

UNTOLD

by Ashmi

DHARTI PARMAR



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For permissions requests or inquiries regarding this publication,
please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

www.BlueRoseONE.com

info@bluerosepublishers.com

+91 8882 898 898

+4407342408967

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*For,
The girl who is standing in the mirror in
front of me...*



Caution:

This journey may contains many emotional ups and downs, I hope that each pieces of your heart bound correctly and contain same one, your mind must be tired of each mind game. Every spontaneous feelings gets embedded deep in to your soul and you become a person who surrendered to love !!



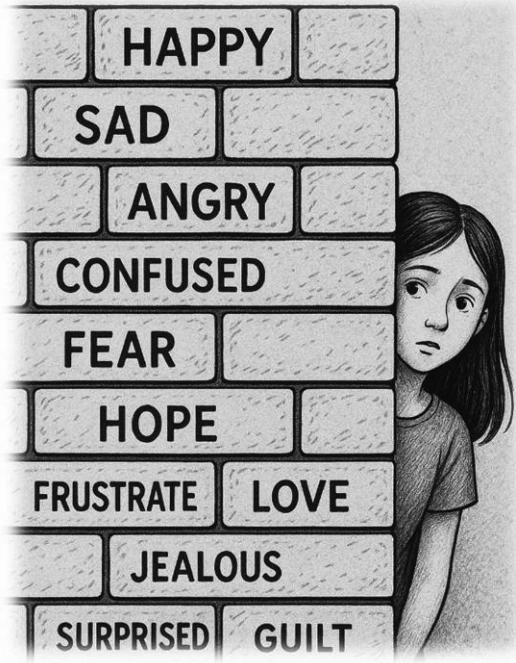
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She

Let me hide behind my wall-like words,
I'm more cowardly about love than you thought.
I know how to make you feel better anyway,
Even if you're far and there are long days,



Holding each other gives us many chances,
Our hearts get smaller and space expands,
Then loss of courage and voice gets tired,
I started following hate and love gets fired,
No days, no nights, just surrounded by cold,
Memorise a girl rich in emotions and a heart of gold.
Autumn leaves falling down like my trust in you,
Next day she wore a smile and looked brand new.

Love is not something for which you need to beg for...

And I just heard someone said...

“just because you love me doesn’t mean I feel loved by you,,”

And I felt it....

You are not a beggar and love is not something that one should give and take in beggar’s terms.



Untold

I Have buried truth inside my heart,
Mind played well and prove it's smart.

There is no words left for sharing as well,
Truth arises again but somehow hope fell.

I have to take stand for my massy self now,
Unless they recognise me anything somehow.

I accept that i was responsible for all your sin,
But will never expose Strome that I had within.

Doing well all the day but can't handle nights,
Sometimes even i miss silly talks and certain fights.

Okay sometimes talking with "me" is also fine,
But now, when it's about you, it feels like a crime.

Hey "me" I know you are crawling while trying to
walk,
But one day warm rays will touches earth and vanish
all fog.

*When you cannot see things properly...then don't
try to see more.*

*It's all directed by god, he will lead you through,
He knows better what you need....*

Light, Eyes or Vision!!

Life is a total tragedy.

*You will have thrones and flowers in same hand,
you will see stars and sun moving towards you but
never gives you shine..*

*Have you ever feel that...your entire ecosystem is
vanished out?*

Now I became one whose nights becomes noon!!

Me

I am so engrossed in my own thoughts,
Yet I keep thinking about others,
I keep every thought in my mind,
But how can I hide my behaviour ?
I dream of dying in the desire of living,
My nights are so short, and
Having neither the dream of waking up nor the hope
of sleeping,
Everyone understands that I live only within myself,
But those close to me know that I keep everyone
within myself,
There are many paths, I just keep walking on each
one,
It is as if the destination is not mine, and
I remain visible to everyone,
I neither have memories nor any complete dreams
and no support for myself,
it seems as if I am slowly becoming an orphan and
becoming well.

*I'm in love with silence, it doesn't mean
that I'm a hater of words or
i will ignore your sentences,
sometimes.....
i was attracted towards noise and
I often hooked up with inner echoes.*

*And suddenly she becomes so much
understanding towards him...*

She becomes flexible too...

It is his inability to be with her...

