



# ink

A CREATIVE  
MAGAZINE

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BY

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



IIS (DEEMED TO BE UNIVERSITY)

JAIPUR



“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](mailto:l-ink@iisuniv.ac.in).

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# Unusual DREAMS...

"Where is she now? Her craziness has gone or not?"

"You can't stop a bird from flying! How long can you kept her from being what she is. She is not inclined to anyone, she will be what she ought to be"

Unusual deep silence for a minute

A climbing stairs voice was echoed in the hall.

Her Father left in disgust.

"Here she is The New King of Zintactia or I should say first-ever women King of Zintactia. You are worthy of everything that you had. Don't let others overrule your emotions. Come you have a long way to go."

An outburst of emotions with hooting came across when people saw their new King. Tears rolling from their eyes as this was the first time when a blind woman was elected, purely out of her good deeds and a big heart.

"We are going to have a great time together. Come let's make the best use of this very one life!"

**Ekta Khatri**

BBA Sem.-IV



# Never lose hope...



Life holds ups and downs,  
Never lose hope,  
Look for the positive things,  
Makes you able to cope.  
Don't think about the past everytime,  
Whatever happens is for good,  
Focus on future to make it bright.  
Compare yourself who were you yesterday,  
who are you today.  
Making little efforts each day ,  
Helps in becoming the best version of yourself.  
Those who work hard definitely find positive  
difference in their way,  
If you were better, try to be good  
If you were good , try to be the best.  
Take everyday a little rise,  
You will definitely raise in your own eyes.  
Little steps taken everyday never makes you  
tired in a whole journey.  
Bring the change that makes you a best version  
of yourself.  
Focus on your qualities,  
Work on your weaknesses,  
Focus on your abilities.  
Try to enhance your strengths.  
Stay positive,  
Ignore negativity.  
Let the people say.  
You just carry on.  
Because knowing the art of ignorance helps  
you in becoming the best version of yourself.

**Aditi Agrawal**

B.Sc. Hons. (Psychology) Sem-II



# A Truth of Human Life

Everything that happens,  
Happens for a Reason...  
A Situation which is Started is meant to End,  
like the way we are Born,  
We are Born to Die Someday...  
Believe it or not,  
but there is no one to escape this Paradox...  
Its Infinity Paradox.”

Himanshi Verma

B.A. Sem.-II



# A Green World

Look-Look at the Greenery,  
Oh! Wow!! What a Beautiful Scenery  
Feeling in it so, Deeper,  
Come Let's get Sleeper.  
personne comme vous, Beautiful Greenery  
But the work of Industrial Refinery,  
Making you détruire.  
I feel so, sad seeing you like this,  
Arrêtez-Arrêtez, People Don't Do this.  
So, S'il vous plaît...Greenery is belle,  
Let's Be it Only like cette.

Himanshi Verma

B.A. Sem.-II



# The Window...

Eyes. A smile. An unblinking glare. Staring down at you.

The bathroom window had one glass missing. Since it broke, nobody cared to replace it. Who would see inside? Right?

"We'll put a cardboard. The geyser in the other bathroom doesn't work anymore. You have to bathe here."

You check the glass from all angles. You tape even the smallest of creaks obsessively. Over and over again.

Even though there's an absolutely opaque obstruction, you can see that pair of eyes glaring right through it. Smiling at you. A smile that sends shivers down your spine.

You rush up to that floor and see your window from above. From where he was seeing you. Unflinching, not ashamed. Just looking and smiling and you're feeling hazy. You rush back down.

You enter, lock and turn. The window is turning out to be your worst nightmare.

Unbutton, unbutton and stop. Look up. Check. No one. Unbutton, unbutton, slip, stop. Look up. Check. No one.

Turn the water on. Step across. A leap. Or was it a jump? You stuff yourself in the corner, checking how far you can go from the window. Not very. You crouch and sit in the corner. You take the water and pour it down looking up constantly. Heart beating fast. Cursing under your breath that the water doesn't heat fast enough. You're looking up. Craning your neck, but protecting your body. And no, you can't see anything past the cardboard.

But what if he can? Your paranoia is taking over you. You stand up. Another jump. Grab the towel. All the while, keeping your eyes on the window. You can't see anything. But you still can.

You can see the man's face looking down at you and smiling. Like he was touching you with his eyes. You can feel the disgust, the fear, the embarrassment, the panic. You can feel the guilt.

He's not there anymore. Has never been since that day.

But you see him every second you are in that bathroom.

Eyes. A smile. An unblinking glare. Staring down at you.



Isha Saxena

B.Sc. Hons. (Psychology) Sem.-IV

# Love...

What most people call today as unconditional love, it is little more than a mutual benefit scheme – If they do not fulfill your needs, you won't love them. If it is conditional, it is not love. In every relationship, there are conditions. If we love someone, we should let them do what they want to do. But we want them to do what we like. (If they're on wrong path, & we wish to guide them, then we have to earn that space in their lives).

