



Think

A CREATIVE
MAGAZINE

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BY


DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



THE IIS 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 The IIS University.

Initiated and managed by the Department of English, the magazine aims to celebrate the undiscovered artistic talent of the University. It includes self compositions in the form of poems, memoirs, reflections, sketches, paintings, etc sent in by both the 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, you may please send an email at l-ink@iisuniv.ac.in.


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We would also like to acknowledge the contribution of Mr. Giriraj Sharma and Ms. Neetu Singh Chauhan in the preparation of this magazine.



REMINISCENCE

(Prize Winning Entry-Creative Writing Competition)

The day should be sunny,
But it is rainy.
Cleaning my attic,
My elbow knocked over something
Which tinkled after it hit the floor
And broke into millions of fragments.
I glanced down,
And saw a little girl
Sitting on her father's shoulder,
The kite flying in the sky like an eagle.
I smiled,
Realizing that the little girl
is Me,
And the man whose shoulder she is
sitting on,
is My father.
And today is his birthday
Ah ! what a perfect timing
To remember the man
Who is probably inspiring the dead
To live a simple life in their next birth,
Along with the Almighty.
Starting at the monotone picture,
I walked down near the window.
While my eyes gave way to tears,
The rain - my true friend - is also crying
with me.
Closing my eyes,
I felt the soothing breeze of spring.
I saw the blazing God Helios,
And the eagle-like kite flying close to
Him,
As my father showed me kites,
Who are like people desiring to serve him
in his abode.
Father was a golden eagle,
Wanted to soar higher and higher.
He was also a kite,
wanted to touch the sky.
But he too became a man desiring to
serve God in his abode.

Kanwal Shergill
B.A. Eng Hons Sem I

DEAR DAD

(Prize Winning Entry-Creative Writing Competition)

Feeling the wind on my face as I raced
down my bike,
A little girl's first tart of what freedom's
really like
You laughed, held on and ran by my side,
As I shook but took my first sole ride
You stood by me and I stood strong,
You made it right when I went wrong
I had your love, I had your faith, I had you
all along,
And so today, with all my heart, I write to
you this song
Dear Dad, I remember that kite with the
colors of the sky
You saw stars in my eyes and said I too
would one day fly
So today, your little girl wants you to
know,
I'll always come home, no matter how far I
go
Because those stories you told me when
you tucked me in my bed,
They still give me strength as I see your
face in the back of my head
Though we are miles apart, but you'll
never be too far,
'Cause I know it is my heart in where you
really are
My dear dear Dad, you've been a friend,
an angel, a guide,
And it's a promise, like you never left, I too
would never leave your side
Because its you who gave me wings when
I said I wanted to fly,
And now I'll get the stars for you and
yours will be the sky.

Pooja Mathur
B.A. Eco Hons. Sem III

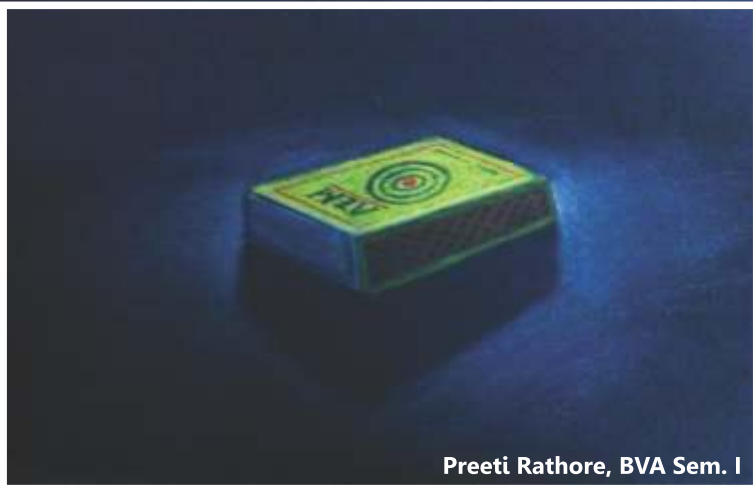


अठखेलियाँ

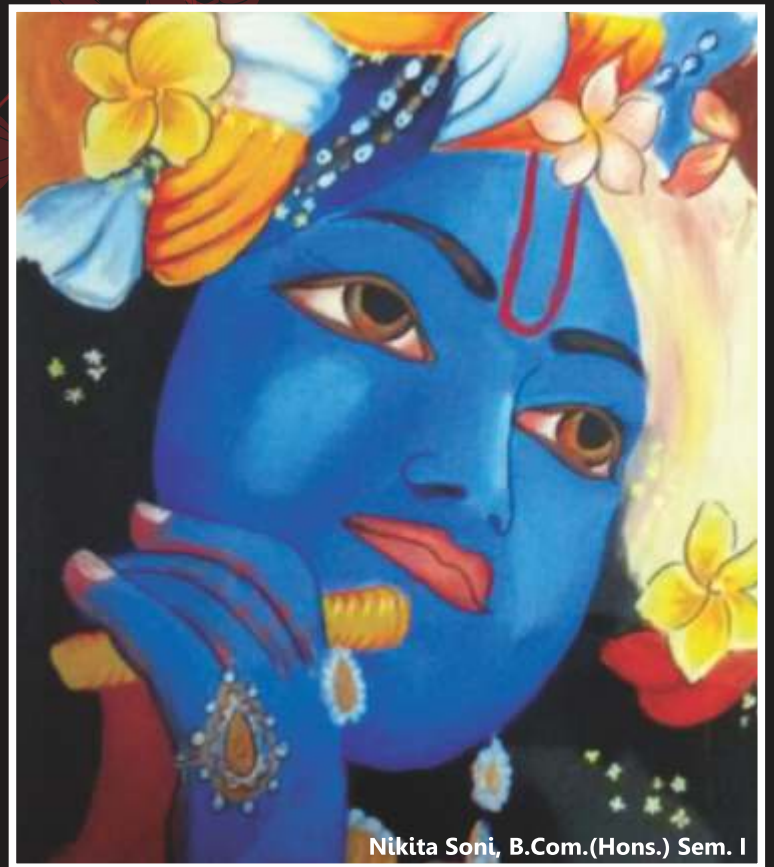
(Prize Winning Entry-Creative Writing Competition)