Value people because,

Valuing others is one type of human behaviour, but
when you value people because they deserve it, it is
kind of your great personality.

At this time in a life or particular phase ,

I am realising that I am so poor at recognising people
I can't understand either,

They are using me or

They are attached to me?

Or

Even they love me ?

Or

It's just type of connection in which they want
something from me?

Dark

Everything seems too dark,
I just want to become your little spark,
With having all the dead buried hopes,
And then I decided to retire from my caring jobs,
Yesterday i fall and you couldn't able to see,
Now i am waiting for tomorrow when i will get you
on your knees,
I will surprise you with my all understanding that
day,
But you will carry on with your misunderstandings
bae,
All night with teary eyes i will give you chance,
I know my heart beat when my hands started to
dance,
I will make someone witness like this moon,
So, again your presence doesn't seems like actor and
you stopped making me fool.
I remember how you become main character in my
story,
I dedicated every word and then you took shape of my
poetry.
Do you remember that 5 AM talk to midnight
dreaming,
I know how silence become dominant and my whole
body started screaming.

It's like that, I'm just pretending myself. I don't want to show the world that I love you...

I don't want to neglect My those past experiences...

I just want to remain safe emotionally safe....

That girl

The girl who listens to Kishore Kumar
The girl who considers every word as her own
The girl who speaks with her eyes
The girl who cries at night
The girl who is lost all day long
The girl who tolerates silence
The girl who lives by herself
The girl who stays awake even in sleep
The girl who lost her life
The girl who lives with everyone
The girl who still looks alone
The girl who gets wet in the rain
The girl who embraces autumn
The trust worthy girl, that quiet girl
The girl who lives away from herself
The girl who turns hatred into glory
The girl who believes everything in everything
In the end the girl would go away from herself.



*You left me no choice to stay here forever...
And I did...but never succeed...
have you ever try to read..
How much efforts i did to your soul to feed,
And now tired of being kid,
But in your world i lost my lead..
And you made me felt like i am jassid
on your growing tree,
But you forgot that i am your that seed.*

(jassid is plant eating insects)

The real courage is to holding up on something when you are too strong to giving up.

Day by day, it's really becoming hard to survive beneath something which is invisible, but still feels like pressure.

Sometimes it feels like that I am surrounded by not air, but the burden which makes my today and tomorrow more heavy and I wrote something on it that ...

It feels like I am in the centre of the ocean.

*There is no any edge neither any ship around,
No any living things, even it's too hard to go deep
in yourself,
even floats on it, and even it's too hard to jump
into ocean and get die.*

The thing is when you needed them Most...
they didn't come...

When you needed their words...they didn't speak,
When you needed them by your side...they didn't
even stand...

When you needed support and respect from
them...they disappeared...

So how??

How one will trust them again??

Trust comes with consistency.

Not with blind understanding.

*Some stories are hidden but not untold....
Just think about those who still remain untold.*

Peace like this

I need some peace like this,
That I can ignore all the desires.

I need some peace like this,
That I will not be able to remember the dreams of the
night till morning.

I need some peace like this,
That if I remember something old then I should leave
it behind.

I need some peace like this,
That even if you speak now, I may not be able to
come near you.

I need some peace like this,
That even if you confess your love then also i can
stand by my hate.

I need some peace like this.

When sky lost moon...

One day I was searching for you,
I dig earth and lost us, just few.

Knocking door of understanding each day,
Roaming around mind and heart goes away.

He told me one day that I am all yours,
And I wake up today, that dream was false.

It was felt like empty, pretty and cool,
Just like dark sky who lost his moon.

Waving hand and sending good byes,
Having lots of questions and teary eyes.



*The thing is... When someone comes into our life,
he/she comes with an expiry date,*

*For some days, some months, some years... But we
are not able to know...are they for short time or
for lifelong and give the importance of years to a
person who comes with an expiry date of few
days...*

So the moral of the story is...

Know, understand and then share.

#takeyourtime

Vow

One day I was thinking about my happy future,
I put your name first and saw my present rupture.

Looking around in search of that known touch,
I want to speak but can't shared that much.

People keep eye on me and made me feel loved,
My atmosphere is like sweet touch wearing gloved.

Do they think I was ok with all his shiny presents,
This moon is Waiting for magic while reflects as
crescent.