It is not that there is no experience of love at all or there is no beauty in those relationships, but it is within certain limitations. You become vulnerable & fearful of becoming a doormat. Unconditional love isn't possible if we wish for a normal & limited life that we aspire. Because it is synonymous with devotion in which you don't care whether someone will walk over you. There is no belittling of relationships in this but no harm in accepting the limitations so that they can be minimised for happy relationships of all sorts.

Lust is a strong need. Love is not a need. Love is 'not' an act. It is a quality. Love is the nature of our existence. We need someone to 'love' us because we have failed to realise that it is the quality of our existence. It takes awareness to keep it alive.

Love refers to the Unconditional Sweetness of our Emotions. If you're happy at any moment, you are naturally in love mode. This is true with everyone. When things go wrong in life, that's when it shows who you are. When things go well, everyone can pretend to be fantastic.

For instance, planting a tree is an enormous expression of Love. You never know if you will enjoy it's shade or fruits. But you know, someone will.

We do not have a duty towards anyone or anything. If we have love & care, we will do what is needed.

The English expression, “Falling in love,” is significant because no one rises in love or climbs in love. You fall in love, because something of who you are has to go. If not the whole of you, at least a part of you should collapse. Only then there

is a love affair. You are willing to destroy a bit of yourself for the sake of the other. It essentially means someone else has become far more important than yourself.

Having expectation of others means we're trying fix their lives. Fix your own life – That is freedom. (In every aspect ). Generally, we have made relationships within frameworks that are comfortable and profitable for us. People have physical, psychological, emotional, financial or social needs. One of the best ways to fulfill these needs is to tell people, “I love you.” This so-called “love” has become like a mantra. If we do not count how much we give and always remember what we get, we will naturally be a pool of gratitude. When any relationship is on the brink of ending, at that time if we can just remember what it has given to us & not measure it, we will live easy & this is important.

'Loving themselves', 'Be compassionate towards yourself'. These concepts and philosophies are floating around all over the world, particularly on the West Coast of America.

An individual means “not further divisible.” If you made yourself in such a way that you have no friends, and are not capable of being alone, you create two within yourself.

Love is not the goal; blissfulness is the goal. People are mad about falling in love with someone, though they have been wounded and bruised any number of times, because when they thought they were in love, there was a little bit of blissfulness in them. Love is just a currency for blissfulness. Right now, that is the only way most people know how to be blissful.

But there is a way to be blissful by your own nature. If you are blissful, being loving is not a problem; you will anyway be loving.

## Kanika Bhardwaj

B.A. Sem.-II





# Motherhood

## The Beauty of Inclusion

Motherhood – The Beauty of Inclusion      It's not because a mother reproduced us – that's not why she is precious. But, in many ways she saw us as a part of her 'self' like no one else. It's because of that.

Suppose, she delivered you & never bothered about you, she will be your biggest enemy. Yes.

The willingness to include & embrace another life as a part of yourself. It's this beauty that we celebrate as Mother's Day.

Our mothers, because she physically delivered a child, it gives her the ability to place the child's well being above her own. It comes easily to her because nature is assisting her in doing so which is wonderful.

It's not about reproduction but 'How the world would be tomorrow?' – This is the most significant contribution and responsibility of a mother (at least in initial years). The future generation can either aggravate the crimes or bring them to an end! It would serve a larger interest because it is us who make a society. Society isn't comprised of some aliens!

Kanika Bhardwaj

B.A. Sem.-II



# MY FALLING KINGDOM

## *of a Utopian Estate*

A Utopian estate with ideal beings,  
Ideal surroundings,  
And ideal circumstances  
Has now changed to dystopian  
Maybe because of our myopic view.

Have you ever imagined Anyone  
Not replying to  
Khamma Ghani with Ghani Khamma,  
Probably the individual is insane  
Or off his head.

We have shown A red rag to a bull;  
Even for a player  
A forehand downward smash is intractably  
Demanding. Dealing with,  
The consequences of your own act is the only choice.

I Feel that my idea of utopia was fallacious  
From the beginning. My fruit loop has broken now.

**Jaya Pinjani**

B.A. Sem.-VI



# The Incident...

Every time, I mount the steps of the bus,  
I see all of the eyes scooping the confidence out  
of my body  
My strained ankles  
My trembling lips  
My shivering hands  
Glance at history and refuse to enter  
At the age of nine, the washerman was my best  
friend  
Every day, he would get me candy  
And ask for my vulnerability  
But, it was just a hug, wasn't it?  
Imprisoned inside a world we secretly  
condemn but never let out  
For there is a napkin of fear stuffed in my  
mouth  
It's difficult to breathe in here,  
My eyes are turning purple with veins  
throbbing and bones crackling out of  
frustration,  
It's difficult to have an identity.

