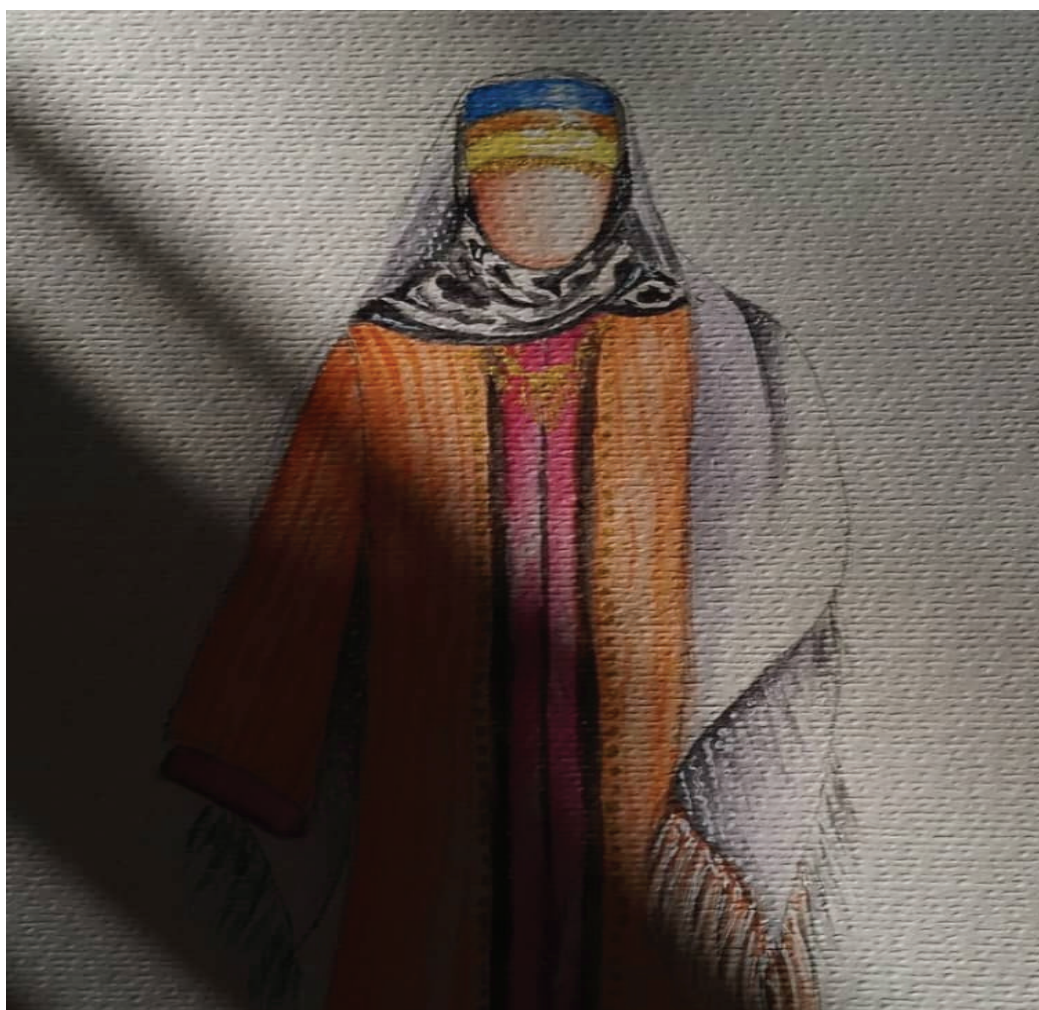


Bio -

Rustamova Charos Norbotayevna
Navoi State Pedagogical Institute
3rd year of professional education: direction of design clothes and accessories

Content -

Rustamova arts



Inomjonova Dildora

Bio -

Inomjonova Dildora

Content -

I Am Dildora, Following Zulfiya's Light

I am Dildora, my heart ablaze,
Following Zulfiya's poetic ways.
With each step forward, every line,
I carve a path that will define.

I follow her spirit, bold and wise,
Dreaming of greatness, reaching skies.
Through verses deep, I make my mark,
A voice that lights the growing dark.

Day by day, with strength anew,
I polish words, to make them true.
In Zulfiya's shadow, fierce and kind,
I find the courage, free my mind.

I work with fire, with all my might,
To earn the honor, shining bright.
Through challenges I will persist,
As dreams and hopes in words exist.

One day soon, I'll take that stage,
Turn every struggle, every page.
And from the president's hand receive,
A symbol of all I've dared to believe.

For Zulfiya's legacy, pure and grand,
I reach out with a steady hand.
To carry her torch, her name I raise,
My voice, my dreams, ablaze with praise.

In her shadow, I will grow,
With every rhyme, with every flow.
For I am Dildora, strong and free,
Her words, her courage, live in me.



ERKINBOYEVA HULKAR



Bio -

Erkinboyeva Hulkar

Content -

Student day is almost here..