No more words no more talks no more promises now,
I know you more than you but I can't forget that vow.

The thing is genuine people will become always *dikkat* for everyone and everywhere... In real terms do you know what is hard...

To show up fearlessly and not to hide something.

If you doesn't get that person whom you love then...don't stick to them only...move forward and search for that person who loves you...and be with him/her.

This is how life works... Which is totally different from your thoughts and assumptions...!

“Maybe someone’s prayers for you is stronger than your prayers for someone”.



From Now

Now when I feel like saying something, I won't tell
you.

I feel like stopping you midway but I won't look back
at you...

I will say it unnecessarily to myself, I will talk late
but not to you.

No matter how heavy my arteries become,

I will breathe but will not stop by you

I will remember the stories of the middle roads and
put them back, but will not tell again to you

I will keep that corner of yours and mine empty,

But never keep anything new for you

Returning back may never be successful,

I will try but will not tell you.

Where to find me?

I know you but I will not come to your doorstep
and take it further because of you.

*The worst feeling is you have no one to share any
good thing happening in your life...*

Beginning

I want you by my side as this shadow do,
You kept leaving me like at night sun do.

I touched you by all my hopes and desires,
That this makes us whole and fills us entire.

Togetherness chosen by us that day when,
You held my hand below books and its all begin.

Holding all the butterflies within whenever I saw you,
Your presence made me feel precious and its felt like
most true.

Days and days, years and years it was you only
around this earth,
Sun and moon, flowers and boon is all you, with great
worth.

And now, that scene was gone that flowers were
dried,
Earth and moon are set apart and all the memories
died.

Uncertainty should be characteristic of life....
not of the people.

Reality

Hey, You should know about the ocean that I hide,
With Overflowing emotions but now reality dried.

Unfortunately that day I found a place in someone,
Later then I assumed many by my side but have none.

Maybe my god is sleeping and forget me somehow,
I realised it today when you set me all free and even
vowed.

I started un-liking freedom which leads to loneliness,
Again you throw all the weapons to show greatness.

Your words powered by your ego and directed by
convenience,
With heavy heart and poor mind still known as
genius.

Hate is not a bad thing....

*In real means it is just unreturned love but not an
unsuccessful love.*



*Adapting constant change is a new change I found
in myself.*

New hate

Gonna Find another truth today,
It's bigger than I realised it all days.

It can also Kick luck and destroy even fantasy,
Oh! God enough now, I'm tired of old she.

Love can heal and drill anything, everyone knows,
But you can't ignore facts that coming in rows.

One day People get tired and find another issue,
then your mind become people and consumes you.

Can any dare of mine make you old you once,
Because I want to correct some mistakes and run.

But trust me, this new hate is very popular than my
old love,
As you can't called me hater and never deserve me his
beloved.

Being passive person in someone's life or remain in side tracks for long even made yourself that much handy for them that they can utilise you and still stays in their life for the shake of your personal love...

Is it fair for the name of so called love??



My great love

I wish in my life I could pressed some reset buttons,
Know to unknown and finally even stayed but as
forgotten.

He remembered me like name of some long handy
contact list,
But never by heart me, because he wasn't sun but
they called me east.

I have many memory prints that locked in my body,
Even if I let them go away that absolutely made
myself bloody.

I hope you can never see some great love like sharp as
knife as shine,
All the life your eyes remain same and your vision
depleted for dine.

This love can't be change for anyone's short term
love,
Even if I lost myself and your self too, I'll place us all
above.

Bird's own tree

Look at this season now, it is more cruel than
autumn,
What I can see is green leaves falls and roots lost
their bottoms.

Me as a bird of your tree made you home, stayed
there from birth,
Can see your fruits and flowers, some empty nests but
where is my worth?

Struggle is not about left something and test freedom
along,
But standing for someone even when your heart
echoes you are wrong.

I saw all the seasons with you sometime within you or
around you,
But Would you still call it obsession and not my
devotion Virtue?



*Too much understanding may leads to ignorance
so be careful.*

He called me his part...so he never worried about me,
he never think of me, even he never showed
jealousy...

Is it like that? I mean when you love someone then
you become this much care free that you set them free
like she is not able to feel any attachment anymore.

-Unshown sarcasm

*Exploring every person which comes in your life
would be nice but please don't explore their
emotions.*

- emotions

There is nothing worse.... than...