माँ तेरी चंदा चकोर ।
करे अठखेली आँगन में चहुँ ओर ॥
कभी तेरी पलको के समक्ष तो कभी छिपकर इनसे
दूर,
पाने को प्रेम तेरा, तेरा दुलार
करे नन्हें कदम अठखेली चहुँ ओर, माँ तेरी चंदा
चकोर ।
करे अठखेली आँगन में चहुँ ओर ॥
स्पर्श तेरे हाथों का माँ लगता है जैसे
स्वर्ग की ठंडी हवाओं का झोंका
गोद तेरी रेशम के बिछौने को भी देती है मात
प्यार दुलार तेरी हल्की सी मुस्कान
देती है हृदय को एक प्यारा सा अहसास
माँ तेरी चंदा चकोर ।
करे अठखेली आँगन में चहुँ ओर ॥
मेरे नन्हें कदमों की आहट कैसे तु लेती है पहचान,
मेरी हल्की सी पीड़ा पर कैसे तु बार लेती है अपनी
जान ।
आँसु मेरी आँखों में तो दर्द तुझे क्यों होता है मेरी माँ
शायद यही है माँ -बेटी का बंधन है ना मेरी माँ
माँ तेरी चंदा चकोर ।
करे अठखेली आँगन में चहुँ ओर ॥
मेरे जीवन में कुछ नहीं यदि तु नहीं मेरी माँ
मेरे जीवन का जन्म तुही, तु ही मेरा खुदा,
जन्म दिया, प्यार दिया, दिया अपने हिस्से का
निवाला मुझे
खुद ने सुना हर ताना जात समाज का
पर दिया मुझे जीवन सम्मान का माँ तुने मुझे
माँ तेरी चंदा चकोर ।
करे अठखेली आँगन में चहुँ ओर ॥
स्नेह छिपा है तेरी उस हल्की डाँट में
मेरी परवाह है तुझे हर हाल में
खेलते खेलते यदि गिर भी गई मैं
तो तुने दिया सहारा माँ हर काम छोड़ मुझे,
माँ तेरी चंदा चकोर ।
करे अठखेली आँगन में चहुँ ओर ॥

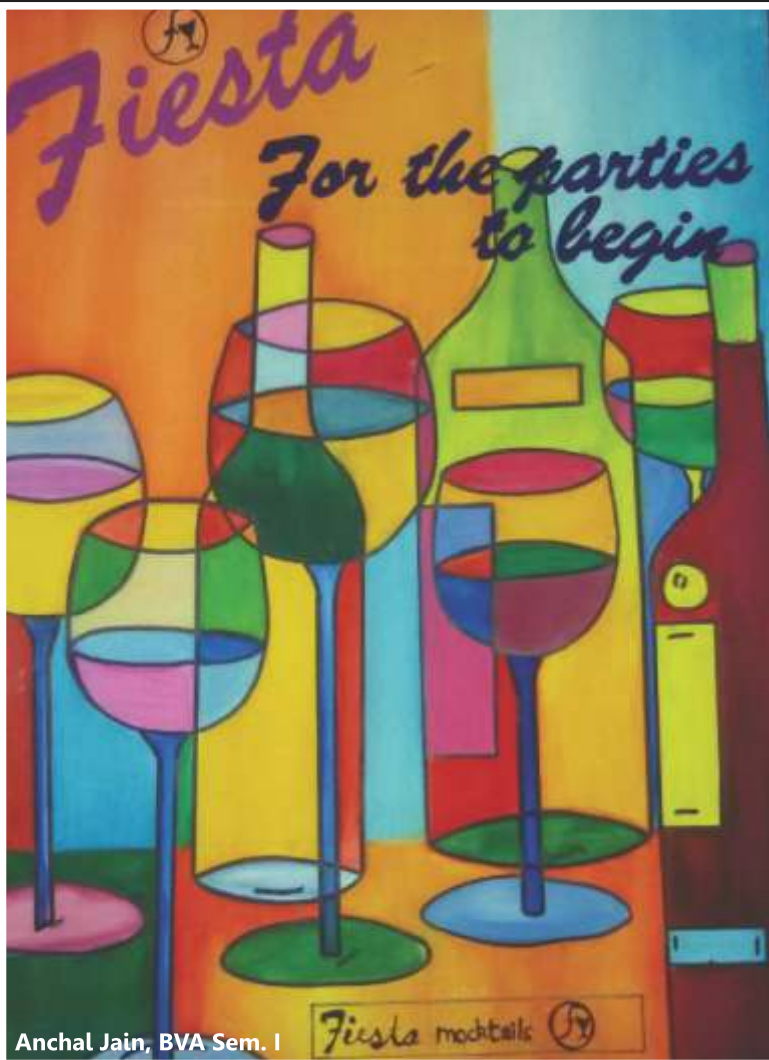
तशनीम ज़ान्हा, बी.एससी. सेम.1



Preeti Rathore, BVA Sem. I



Nikita Soni, B.Com.(Hons.) Sem. I



Anchal Jain, BVA Sem. I

Fiesta modtills



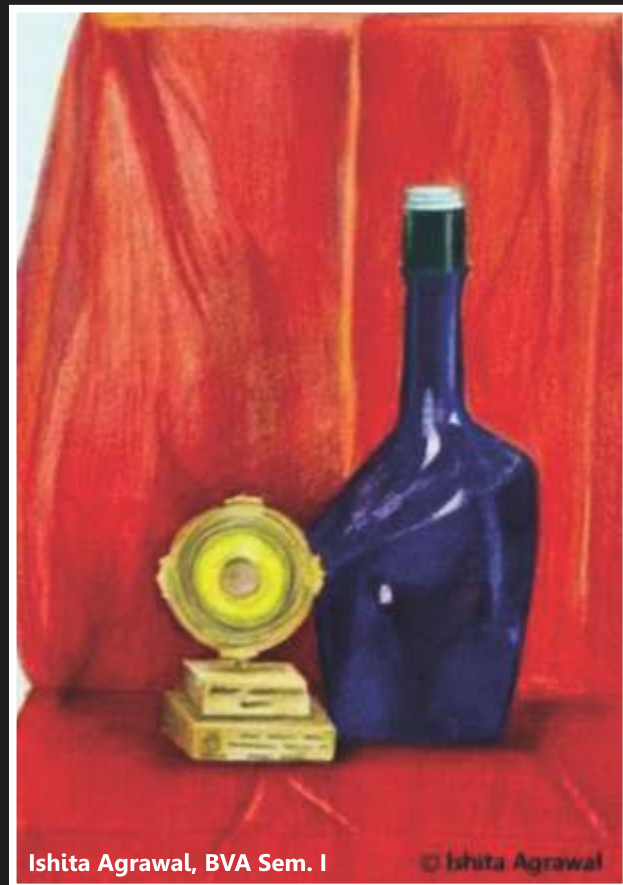
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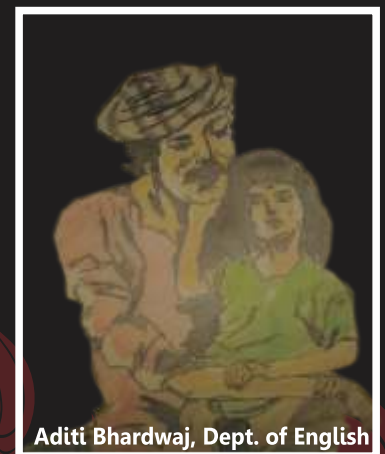


