

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.

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Human and the Conquest of the Moon

Ramesh Mofleh Hussaini

Human and the Conquest of the Moon”

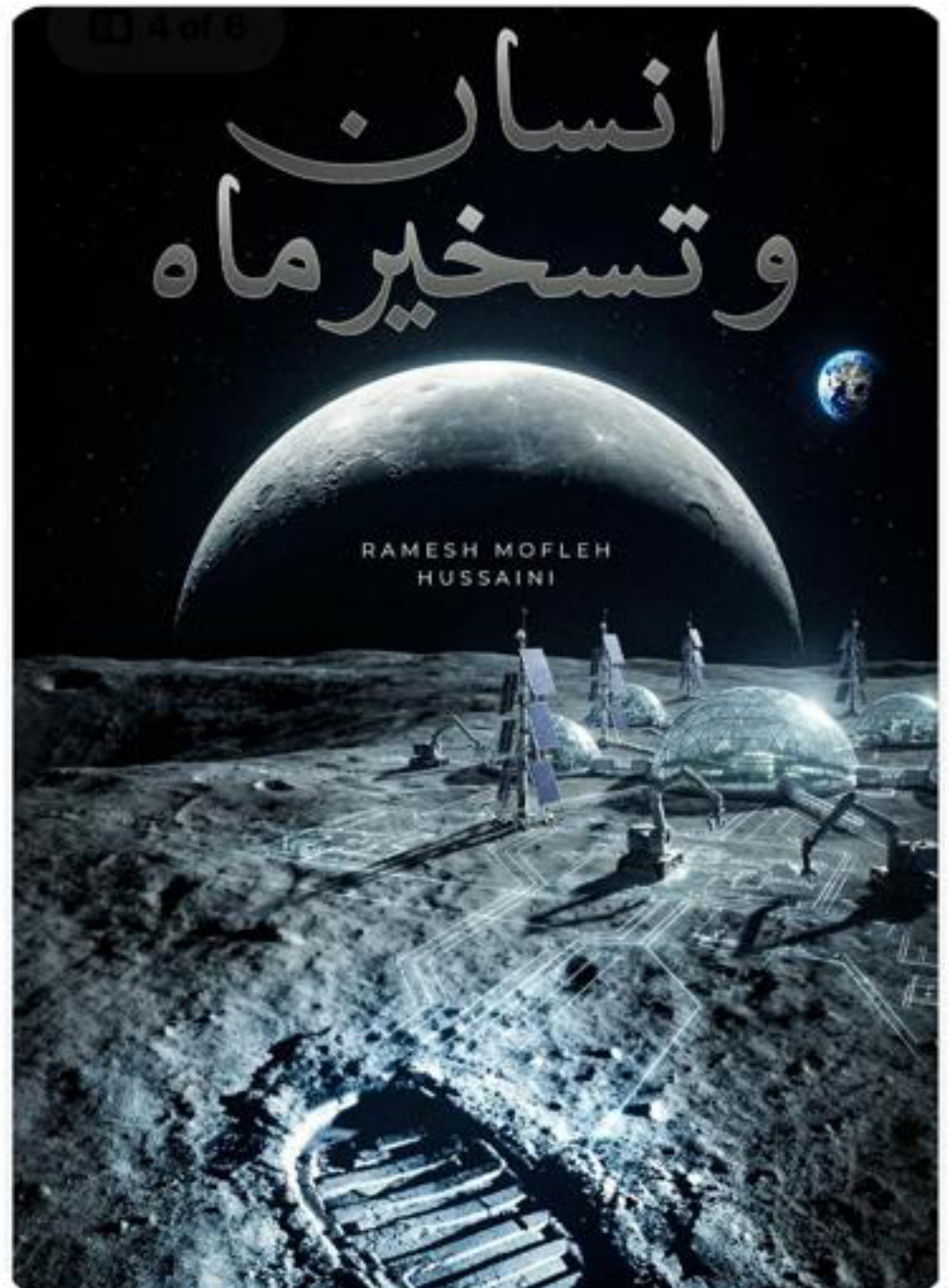
— where words fall like shooting stars across the night sky. Here I carve this narrative so the world may hear the whisper of an earthly soul soaring toward the stars.