*When you do not have anyone in your life who
expects from you...*

-trust me

Living Apparatus

My most valued person one day said to me,
Now I haven't anything precious in my life to lose.

I engulfed that at a moment because I don't want to
react,
But latter on first my heart realised what mess he just
created.

I know how to deal with mess, you know because of
him,
He trained me so well that I can jump in mid ocean
and swim.

In my mind I become everything I could be for some-
(only)one,
But in his life it feels like I'm an apparatus that he
operates for fun.

There is no escape way that can bring me in his life
back,
Even, now I am unable to find myself, so let's find it
in his sidetracks.

I'm here if you need me...!
These words holds a lot...
But did I ever felt it?
Because I have always said,
Never heard,
And ever heard, then never done.

Gone case

Lonely place, sweet weather wind blowing my hopes
scatters,
Alone me having many feather but can't even fly with
old splatter.

I know that, acceptance is the way one can move
forward,
Even when you don't feel any movement and living
becomes awkward.

Now that vibe touches me and voices called me gone
case,
I covered myself with the shield of present and
remain last in life race.

I stored many reborn in my mind and lots of
adaptations I still find,
What should I do for my existence now except being
love, forgive and kind.

Everything falling apart like it was just a castle of
cards...
I also forget me that I was your world's young shiny
bard...



Dormancy

With lots of facts that define me today,
I even used to be one who remained ignored all the
day.

Having my own undetermined hidden abilities,
My teacher didn't even considered me and I accepted
it as reality.

Everyone was a small little plant who just broke their
dormancy,
Like a girl who wanted to laugh but smiles because
she knows prophecy.

Time is gem, time is everything and most precious
gift one can give,
With full of mind, eyes and lungs, she will empty her
heart and will live.

Once a seed becomes plant viz flexible and then one
big tree,
One should neglect their dormancy when you got one
drop in search of sea.



*It's not like that,
That I don't want to share things with you...
But more it's like that I don't want to repeat those
things again.
~Pardon me*

What I have...

I have dried roses from my past world known as
diaries,
Colour changed, fragrance gone but still looks like
advisory.

I have chocolate rapper from my past world know as
cute moment,
It doesn't have candy in it but still feels like sweet and
deponent.

I have some poems from my past world known as my
identity,
titles changed, emotions verified with same name and
actuality.

I have some touches from my past world considered
as everything once,
That body and soul died there but not buried see how
fast my destiny runs.

And at the end I realised what I have till now except
from me and my odd,
Devotees are those who worship gods, and here is me
who made you god.

Beautiful last try...

Can you fix me? My parts were fly
Can you heard this beautiful last try
And this all is forever lie dear
They will tell you truth, and I said also
they will recognise you, and I was also
Now I want to gather myself all so, so
Again I'm asking you..



Can you fix me ? My parts were fly

Can you heard this beautiful last try

Earth is my forever name darling

But I'm always deprived of my sky

When I look up there and asked, why??

People said many things but no one replied

Again I'm asking you..

Can you fix me ? My parts were fly

Can you heard this beautiful last try

I know about that absolute future beloved

I can feel you all when you just play with words

I know sometimes it seems like I'm nerd and

My air smells lonely and branches without bird

So, Again I'm asking you..

Can you fix me ? My parts were fly

Can you heard this beautiful last try

Still what am I ?

*I don't know, but I know one thing that weather I
am fair with myself or not, I would be always fair
with others.*

*Love is an ability according to me,
Ability of mine which gives peace to others.
Ability which makes thing not only easy but
better and comfortable.
And for some extremist love means making
someone part of yourself .
Truly the part of your soul.*

*When you are scratching the surface over and
over again and still wanted it to remain smooth
and comfortable...
how even it is possible?*

Many lives in one

I am no one that can even withstand with herself and
health,

I am empty body that think of emotions and allow its
death.

I found love great but I can't trust that process till
now,

After many betrayed I went back to him and even my
heart allowed.

God showed me some days that are same as
nightmares,

Now I cannot wake up from those nights is it damn
fair?

Thinking, dreaming, trusting, breaking and repairing,
God keep doing,

I don't have only one life but have many lives in one
which is still remaining.