Five minutes in and they're closing in,  
They're coming for me like silent jackals  
chasing prey.  
My face was covered in regret,  
Regret of how I had laughed off the concerns of  
my mother trying to tell me how hideous the  
world is.

Now,  
I'm stumbling over my own steps,  
Trying to figure out, why me?  
Why am I bring penalized for living my life as  
truthfully as I can?

**Sanya Badera**

B.Sc. Hons. (Psychology) Sem.-II

Why am I being handled like chewing gum –  
used and thrown away?  
Why am I being punished for the sins I never  
committed?

As he silently entered the door; rubbing off my  
consent at the doormat.  
You wore feminism all over your chest,  
But no matter how many times I said NO!

It felt like you did not want to hear it

And now,  
Your hands are imprinted on my body  
Scarring me forever and cannot be erased.  
It's not that I have not tried to forget 'the  
incident'  
But now,  
When I hang out with my friends  
I cringe when they hold my hand  
Now,  
When I walk alone an empty street  
I walk as fast as I can,  
Keep my pace and don't even dare to look  
behind on the shadow trying to come and grab  
me.

Some of you may be thinking,  
Why another poem on abuse?  
Another poem because actions were not taken  
after the first one  
Please were not listened to  
People were not heard

In a society like this, she is not safe as long as  
she is not dead.

# Smile...

A smile can turn ego into ashes,  
Stoned faces into pretty visages.  
A smile can make us divine,  
Lodge out worries and bring us peace of mind.  
A smile can speak for a thousand words  
And lead us through the darkest murk.  
A smile can help us mend ways  
And makes the world a happier place  
Among billions of human, it makes us unpriced  
Even then we confine it to the 'candids' and the 'hiis'

Tanishka Rathore

B.A. Sem.-II

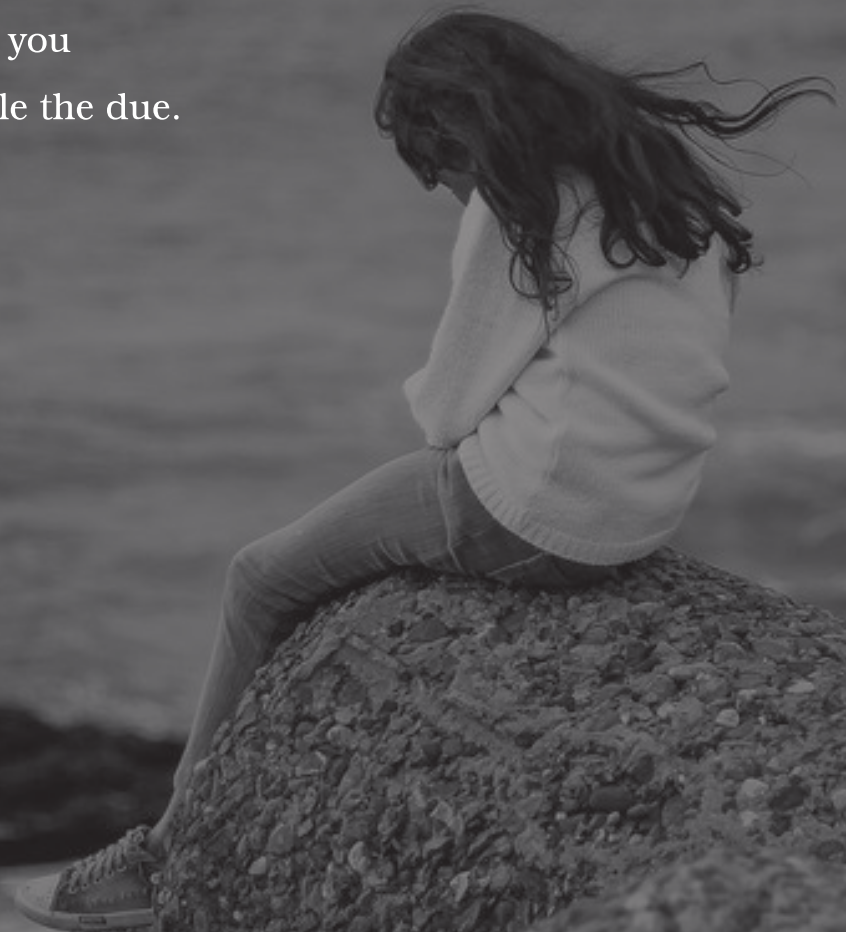


# I'm still longing for you

I bribe a hundred lies to hide the grief of you,  
I cry a thousand nights reminiscing memories of you,  
I die a million times yearning for a glimpse of you,  
For I can rest in peace only when  
Once I will die to come to you  
Or go back in time to settle the due.

