



Think

A CREATIVE
MAGAZINE

ISSUE : 3

JUNE 2015

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.


Prepared by

Dr. Rimika Singhvi

Ms. Risha Kalra

Mr. Ritesh Mandawara

We would also like to acknowledge the contribution of Mr. Giriraj Sharma in the preparation of this magazine.



LIFE

Life's like a blue beach,
with no end and no beginning,

Its depth, deeper than the sea,
and shade, more raring than the water.

Its riskier than those sailing,
and happier than those surfing.

Its brighter than the laughing child,
but gloomy than those sitting aside.

Its sweeter than the salt
inside,
but stronger than the evening
tides.

Its calmer than the leaves that
afloat,
but faster than the speedy boats.

Its dearer than those oysters and pearls,
and cheaper than the bustling curls.

With love and passion very
essential,
Every life has so much potential.

Karnika Jhunjhunwala, B.Com(Hons.) Sem. II

It wasn't long when I met you first
My eyes met yours,
Was an instant click
A sudden outburst
I could make out that
It was nothing but Love
For a time or two, together we stayed
Embedding many little charms
A never ending perpetual play
We were companions in every way,
Yet when I thought,
I had time to spare with you aplenty
The incident, the accident
changed it all
Destiny played its game dirty
Yet again my hands
Free...vacant... empty...

Saloni Pareek, B.Com. Sem. IV

A SECOND CHANCE

Bored of the monotonous everyday life,
I wanted to soar high and jive,
Being a crippled, sorrow was the only thing I could find,
But I, I wanted to leave all the pain and suffering behind.

Going through the sweet memories of the past,
I remembered my childhood days,
When I wanted all the happiness to forever last.

Playing till I would drop dead in the park
And reaching home late in the dark.
I had no worries and everything went my way,
I wake up every morning to be greeted by the wonderful day.

Live Life Queen Size", bore my little heart as the motto
treasured in it are the old times, those golden photos.
Where every dream seemed like a reality,
Blabbering about almost anything all day long was my speciality.

Oh! What lovely old days they were,
Really had no worries, no tensions and no fears,

But now all that seems like a far away fairyland
With everything, this appeared in a host of snow and sand.
All those memories would keep on circling in my thoughts,
Slowly and gracefully, like a dancer performing Waltz.

Thrilled as I got up to dance
And to feel the music of my thoughts.
Ah! My leg hurts but alas! all memories those were, are lost.

Struggled I on & on & on
It seemed nothing would come back once it has gone.

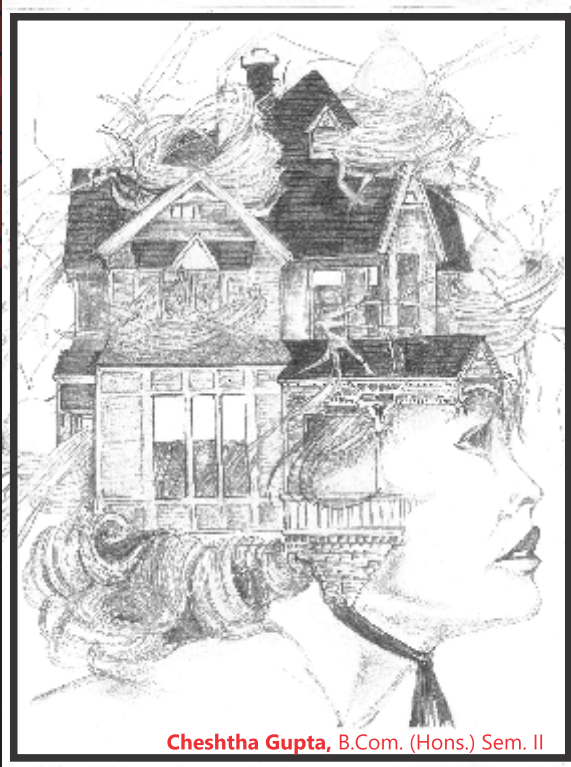
But, this is not the end of the world said I,
There is no need to suppress my dreams and cry,
Life gives everyone a second chance,
So get ready for yet another 'Unforgettable Dance'

Diksha Jain, B. Com (Hons.) Sem. II

BEAUTIFUL

You told me I was beautiful,
And it meant so much to me.
But when I looked into the mirror,
There was no beauty that I could see.
I asked you when you said that,
Why you lied to me?
You told me to view closer,
And take one look at the inside me!