Why do all my books belong to the Moon and Mars? Because sometimes, amid the chaos of this dusty planet, I grow weary of Earth and its people. I whisper: If only there were a place beyond these borders — a place where neither these crowds nor this land of inequality exists; a place like the Moon's tranquil sea, its craters gleaming like ancient cosmic wounds, or Mars' red plains where solar winds whisper across the dunes.

When Afghan girls are barred from school and knowledge, while humanity hurtles toward the Moon with advanced rockets — from the Apollo missions that first planted human footprints on lunar soil to NASA's Artemis program that calls on women to lead the way in space — do I not have the right to explore? Should I not ask why humans go to the Moon? This silver sphere, with gravity only one-sixth of Earth's, is so enchanting that poets have compared it to the faces of the beloved; from Hafez singing of the “shining moon” to scientists hunting for helium-3 as the energy of tomorrow. Visionaries like Elon Musk, with SpaceX and the Starship rockets, are nurturing dreams of lunar settlements — dreams rooted in Newton's classical physics and Kepler's orbital mechanics, where Earth's escape velocity is 11 kilometers per second, yet hope flies far beyond that speed.

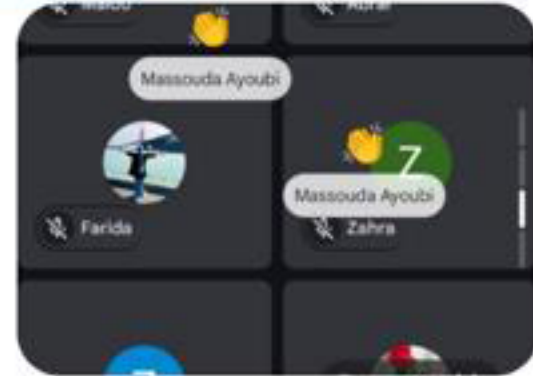
I researched not merely to satisfy my own curiosity, but to shout to the world that Afghan girls are still alive, breathing, and fighting. They are not silent victims of history; they are heroes — like Maryam Mirzakhani who conquered the most complex equations of mathematics, or the girls who secretly learn in the shadows of prohibition. Their names must be etched into history alongside Valentina Tereshkova, the first woman in space, and the future missions that will celebrate gender diversity among the stars.

This book is a fusion of literature and science: from poetic descriptions of lunar dust to technical analyses of exploration; from the biological challenges of life in space to the Moon as a symbol of hope and freedom. Read it, and you will understand how the Moon — this cosmic masterpiece — can become a bridge between Earth's pains and boundless horizons: a place where inequalities dissolve and true humanity rises like a newborn star.





Shabana Nozhat



Eighth Report – March – Clinton Online School

As spring awakens the earth with gentle rain of fresh hope, Clinton Online School has likewise brought another chapter of resilience and enlightenment to its graceful close.

The Creative Writing Class of this school—planted like a tender sapling in the thirsty soil of restriction—has completed its three-month journey and borne fruit. Sixty diligent and gifted students, each a golden pen etching lines of hope upon the dark page of our era, have now graduated. With pride we announce that this marks the second successful cohort of the Creative Writing Program at Clinton Online School.

It is with profound gratitude and deep admiration that we honor Professor Hadiyeh Hosseini, the delicate poet and accomplished writer from Belgium. With a heart overflowing with love for the homeland and a spirit of pure volunteerism, she selflessly carried the lamp of knowledge and art through this path. Through tireless day-and-night efforts, she set words into flight so that her students could unfurl the wings of their imagination.