Ishita Agrawal, BVA Sem. I

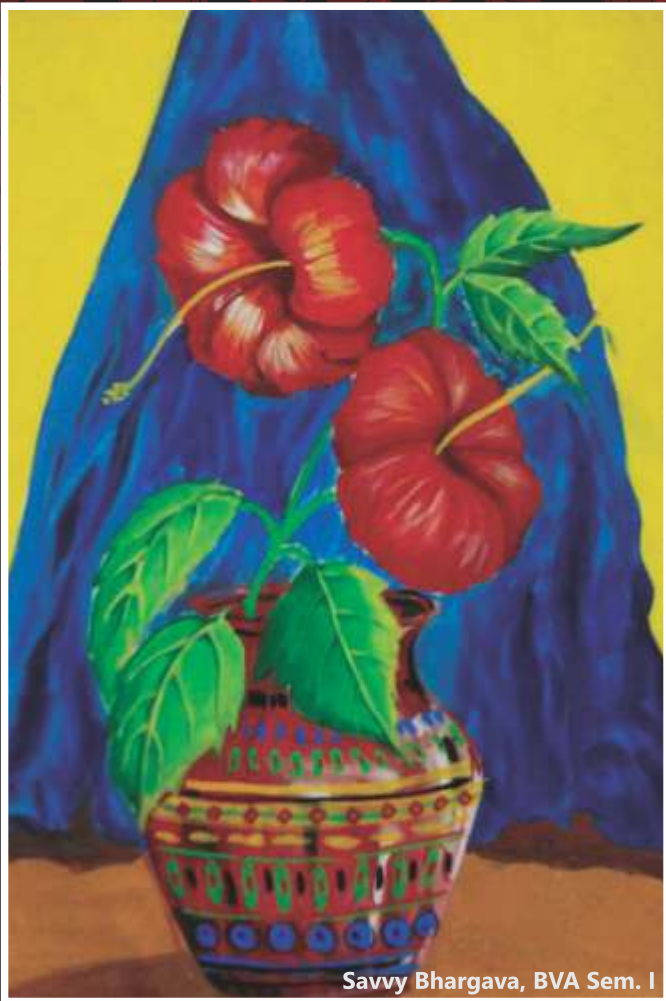
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Mr. Himmat Singh



Ms. Kanupriya Rathore, Dept. of Visual Arts



Mr. Heeralal Kumhar, Dept. of Visual Arts

LET ME PAINT A PICTURE TODAY...

Let me paint a picture for you,
Paint it real and paint it true.
Sketch it out from flesh and blood
Draw on the canvas- red soaked mud.
The tale of follies of the mankind
Of Good and Evil- all rewind.
Of War, politics and state affair,
Of men and women in despair.
Let me color it red, black and white
Color the gloom, terror and frightful sights.
O Look how the ink fades,
For it fears its own shades.
I paint a lady who desired throne for her womb
For which a warrior cast his own doom.
I color him black- the blind man born
His shades the kingdom mourned.
I color him pale- the desired king
Cursed to be deprived of love's swing.
Among them I paint a princess-stolen, forsaken
Swore to take revenge;
Stood in a battle against the laws,
A fragile Eunuch became a death's cause.
Another Princess- I paint red,
For she encountered five wedding beds.
Staked, shared, won and lost,
Honor disrobed- her anguish tossed.
I paint a mother- silent and blind,
Love for hundreds absorbed her mind.
A stroke of white and pastel hues,
For a woman who feared the land's abuse;
Restrained- Regretted- abandoned a son,
Did she fail or she won?
Painting this my fingers sore,
Still the canvas wishes for more
It sings to me- 'You missed a slash,
A figure with flute-dark as ash',
I paint him blue-gold and all colors bright
The only savior- the only light.
The player who conspired- won and lost,
On the dead canvas a divine crimson glossed.
The tale is one of sorrows and twist,
Of puppets locked on Fate's wrist.
Many lives killed- many foul plays,
Men played war at blood-stained ways.

Apoorva Sharma, M.A. (Eng.) Sem. III

एक बेजुबान शहीदसरबजीत



टहलते टहलते गलती से चला गया,
उस देश में, जहाँ से आना मुश्किल हो गया
बंदी बनाकर दिन रात उसे सताया
किसी को, जरा सा भी तरस न आया
कितना मुश्किल होगा, उस पत्नी के लिए
जिसने 23 साल विधवा की तरह जिए
उतना ही मुश्किल था उस बहन के लिए
जिसने हर साल राखी पर जलाए उम्मीदों के दिए
राखी का फर्ज उस बहन ने ही निभाया
कोशिशें कर कर के अपना प्यार है दिखाया
पर अफसोस, कोशिशों सब हो गई नाकाम
क्योंकि पाक ने लगाए उस पर झूठे इल्जाम
बेकसूर थे वो, पर कसूरवार ठहराया
बंदी बनाकर कारावास में रखवाया
23 साल आखिर कम नहीं होतें
पूछों उनसे, जो किसी अपने को है खोते
आखिर क्यों ऐसा किसी के साथ है करतें
इतना जुल्म करते हुए क्या, बिल्कुल नहीं डरते
मुमकिन न था, फिर भी उम्मीद थी मन में
आएंगे वो लोट कर किसी ना किसी सन् में
आए वापस जरूर, पर चार कान्धों पर आए
याद उनकी सबको पल पल है सताए
23 साल का इन्तजार पाक ने कर दिया खत्म
ना जाने कितने उस पर किए थे सितम
खामोश थी जुबां और आंखें थी नम
पर आक्रोश किसी का न हुआ है कम
पाक को करारा जवाब है मिलेगा
कोई और अब ऐसे जुल्म न सहेगा

देविशा भंडारी, बी. ए. (आनर्स) सेम. I

TILL DEATH DO US PART

Oh fair lady, remember thee,
That quaint little Kirk high up on the hill,
Where at the altar, with thee by my side,
I whispered "I do" to my blushing bride.

