

RESPONSES TO REENA'S XPLORATION CHALLENGE #176





I have chosen the most beautiful image I could find on Google
It shows beauty and chaos that is present in my mind

Not that I consider myself beautiful, but if I were a book
I would be full of interesting ideas and conflicting notions

There would be a barrage of diverse views on anyone who'll read it
My deep faith gives my thoughts a sublime beauty

And my ever jumping thoughts on a variety of subjects
Will give a sensation of a journey in a fast moving shuttle

When you will see this book sitting on a coffee table
Invariably you will stretch your hand to pick it up

And flip through the pages to see what's it's all about
Is the cover tempting enough for you to read this book?

Credit: Saje at

<https://lifeafter50forwomen.com/2021/03/11/reenas-exploration-challenge-my-cover-story-176/>



some of us light up a room
shining *extraordinary* confidence
turn heads with our unusual and remarkable style

some of us quietly introduce our presence
exuding calm, zen and comfort
drawing others to us with ease

some of us shyly hide ourselves in corners
hoping to blend in, shunning inspection
invisible walls pulled up high

we are all worthy of attention
but with different needs
understand them

Please honour them

Credit: Susi Bocks at

<https://iwriteher.com/2021/03/11/dont-judge/>

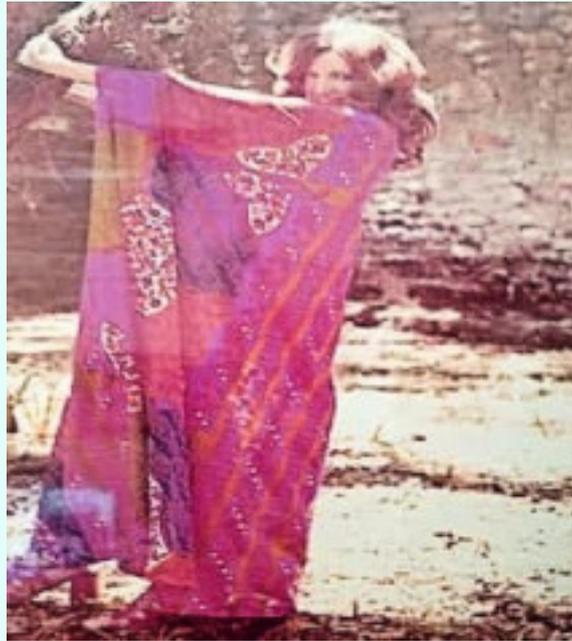
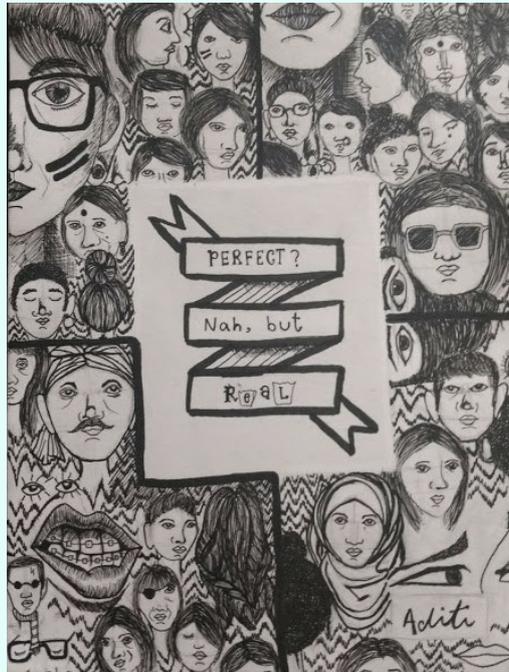


Image: Personal property of Franci Eugenia Hoffman

**passions for success
treasure trove before sun sets
as seen by all around
planning the next chapter
one day at a time**

Credit: Eugenia at

<https://amanpan.blog/2021/03/11/unwritten-agos/>



The cover of my book depicts an essence of commonality
it pens reflection of my gratitude, to the many silent doers
highlighting their sensitivity towards a humane life.

Ordinary lives of people, making an extraordinary difference!

