

Poetry is Never in Vain

Poetry is like bread and air; humanity's daily need for survival. Nations can live without gold, but never without poetry and hope.

## Clinton Online school Monthly Magazine



[www.RameshMoflehhussaini.com](http://www.RameshMoflehhussaini.com)

Clinton Online school

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On the first day of April, the world of literature and culture joyfully celebrated the birthday of the distinguished poet and scholar, Professor Ramesh Mofleh Hosseini.

Professor Ramesh Mofleh Hosseini is a luminous figure in contemporary Persian literature — a poet, writer, economist, and educator whose pen shines like a sword of light through the darkness of our time. Born and raised in the ancient cradle of Herat, she pursued higher education in economics at Herat University and English literature at Middlesex University in the United Kingdom. For many years, she served as a university professor, dedicating herself to teaching and intellectual growth. As the founder of the first private school in Afghanistan and a passionate advocate for girls' education, she established women's service centers and the Clinton Online School, kindling the flame of hope in countless hearts. Among her notable works are *The Afghan Lady in Space*, *Garden of Dreams*, *Sun of Herat*, *Dust of Stars and Sorrow*, and the poetry collection *Lady*. She is widely known as the "Ambassador of Dari Literature" and "Sun of Herat," and is a valued member of the Global Green-Thinking Foundation.

Today, poets, writers, intellectuals, journalists, dear friends, and family members from across the globe came together to honor her birthday in a truly international celebration. They expressed their affection through heartfelt messages, elegant poems, touching songs, and both virtual and in-person gatherings. Words bloomed like spring flowers across social media and literary pages, allowing the revered name of Professor Ramesh Mofleh Hosseini to shine brightly in the sky of Persian culture.

Professor Ramesh Mofleh Hosseini extends her deepest gratitude to all those who made this day unforgettable with their kindness and love. She particularly thanks:

- The Global Green-Thinking Foundation, for its unwavering support of culture and thought,
- The Persian Poetry Association, for enriching the celebration with its graceful presence,
- The Assembly of Companions of Thought and Reflection, for its profound intellectual companionship,
- And all the English-language magazines and newspapers that generously covered this joyous occasion and carried its light to the wider world.

This outpouring of love has refreshed her soul like spring rain, inspiring her to continue serving literature and culture with an even stronger pen and a heart full of gratitude.

Long live Professor Ramesh Mofleh Hosseini — the eternal Sun of Herat and the proud Ambassador of Dari Literature!

Happy Birthday, dear Lady of Poetry and Hope.