It feels no longer than yesterday,
When far in the distance the church bells did ring,
The sun and clouds danced high up above,
And yonder beyond, even the larks did sing.

But spring has long passed; now I am worn,
In the turbulence of life, tossed and thrown.
But our love has shone through smiles and tears,
A steadily glowing ember over the years.

So hold me against thyself when darkness falls,
For I fear the unknown that lies beyond,
But more so of death, that shall set us apart,
That so cruelly tears me from the arms of my love.

For only if I could, love thee I would, till eternity,
But this heart of mine beats strong no more.
So whence St. Michael cometh to set me free,
Let thy selfish love grant me liberty.

Now wet no longer thy rosy cheeks,
No more, my love, lament and sigh,
Come hold my hand till dusk arrives,
And then with a smile, pass me by.

Anusha Mishra, B.A. (Hons.) Eco. Sem. III



BIG BROTHER

Two kids were playing in the porch
Trying to catch a cockroach
One is a girl, a doll in curls
The other a boy older than her
I stand still as I go back in the memory lane
I go closer to see me and my big brother

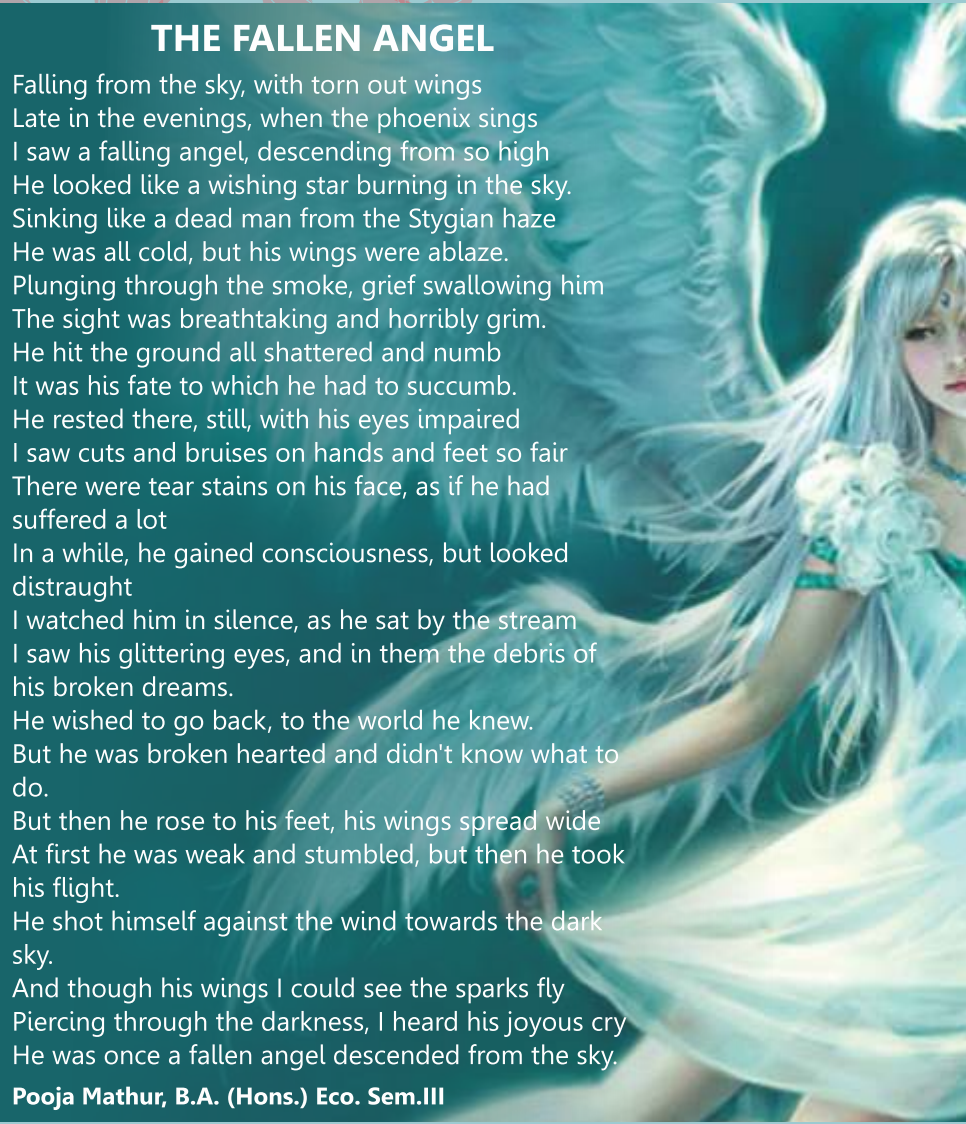
We fought, we laughed
He taught, I learned
I was his favourite toy
And he was my brave boy
No one but he could toss me in the air
And i laughed 'cause he was there
My saviour, my big brother..

Childhood passed we grew older
I teased and he blushed harder
There were no secrets, nothing to hide
To keep me safe he would always fight
And when I fell ill and couldn't sleep at night
He would stay there always by my side
My guardian my big brother..