Tanishka Rathore

B.A. Sem.-II



# A Bond...

Just six years ago she came into this world  
But for him this year was his sixty third  
She was the one with the giggles  
He was one with thick rimmed goggles  
Her laugh made everyone play childish  
His intellect was turning mildish  
She was curious about everything in the universe  
He couldn't memorize so he had his answers rehearsed  
She was unrequited to every approach to her  
It was his experience they wanted to mirror  
She taught him to live when he had every reason to die  
He taught her every value and moral he had which will never let her cry  
Her chuckling jumps  
His age old lungs  
Both never supported their masters' orders  
To the outside world they would seem like a happy disorder  
For one was the granddaughter  
One was the grandfather  
May seem opposites like dawn and dark  
But they both were roots and leaves of the same bark.

**Bhavya Sharma**

B.Sc. Hons. (Physics) Sem.-II



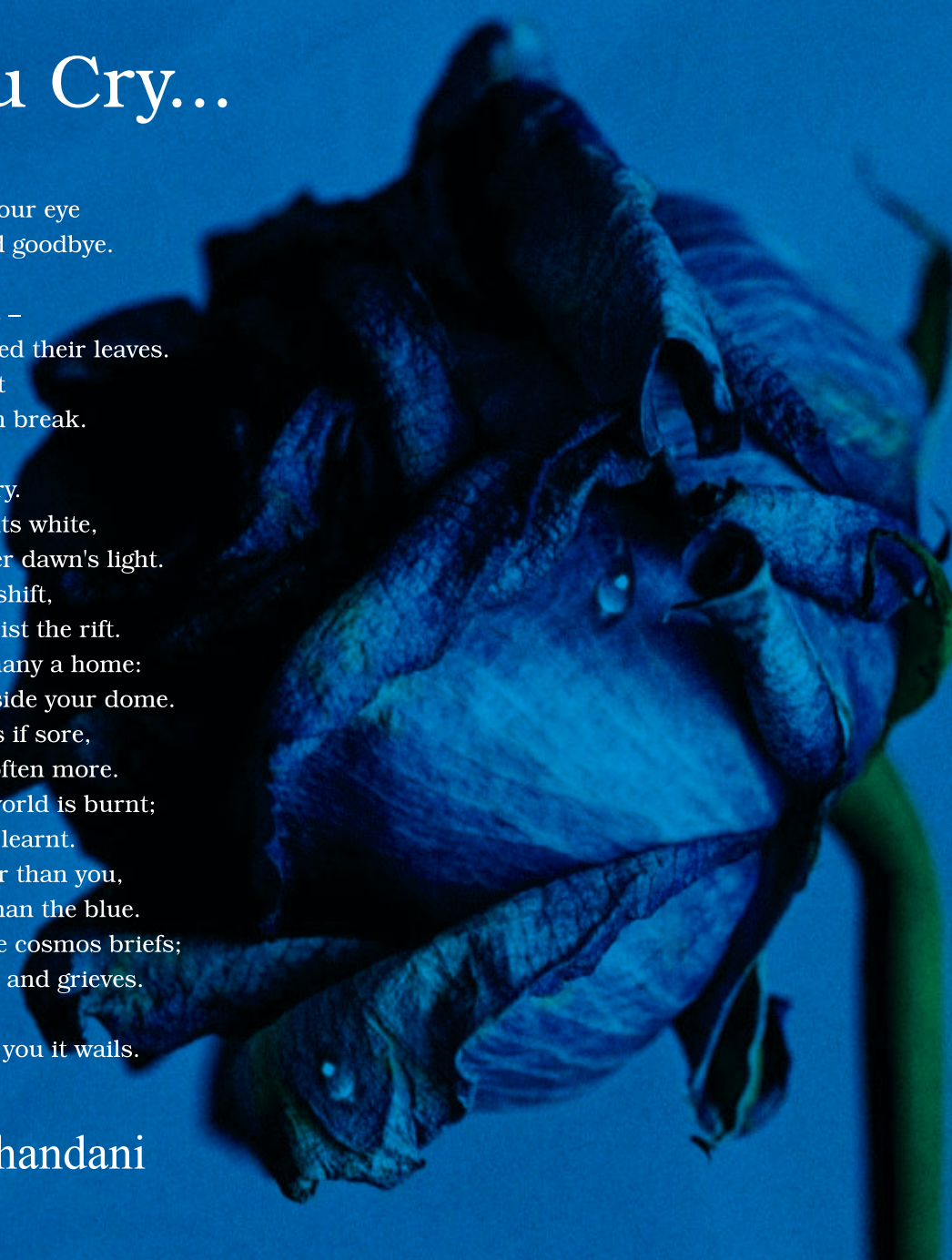
# When you Cry...