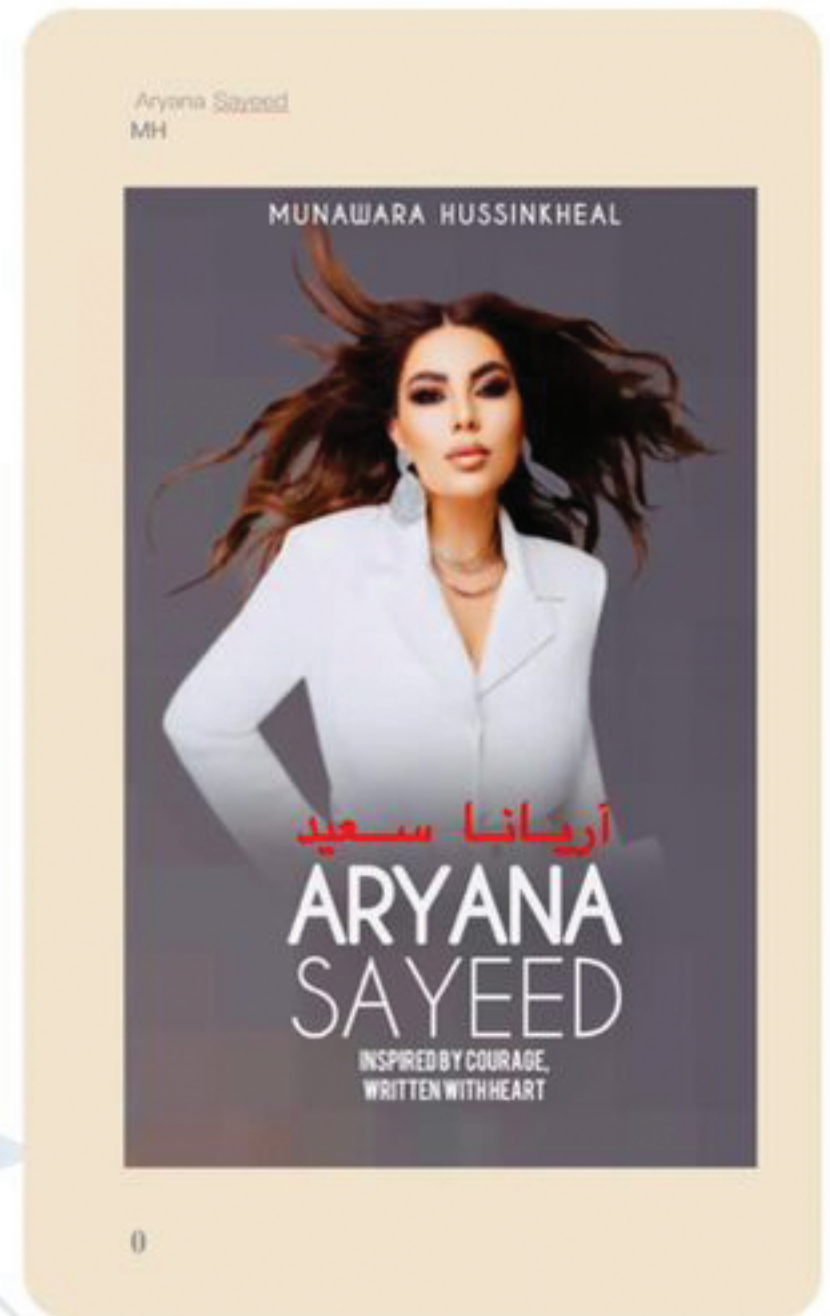
## Ariana Said's Book!

In the days when silence and darkness had cast their shadow over the streets of Kabul, I was searching for light among the pages of paper. This book is not merely the story of one artist's life; it is the reflection of the voices of thousands of Afghan girls who have never stopped searching for freedom and their dreams.

In 2024, with pen in hand and my heart beating for a brighter tomorrow, I wrote these lines from the heart of Kabul. Why Ariana Said? Because to me, she is not just a singer; she is the living symbol of "hope" and "courage." She taught me how to stand against storms, how to break barriers through art, and how to think globally and shine despite all restrictions.

This book is a tribute to all the women who courageously pave difficult paths. I hope these words become a bridge between my heart in Kabul and the beating hearts across the world — so they may know that in this land, there are still girls who fight for light with their pens.

This book is a gift from Kabul to all those who believe in the power of dreams.



### News from Clinton Online School

With a heart full of love and hands overflowing with words, I am delighted to present my seventh poetry collection, “Kolba–e Ghazal” (The Ghazal Cottage), to the dear students, teachers, and respected readers of Clinton Online School.

This book is not merely a collection of poems — it is the living breath of a heart that has long lived between sorrow and love. From epic verses born of national pride, to tender love poems that gently touch the pulse of the heart; from passionate ghazals to profound quatrains and single verses that shine like lightning in the darkness of the soul.

In “Kolba–e Ghazal,” every line carries the scent of tears and the taste of patience. These poems have emerged from sleepless nights, from the silent cries of orphans, the sighs of grieving mothers, the struggles of youth, and the blood of martyrs who sacrificed their lives for freedom and peace. They reflect the pain of a wounded homeland, the endurance of women, and the quiet dignity of love.

For me, poetry is more than words — it is a sanctuary in a noisy world, a warm embrace for a weary soul, and a cry from the depths that keeps hope alive even in the longest nights.

I dedicate this collection to every heart that still preserves purity and feeling in the storms of time — especially to the resilient women of Afghanistan who, despite their wounds, have never let the light of hope fade.