Time passed and our love grew stronger
Seeing us everyone would wonder
What's keeping them together so long?
We call it our special "brother-sister bond"
When in doubt I still know who to call
Because how to make me smile he knows it all
From my first friend to my hero
He's my safe harbour
My strength my big brother

Tanisha Jain, B.Sc. (Hons.) Psy. Sem.V

THE FALLEN ANGEL



Falling from the sky, with torn out wings
Late in the evenings, when the phoenix sings
I saw a falling angel, descending from so high
He looked like a wishing star burning in the sky.
Sinking like a dead man from the Stygian haze
He was all cold, but his wings were ablaze.
Plunging through the smoke, grief swallowing him
The sight was breathtaking and horribly grim.
He hit the ground all shattered and numb
It was his fate to which he had to succumb.
He rested there, still, with his eyes impaired
I saw cuts and bruises on hands and feet so fair
There were tear stains on his face, as if he had
suffered a lot
In a while, he gained consciousness, but looked
distraught
I watched him in silence, as he sat by the stream
I saw his glittering eyes, and in them the debris of
his broken dreams.
He wished to go back, to the world he knew.
But he was broken hearted and didn't know what to
do.
But then he rose to his feet, his wings spread wide
At first he was weak and stumbled, but then he took
his flight.
He shot himself against the wind towards the dark
sky.
And though his wings I could see the sparks fly
Piercing through the darkness, I heard his joyous cry
He was once a fallen angel descended from the sky.

Pooja Mathur, B.A. (Hons.) Eco. Sem.III



MEMOIRS

There is the sun...so far away in the sky.
I stare at it. It seems uncertain. Unknown...
Like my name.
When was it that I dreamt of the wings? The castle? The gowns?
Everything is blurred but its there...
The memoirs, like the gravel a river leaves behind.
I go back into the hours to embrace them,
call them mine, and then I'll say my goodbyes.

I still try to figure out the sun,
but it's clever...
It always leaves me blind.

Poulami Chakraborty, M.A. (Eng.) Sem.I

AS IF WE WERE SHADOWS

We have been best friends for seven years now
We still manage to keep our secrets somehow,

Through ups and downs,
Tears and laughs
Together we click some awesome photographs,

Thank you for all those ideas,
Some crazy and some clever
We will always be best friends forever,

We shared the creepy time,
Your act so funny sometime

The time we spent together,
I'll always keep in my heart
We know these memories, would last from the start

Although we might go separate ways
You will be in my heart till my final days,
Nothing can make a person see
How special a friend you are to me

Talking for hours on the phone,
You always had good advice to loan
So, this poem is for you,
Because you're a friend who has always stayed true!

Meghna Bagree
B.Com. (Hons.), Sem.III

RACISM

If from the innocence of the soul of
Poetry a hate filled parasite called racism
You don't dredge
Between the white man and the black man
Inseparable wedge.
Cacophony of disgruntled sounds.
In an auction like environment of mortality
under the hammer
Going over the edge
Even those who were friends.
Who once taught you to fly and fledge.
Now a coven of witch like foes.
Wizards of Oz boulders sledge.
Love poetry hate racism.
My solemn poetic pledge.
The gateway to supreme knowledge.
Racism hurts them.
Whom the cap fits.
A truth that need not tell lies or allege
A bet you don't need to hedge.
Black and White bound by a single colour
red.
Bleeding on the soul of humanity.
That the racist fiend won't acknowledge.

Pragya Chakraborty
B.A. (Hons.) Sem.III

आत्म विश्वास

गाँव-गाँव और शहर-शहर
गली-गली फिर डगर -डगर
क्यूँ बहता है मन मेरा

पत्तों से लड़, फूलों से मिलू
चन्द्रमा सी शीतल, लहरों सी बनुँ
पल-पल करता है, मन मेरा

उम्मीदों की डोर हूँ "मैं"
मन का हूँ संकल्प
तोड़ के बंधन, जग के सारे
क्यूँ डरता है, मन, मेरा

प्रेम को अर्पण, जीवन को समर्पण
सत्य के प्रकाश सा बनूँ मैं दर्पण
अभिलाषा, अभिव्यक्ति बन
क्यूँ बहता है, मन मेरा

डॉ. नीतू सिंह चौहान
हिन्दी विभाग

Hey Gorgeous!

Hi! How are you? Like really how are you?

Do you know something? You are pretty the way you are! You could be all dolled up or be in your rattiest pair of jeans. You could have got your hair done up or you may have it in a messy knot. But you are pretty!!

This is a reminder for all those girls who pass a wry smile when they are told "Hey you look good today!" No that does not mean that on other days you don't, it's just today that effort is visible. So bask in that glow, than shrug and say "Ok". Every girl on planet earth has more than one problem with their body. Yes even beauty queens have them.

The difference between us and them you ask? They accept their flaws and work even harder on their strengths. Now you can try all you want to but each of us have our own set of strengths, some known and a few hidden from others. If every girl accepts both her flaws and strengths then I promise you there is nothing that can stop her. She would indeed become a force to be reckoned with.

Each of us has our own unique trait or feature. It could be your eyes, that wild mane of curls that refuse to be tamed! Or even just a smile that could light up the whole room. So today instead of focusing on what you don't have, focus on the things you do have. And always, always remember intelligence is a lot sexier than that short LBD! The dress will most probably be forgotten but not the conversation.

So to conclude, Ladies of all ages, shapes, sizes and colors, you are BEAUTIFUL! You are important to the people around you. You may not know it, but you may very well be the center of someone's universe! So instead of wearing a frown next time why don't you dazzle the world with that gorgeous smile?

Amanda Rebeiro, B.A.(Hons.) Eng. Sem. V

O MY LORD! MY WORLD!

I decided to offer thee my love.
But where does those diamonds
and those gems hide
that could direct souls towards the bright?
Where spring those buds
and the blossoms
whose fragrance could
remind of your omnipresence?
Where born those holy fruits
that taste quarter the pleasure
of emancipation of the soul?
Where does that holy water glide
except for the paradise
capable enough to eradicate
sinful stains from my soul?
Suddenly shaken by the thought so vast
finally realized at last
treasures I scavenged in the dark
rested inside the casket called heart!
nothing except an innocent heart,
that i could render my sweet Lord!!!



Shubhangi Jain, B.A. (Hons.) Eng. Sem. III

ODE TO THE BEAUTY OF A BRIDE

O thou thy father's princess
Thy brother's pride
Mother's reflection
Sister's guide
And now thou are
A beautiful bride.