*After love and before healing,
Days passes without feeling,
I have my two self now,
One with you, and another around,
Recalling and residing ,
Moving and hiding,
Confided within him, and still this writing,
Yes, this soul worth more than his presiding.*

*I don't know who am I until,
I lost my self and trying to retain it...*

I tried leaving you...

*I tried accepting you and both the times you
couldn't be mine.*

*People always complain about that they don't get
this or that,*

*They don't enough loved or cared or respected,
but I have a question for them,*

*Did you gave them the same that all you want
from them???*

When a woman becomes obsessed with all her feelings or as if she lost control on herself, then it is impossible to bring her back in this world. She who sacrifices everything for someone else's happiness, she loses everything when the same people consider her ordinary.

*Not every change is life-changing, some brings
never changeable change.*

*Literally you should try the way I used to be,
In a garden full of weeds there was a mature tree.*

*I never considered myself even a leaf...
But I am the one who lost her branches and called
thief....*

When My 'can' replace with, 'may I' I know that it was you,

Knowing consequences never affects me I kept skipping answers because we were just few.

How can I allow someone to knock that lock door?

Yes he can try but what if he only shows something that he is not?

I alone can love and hate both all know me very well..

Everyone loves that precious pearl deep in the ocean covered by that soiled shell.

Why this world wants to define love?

*I mean I am never able to know it even, because
always I felt something so true about myself, also
I believe that it's all about seating next to him,
feel his energy in surrounding, and gaining faith,
trust and everything that gives me clarity about
my existence, is all love.*

*I mean damn man if she doesn't gives you clarity,
if she doesn't gives you that mental peace then
how could you thing even that she can be the one?*

Buried Truth

All believed that she has everything,
But what they don't know is nothing,
She is always at the edge of happiness,
But chooses the path that leads to him-ness,
She prevents blooming of her own flowers,
But taken care of his garden for hours,
Why she took those gold plated thrones,
Because all she knows is who raised her and how she
grown,
It's always rarest like pictures of us together,
He Deeps words in honey and we talk further,
He puts me first but then recognise it as mistakes,
Then continue asking me about actions he takes,
I never even able to digest those beautiful moments,
Because I can smell that silly regrets now as ours
component,
Then what.. I buried all his evidence and situated at
my lowest.



Bye...

*Because I can't drown myself more,
even after realising that you will not be there
to save me!*

“Tell me where should I find you ?”

I asked...

Within you !

He replied....

Then where do I find myself?

I asked,

*“In me, around me and in every me.... it’s just
only you”*

And he surrendered to love!!

Dear him,
I don't love you...
But I love the way you love me, and
That's incredible!!

- Your imagination

Emotionally literate

It's not that he is the poem, it's because she is the
poet,
Combination of florets, thorns & scent he is like one
whole bouquet.

Who feels like cozy and comforting first like seasonal
rain,
But make you feel dirty after, when you trying to feel
and gain.

I would never be a lover of a dead heart dear, that is
what I believed!
Look at me now surrounded by autumn and heart
bathed in grieved.

But I know, who can afford a woman totally
emotionally literate?
Even if she will make poem or book of him, still he
cannot be a man with good fate.

As long as I started liking you, admiring you, going towards you...and eventually loved you, trust me....I forgot to love myself.

Is it about losing yourself?

Or just gaining different identity which is more you in me than me ?

Even I loved it until you became me... but as soon as you lost me in you...I felt alone with me.

And that was enough for realising that loving someone means loving more yourself.

*Life's door knocked once again,
Two eyes and feelings became eager to know a
million again,
And again my sad heart spoke in a dull voice If
love has found my address,
then tell it That there is no earth left to set foot
on now..*

~Heart

My love

Yes, my love is a little chained,
It is a bench to keep you with me,
I agree.. It must seem like a cage to you many
times...
But actually it is the fence of our solitude.

Why doesn't anyone call love a bond..?
But it gives respect to freedom,
What is the use of such freedom.. Tell me,
Who sets fire to his own happiness.



I agree that my love cannot be called ideal,
What is between us cannot be called special either,
If, even after accepting your thorny words, I stand,
Then can this not be called the form of love?

I have kept the waters of desires for a long time,
For many years I have kept fear in my mind,
Now I feel fear from the "self-esteem"
I have also stored the remaining well of loneliness.

