



ink

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IIS (DEEMED TO BE UNIVERSITY)

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“What is Art? It is the response of man's creative soul to the call of the Real.”

- Rabindranath Tagore

L-Ink or *Language Ink* is the bi-annual creative magazine of IIS (deemed to be University), Jaipur.

Initiated and managed by the Department of English, the magazine aims to celebrate the undiscovered creative talent of the University. It includes self compositions in the form of poems, memoirs, reflections, sketches, paintings, etc. sent in by both students and faculty members. As the name suggests, *L-Ink* caters to all languages including English, Hindi, German and French.

For further queries/suggestions and contributions, please send an email at l-ink@iisuniv.ac.in.

Prepared by
Dr. Rani Rathore
Ms. Smita Sharma
Mr. Vikas Kumar

THE TOUCH

With the chirping of birds,
She woke up and drew the curtains
The beam of sun protruding it's way in
The rays settled on her face
She felt warmer than before
She closed her eyes therefore.
Everything came back running in flashes
Damped eyes and swollen gashes
The child in her was covered in ashes
The rapid pounding of her heart
Made each breath heavier
With each passing second
This world looked nastier
Soul dead, mind numb
And the pensive stare
Into the annihilated night
To which she succumbed
As the demons scathed her being
Every ounce of blood they preyed on
Every scream they belittled
As the gleam of her peace was gone
As her fallacy of hope crippled
The fiend shoved his fingers
Piercing past her flesh
As if it was the only thing they coveted
Oh how she wanted to free herself from
the clutches while her blood was still fresh
In the land of perception and in the woods
of thoughts,
She buried her tranquility
As it's her who has to bear the brunt of the
cuts on her Utopian life
Whereas the grotesque night is her
existing dystopia.

Walked through that path
But was not the same
Visited the same places
But was not the same
Felt something
But not the same
Cried for some reason
but not the same
Laughed
But not the same
Cause she had changed
Yes not the same
Cause she was stronger than before
Yet cried for missing her old self
Yes she does not want to be the same
She was hurting
Cause she was weak
After long she closed her eyes
Cause wind was warm and gentle
Cause this time hand that slid
down of her face was in a warm
and loving caress
And Not the Same.....

Vanika Chaudhary
BA Hons. (Eng.) Sem. III



Am I or I Am

I think I'm pretty,
Guess I'm not
Do you look at the sky,
look at the clouds
Do they all look pretty
In a dubious shape,
Or not?
Look at those flowers,
In the fields of mount Daisen
They are all so pretty,
And the fields are vast,
It is just so, that I am not.
Would it be better,
If I were a cloud
Or an art or flower
Even so a flower pot?
Sometimes I wonder
Would it be better,
To be someone,
I am not?
Dear reader, don't you worry
Those clouds and those flowers,
are thou, you shall worry not.

Divyanshi Jhala

BA Hons. (Eng.) Sem. III



Dear Self...

Sometimes you have to go through bad times...you feel like you lost everything...every hope.....every desire
Sometimes you feel like to quit everything
But you know what you have to be strong, not for others but for yourself
Sometimes you find yourself standing alone in dark, feeling hopeless....needing someone to brighten your life but you know what ...only you can do it for yourself
Be your own sun and burn the expectations from others.
Don't be strong for your friends ...for your loving one's
Just do it for yourself
Life is not an easy race ...every way has its own challenge ...so fight your problems ...don't run
Be with yourself first than being with others.
Sometimes they will call you selfish for this but uh don't have to worry!!
Just follow your path and focus on what you want
Dear Self
Stay Strong

Krishna Kanwar

B.Sc. Hons. (Zoo.) Sem. V



Alone by Herself !

She was in quest of;
Pretty skies full of stars,
Endless talks with perfect wine
& long rides in beautiful cars,
Only until
She had experienced;
Darkness and humiliation,
Involuntary intoxication,
Hatred with a tad of manipulation;
I know

"I know it's a sin to end 'foxy poems' on fatalistic notes"

So...

Her eyes were in quest of pretty skies full of stars;
Only until, she had closed them and had seen a beautiful
night filled with glory and light,
Only until, the power of her dreams had ignited her
reality;
She was in quest of, endless talks with perfect wine,
Only until, she had embraced her 'alone time'!