God willing, after Eid, in a warm and heartfelt online ceremony, the certificates will be awarded to these remarkable young women—certificates that signify not merely the end of a course, but the beginning of a new season of creation and storytelling.

Clinton Online School continues to shine—like a steadfast star in the night sky of deprivation—reminding the world that no darkness can ever extinguish the light of knowledge and the power of the pen.

To our sixty newly radiant stars, to dear Professor Hadiyeh Hosseini, and to every companion on this sacred journey: endless salutations and boundless thanks.

The story continues...



On March 8th, International Women’s Day

On March 8th, International Women’s Day, a magnificent gathering took place at Clinton Online School—that enduring torch of knowledge and hope amid the darkness of deprivation. It was more than a commemoration; it was a resounding cry embodying the resilience, beauty, and resistance of Afghan women.

The program opened with the warm and soulful voice of Hana Hussein, reciting a poem that seemed to rise from the depths of the history of the women of this land, echoing powerfully through the virtual space. Then, Professor Rameesh Mofleh Hussein, the founder of this school and an tireless advocate with her pen for women’s rights, delivered a passionate statement. In it, she spoke of March 8th not merely as a day, but as a symbol of an unrelenting struggle to reclaim the rights to education, freedom, and dignity.

Following that, Mrs. Maryam Ahmadi recited another poem, once again infusing the program with literary spirit. Mr. Shams, principal of Clinton Online School, offered a wise and heartfelt statement on the vital importance of girls’ education under these difficult circumstances, emphasizing the school’s role as a virtual bridge toward a brighter future.

Hadia Hussein also raised the voice of the younger generation with clear and impactful words that resonated throughout the gathering.

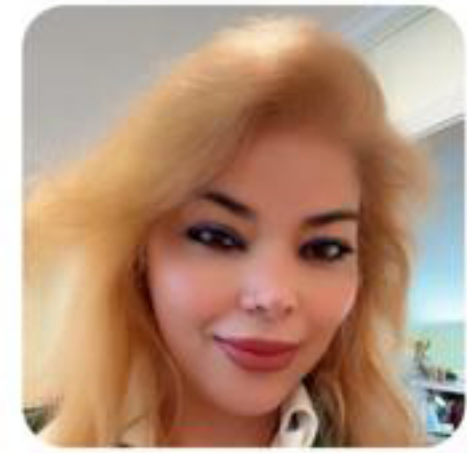
The artistic segment came alive with the enchanting melodies of Mr. Rahmani, the guitarist, and the warm, emotive voice of the distinguished singer Jeyhoun. Their music blended pain and hope, creating moments of peace and solidarity.

In continuation, Mr. Azizullah Alizada, Samir Sadat, Ghulam Farooq Tabibzada, Mrs. Asma Turyali (esteemed psychologist), Mrs. Noria Siddiqui (deputy of the school), Mrs. Story, Mrs. Farida Hanifi (art teacher), along with dozens of students and honored guests, each contributed with poetry, stories, memories, or brief yet profound statements. Together, they transformed the event into a celebration of diverse yet harmonious voices.

This virtual assembly was more than a program; it was a mirror reflecting the determination of women and girls who, in the face of sealed doors, have opened windows to the sky. On this day, Clinton Online School once again demonstrated that knowledge finds its path even in the harshest conditions, shining its light into the hearts of thousands of Afghan girls.

This year’s March 8th at the school was not only observed but truly brought to life—through poetry, music, words, and above all, through unwavering faith in a future that women help build.

Salutations to all the speakers, artists, students, and guests of this beautiful gathering. May this torch of knowledge and resistance continue to burn brightly.



Ramesh Mofleh Hussaini

We're over the moon (pun absolutely intended) to announce the upcoming launch of "Human and the Conquest of the Moon" (انسان و تسخیر ماه), a captivating scientific-educational gem crafted by the brilliant Professor Ramesh Mofleh Hosseini. As a celebrated writer, poet, former university prof, and true ambassador of Dari literature, she's about to take readers on an epic journey through humanity's bold quest to claim the lunar frontier. This book isn't just words on a page—it's a masterful blend of hard-hitting space science facts, educational deep dives, and profound reflections on our unyielding drive for discovery. Professor Hosseini weaves in themes of human resilience, cultural roots, and that unbreakable spirit of exploration, all with the insightful flair that's made her a literary star.