Thou the beautiful face
By the god's grace
Looking like a fairy
In lovely red dress
Playing with the thoughts
Whether good or fake

Thou with the tears hot
Infect our eyes
Woe and joy woven together
In truth and lies
Piercing our heart
So please stop these sorrowful darts

There is one
Who holds thy hand
Thy partner for ur life
And the best friend
Thou will feel complete with that
charming man

He will make thou laugh
He will share your grief
You will be relieved in his arms
He will admire your charms
So go as a bride to your duty as a wife
This is the beginning of a new and
merry life

Ronika Malhotra
B.A.(Hons.) Eng. Sem.III

माँ की सीख

(Prize Winning Entry-Creative Writing Competition)

दुनिया में सबसे प्यारी होती है माँ,
पूरी जिंदगानी हमारी होती है माँ,
हर छोटी बड़ी खुशी का ख्याल रखती है माँ,
हमारी हर परेशानी पे सवाल करती है माँ ॥
जब भी मैं रोई, तू ने अपने पास बुलाया,
अपने नरम आँचल की छाँव में मुझे सुलाया,
बहुत सुख देता है तेरा हर छव को सहलाना
अच्छ लगता है कभी -कभी तुझे यूँ ही सताना ॥
मेरी उँगनी पकड़कर चलना तूने ही सिखाया,
खुद पूरी रात जाग कर, मुझे चैन से सुलाया,
बेचैन हो जाती है तू, जब मैं जरा सी दूर हो जाती हूँ,
इस कम उम्र में भी मैं एक सोच में खो जाती हूँ ॥
क्यों मैं पूरी जिंदगी तेरे पास नहीं रह सकती,

क्यों मैं ये बात किसी से नहीं कह सकती,
क्या मुझसे भी उठ जाएगा तेरी ममता का साया,
लोग क्यों कहते हैं कि बेटी तो है धन पराया ॥
तू काम करते हुए मुझे अपने पास बिठाती है,
यूँ ही खेल -खेल में मुझे गुण सिखाती है,
अच्छ लगता है जब तू काम करते हुए मीठी डाँट
लगाती है,
जाने क्यों फिर मेरे साथ बच्चा बन जाती है ॥
कभी -कभी सोचती हूँ मेरी जिंदगी कैसी होगी,
फिर लगता है शायद तेरे जैसी होगी,
क्या मेरे सपने कभी पूरे हो पाएँगे
या मेरी माँ की तरह सब अधूरे रह जाएँगे ॥
तूने हर लम्हा परिवार के लिए जिया है माँ,

दुख का हर घूँट, छुप के पिया है माँ,
परिवार के सुख के लिए अपनी हर इच्छा को मार
दिया,
खुद का जीवन देकर रस परिवार को सँवार दिया ॥
मैं बड़ी होकर खुद के लिए भी जीना चाहती हूँ
अपने हर सपने को धागों में सीना चाहती हूँ
बस मुझे हर पल तेरा साथ चाहिए माँ,
इन नन्हें हाथों में तेरा हाथ चाहिए माँ ॥
वादा कर तू कभी मुझे तन्हा नहीं छोड़ेगी माँ,
पराया होने के बाद भी मुझसे रिश्ता नहीं तोड़ेगी माँ,
तेरा साथ छूटा तो मैं मर जाऊँगी माँ,
तेरी ममता के एहसान से कभी नहीं उबर
पाऊँगी माँ ॥

शोफाली शर्मा, एम.एससी. सेम. III

नारी

(Prize Winning Entry-Original Poetry Writing Competition)

घूँट के पीछे आँसुओं का मोल कम ही जाता है
क्या यही कारण है कि यथाथ छुप जाता है ?

पर यथार्थ छुपता नहीं भाँप लिया जाता है
जब अन्य पर गुजरती है और आँखों से सिर्फ देखा जाता है ।
इतनी लालसा क्यों है ?

क्यों चाहते हो कि वो झोंक दे खुद को आपकी सेवा में ।
फिर भी आँसू ना आये एक भी खुबसूरत लगे और मुसकुराये सदा ।
जरा जरा उसकी छवी में नया बदलाव चाहते हो और वो ढालती रहे खुद को
आपकी जरूरत के मुताबिक आखिर क्या चाहते हो ?

उसकी खुशियाँ, उसके सपने, उसके इरादों, उसके जसबे रूद जाये सब
आपकी जूतियों तले ?
क्या चाजे हो ?

जरूरत है शायद आपकी सोच में भी बदलाव की
खुद को भी ढाल लो ना बदलाव की आँधी में,
सच्ची है ये कहानी नारी जीवन की
कड़वी है ये सच्चाई नारी जीवन की
अर्थाथ जरूरत है एक ऐसे समाज के निर्माण की जो आत्मअवलीकन द्वारा
निर्मित हो ।

शिवांगी नाथावत, बी.ए. (ऑनर्स) अंग्रेजी, सेम.III

ANONYMUS ENTITY

(Prize Winning Entry-Original Poetry Writing Competition)

Today again his flesh address my BURNS,
My face struck the wall but no doors were turned.

I drowned and pined in the shroud of shame,
My passions, my desires were burned and tamed

He goes, I sigh !
He Comes, I cry !

Fold that bed sheet, steady that fall,
Don't snake, Don't stir and DO NOT try to crawl.

Your weakness is his strength
Your cries his exlier of content

With beheaded soul and barren dignity
My prolonged pain and " ANONYMUS ENTITY "

Sanskriti Sharma, BA (Hons.) Eng. Sem -III

अत्याचार का वार

(Prize Winning Entry-Original Poetry Writing Competition)

तुझपे हुए कितने अत्याचार,
कितनो ने किया तुझ पर वार,
पर ना मान लेना तू हार,
क्योंकि तुझसे ही बना है यह संसार ।

माता, जननी, माँ का दर्जा दिया तुझे,
बेटी, बहन, पत्नी का अधिकार दिया तुझे,
फिर क्यों मेरा मन मुझसे पूछे,
तुझ पर हुए अत्याचारों के बारे में, यह सोचे ।

कभी दहेज कि आग में झुलसी है तू,
कभी तेजाब के दर्द में तड़पी है तू,
कभी हिया के भाव से हुआ तुझ पर वार,
तो कभी नष्ट किया जीवन तेरा, कर के बलात्कार ।

क्या यह अत्याचार थे कुछ कम,
जे दुनियावालो ने भी कर दिया तेरी आँखे नम,
जाने क्यों या उनको यह भ्रम,
कि तुझ पर नहीं हुआ है कोई सितम ।

कितनी बार काटे तूने अदालत के चक्कर
इंसाफ भी पाया तो आत्मविश्वास को खोकर,
सहानुभूति नहीं, किसी को भी तुझसे
फुसंत नहीं मिलती यहाँ किसिको भी खुदसे ।