Anjali Bhatia

BA (Pass Course) Sem. I



Life is Immortal

Life is a never-ending expedition,
Useless without elation and ambition
Whether it's unfathomable ocean or the yon rich sky,
It's always you who need to comply,
Life is as aesthetic as a plant,
It's like a Seedling that grows because of its instilled faith,
Your fundamentals decide your future,
Whether it's water for plants or your ethical behaviour
Be it the scorching sunlight or the musty soil
Never let anybody to trap you in turmoil.
Your passion may seem some to be an amplifier,
Your desire to be fire,
You must learn to move ahead,
Because at the time of heavy hailstorms, you'll be alone left
Learn to survive through the worst times, stand firm and support others,
In the unprecedented times too, let's shine,
As this is the essence of your whole life....

Saloni Vijay

BA (Pass Course) Sem. I



Nostalgia

A visitor that wriggles into my head
And provokes those buried memories

Some that I don't wish to relive
And some that I never knew could even light me up

All those mortifying ones
And also the ones that makes me go red

Some that I know would cast a gloom
And bring me down
But also compels me to perceive the truth

That unexpected visitor
Makes me go through a whole string of
emotions and memories

May it be unwanted
Or really yearned

Dhruvi Ramchandani

BA (Pass Course) Sem. I

October feels like a truce

Through seasons of tumult
And a year lasting ages
In a land of thousand suns
Where summer never ends
And ages, more than matures
The cool winds of October
Duly every year
Blow as catharsis
Wrapped in a cloth of truce

A warm embrace that says
Come, rest your weary arms
Let go of this strife
You've fought enough
For now
Give up this fight

The season's warm glow
Will take over your void
The cackle of mirth
Silencing your noise
And the sights of mithai
Dissolving your spite

The air feels strange
As if spiked with coke

For the war was raging on
This breeze came uncalled for
Heralding a halt

Where saccharine aromas
Meld to earthy smoke
And glints of light
Dance with shadows
Where life and death
And joy and sorrow
Peacefully coexist
This sea of paradox
Is the festival of lights
And the festival of life

It's the prodigal son's return
To a dysfunctional clan
The union of brethren
That almost came apart

It's the delicate adornment
Of a body full of scars
And a rekindling of romance
Where remained only spars

Is it simply chance

The festival of lights
Marks the darkest night
Or *purshottam adipurush*
Being a flawed man

Or was it a reminder of life
That light is born of darkness
And beauty birthed by
blemishes
That love can live
In shattered houses
And joy can come
By ruptured entrances

For every year
As you light that flame
The heavens too declare

No matter the beginning
Regardless the middle
The night always ends
Into a sky full of stars

Aadya Sharma

MA (Eco.) Sem. III

Tides

I've been low
I've been high
I don't know where's my home
Nobody calls me on my phone
I think I'm out of my mind
I think I'm living a life that's not mine
There's no day without shredding tears in night
I've been holding on and trying see the light
It's been a tiring life
Pain don't hurt the same
I don't wanna play filthy games
I've been moving on
Feeling alone for so long
can see my tears melt in the snow
I don't know
It can be hard
It can be so hard
Who I was where I've gone
Nobody asks
Nobody knows
I wanna feel alive
Wanna feel alive
Don't wanna die anymore
Don't wanna cry anymore
Just wanna feel the vibe
And live the life that's mine

Ankita Munjal
MA (Eng.) Sem. III



A Dream Long Forgotten

The exhaustion has now started hitting
Reminding me of how you almost swore to me
Your taste is now lost from my tongue
Chattering teeth, bleeding smile, the darkness has come
You made your choice and it killed me in big ways
I don't recognize the hands that run over me anymore
You left me in the pit, longing to be engraved
You tried chipping me off like a dream long forgotten
But I found myself wanting for more of your twisted love
Only to find out how badly it was rotten
And now I try to walk on the sidelines moonlight
Escaping the moonlight
"Bad end" says mocking me, the starts bright.

Nandani Sharma
BA Hons. (Eng.) Sem. III



Life is Momentary...