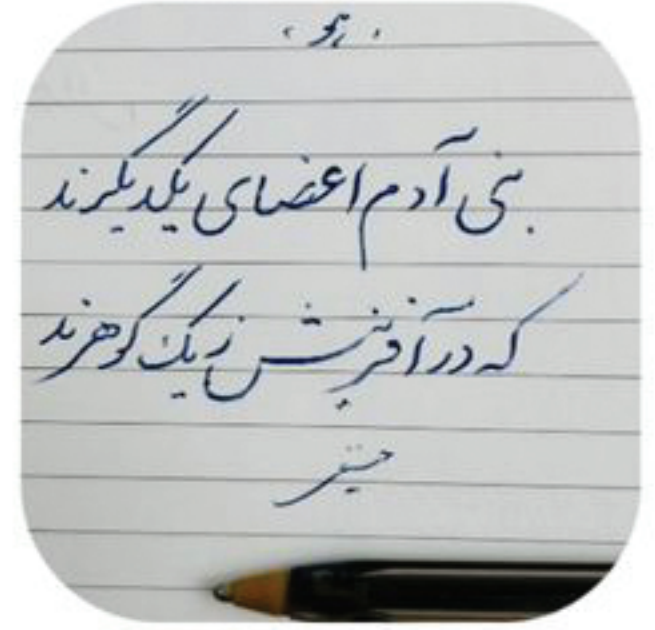
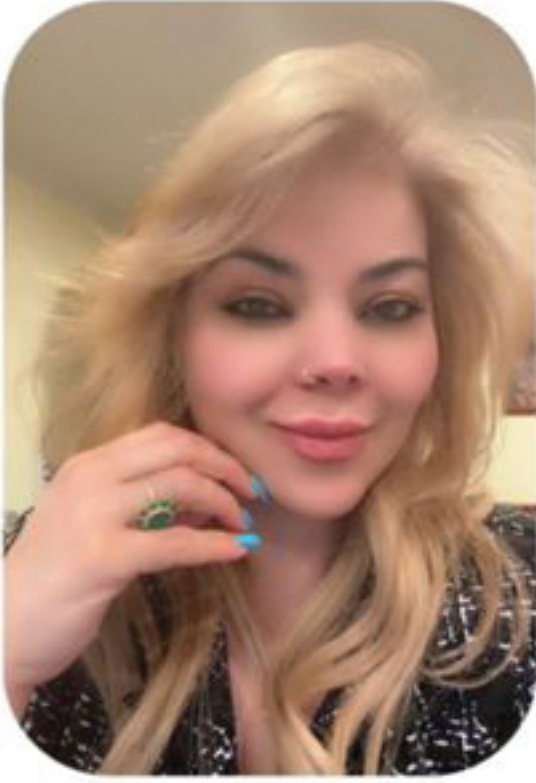
May these poems become a companion in your lonely moments and a soothing balm for your unspoken wounds.

With respect and warm regards,

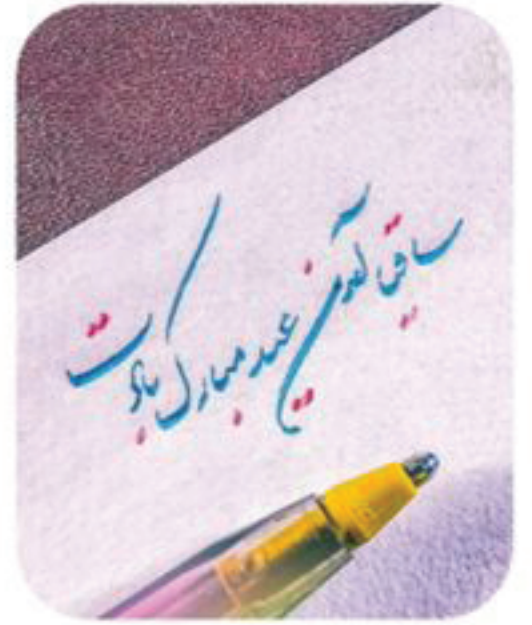
Zarghona Wali Gulmir

Germany, 25 December 2025



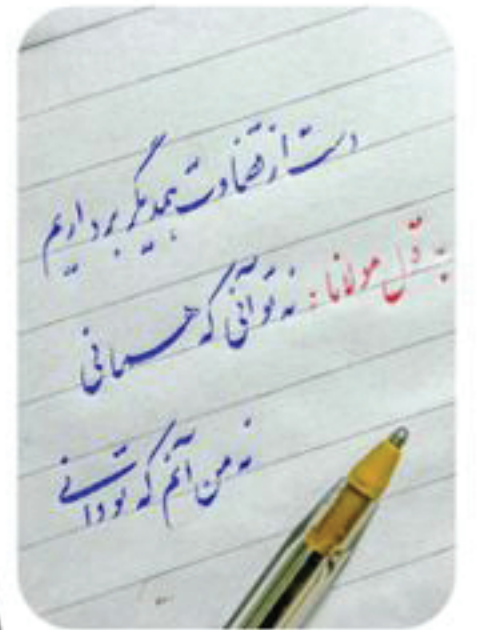


**Hot News for the School Monthly Newsletter  
Exciting News from Clinton Online School!  
The Calligraphy and Painting Class of  
Clinton Online School has successfully  
graduated its very first batch — fifty talented  
Afghan girls!**