And regret that I only wrote "my love" to this,
I wanted to write ours and I wrote it alone,
Even though I am standing with a lot of pages ...
But I didn't get a chance to write a second time.

If I were in the middle of the sea, I would have swum,
But I was abandoned somewhere on the shore.

If I were in the water, I would have drowned
But I was thrown on the ground,

If I were free, I would have been free from everyone
But I was bound by karma.

Reform

The known roads have changed with new maps,
Many changes have taken place on the earth, who will
take it on their heads?

Days have gone, festivals have become mere dates,
I have seen sorrows too, but no one could seize them.

Being slaves, and holding up a small intellect in front
of the world,
Now even in the shadows, the old times seem terrible.

Having told thousands of stories to people, which
were some or the other fact,
I did not stop writing, I just had to bring blessings in
myself.

I saw the lamp that lit up all around me going out,
Then I realized that there is a difference in
extinguishing it and in running out of oil.

*Rare and real is myth now,
It's about common and consistent.*

The After-View

Look where we are right now,
Isn't this journey is amazing and wow.

That road, full of stones and spikes,
I tried to walk through negating all dark and
following white.

In search of you, I lost many, but still failed to
reached you,
And everyone said, your journey was great, but you
had worst after view.

You are not that fool that you let go of all your
emotional treasures you earned,
You had a girl who burnt her page just to glow up
your yearn.

The process I can't trust..

In name of earth she felt just a dust...

*People calling people only when they have thirst,
And Gather many in heart, but forget who was
the first.*

*And then I picked up my pen again to understand
me...*

*At this stage of life, yes I definitely don't know
what I should do...*

But I exactly know what I shouldn't ...!

My skin turns out green,
I felt like hanging leaf.
Had someone like sun,
My source of strength and emotional fun.
With whom I continuously walked along,
Seasons changed and my colours too,
I went far but came back too,
He burnt, he shine, he gave me light,
But as soon as that light made my vision white..
I closed my eyes and started liking nights.

Okk..

I am laughing before writing this one...

You know what is the current situation ?

No one can take your place in my life...

Now...

Not even you...

We all are same,
We all just have different name.

Kindly cruel and emotionally fail,
We all willingly choose our jail.

It seems like we are smart imitators,
We played and then say “he is greater”.

We called life everything but not a boon,
Ocean never differentiate between sand and dune.

I am just saying this like it's all not a lie,
I hope all people just live and forget to die.

“अनकहा”

रूबरू हुए नहीं कभी हम, मिलते हर रोज़ थे,
पहचानने की बात आई तो कोई तालुक ना रहा।

रोशनी थी विशाल उसकी, मैं अंधेरा कहीं छुप गया,
देखने को चाहा जब किसी ने तो राख बनके उड़ गया।

रहा क्या शेष खुद में ये सोच भी शेष ना रही,
बची हुई में भी ना रही ना कोई पहचान रही।

अनकही बातों का मतलब भी अनकहा ही रहा,
गुर्रर मुझे था उसकी समझदारी पर, वो टूट गया।

मलिनता फैली बैठी है धरती पर, सब बोल रहे हैं,
तूने गंध लेकर भी, अपने चिन्हों को ना समेटा।

एक दो अनेक पत्थरों से विचलित हुआ है ये पानी,
शांत हुआ सभी बार, बस पत्थरों से ऊब गया।

कीचड़ जो हुआ है सीने में, कोन खुद को गंदा करेगा,
ना में पवित्र बनी रहूंगी, ना कोई कमल खिलेगा ।

वो चाँद हर रात का और मैं दिन का हूँ सूरज,
वो हक़ है हर किसी का और मैं बना बैठी उसे फ़र्ज ।

आदत बन चुका है कोई या बनाना चाहते हो?
बन गई है बात कोई या बनाना चाहते हो?
नज़र आ रहा कोई, बातों में आपके...
चुप रह कर अब क्या जताना चाहते हो?
अंदाज़ ये नए नए हर पल के आपके ,
देख लिया सब कुछ अब क्या दिखाना चाहते हो?
लगता है लब्जों की हो गई है कमी,
तभी तो बात बात पे मिलना चाहते हो!
अब और क्या कहे समझ नहीं आता “धरती”
क्या ये सही में हो रहा है सब या
फ़िर से मज़ाक़ बनाना चाहते हो?