When you cry:

A single tear, a pearl from your eye  
When drops, the flowers bid goodbye.  
Clouds cry when you weep  
Your pain is felt by the trees –  
To match your loss, they shed their leaves.  
Stars fail to carry the weight  
So they shoot with a sudden break.  
Birds – they all refuse to fly  
Your eyes wet, the oceans dry.  
The fog forced to even lose its white,  
You watch the dark take over dawn's light.  
You witness the mountains shift,  
And ground that doesn't resist the rift.  
Major hurricane destroys many a home:  
The kill, un-pronounced inside your dome.  
Violent storm rushes too, as if sore,  
So are your emotions, but often more.  
Lightning strikes, and the world is burnt;  
A skill from you, it expertly learnt.  
The sky screams, not louder than you,  
You see it wide; it is bluer than the blue.  
The sorrows, oh human, the cosmos briefs;  
It mourns all your troubles, and grieves.  
All is revealed when it hails  
The universe, my love, with you it wails.

**Himanshi Ramchandani**

BA Hons. (English) Sem.-VI





# में मसीहा तो नहीं मगर...

छू कर इक जादू सा कर दूँ  
में मसीहा तो नहीं मगर  
दिल करता है  
सब कुछ अमृत सा कर दूँ...

रोती आंखों में खुशियां भर दूँ  
अंधेरे घरों में जुगनू भर दूँ  
में मसीहा तो नहीं  
मगर, दिल करता है...

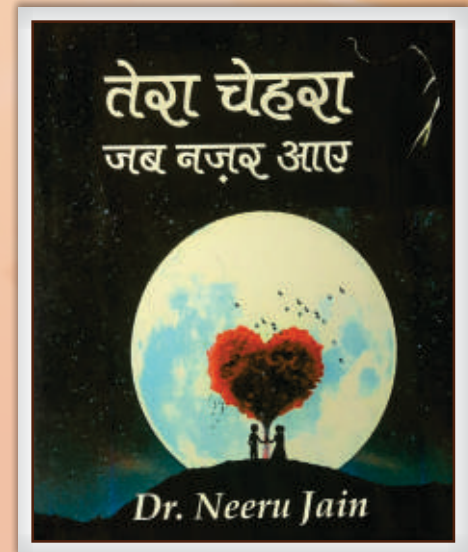
हर हार को इक जीत सा कर दूँ  
टूटन को उम्मीद सा कर दूँ  
में मसीहा तो नहीं  
मगर, दिल करता है...

टूटे रिश्तों को ईद सा कर दूँ  
खारी बातों को गुड़ सा कर दूँ  
में मसीहा तो नहीं मगर  
दिल करता है...

रूठों को अपना सा कर दूँ  
मौत मांगती उन चाहों में  
जीने का सपना सा भर दूँ  
में मसीहा तो नहीं  
मगर, दिल करता है...

## डॉ. नीरु जैन

सह—आचार्या, ज्वैलरी डिजाइनिंग विभाग  
तेरा चेहरा जब नज़र आए : कविता—संग्रह में से



*Tera Chehra Jab Nazar Aaye*  
Dr. Neeru Jain Book Cover



## चलो, मुस्कुरा लेते हैं

चलो,  
थोड़ा मुस्कुरा लेते हैं।  
आपस में ही सही,  
थोड़ी खुशियाँ बाँट लेते हैं।  
थोड़ी देर ही सही,

चलो,  
मुस्कुरा लेते हैं।  
अंधेरों से भरी दुनिया में,  
रोशनी की एक सुनहरी किरण,  
फैला देते हैं।  
एक दूजे का साथ निभाकर,  
आपस में ही सही,  
थोड़ी खुशियाँ बाँट लेते हैं।  
जहाँ सब खुश हो,  
ना चेहरे पर कोई उदासी हो,  
आओ! ऐसी एक प्यारी सी दुनिया,  
बसा लेते हैं।  
थोड़ी देर ही सही,

चलो,  
मुस्कुरा लेते हैं।

## उर्वशी गुप्ता

B.Sc.-B.Ed. Sem.-VI



# उदास न होना

उदास न होना हम साथ निभाएंगे  
अंधेरे में उजाला बनजाएंगे,  
तुम साथ चलने को कहना  
हम रास्ते पर फूल बिछाएंगे,  
उदास न होना हम साथ निभाएंगे ।

तुम थक कर बैठोगे,  
हम पेड़ की छांव बन जाएंगे,  
तुम उदास मत होना हम साथ निभाएंगे ।

तुम शायरी लिखना,  
अल्फ़ाज हम बन जाएंगे,  
तुम खत लिखना,  
किताब हम बन जाएंगे,  
तुम उदास मत होना हम साथ निभाएंगे ।

कभी मुक्कमल करनी हो कोई जिद,  
टूटता तारा हम बन जाएंगे,  
तुम पतंग बनना,  
मांझा हम बनजाएंगे,  
तुम आसमान में उड़ने की चाह रखना,  
सहारा हम बन जाएंगे,  
तुम उदास मत होना हम साथ निभाएंगे ।  
तुम्हारी खुशियों के लिए खुदा से भी भिड़ जाएंगें ।।