**After six months of dedicated learning, these  
young artists have completed their course  
with pride and creativity.**

**We extend our deepest gratitude to the  
generous volunteer instructor, Ms. Farida  
Hanifi Dashti Jahan, who selflessly devoted  
six months of her time to empower and guide  
these Afghan girls in the beautiful arts of  
calligraphy and painting.**



**This graduation marks a significant  
milestone for our school and brings new  
hope, beauty, and artistic expression to the  
daughters of Afghanistan.**

**Congratulations to all fifty graduates!  
May your pens and brushes continue to  
create light and beauty in the world.**



In the 21st century, five years have passed since the bitter day when the doors of schools were closed to girls above sixth grade. Many dreams have silently collapsed.

During these years, some girls have broken under the pressure and taken their own lives—without their names ever being spoken. Others have fallen ill in silence, their pain unseen. Many hearts have sunk into depression with no one to hear them.

Only a few brave women have kept the voice of protest alive, but their voices are still too few against such widespread suffering.

What hurts most is that when we tell girls, “You are the future-makers of this land,” they reply with a bitter, mocking smile and say: “When we don’t even have the right to education, how can we build the future?”

Today, the girls of our country live in deeper deprivation and sorrow than ever. A generation that could have been aware and constructive is quietly being silenced.

Yet, a faint hope still flickers in some hearts. If heard and supported, it can grow again. The time has come to break this silence and let their suffering be seen no longer.



Shabana Nazhat

## A Weeping Nation, Smiling Rulers

We are a nation of tears and endless longing.  
Pain has become our common language, and smiles  
— like wounded birds — rarely find a place on our  
tired lips.

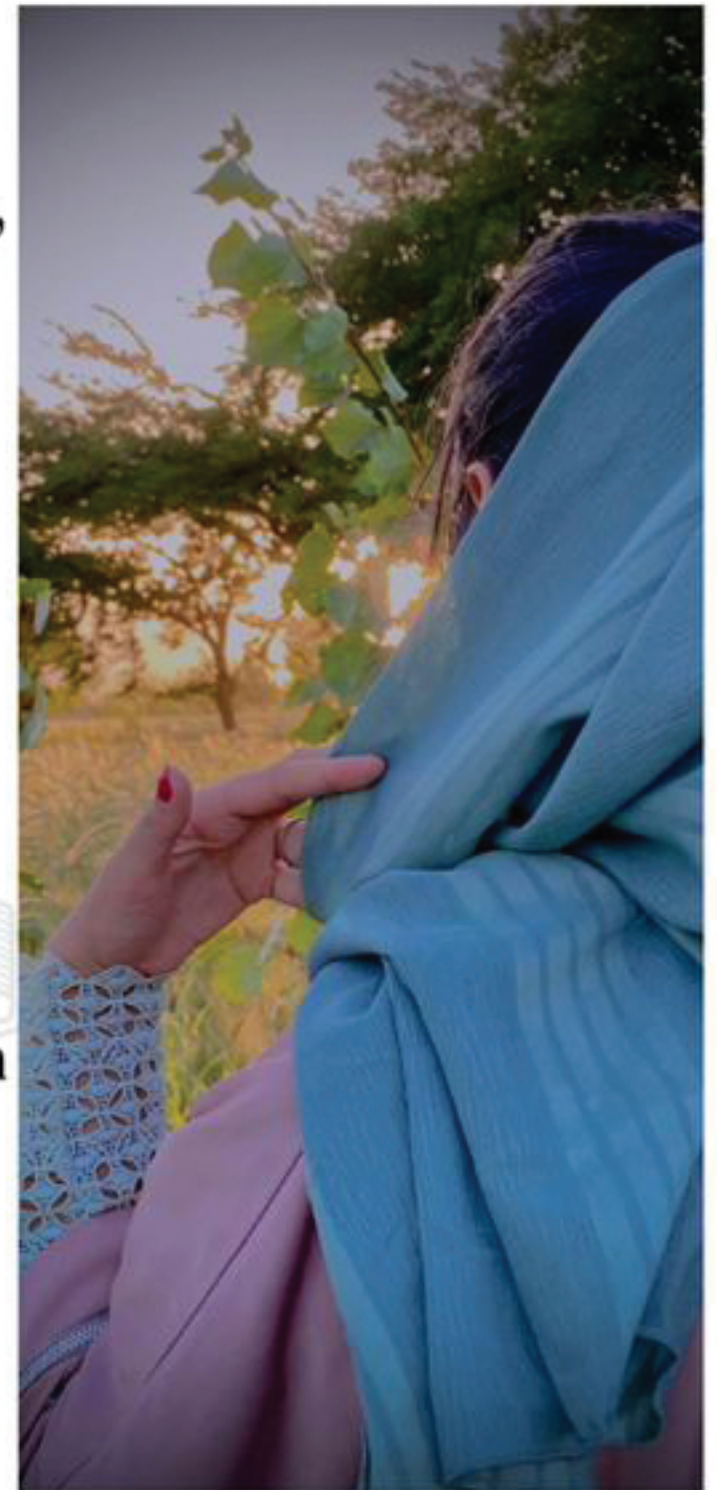
Our children walk to school in fear, fathers are  
heartbroken by their inability to protect their families,  
and mothers have long forgotten the meaning of  
peaceful sleep.