जब कोई स्त्री अपनी सारी भावनाओं को समेटे आसक्त हो जाती है या मानो अपने हाथ धो बैठती है तो उसे वापस लाना इस दुनिया में नामुमकिन है वो जो अपना सब कुछ किसी और की खुशी के लिए न्योछावर कर देती है वो अपना सब कुछ हार बैठती है जब वही लोग उसे साधारण समझ लेते हैं...

हर बदलाव जीवन को बदलने वाला नहीं होता कुछ लाते है अपने साथ कभी ना बदलने वाली सिख ।

बदलाव

अच्छा हुआ जो नींद खुली सपने सारे जाग गए,
हौसलों को काम पर लगाया दर्द सारे भाग गए।

बेहतरीन था वो कल वह असल में आज नज़र आया,
हँसना है बरकरार पर होठों पर अब वो कम आया।

रिश्ते सारे भुला दिए तब जाके खुद को सुन पाया,
मैं थी उसके साए में, वो तब भी न मुझे देख पाया।

उम्मीदों को जलाकर किया उजाला तभी आगे बढ़ पाया,
हथियार सारे दे दिये खुदा को तभी अपनों से लड़ पाया।

क्या है कौन है ये अस्मिता, अकसर ये सवाल उठता रहा,
पास होकर भी साथ ना होना तेरा धूप जैसे चुभता रहा।

धूँ सा वजूद लिए मैं आसमान में तेरे, यँही बरकरार रही,
खुशबुओं से घेरे थे तुम तभी धरती और आसमान में दरार रही।

अपनी किस्मत की महरूमियाँ छुपाते हुए कितनी साँसें ले चुकी,
दर बंदर सी थी मैं तेरे इरदगिर्द, तेरे बाद मैं किसी की भी ना हो
सकी,
आरजू होती नहीं अब कोई, ना जाने कब सारी तमन्नाएँ मर चुकी,
घुटन सी होती है अब तेरे खयालो में जैसे वहाँ हवाई हो मिट चुकी,
राहते थी पली साय में हमारे आज परवरिश हमारी ना कुछ कर
सकी,
फ़ना होना ही वाजिब लगता है अब, जब से मैं तुझसे आगे गुज़र
चुकी,
अब गलती सा लगता है तेरे लिए रुक जाना, वैसे भी सीने में तेरे
यादें हैं भर चुकी,
अब वापस आने के सारे रास्ते घुमा दिए मैंने जब से अश्मिता तेरी
खो चुकी...

वो राहो में राहते खोजते रहे

खुद को भूल गए और हर किसी को पूजते रहे.....

कुछ खोने का डर सताता नहीं अब,
जब से सब कुछ हार चुकी हूँ मैं।
ढूँढती नहीं हूँ तुझे हर जगह ,
जब से खुद को गंवा बैठी हूँ मैं ।
सोचती थी साथ तुम्हारा कैसा होगा,
अब खुद के हाथ भुला चुकी हूँ मैं।
मैं हूँ अभी इतनी स्थिर की मानो,
हवाओं को मिटा चुकी हूँ मैं।
तब्दील नहीं होता मेरा ख्वाब कोई हक़ीक़त में,
जब से नींदों को उड़ा चुकी हूँ मैं।
तु अब सो क़दम बढ़ाकर देख,
हर रास्ते को कब की जला चुकी हूँ मैं।

मुझे देखना पसंद है ।
लोगों को आते हुए,
लोगों को जाते हुए,
मुस्कुराकर हाथ छुड़ाते हुए,
गले लगाकर सब भुलाते हुए,
अपने प्रेम को स्वार्थ बताते हुए,
मुझे देखना पसंद है।

केहने को कुछ रहा ही नहीं,
और हमनें कुछ पूछा भी नहीं ।
अल्फाज़ भी गुम हो गये,
हमने खोजा भी नहीं ।
हम भी खो जायेगें एक दीन,
कोई हमें ढूँढेगा भी नहीं ।
एसे गुजर रहे है जींदगी से ,
जैसे कोई नदी आसमान से ।
वेसे तो भरे है पुरे आंसुओ से,
पर लगता है की हैं रेगिस्तान से ।
रहती हैं गालो पे हरदम अब,
ये ठेहरी अनचाही मुस्कान,
लोग कहने लगे हसी की दुकान ।
दिल हो जाता है भारी सिने में,
आँसू भी आते नहीं बहार ।
और छुपे रहते हे कोने मे,
भला क्या अंतर रहा अब,
मरने और जीने मे?