Apoorva Chauhan, B.Com. Sem. IV



Cheshtha Gupta, B.Com. (Hons.) Sem. II



Anchal Jain, BVA Sem. II



Akshita Singhvi, BVA Sem. VIII



Ms. Kanupriya Rathore, Dept. of Visual Arts



Alpana Rai, BVA Sem. VIII



Deepa Sutradhar, B.Com. (Hons.) Sem. IV



Umang Makker, BVA Sem. IV



Mr. Heera Lal Kumhar, Dept. of Visual Arts



Akansha Chaurasia, BVA Sem. VIII



Pooja Rathore, BVA Sem. IV

Pooja Rathore
2015



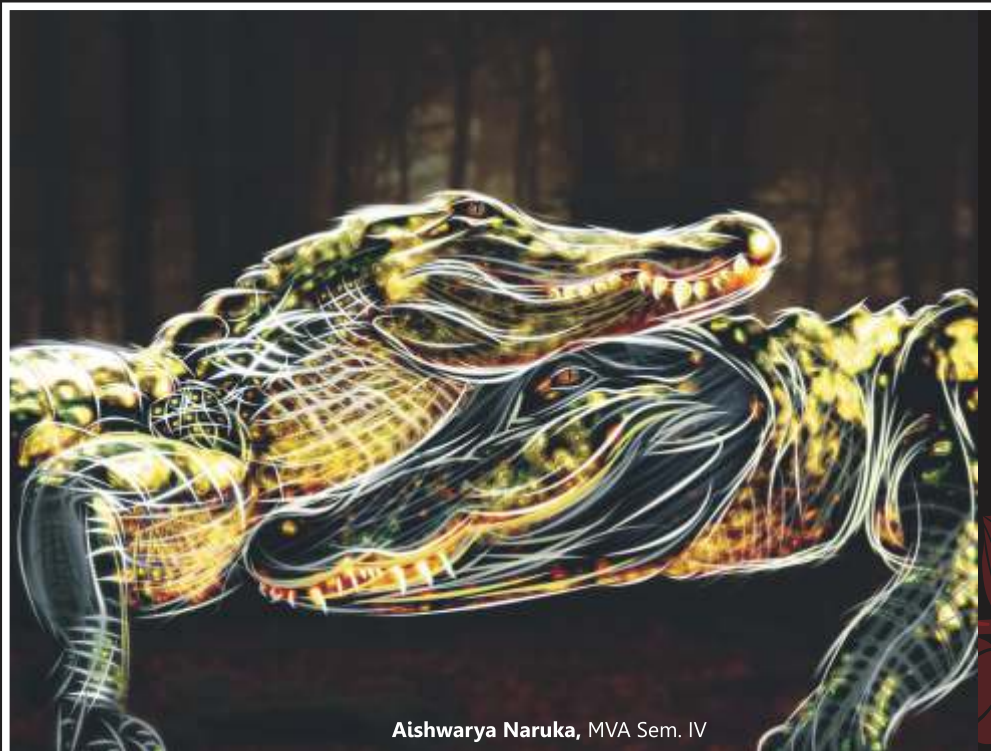
Jyoti Rathore, BVA Sem. IV



Harshita K. Rathore, BVA Sem, VIII



Keerti Sharma, BVA Sem. II



Aishwarya Naruka, MVA Sem. IV



Azra Arora, MVA Sem. II



Monika Sharma, BVA Sem. IV



Dr. Priyanka Mathur, Dept. of Zoology



Pragati Daga, BBA Sem. II



Ms. Nirupama Singh, Dept. of Visual Arts



Prachi Singhvi, BVA Sem. II



Preeti Rathore, BVA Sem. II



Priyanka Pritu, BVA Sem. VI



Mr. Shwet Goel, Dept. of Visual Arts



Ms. Sheetal Chitlangiya, Dept. of Visual Arts



Purnima Gabhrani, B.Sc. Sem. II

BROKEN

What was this sound
The sound of my silent please,
The sound of my quite sobs,
The sound of my heart – breaking,
Breaking into pieces.

My grounds are shaky,
I try to stand still,
I want time to slow down,
So I can stop this sand from slipping,

I want to stop this sand from slipping,
but the more tightly I grip it,
The more it slips.

The time I lost everything I had
that was the hour I wished nothing would
happen,
The minute that brought the gap,

The harsh words that were -
- knives to me.
The rude gestures,
that broke me.

Your crude replies cut
through my heart sending
cold chills.
Your curt replies hurt the most.

The awkward silence that
prevails between us is really haunting,
It fears me the most,
the silence terrifies me.

I sobbed my heart out,
but nobody was there to listen.
I clasped my hands
to just find thin air.

Now I'm totally alone
with a broken soul.
I feel like a part of me has been
taken away.

Aditi Dubey
B.Sc. (Hons.) Psycho. Sem. II

मेरे कदम ठिठक गए
अस्पताल के बरामदे में ...
चलते चलते, उस भरी भीड़ में भाग का
चलते ...
मेरे कदम ठिठक गए ...