Unlocking their repertoire of goodness

they leave a trail of kindness,

soothe another's pain, feed a hungry mouth

they gift a moment of lift, to the lesser fortunate.

We don't need heroes in capes, we find many among us
who choose to make a difference, in their own small way.

Their selfless service, serves a sliver of humanity

in today's disintegrating values of the world.

An ode to the ordinary, making an extraordinary difference!!

Credit: Radhika and Aditi at

<https://radhikasreflection.wordpress.com/2021/03/12/an-ode-to-the-ordinary/>

आवरण

हूँ किताब पढ़कर देखो मुझे
आवरण से न परखना मुझे

पढ़ लेना कुछ अनलिखी बातें
व्याकरण से न परखना मुझे

हर पन्ने पर नाम तुम्हारा है
समर्पण से ही परखना मुझे

दे देना उम्र भर के हसीं सपने
जागरण से न परखना मुझे

चकाचौंध भरी दुनिया में अमित
आचरण से तुम परखना मुझे

English translation here

I'm a book – read me
don't judge me by the cover

read the unwritten words
don't judge me by the grammar

every page has your name
If you judge – love my surrender

give me dreams of a life time
don't let my insomnia cause a stir

Judge my conduct, in a world
of fake shine and glamour

Credit: Amit Agrawal (hecblogger)

<https://playingwithwords.blog/2021/03/12/%e0%a4%86%e0%a4%b5%e0%a4%b0%e0%a4%a3/>

SELF-DISCOVERY

“Who am I?”
The ageless question.
Simple for some,
Difficult for others.
I search my conscience
And upend memory
Weigh my heart on the scales of deep truth
Think of the lengths to which I would go
And the lines I would dare not cross
In there, somewhere
I find but fractions of my nature
Yet still I am pleased
For every sliver of self discovery
Is more than priceless!



Who am I; if I've seen through an angel's eyes
And dwelt in a demon's lair
If I've scaled the mountains of love
And endured the chasms of depression
Who am I if I long to soothe each lonely heart
And bring a tear of emotion to all
If I seek to touch the darkness within
And tell it; that there is no reason it can't be beautiful
That longing is a pathway to empathy
And that depression can herald selfless love.
Who am I, if not a writer at heart
Seeking each one
And belonging to all.



And so I seek a soulful artist
A passionate photographer
And an intuitive designer
To create the cover to my story
Hue it in dark shades
And sparkle it with warm light
Undertones of beauty
That enhance its allure
A cover that reaches out
Tells you it's okay
That someone is here
That someone understands
And you are not alone.



If you look, you can see in any face, your own desires and fears.

© judeitakali

Link:

<https://wordeologist.wordpress.com/2021/03/12/self-discovery-poetry-and-prose/>

HER COVER PAGE

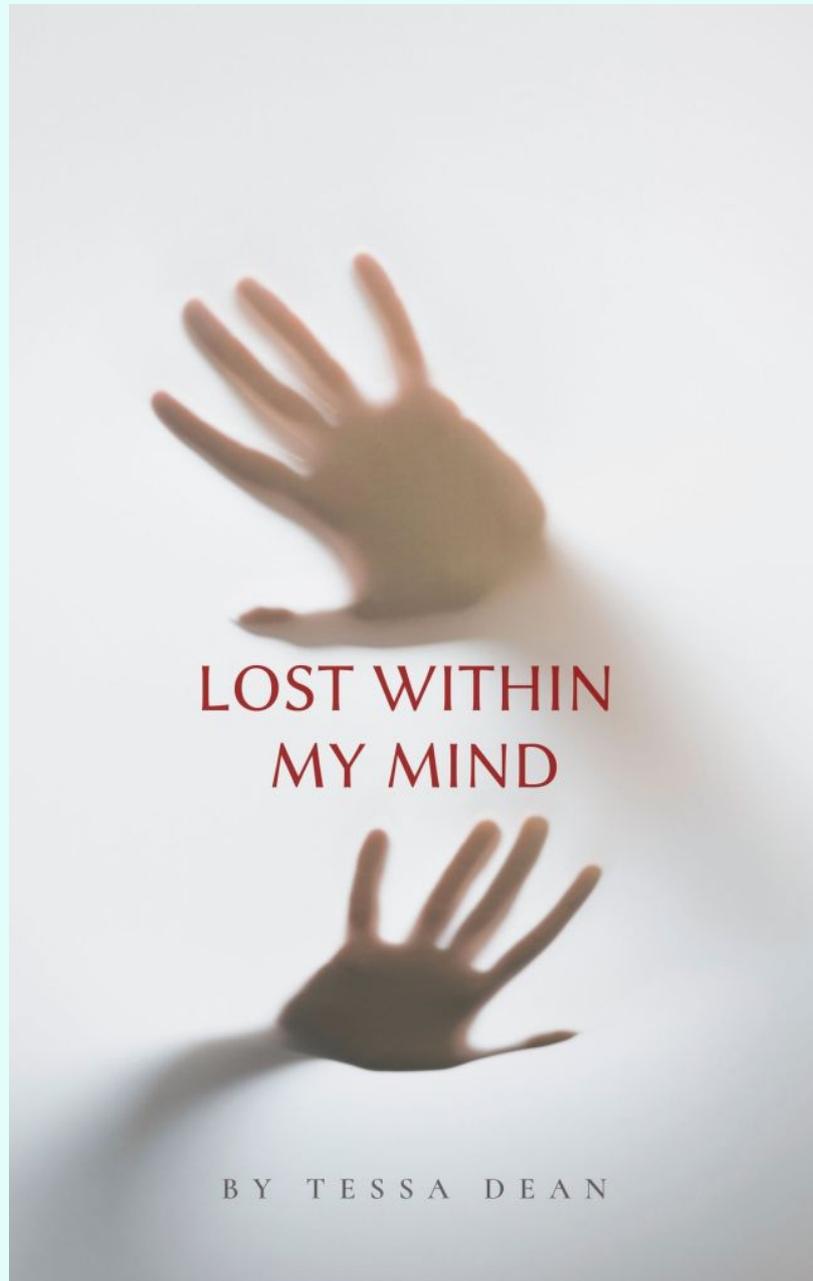


If she were a book
her cover page will be in motion 3D.
One like that in Harry Potter
a multidimensional changing movie.
No one capture can picture
her soul that's a wanderer.
But should you twist her arm to select
one portray to accurately express,
she will choose the page that's work in progress
With additions and subtractions as few facets
a semblance of all the roads traveled
a hint of much to be dabbled
She is a cosmos of moments ordinary and extraordinary
she counts her blessings and curses simultaneously
a river that's moving
sometimes in alignment with the shore
and other times waddling fiercely into cyclones
If she were a book
and you judged her by the cover
Know that hers will be a story of a survivor
who epitomises change,
her only constant.

Credit: Pallavi

<https://curatingthoughts.blog/2021/03/12/her-cover-page/>

LOST WITHIN MY MIND

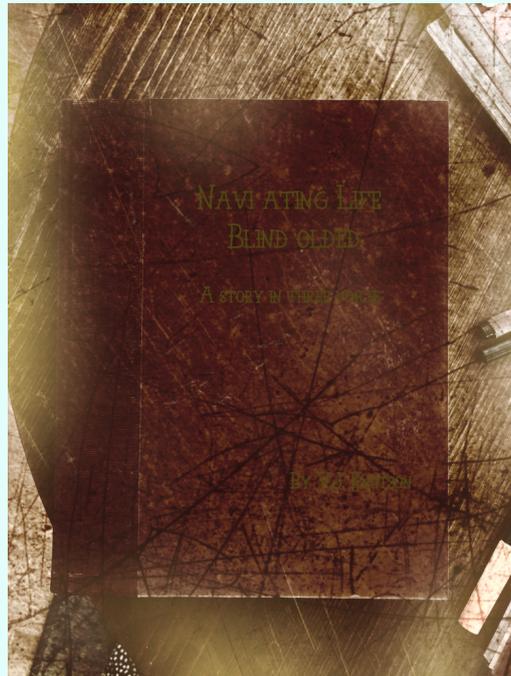


Credit: Tessa Dean

<https://tessadeanauthor.com/2021/03/12/reenas-xploration-challenge-176/>

SELF AS BOOK

The pages of this life



**bound by aging leather
gilded letters cracked
intended meaning
long forgotten**

No images adorn
the weathered face
the colour faded
shade of auburn
like my hair

once upon a time
Spine still sturdy
threads fraying
corners curling –
indicators of
a life well read.