International Student Day - November 17, 1939 - is celebrated as the day of international student solidarity. On October 28, 1939, in the Czech Republic occupied by the Nazis, students studying in Prague and their teachers held a demonstration to celebrate the establishment of the Czechoslovak state. The occupying forces broke up the demonstration, while Jan Opletal, a medical student, was injured. Dr. Arnold Itacek immediately operated on Opletal at Charles Square Hospital. However, he died of peritonitis on Novem-

ber 11. On November 15, the funeral turned into a protest. Dozens of protesters were arrested. Early in the morning on November 17, fascist military units surrounded the student dormitories. More than 1,200 students were arrested and sent to concentration camps. Nine students and student ac-

tivists were executed in prison. Two years later, in 1941, an international meeting of students who fought against Nazism was organized in London. At the suggestion of Czechoslovak communist Otto Schling, it was decided to celebrate this day every year as Students' Day in memory of the

executed and dead students. Although this day is actually considered a sad day, to this day we students celebrate this day as a big holiday. or a boy looks forward to this day. It's been a few years, in every university and institute, students, boys and girls celebrate this day in a good mood.



Hakimova Sanobar

Bio -

Hakimova Sanobar, daughter of Hakim, is currently a 1st-year student of the Faculty of Translation Theory and Practice of Tashkent State University of Uzbek Language and Literature named after Alisher Navoi, majoring in English. His poems were published in books such as "Mitty star glitters", "Nazm gunchalari", "Tuygular Shaharchasi". Author of the book "Towards Dreams".

Content -

Homeland

I live with your love,
I am proud I stand
I see you as a rule,
You are my blood in my veins,
Motherland!

My dear, you are so dear to my
heart, Motherland!

You are my father, you are kind,
You are my mother, your eyes
are full of tears

The helper told me everything
say

Every past moment is the Mother-
land!

My dear, you are so dear to my
heart, Motherland!

My sunny, blue sky
My place where barley and wheat
grew,

My grandfather who worked, My
country is full of cotton!

My dear, you are so dear to my
heart, Motherland!

Your love is justification our
duty

Every boy and girl lives for you
It's not good to be a poet with-
out you

You are my happiness Home-
land!

My dear, you are so dear to my
heart, Motherland!



Tajalla Qureshi

Bio -

Tajalla Qureshi - a literary enchantress who weaves tapestries of thoughts and emotions with the finesse of a master artisan in the realm of words. She is a gifted wordsmith from Pakistan. Thereupon, she is the visionary Co-Founder and Co-Editor of The Wordsmith Magazine, where words are woven into magic. Her pen swings across the globe, leaving a trail of mesmerizing poems and columns that captivate readers worldwide. She is a multi-talented creative force who wears many fedoras with elegance and flair. She is named as Miss 20th Century Poetry at the University of Chenab, Gujrat. On the flip, her writings have been glorified in Pakistan, Germany, Canada, Africa, America, and India in many E-papers, Anthologies, Magazines, and Websites. She was highlighted as the top-ranked Author in many poetic presentations and poetic competitions at international forums. Her published poem: My Phoenix had been arranged in the final term exam for the students of literature at the University of Lahore, Gujrat. Coupled with that, her articles have been printed in German Magazine and American Newspapers and her poetry has been published in more than 30 International and National Anthologies, in German, Indian, Canadian Magazines, and African Newspapers. Like a shooting star, her literary presence blazes across the firmament, leaving an indelible mark on the hearts and minds of all who encounter her work.

Content -

Thee, "Utterance"

Cool Breeze, Lush trees, and fro-

zen leaves

All that are the symbols of love-
liness

They speak the truth in a unique
technique

Bees, birds, and butterflies peep
into the stream

Stream of soulful thoughts to flip
the lot

They swipe the unhealthy knot

Slightly air swings and brings
purple love

It smiles and praises the innocent
ones

Spring reminds the flawless finds

The canopy of blue color clarifies
the holy cure

Morning whispers the new hope
to choke

All at your side when you drive
a stunning smile.

2#

The Magnificence of her "LOVE"

Her aura heats with compassion-
ate fire

Melting fears, with love's delicate
desire

Gentle compels, she engages,
through the admires

Weaving threads of pair, repair,
and soft care

Tender amorous, only in her em-
brace, all are deeply fair

Dwells down, the one ever-last-
ing forgets, yet it's rare

Beyond the mountain lines, she
sensibly signs the right

Athena like the aroma, in heav-
en-like eyes, when she sights

Altogether a mound of magnifi-
cence binds in a pack

Rare in rare, she magnetizes the
melodies, unveiling the track

Her aura like Hera whispers until
the edge.



3#

My Pretty "Patience"

When the world is like a dark
room

I once offset my eyes and peeve
the mid-noon

Sustain the unattainable sides of
the moon

Sometimes, I encounter the fro-
zen fights

Symbols and stamps of envious-
ness and envy

I gulp and glint a cup of holy
forbearance bravery

The poor scavengers try to let
the dove down

But they forget, she drinks and
blinks the color of the crown

And flawlessly filters the flicking
browns

Energies of lustrous love evoke
and vulture crash
the spangle of the spring air to
lush and blush
White mystic dove dwells in the
heart to be lush

I drive on the roads of rosiness
and loveliness

Where the depths are free to
hover and deeply relay
Holding the four corners of dis-
ciplines highlights what was
brought up.



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