*Our life is momentary, then
Why are we full of pride
Why should we cling to
arrogance and greed,
while being so uncertain of life....
if we call ourselves human beings
So why should we live like animals?*

*While seeing someone's sorrow
If our soul is not wet with tears,
Or after hurting someone
If remorse doesn't come to our hearts,
Then just think what kind of selfish life are we living,
What are we really taking pride in?*

*The night covers the sun,
The moonlight goes into
hiding breaking the dawn,
Life is like winter and spring
Where the seasons never remain the same,
Then in the illusion of attachment....
Why do we entangle ourselves?
Life lasts no longer than the time
exhaling of one breath awaits
the drawing of another....
so, my dear!
Let's fill our hearts with compassion
Let's fill our veins with a sense of serving others...*

*Our life is momentary, so
Let's immortalize ourselves in the hearts of people...
Why are we full of pride while being so uncertain of life.....*



Dr. Neeru Jain,
Associate Professor, Dept. of Jewellery Design

All About Yore

I always wonder why
I couldn't be smitten anymore
Your scent while
walking by my side
Has definitely left my head
I can't remember it when I want to
Though my heart still
collate and contrast
Every time I buy cologne.
You're all obscure in my brain
I don't remember the measurements
I even can't draw you now
But there's something strange
My mind eternally seeks countenance
In place I used to go ofter
I wonder if Bronte was right
If Cathy was heathcliff's
End and climax
Her end turned him to the hilt
Irony is in seeing my heart
Being compulsive
And going fervid
To find another end
For Heathcliff as if it is him.
Now I know what's peace
But every time I get arrest in it
My heart throbs
As if it'd die of choking
Perpetually it fights
And babble about living again
Heretofore.

Upasana

BA Hons. (Psy.) Sem. V

मात्र भाषा हिंदी

हिंदुस्तान का गौरव तख्तोताज है हिंदी

मात्र भाषा नहीं हमारी सस्ताज है हिंदी, हिंदी बोले मीठे- मीठे बोल खोल रखदे दिल की पोल,

हिंदी ने है रचे ग्रन्थ इतिहास, हिंदी है हमारा तख्तोताज

हिंदी ने किया है शब्द बांध हमारा राष्ट्रीय गान हिंदी ने बटोरा है लाखों का प्यार और सम्मान

हिंदी से है मान हमारा हिंदी है अभिमान हमारा अपनाओ सब हिंदी को

अभिनन्दन अपनी संस्कृति का दिखलाओ सब हिंदी को .

डिजिटल मीडिया में बढ़ रही है मांग

हिंदी बढ़ रही है विदेशी विश्वविद्यालयों की शान

शब्दकोष में इंटरनेट में बढ़ा है हिंदी का योगदान

भयों की अभिव्यक्ति ऐसी की पाया सर्व व्यापी होने के प्रमाण

डॉ अकांक्षा कुमारी

सहायक प्रोफेसर, डिपार्टमेंट ऑफ कॉमर्स



हमारी बिगड़ी हम ही को सवारनी होगी

आस जो ज़माने से लगाई है, उतारनी होगी
हमारी बिगड़ी हम ही को सवारनी होगी
कई दुःख चुभेंगे पैरों में, कई रातें तनहा गुजारनी होंगी
कोई नहीं आएगा रौशनी लेकर, हमें खुद से ज्वाला निकालनी होगी
हमारी बिगड़ी है साहब, हम ही को सवारनी होगी
चार लोग चार बातें लाएंगे, हमें अलग-अलग पाठ पढ़ाएंगे
इधर-उधर से सुनकर, थोड़ा मन को हम समझाएंगे
जो चुभा पड़ा है तीर मन को, उसी से गंगा निकालनी होगी
हमारी बिगड़ी है साहब, हम ही को सवारनी होगी
कम्फर्ट ज़ोन से ज़ोन ऑफ ओके, इंद्रोस्पेक्शन में रातें गुजारनी होंगी
कई दिन तपना होगा, जलना होगा थकना होगा
नया सूरज कल उगेगा, कल ही से कहानी सवारनी होगी
हमारी बिगड़ी है साहब, हम ही को सवारनी होगी.

Ms. Bhanupriya Saini,
Public Relations Officer

आस्था-विश्वास की पोटली

आस्था-विश्वास की पोटली बाँधकर
निशा के धुंधलाते सितारों को विदा कर
निकल पड़ता है मन-पथिक
उषा की सुनहरी पगडण्डी पर
दिन के हर प्रहर में सिर उठाती क्षुधा
जब निराशात्मक विषैली हवा से
बिलबिलाने लगती है
तो कुछ टुकड़े उम्मीद के खाकर
उसे शांत करने का प्रयास करता है

फिर आती है रात
अपने तिमिर के साथ
जिसमें हाथ को हाथ नहीं सूझता
शब्दों के गले भी स्थं जाते हैं
सुनता है बस धड़कनों का शोर

एक, दो, तीन
गिनती भूल जाती है
किन्तु गिनने का सिलसिला नहीं थमता
फिर से एक.... दो.... तीन....