Credit for Image & Text: VJ Knutson

<https://vjknutson.org/2021/03/14/self-as-book/>

HOTCHPOTCH



Life

Merry go round: sometimes up sometimes down

Glass: half-full, look whatever way you like

Sometimes bright, sometimes dark

Sometimes derailed

Sometimes on the right tracks

Long path: three fourth covered

No looking back

Own choices

No one to blame

No use thinking what could have been better

If I am a book, and the story is like this then

The cover obviously will be a

Total hotchpotch

Credit: Indira

<https://amaltaas.wordpress.com/2021/03/14/reenas-xploration-challenge-176/>

THIS HUMAN BEING

This human being is pondering,
What would be she be if not a soul encased in a human form, respiring?
Soaring eagle daring to touch the sky,
Ferocious tiger predating ferociously shy?
A leaf nearing end from a broken twig,
Or a peacock wooing with its latest jig?

This human being is wondering,
Human beings crave to carve an individuality for themselves considering,
Every other creation is identified collectively,
While we look to be identified specifically,
Yearning to be different from the rest,
Are we succeeding in this test?

This human being is contemplating,
We know a crow as a crow and not by its name debating,
Its individual identity,
Then why we do attach so much importance to this self-identity,
Signing off as human being collectively,
Far more precious than my individual identity optimistically,

This human being is thus concluding,
This soul encased in a human form is a reflection of the past generations,
including,
A mirror to the future generations, exuding,
A torch bearer of every human inhabiting,
From the past,
Till future lasts.

Credit: Aishwarya at kittysverses

<https://kittysverses.wordpress.com/2021/03/17/this-human-being/>

UNFILTERED

Days when bright rays of sun refuses to enthuse,
Distinction blurs as darkness budes to lose,
Thicketed walls of desperation,
Merges with unknown humble beads of perspiration,
A teeny weeny task feels like a mountain to be moved,
And its in my room where I'm all glued,
Is the falling sun failing everyday,
Oh! why do I grieve at failures this way?

Dawn comes after dusk,
Don't they say? If I'm tiny in scheme of things in the universe, my failures
ought to be tinier than a husk.

Dear self,
It's in you to help yourself,
You've only fallen,
Quit moaning, don't be crestfallen,

The sun wouldn't have risen, if he hadn't fallen,
And neither would we been eager day after day to welcome him, if he hadn't
fallen,

The darkness unfathomable doesn't depict life itself,
It's just alternating its wheels to show how much you can achieve by believing
in yourself!