## रितिका चावला

B.Com. Hons. (Financial Studies) Sem.-VI



# खुशियों का कारोबार

खुशियों का कारोबार कुछ यूँ चल रहा है,  
समझदार है या नासमझ  
पता नहीं क्यों बार बार अपना पता बदल रहा है।  
इस कारोबार में,  
विनियोग तो सबका अपने अपने हिसाब से है,  
पर कोई बहुत दुखी तो कोई बहुत ज्यादा लाभ में है।  
कितना खुश मैं हूँ और कितना दुखी दूसरा  
यह बहिखाता तो अभी-अभी बनाया है,  
क्योंकि छोटे थे तो नादान थे  
मेरे पास कितना है और कितना बढ़ सकता है  
का लालच भरा ज्ञान तो अभी अभी आया है।

सच कहूँ तो,  
व्यापार तो ये अब हुआ है,  
बचपन में तो छोटी सी दुकान तक ना थी।  
छोटे थे जब तो दूसरों को हँसता देखकर ही  
खुश हो जाते थे,  
छोटे थे न! इसी लिए तो  
खुशियों का कारोबार नहीं चलाते थे।  
बड़े हो गए हैं अब,  
हावी हो रहा है 'सिर्फ मेरे पास हर चीज़ होनी चाहिए'  
का ज्ञान,  
बचपन में भले ही नादान थे पर  
खुशियाँ तो बाँटने से ही बढ़ती हैं  
था इस बात का भान।  
सच में,  
बाँटने पर कम हो जाएँ  
खुशियाँ ऐसी नहीं होती,  
जैसे किसी और के बुझे-उम्मीद के दीपक  
को जलाने से खुद के दीए की रोशनी  
कम नहीं होती।  
सारे रंग सिर्फ मेरे ही जीवन में होने चाहिए,  
ये कहाँ तक उचित है,  
आसमान तो सबका एक ही है ना  
तभी तो सभी इंद्रधनुष से परिचित है।

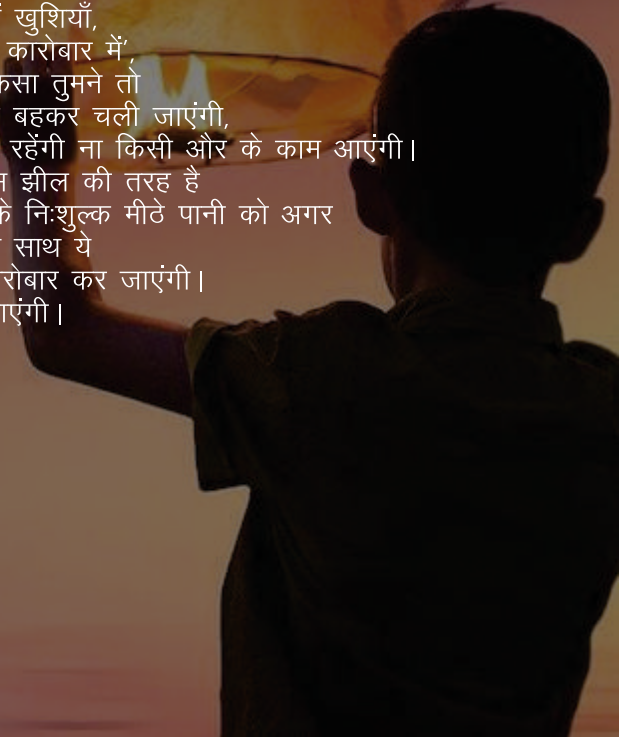
## कनकश्री जैन

B.Sc.-B.Ed. Sem.-VI

एक ही समय पर सारे रंग नहीं मिलते जिंदगी में,  
माना मैंने,  
पर खुशियों के ये रंग आपसे मैं सब मिल बाँट लें  
तो सब दोगुना हो जाएगा ये भी जाना मैंने।  
जिस प्रकार दो रंग मिलाने पर  
नये और ज्यादा खूबसूरत रंग बन जाते हैं,  
ठीक उसी तरह,  
आपस में खुशियों के रंग बाँटने से  
इस खुशियों के कारोबार के  
फायदे-नफ़ा सभी के पास बराबर  
-बराबर बट जाते हैं।

छोटे बच्चे तो आज भी किसी को रोता देख  
स्वयं की सबसे प्रिय चीज़ तक दे देते हैं,  
सीखना समझना तो हम बड़ों को है  
जो लालच के चक्कर में ईसानियत भुला बैठें हैं  
और बाँटने का जिक्र भी आए तो खुदकी  
सारी चीज़ें खुशियाँ समेत समेट लेते हैं।