पोटली अपनी रिक्तता ओढे
मुँह चिढ़ाती प्रतीत होती है
श्रान्त मन असीम जतन से
पुनः आस्था-विश्वास का आटा
चिंता की लपटों पर सेंककर
रात-भर अपनी पोटली भरता है
और निकल पड़ता है पुनः
भोर का पल्लू थामकर
किसी अल्हड बालक की मानिंद
एक अनिश्चितकालीन यात्रा पर...!

Shivali Dhaka

Ph.D. Scholar, Dept. of English

ज़िंदगी : खुशी, ग़म, दर्द, यादें

वो रिश्ते उस सुहानी कली से थे,
जो आगाज़-पु-बारिश से खिल जाते थे,
जो आगाज़-पु- पतझर से झड़ जाते थे।

वो यादें उस सुनहरे दरिया सी ही तो थीं,
जो करीब से पथरीली थीं।
जो दूर से सुहाने सपने थे,
जो याद आने पर हमेशा सताते थे।

वो पल उन अद्भुत पहाड़ों से थे,
जो सपनों से विशाल थे।
और कुछ समय बाद
टूटते अरमान थे।

वो दोस्ती वरदान से कम नहीं थीं,
जो कड़ी मेहनत से मिली थी,
जो समय के बदलाव से छूट गईं।

वो ज़िंदगी उन गुलाबों सी थीं,
जो काँटों का दर्द देती थीं,
जो मनचाहे रंगों से भरी भी थीं।
जो खिल के मुरझा गईं।
वो यादें कल ही तो थीं
ये ज़िंदगी अब ही तो है।

वो दर्द तब भी थे,
वो ग़म आज भी है।
वो खुशीयाँ तब हकीकत थीं,
अब यादों में है।

Anjali Gupta
BA Hons. (Pol. Sc.) Sem. V

गुरु की अहमियत

हम तो बस एक कोरे कागज से थे
पर उस पर ज्ञान का कलम चलाया आपने।
गलत राह पर भटक जाते थे जब हम कभी
तब सही रास्ते पर चलना सिखाया आपने।
हम हार से डर कर जब रुक जाए करते थे
तब जीत का तरीका बताया आपने।
जब अपनी तकलीफ आपके पास लेकर आए हम
तब दोस्त बनकर प्यार से समझाया आपने।
पढाई जितना वास्ता समझ कर आए थे हम
पर परिवार जैसा रिश्ता निभाया आपने।

आप हमारे लिए सफलता की सीढ़ियां बनाते हैं।
और हम जाने अंजाने में आपका दिल दुखा जाते हैं।
अपने बच्चों से ज्यादा वक्त आप हमारे साथ बिताते हैं।
और नादानी में हम आपके एहसानों को समझ ही नहीं पाते हैं।
मगर यकीन मानिए जब जिंदगी के सवालियों का जवाब
हम ढूंढ नहीं पाते हैं।

तब सबसे ज्यादा हमें आप ही याद आते हैं।
हम वक्त रहते आपकी कीमत समझ नहीं पाते हैं।
मगर आप हमारी हर गलती को माफ कर हमें
आगे बढ़ाना चाहते हैं।

हमें आगे बढ़ता देख आप गर्व से मुस्कुराते हैं।
सोचती हूं की आप हमारे लिए इतना सब
कैसे कर जाते हैं।

तब समझ आता है की
गुरु यूं ही थोड़ी भगवान माने जाते हैं

Sakshi Gupta
BCA Sem.V



दौड़

आज का इंसान कहीं दौड़ता जा रहा है,
अपने नैतिक मूल्यों को पीछे छोड़ता जा रहा है।
जो कभी माँ-बाप को मानते थे भगवान,
वो ही आज उनकी कब्र खोदता जा रहा है।
मर गई इंसानियत, शर्म आँखों की,
अपने स्वार्थ की चाह में हँसे तोड़ता जा रहा है।
न गम है न पछतावा अपने कुकृत्यों का,
बड़ी शान से उनका बखानता आ रहा है।
हाल ही में जो घटना घटी मासूम के साथ,
चीर के रख दिया जिसने उस माँ का जिगर
वो भी न बदल सकी उस इंसान की फितरत
आज भी वो वही कृत्य करता आ रहा है।
आज का इंसान कहीं दौड़ता जा रहा है,
अपने नैतिक मूल्यों को पीछे छोड़ता जा रहा है।

Ms. Binny Khera
Stenographer

ज़िंदगी में आज लम्हे!