Credit: Aishwarya at kittysverses

<https://kittysverses.wordpress.com/2021/03/11/unfiltered/>

REENA'S BOOK COVERS

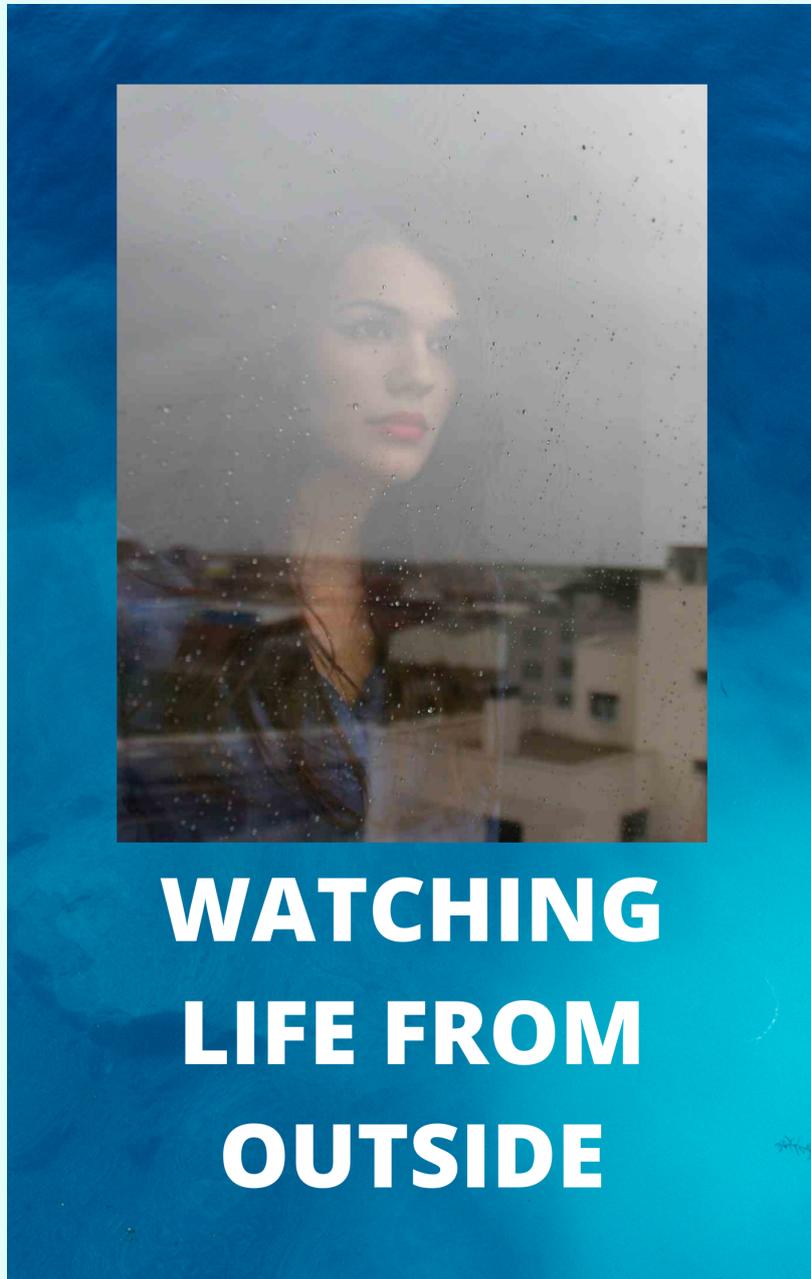
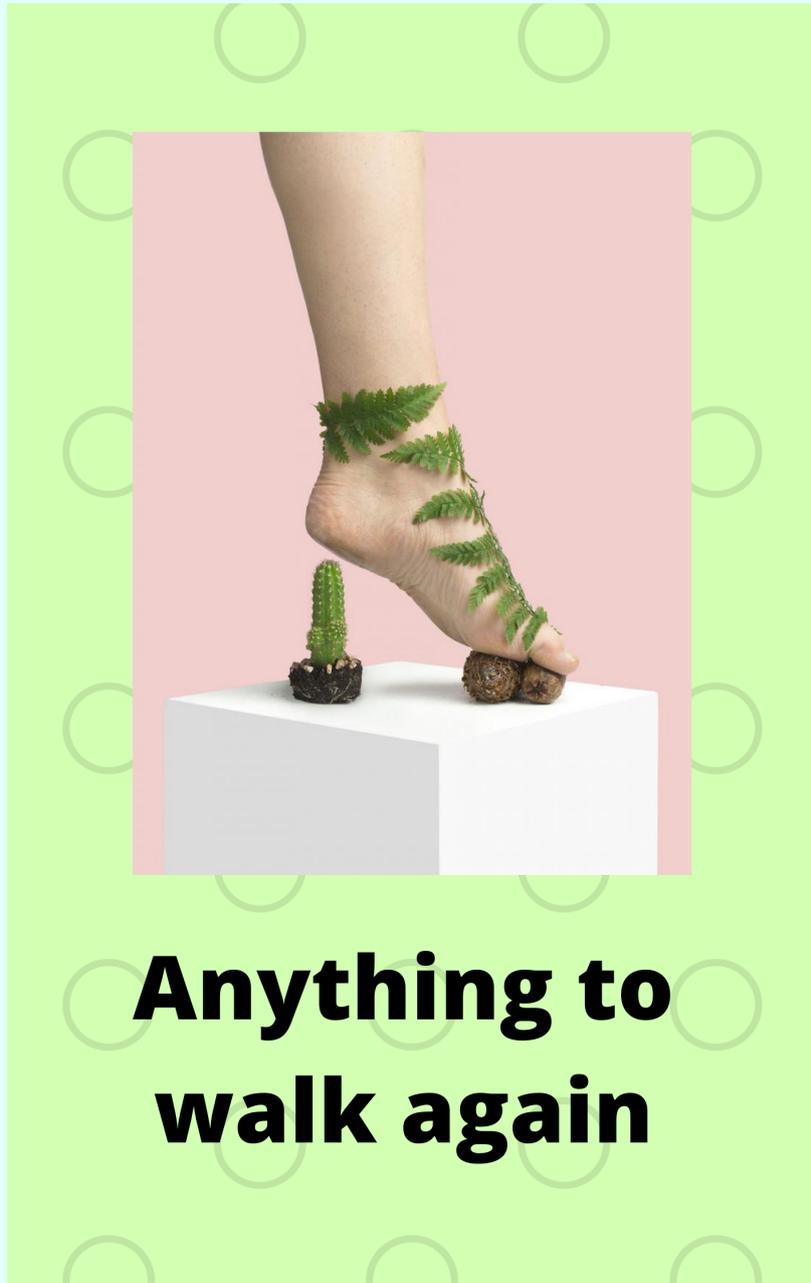