देर न हो जाएँ कहीं बहुत ज्यादा,
करते है उससे पहले हम तुझसे वादा,
सुरक्षा होगी तेरी यहाँ पूरी,
नहीं रहेगी तेरी जिंदगी अधूरी ।

न मान लेना तू कभी हार,
हिम्मत न हारकर करना तू प्रहार
दुर्गा कि शक्ति तो हैं हि तुझमें,
विश्वास भी रखना तू हमेशा खुद में ।

तुझपे हुए कितने अत्याचार,
कितनो ने किया तुझ पर वार,
पर ना मान लेना तू हार,
क्योंकि तुझसे ही बना है यह संसार ।

छयानिका सहा, बी.कॉम. (ऑनर्स) सेम.I

(Prize Winning Entry-Original Poetry Writing Competition)



I was about 16 when I first saw him. My heart fettered but I wouldn't judge the feeling. After a long summer our eyes finally met. I was happy as the barren land after the rain when it gets wet. We had our rendezvous under the mango tree. Just like the mango our conversations were colourful & sweet. He said he will be former & I'll be his wife. At this age, I didn't understand what was wrong & what was right. Soon come autumn & the leaves started to fall. Hike the withering leaves I had a downfall. He said it's for love & inflicted the pain. He tore all my clothes & I felt so inane. Our community said I didn't deserve to live. Before my first rose I saw my first sword that was to end us & tear us apart. But they didn't know that I was already gone, to a place where angels belong. The mango tree stands there & I see it from heaven, filled with shades of green & blood. I still remember the place, I first learnt to love.

Nishta Chakravorty, B.Sc. (Hons.) Sem. III

(Prize Winning Entry
Original Poetry Writing Competition)

Still, I walk blind among aisles of boys,
Resigned to fate, deaf to the noise,
Unpiloted, stigmatized & made an outcast,
Till when will this sin of being a woman last?
I shall walk blind among aisles of boys,
An ideal woman, too, to be deaf to the noise
Society dictates that I be quiet,
Be tortured, yet take it in a way light.

I walk blind among aisles of boys.
Head uplifted against the tormenting noise,
Someday their eyes will open & I will see,
My heart will find solace & I shall be free.

**Megha Sharma
B.A.(Hons.) English Sem. I**

A THOUGHT

Whether a beggar or a billionaire, a priest or a celebrity, what stirs deep down everybody's heart is the never ending quest for something or somebody that can fill the voids inside them. This is the most contemplative question for which there is always a debate between the mind and the heart and each try to justify its own opinion. What keeps on ringing in the cognitive is the self directed question and that's where the luxuries alone fail to quench our thirst. Why is the heart always unstable and mind rattled with rambling thoughts? What are we striving for, ultimately, to achieve in our lives - Is it a love bound relationship, family tie, accumulation of wealth or gratification of the physical needs? What could be the answer?

This is where A Thought comes in picture.

Engulf deep into the depths of solitude, aloofness and then you will realize the reality, which is that something more that you need than you've achieved. Our mind works on its own liabilities and assets and heart is a storehouse of emotions that keep on cropping our needs one after the other. And between these never ending struggles of both, where is the end point? Why are the physical needs uncountable and why does status seem too far to be achieved; so on and so forth?

Perhaps the answer lies within; in the fact that we tend to detach one of our own - our SOUL. An amalgamation of every aspect is needed to be there. So, take a moment off your busy lives, peep inside and a sparkling truth will enlighten you. There and that lies one's most sacred self giving you the answers where materialism tends to go null and leave you baffled. There is no denying the fact that one needs to be attached to earthly comforts but self surpasses it all. Encompass this earthly beauty with your own inner one and you'll not have to be what you are not, which is one of the most scathing comments on the 21st century individual.

Leaving it up to the readers as open ended - give it a thought and, you never know, you might just read a thought of yours.

Shivani Arora, B.A. (Hons.) Sem.V

I CRAVE FOR THAT FREEDOM!!

I crave for that freedom
Where I can smell the purity of mind
The purity that is certain to last
And leave the worldly mess behind
I want the trees to speak to me
And tell me how beautiful the world has become
I want the angels to sing for the world
A world so enlightened
I want the universe to shine bright
Try and see this in the same light
O dear, shed your tears
Take courage and forget your fears!
If you all could spend a minute
To seek purity from thy lord
If you could just stop all the thinking
And believe in the world of God
Believing also means that
You pursue the right thing
And see every day
As a new beginning
Believing also means that
You check yourself everyday
And work hard, with a heart so pure
Things will then automatically make a way!
Believe, trust and stay shining
For the world is beautiful, for you
Fear not and praise the almighty, and
To thine own self be true!!

The inspiration behind this poem is Rabindranath Tagore's poem 'Heaven of Freedom' that instantaneously made me write this.. This poem aims to make the rational individuals go beyond the mad cry of the world and seek the salvation within in a world filled with hypocrisy and chaos. Crave for the freedom, Tagore thought of, fellas!