ज़िंदगी में आज लम्हे, खास आ गए।
आते-आते दोनों के दिल, पास आ गए।
तेरे कदमों पे ही रास्ता, ठहरा है मेरा।
मेरी गुब्बारों की दुनिया में, मंजिल चेहरा है तेरा।
ये गुब्बारे हाथ में थे पर, कभी उड़े नहीं थे।
ये तेरी आहट, इन्हें दे गयी उड़ान।
के उड़ती है यह नींद की, वो आंखों पे है करवट।
हुई महसूस पहली बार, यह रोशनी दोस्ती की।
सितारे भी वही है, वही यह चांद सूरज भी है,
मगर अब रोशनी है, कल से कुछ ज्यादा।
तेरी ही नजर ने, दिखाए लाख रंग है।
तेरे बिन था यह मौसम, कल तलक सादा।
तू ही तू है, तू ही तू है,
जीने की अदा, सांसों की हवा।
तू ही तू है, तू ही तू है,
स्वार्थों की दुआ, एक मेरा खुदा।

Tanvi Agrawal

B.Com. Hons. (BSR) Sem. V

Aperture



Smita Sharma
Assistant Professor, Dept. of English



Jiya Baveja
BA Hons. (Psy.) Sem. I



Palette Strokes



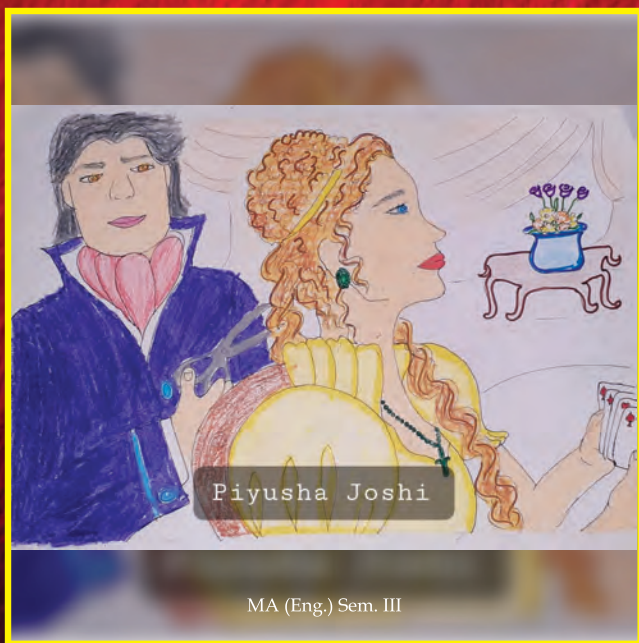
Tanishka Rathore
B.A. Sem., VI

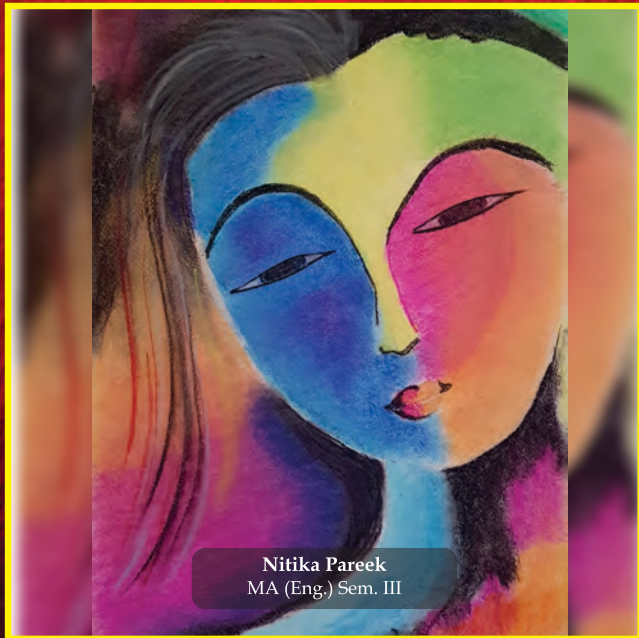


Adwitaa Singh
BA (Pass Course) Sem. III



Tanya Mudgal
B.Sc. B.Ed., Sem. V







IISU Campus, SFS, Gurukul Marg, Mansarovar, Jaipur-302020
Ph : 0141-2400160, 2400161 • Fax : 0141-2395494
Email : iisuniversity@iisuniv.ac.in • Web: iisuniv.ac.in