Image Credit: Reena Saxena



**Anything to
walk again**

Image Credit: Reena Saxena



*Need
white
space*

**FEW MORE
COLORS TO ADD**

Image Credit: Reena Saxena

I'M A PUZZLE



Friends often say, that I'm an open book
They know me better than I know myself
A question lingered on my life's purpose
I couldn't sleep last night even @half past 12

My mind is a complicated jigsaw puzzle
The answers may be there, it needs to fit in
Each piece is filled with thoughts n desires
Driven by emotions, I seek answers from within

I try to push and fit the pieces together
By trimming edges or by applying force
Happiness may not accompany the end result
As my heart knows it's not what I endorse

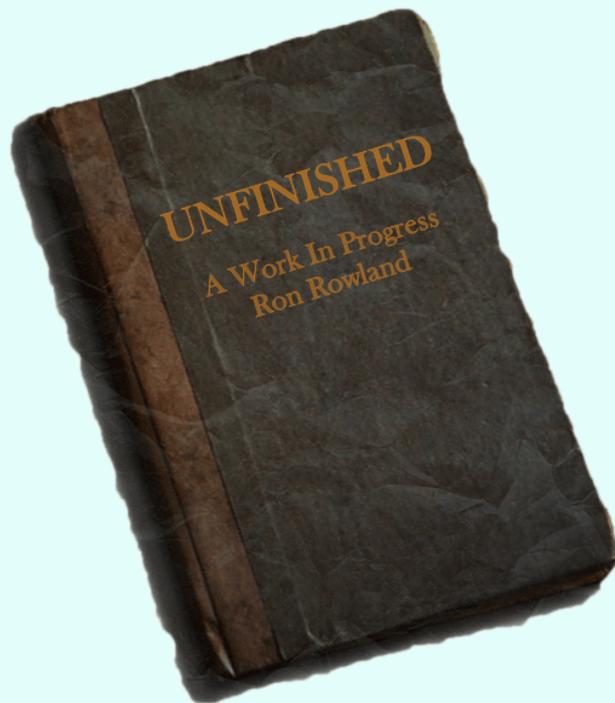
I don't mind starting over from scratch
Putting all efforts and give my best again
Perfection in everything, is what I strive for
Efforts and learning never go in vain

The puzzle may be solved in this lifetime
Or few pieces may be left out, incomplete
I hope the pieces of my dream carve the way
And one day the big picture is seen, complete!

Credit: Happy Soul at

<https://ruhappysoul.wordpress.com/2021/03/18/im-a-puzzle/>

THE BOOK OF ME



many chapters closed
a few still being written
newer ones await

a happy story
unfinished work in progress
never be complete

covered quite plainly
hiding multilayered life
tattered edges frayed

Credit: Ron Rowland

<https://ronrowland.com/the-book-of-me/>

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