The real thrill? It's blasting off to 51 top-tier global platforms soon, including a prime spot on Amazon for easy access worldwide. And get this—it's even featured on the NASA website as a go-to inspirational resource for science buffs, cultural enthusiasts, and anyone dreaming big about space stories. Talk about elevating Persian/Dari voices and Afghan talent to cosmic heights! If you're already a fan of her hits like "Afghan Lady in Space," "The Garden of Dreams," "Sun of Herat," "Stardust and Sorrow," "From Kabul to New York," and more, this one's another bridge-builder—from our earthly heritage to the stars ahead. Huge congrats to Professor Hosseini, fellow lit and science lovers, and the whole cultural crew. Can't wait for the big reveal—here's to brighter horizons for our stories, smarts, and shared wonders! Cheers to the future,



Samira Siddiqi

"Freedom; my daughter's inheritance"

If I ever have a daughter, I won't leave her to the mercy of hungry judgments; to a world that considers beauty a sin and advises women to be silent. I won't ask her to tone herself down to be accepted, or mutilate herself to be lovable; the world has always been hostile to those who dare to be themselves.

I won't deprive her of scent, color, and the desire to live; because a beautiful woman is not one who obeys, but one who stays. I'll ignite her with the fire of awareness so that any impure hand burns before touching her boundaries, and I'll teach her not to beg for respect; respect is imposed.

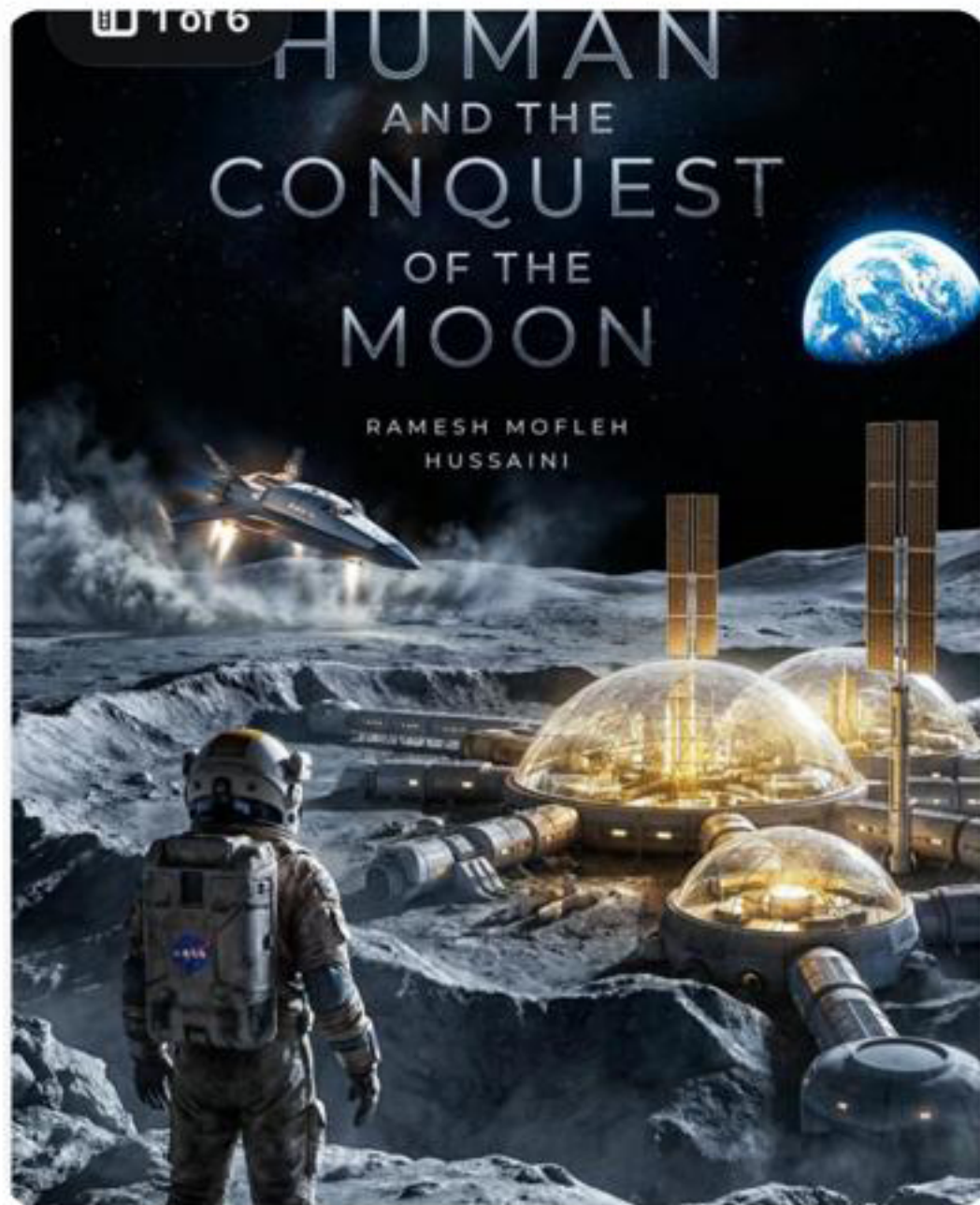
She won't bury her dreams; a girl who's satiated with love won't be a prey to hungry gazes, and a heart that's full has no room for the empty. I'll tell her to make mistakes, to fall, the world won't end; we'll reinvent ourselves from the ruins.