The responsibility for this suffering and despair lies  
with those in power — rulers who sit comfortably  
with quiet consciences, thinking only of their own  
pleasure. While people struggle to find dry bread on  
their tables, they raise their voices only about  
“women’s hijab,” as if their entire religious and human  
duty ends there.

We are a weeping nation, and our rulers are smiling.  
Despite all this pain, I still remain hopeful for our  
future.

History will one day speak of the brave women and  
men of this land — of mothers who raised their voices  
for their rights, and fathers who silently buried their  
dreams and sorrows in their hearts.

I pray that a day will come when, with a divine smile  
and heavenly light, the wounds of this wounded nation  
will heal and the bird of freedom will sing again.



Written by 🇵🇰

**Farhat Qazi**

**In this age of enlightenment, knowledge is the inalienable right of every Afghan girl.**

**Knowledge is that divine light which shines in the eyes of every Afghan daughter — a sacred and natural right that no power, no ideology, and no darkness can ever take away from her. Despite all the storms of ignorance and oppression, the girls of Afghanistan remain thirsty for learning; thirsty for books, for pens, and for a future built upon the foundation of wisdom.**

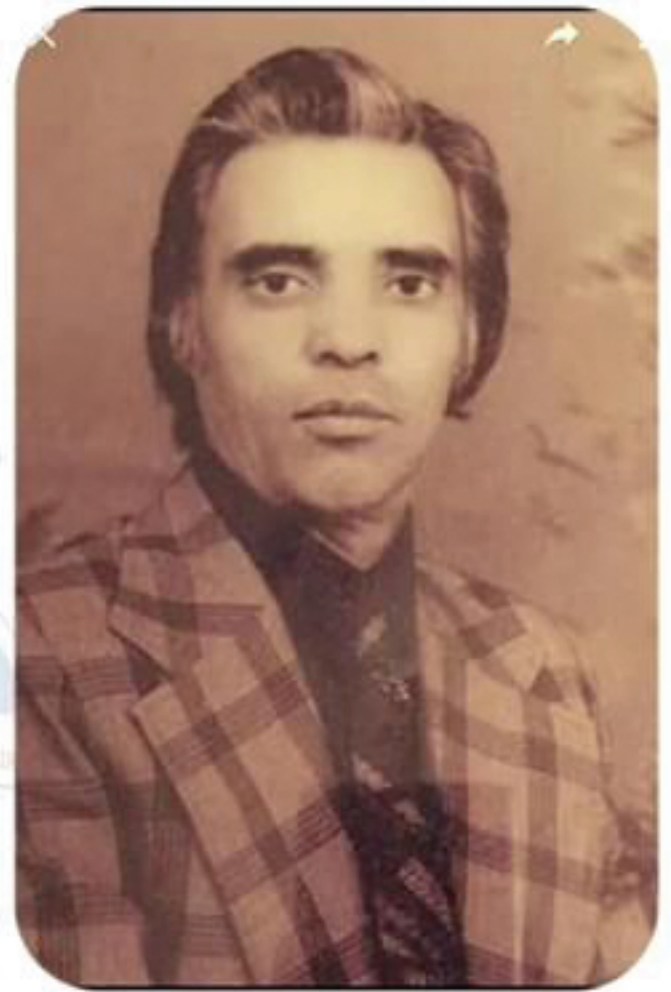
**For them, education is not merely a privilege — it is a fundamental human dignity, a national hope, and a universal dream.**