Aastha Mathur

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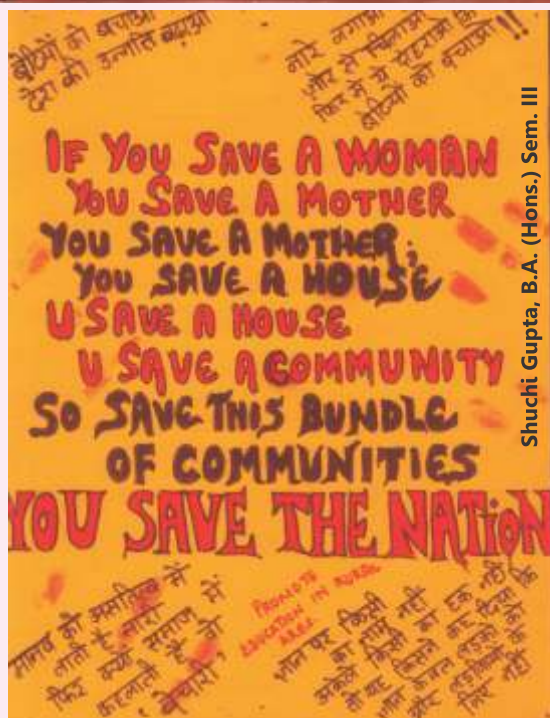
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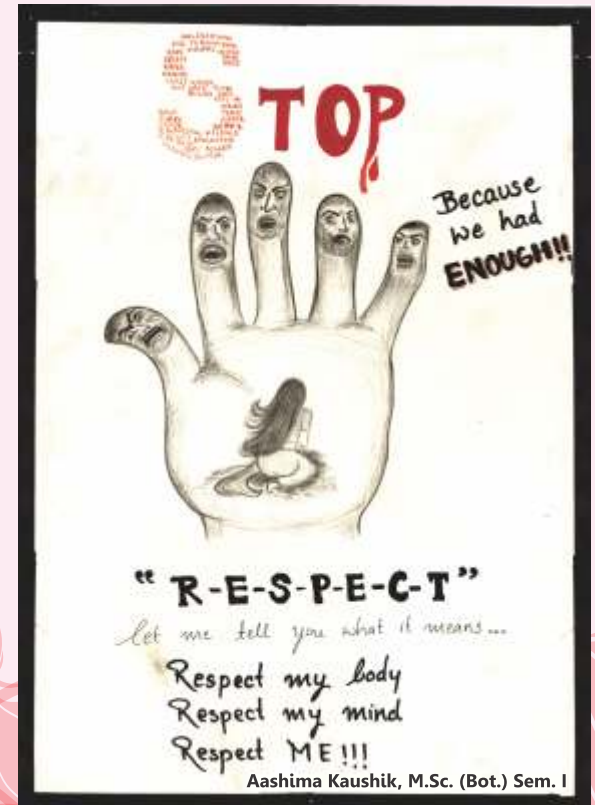
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Shuchi Gupta, B.A. (Hons.) Sem. III



Aashima Kaushik, M.Sc. (Bot.) Sem. I



OPEN LETTER TO A RAPIST

Dear Rapist,
So now that my limbs are moving fine, I thought I'd write you a letter. What with all the love in the air today, I thought I'd let you know that everyone might have forgotten this incident in their rush of buying a perfect valentines present as the most overhyped day for love fast approaches, but I never will.

I think I have finally stopped hurting. There's only so much physical injuries can do to one. I

hurt for a long time you know, well obviously you know, you're the one who inflicted all the pain - I'm sure you knew the suffering it'd cause. For days, everytime I walked or as much as moved, my body used to hate me for it. Breathing was too much of a task for every time I exhaled I could feel your breath on my skin, your weight against my body. I couldn't sleep at night, and even when a pill or two was popped in order to help me get there, I was haunted by what you did - you and your friends, were they?

As you pulled me into that mini-van of yours, I could see it all flash in front of me - my future for as long as you would now own me. I'd once read somewhere that when rape is inevitable, you should lay back and enjoy it. But I didn't recall that until your friends were done with me; which is why you had to use those blades. I remember the searing pain from where you burnt my skin and made me regret for ever having been born a girl. I couldn't fight much for there were too many of you. Keeping me pinned down must've been a piece of cake right? Did my screams satisfy your insatiable hunger for power? As your friend made way for the other one, I tried to claw my way out of it. Is that what the kick was for or was that just to teach me my place in society? I'm trying to get some answers you see.

It's kind of blurry now but I do remember the song that was playing in the background. I will never forget that tune, I think it'll stay with me till my grave. I noticed it first when one of you turned me over and tried to take me from behind, like an animal. That was my worst scream, wasn't it? Or were you too preoccupied to notice? That was when you stuffed my mouth with some cloth or well, you tried anyway. My screams didn't get any softer and you did finally have to turn me over. That must've stung right? Me being in control even if for the most insignificant fraction of a second?

I still remember candidly the sound my clothes made as you'd ripped them off. I remember how each of you felt inside of me with all of your manhood. I remember how it upset you for just a second that I was menstruating before you decided that didn't matter eitherway. It meant more pain for me you know so that's another score for you. But most of all I

remember the smirk you had on your face all the while and something more.. was it pride?

You waited till the end for your turn, saving me.. savouring the moment.. enjoying every minute of the torture you put me through. Were you proud of the hell on earth you designed for me? My silence in the end might have ruined that satisfaction right? Because this is when that old saying did kick in. As I took you in my mouth, did you see the submission in my eyes, did you recognize it for what it was?

So many questions and I'm still not done. The most pressing one is, how did you even get a hard on over my corpse of a body? I didn't move, I didn't so much as make a whimper as I swallowed every inch of you in me. Is that why you slapped me repeatedly? To get a reaction? You must have been disappointed. Score, me?

I wish you'd been raised better. I wish your mother had taught you a thing or two about respecting women so I wouldn't have to live my life in horror and shame anymore. I wish you hadn't destroyed my diminishing faith in humanity altogether. I wish I could shake the fear that has engulfed my very being now. I wish I didn't understand my real place in this world as a girl, which amounts to absolutely nothing. I wish when you looked at me, you saw more than just a sex toy that you lust for. I wish you knew I am a real person, with real feelings - there's more to me than just my body - a person who will never feel safe or whole again.

Once you'd taken me and done me in whatever manner you pleased, I was yours to discard faster than garbage. You dumped me in some field with my bare nothings and just as your friend was about to drive away, you rolled down the window and threw me a twenty. You sealed the deal, I was your whore.

The aches may have gradually disappeared but the scars remain. I'm wounded. That night lashes in bits and pieces in front of my eyes ever so often. Even as I'm sitting in a crowded room with a cup of coffee in my hand, nobody realizes as I phase out. As I watch a repeat of my nightmare with my eyes wide open. Nobody notices the difference in my laughter or the hint of a tear in my eye as I turn every corner. I don't cry on the outside anymore, for that would make you the winner in all of this but I do weep. Because in one night you might have potentially destroyed my life forever. But you know what you couldn't destroy? My soul.

And I know you'll remember my eyes like I remember yours. I pray to the God I don't believe in anymore that you treasure the precise moment in which you took the light from them eternally because I sure will. If we ever meet again, you might not recognize me for only my shadow walks in the hollow that is now me. But I will recognize you. Because as I said it, I remember your eyes - I've enshrined them in my memory and if I ever stumble upon them in this lifetime, I shall be the last one to look into those two horrible monsters that enable all your leching before I watch the life get knocked out of them. That, dear rapist I promise you.

Sincerely,

Your nameless victim.

Shirani Chaturvedi, B.Sc. (Hons.) Psy. Sem. III



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