अपने ख्वाबों को संभाले रखें
बेचैनी को थामे रखें,
किस के आगे कब बयान होना है
बस इतनी खबर रखें ।

बात पूरे साल की।

आज बात पूरे साल की करते हैं ,
शुरुआत जनवरी के ख्वाब से करते हैं ,
फ़रवरी तो है ही फरेबी, उससे थोड़ा आगे बढ़ते हैं,
अप्रिल से मई तक सूरज की तरह, पर प्यार में तपते हैं,
जून में जो आई तेरे साथ बरसात, फीर साथ में भीगते हैं,
इस कदर मौसम ने दिया साथ की सितंबर से ये कहते हैं,
तु रुक जा यही और बिन बोले फीर अल्फाज़ बहते हैं,
अक्टूबर आता है यादों के साथ,,,
जितने देखे हैं ख्वाब तेरे साथ वो तो यहा प्यार सहते हैं,
नवम्बर मानो नये जेसा, कई शुरुआतों से हम आगे बढ़ते हैं,
जीना ही भूल गये हो जेसे साल भर, दिसंबर में ऐसे खयालात रहते
हैं,
पर हकिकत तो ये हैं की सिर्फ एक साल नहीं कई साल से हम ऐसे
ही रहे हैं।

कुछ आहटें होने लगी, दिल मुस्कुराया फिर, आँखे रोने लगी,
कुछ उभरकर आये राज सीने में, जाग गए लोग पर असलियत सोने
लगी ।

तृप्ति

कुछ बातें मेरे जेहन में कुछ यूं घूम रही हैं,
धमनियां सारी रक्त के अतिरिक्त उसे घुमा रही हैं ।

कई कोशिशें हारी मेरी पर एक उम्मीद जीता रही हैं,
ये धरती हरेक पल सूरज के नजदीक बीता रही हैं ।

धुएँ सा वजूद हो चुका, बस हवाएँ मुझे सहला रही हैं,
नाकाम ये जिन्दगी मुझे हर किसी की साँसे बना रही हैं ।

अनगिनत मेरी गलतियाँ मुझे आज कुछ शिखा रही हैं,
आदतों को मेरी मुझसे दूर जाकर कहीं छुपा रही हैं ।

चोटे वो अनदेखी मेरे मन को न जाने क्या बता रही हैं,
दर्द का कोहरा लिए मेरे वर्तमान को भी वो मिटा रही हैं ।

"अस्मिता" डूबी हर एक पानी में, सबको तैरना सीखा रही हैं,
शब्दों को करके गिला हर किसी की प्यास बुझा रही हैं ।

बातों ने अब खामोशी से नाता जोड़ लिया,
परवाह जो नज़र आती थी , उसने ग़म का कपड़ा ओड़ लिया ।
शिकायतें, फरियादें और वो रूठी यादें, सब ने
किसी कोने में दम तोड़ दिया ।
गुल्लक भरा था मेरी आँखों में हमारे साथ का,
तेरी दूरियों ने उसे फोड़ दिया ।
अब कब तक निभाए साथ, एक खाली हाथ का ?
मैंने पलकों में समेटे कई किनारे, और अपने आप को आखिर में
छोड़ दिया है।

मुजरिम बने साहिल बने,,,बन बैठे हैं अब आरजू से भरा सुराही,
दिन अब ऐसे भी आयेगे की राहों को ही भूल जाएगा राही।

बर्बाद कर दिया इन खयालों ने और जीने की उम्मीद भी उन्हीं
खयालों पर रखते हैं,
मरूस्थल से कम कहा है ये जिन्दगी, मृगजल देखा नहीं और दिल
में यहाँ सागर बहते हैं ।

कुछ जज़्बातों का खेल था, कुछ खुद के खयालों का,
जवाबों को हमने दे दी छुट्टी और जश्न मनाया सवालों का।

Here it's all about "Ashmi"

Here it's all about what's remaining in me...

And now it's all told.



To, Ashmita,
For Ashmita,
And it's all about Ashmita.