बहुत कीमती हैं खुशियाँ,  
इस 'जीवन के कारोबार में',  
रेत की भाँति कसा तुमने तो  
तुम्हारे हाथों से बहकर चली जाएंगी,  
ना तुम्हारे पास रहेंगी ना किसी और के काम आएंगी।  
खुशियाँ तो उस झील की तरह हैं  
बहने दो जिसके निःशुल्क मीठे पानी को अगर  
तो तुम्हारे साथ साथ ये  
औरों को भी सरोबार कर जाएंगी।  
सरोबार कर जाएंगी।



# किस्मत का विकल्प...

किस्मत भी क्या खेल है,  
ना चाहे भी हमे रुलाती है,  
छा जाए तो कितना हँसाती है।  
गुम जाओ तो अँधेरे मे डुलाती है,  
मंजिल मिल जाए तो मंद-मंद मुस्काती है॥

पर भाई! किस्मत तो किस्मत वालों को ही मिल पाती है,  
और सच कहूँ उन्हे भी बहुत नचाती है,  
कभी उठाती, तो कभी गिराती है।

तो विकल्प क्या है,  
इस बात पर गौर फरमाती हूँ।  
मेहनत है वो कड़ी,  
जो इस किस्मत से भी लड़ी॥

माना, विद्या का धन किस्मत वालों को मिल पाता है,  
परंतु, मेहनत का फल उसपर भी विजय पाता है।  
हर तूफान से लड़ जाता है,  
हर उम्मीद पर खरा उतर जाता है॥

आखिरकार मेहनत से मीठा फल,  
हर हाल मे मिल जाता है।  
हर हाल मे मिल जाता है॥

**रितिका शर्मा**

B.Sc.-B.Ed. Sem.-II





# क्यों ना जीने का राज सीखा जाओ

उदास है तो खुशी ले आए  
जिन्दगी बेदर्द है क्यों ना हसी ले आए  
बहोत कुछ है देने को तुम कहो तो सही  
क्यों ना जीने का राज दे जाए

जिन्दगी कमाल है तुम आंखें खोलो तो सही  
चले जाने का क्या सोचना तुम पहले जियो तो सही  
बहोत कुछ है तुम्हारे पास तुम देखो तो सही  
ख्वाब क्या तोड़ना तुम निश्चय करो तो सही

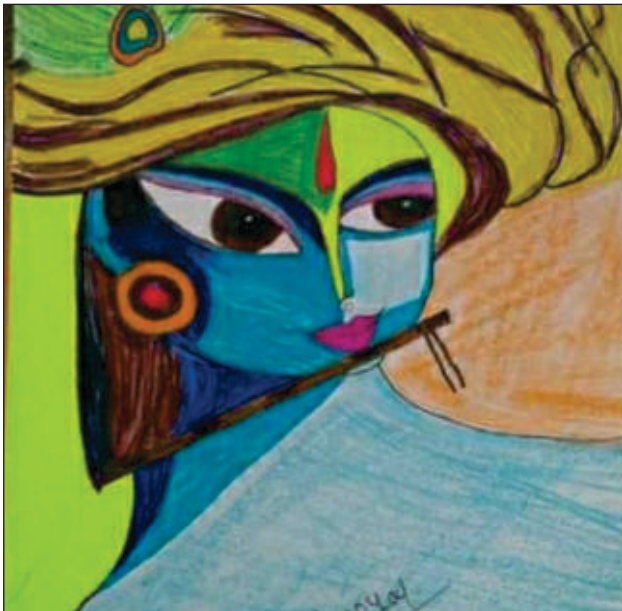
कड़वे तो बहोत है तुम मिठास बन जाओ  
जियो ऐसे की इतिहास बन जाओ  
उदासी तो बहोत है तुम खुशी बन जाओ  
क्यों ना जीने का राज सीखा जाओ