**As long as even one Afghan girl is kept away from school, the conscience of humanity shall find no peace.**

**Knowledge is her undeniable right.**

**And this right must be restored.**

**The late**



***Dr. Mir Nasar Ahmad Mofleh***

The depth of my pain compelled me to pour the affection of my tears onto paper.

What I could not express to anyone, the pen and notebook helped me release from the depths of my heart, granting me a sense of relief and a renewed strength to live.

In the game of life, I have sometimes won, sometimes lost, faced defeat, laughed, and wept — yet I never abandoned my struggle to achieve my dreams.

The girls of Afghanistan are the strongest beings on Earth: brilliant, diligent, talented, and deserving. All they need is an opportunity.

Writing is my greatest love. For what the tongue cannot utter, my pen expresses with ease. Writing, to my soul, is like the sun that rises at the end of darkness in my longing heart, warming and illuminating it with its gentle rays.



*Adibeh Hassanzadeh*

## My Thoughts on Women

Among the many important issues we must understand in life, one of the most significant is the role of women. Women have always made the world a better place with their pure hearts. They are honest, kind, and possess noble character.

Women constantly strive to embody the true meaning of beauty. However, the real beauty of a woman is not in the clothes she wears, nor in her physical figure, nor in the way she styles her hair. These are merely outward appearances. The true beauty of a woman is far deeper than these things. The beauty of a woman can best be seen in her eyes, for the eyes are the windows to her heart. Through her eyes, we can glimpse the emotions, strength, and kindness that reside within.

Women are our mothers, sisters, and wives. If we close the doors that allow women to grow, participate, and thrive in society, we will bring nothing but misery and backwardness upon ourselves.

Women's emotions may be more delicate than men's, yet their hearts are incredibly brave. They carry the weight of life with remarkable strength and dedication.

Therefore, we must always respect women and support them in all their efforts, roles, and aspirations.

## Hasib Faqiri



**What sin have the daughters of Afghanistan committed?**

**In the twenty-first century, in an era that proudly calls itself the age of enlightenment, progress, and human rights, why must Afghan girls be denied the fundamental right to education? Why should their bright eyes be deprived of the light of knowledge? Why should their young minds — filled with dreams, talent, and potential — be locked behind the dark doors of ignorance and forced to wither in silence?**

**The daughters of Afghanistan have committed no crime. Their only “fault” is being born female in a land where extremism has once again triumphed over reason. They carry within them the same thirst for learning, the same hunger for a better future, and the same right to dignity that every girl on this planet deserves. Yet today, they are punished simply for wanting to go to school, to read, to write, and to build a brighter tomorrow.**

**I call upon the entire world — governments, intellectuals, artists, human rights defenders, women and men of conscience everywhere — to break your silence. Do not look away. Do not normalize this cruelty. The systematic banning of girls’ education is not a cultural issue; it is a crime against humanity. Every day a girl is kept out of school is a day stolen from her future, from her nation, and from the progress of our shared world.**

**To remain silent in the face of such injustice is to become complicit in it. History will judge us not only by what we did, but by what we failed to do when the voices of millions of innocent girls were crying out for help.**

**Let the world raise its voice — loud, clear, and unrelenting — until every Afghan girl can once again sit in a classroom, hold a book in her hands, and dream without fear.**

**The daughters of Afghanistan are not asking for charity.**

**They are demanding their basic human right: the right to learn.**

**Do not stay silent.**

**Speak. Act. Stand with them.**

**For their tomorrow is the tomorrow of humanity itself.**



***Adeeb Omar Qazi***