I'll allow her to be ruthless sometimes; boundless kindness is a form of suicide. Virtue ends where life starts to wither. I'll let her get lost, get hurt, and grow with the truth, under the shadow of a presence that's not a cage.

I know fear tames humans, and freedom... if painful... is the only thing that revives the soul. Eagles are born in storms, not in golden cages, and canaries bury their songs due to excessive care. I won't put my daughter in a cage; I'll entrust her to the world with a bitter love, so she learns to fly not from security, but from falling.



Setaish Mohammadi



Farideh Hanafi

Teacher of the Clinton online school





Leila Habibi

Yasamin Rahmani Mohanammad zarif

Students of Clinton online school

In the heart of the night, there is heavy silence,
A pain in my soul, endless and bitter. My wishes are lost in
the darkness,

My eyes are filled with tears, my heart is sad.

with each passing day, a new regret arises,

The memory of happy days is carved in my heart.

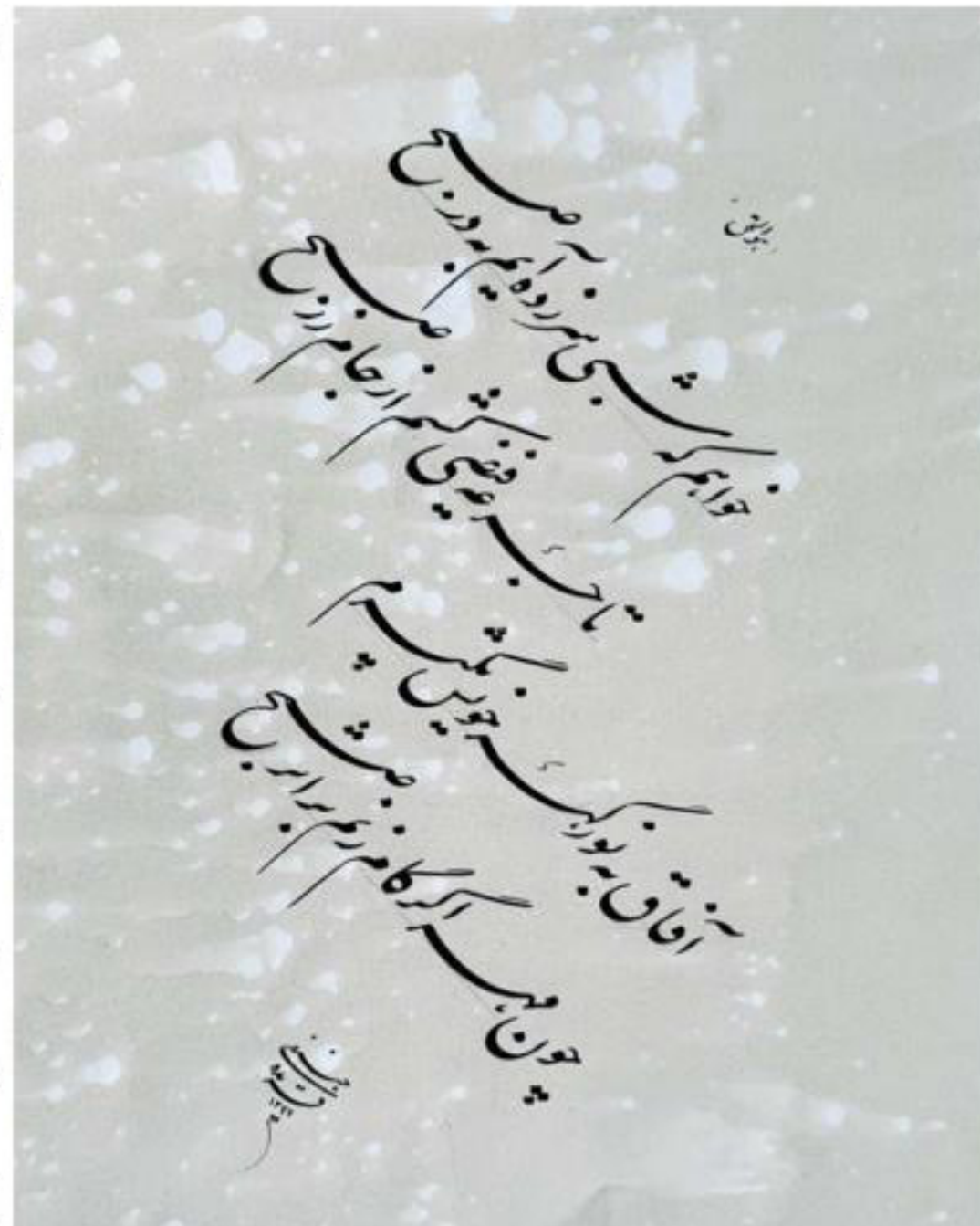
Why must it be this way, oh life?

Why must my heart burn in sorrow?

Life is like a garden, filled with colorful flowers and delightful scents.

Each day brings a new opportunity for blooming and growth. Let us
step forward with love and hope towards a brighter future.

Every moment is a gift. Let's embrace it with a smile and gratitude.



"The Wall of Indifference"

This heart is an old calendar, a tale of
recurring pain,

From betrayal, from hidden sorrow, from this
cold ruin.

My hands have risen in longing and prayer,
So that this bitter, cold time may be
forgotten.

I have leaned against the wall of my
beloved's indifference,

And my leaning has become, alas, the
beginning of a battle.

Life struck a wound and left; nothing
remained in my heart.

What have your eyes done to my sorrowful
heart?

I was simple like rain, full of love and
without a mask.

If only your eyes had played a game with
mine.

On the pure gem of my heart, you carved
hundreds of sorrows.

All my beauty and ornaments turned into
dust covered in grime.

Your insufficient faith did not even let the
flower bloom in my heart.

In the end, you and I became a story of a cold
war.