एकता खत्री

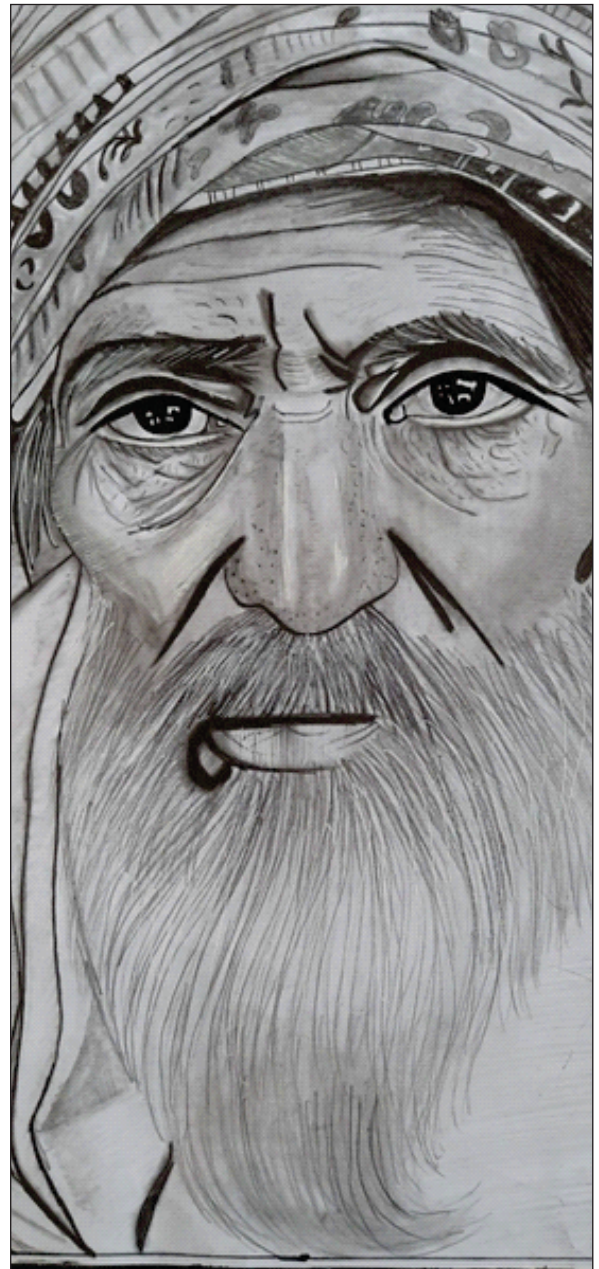
BBA Sem.-IV



**Tanya Mudgal**  
B.Sc.-B.Ed. Sem.-II



**Sonal Goyal**  
M.Sc. Sem.-II



**Nehal Jain**  
BBA Sem.-VI





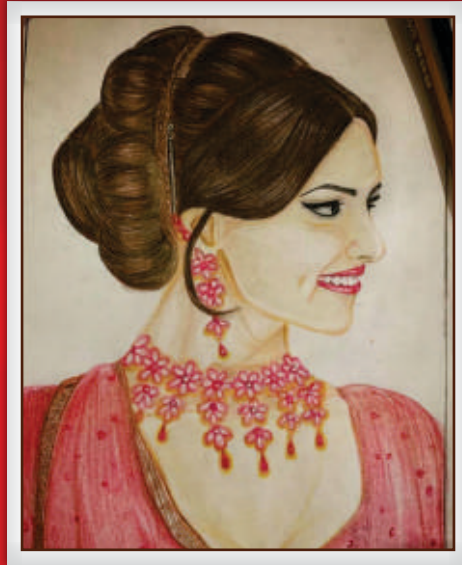
**Kanika Bhardwaj**

BA Sem.-II

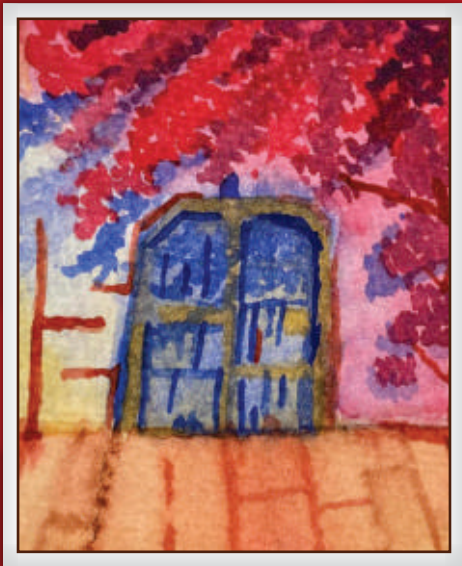


**Shaili Agarwal**

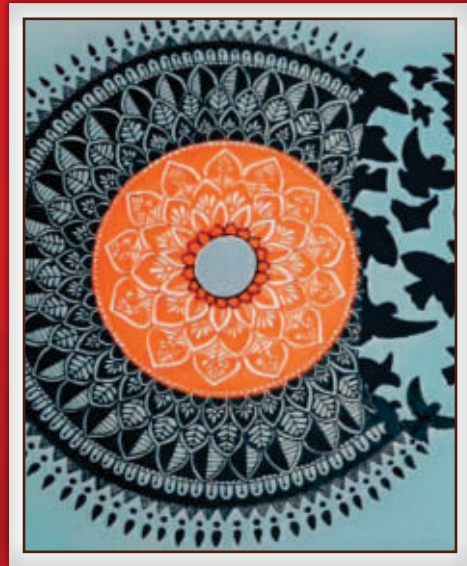
BA Hons. (Economics) Sem.-VI



**Nitika Arora**  
M.Sc. (Zoology) Sem.-II



**Shrishti Charan**  
BA Sem.-IV



**Tanisha Sethi**  
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