एक सैलाब था आने जाने वालों का ...
कुछ तो बीमार ... कुछ उनके साथ ...
उनकी बिमारी ढोते हुए ...
मेरे कदम ठिठक गए ...

हर इंसान जिसके कदम पड़े ...
एक सूत्र में बंधते गए ...
तन-मन के रोग के धागे में ...
मेरे कदम ठिठक गए ...

न उम्र की सीमा है यहाँ ...
न धर्म न जाती का दायरा ...
सिर्फ खून-खाल का पीड़ित पुतला ..
मेरे कदम ठिठक गए ...

उस जनसमूह का कोई चहरा नहीं ...
एक रेला एक मेला सभी अनजान ...
कोई नहीं रुकता नहीं थमता
मेरे कदम ठिठक गए ...

I had the pleasure of viewing
The scene of rain outside my window.
The tree dripped water as if dancing
The leaves tickling, Sun ended its bows.
The farmers came together laughing
Kids ran hither and thither cheerful.
Seed showed sprouting,
And flower bloomed to its full.
Sky showed colours red, yellow, blue
The atmosphere had changed its hue.
I had the pleasure of viewing
The scene of rain outside my window.

Navnidhi Chugh,
B.A. (Hons.) Eng. Sem. VI

मेरे कदम ठिठक गए

पड़ी थी वो फर्श पर, अपना नहीं वहाँ ...
सूती लहंगा कोस रहा फटी एडियाँ ...
फँके हुए रुमाल की तरह उलझी सी ...
मेरे कदम ठिठक गए ...

उसका मुँह ढका था आँचल से ...
मैं झुकी की देखूँ चहरा, कुछ कहूँ ...
मेरे बढ़ते हाथ को झटक दिया ...
मेरे कदम ठिठक गए ...

मेरे बढ़ते हाथ को झटक दिया ...
पास बैठी एक अजनबी महिला ने ...
"रहने दो बाइसा, कुछ इज्जत रहने दो"
...
मेरे कदम ठिठक गए ...

एक छुपा हुआ चहरा ...
मानवता के क़त्ल में बंद आँखें ...
असहाय आदर्श, सिसकते अहसास ...
यही इज्जत है आज ?
मेरे कदम धीरे धीरे बड़ गए

Dr. Anita Hada Sangwan
Dept. of English

RENDEZVOUS

Il marchait
J'ai regardé
Les yeux se sont rencontrés
Sinistrer
Mon coeur pleurait
Je me suis brisé
C'était un rendez-vous
Terminé plus tôt pour nous
C'est la vie
Des Changements trop rapides!

Aastha Mathur
Diploma
French

I SEE YOU, MY DAUGHTER

(Published in *Veils, Halos and Shackles : International Poetry on the Abuse and Oppression of Women*, New York (USA))

I see you, my daughter,
Lying on the roadside, near the garbage heap,
Covered in your mother's blood,
Your barely formed head covered with sparse hair, wet.
Your eyes are clenched and your chin touches your barely moving chest.
Your fists, too, are clenched, your arms crossed upon your unformed breasts.
Your knees are drawn up tightly across your tiny covered in stomach,
The placenta torn and sneaking through them like a withered snake.
Your thin legs are crossed at the tiny delicate ankles, your pink toes
Speckled with blood . . . I see you, my daughter.

I see you, my daughter,
Lying on the roadside, near the garbage heap,
Covered in your own blood,
Your sticky mottled hair lying bedraggled across your bare shoulders.
Your eyes are clenched and your chin touches your barely moving chest.
Your fists, too, are clenched, your arms crossed upon your once beautiful breasts
Now speckled with burn marks.
Your knees are drawn up tightly across your curved stomach,
Your womanhood torn and dry like a withered snake.
Your long bare legs are crossed at the ankles, your red painted toes
Spattered with blood . . . I see you, my daughter.

A journey of a million smiles . . . a million blessings .
. . . so many tiny
Dancing steps . . . so many birthday gifts . . . a zillion
words . . . so many classes
And teachers . . . beautiful dreams . . . a journey of a
million tears . . .
From your mother's blood to your own . . . from
death to death . . .

I see you, my daughter.

Dr. Anita Hada Sangwan,
Dept. of English

FORTUNE FAVOURS THE BRAVE

A moment of braveness shuns your insecurities and you are ready to take that leap of faith, which will lead you to your ultimate destination.

Samantha Roberts – set in Brooklyn – honey blonde hair, heart shaped face and sapphire blue eyes, ferocious in her embellishments, encumbered a way out of her small town to the megacity – New York, to her university. Perturbed with the desire and pressure to prove to the people back home, her insides crumpled with the atrocious enigma of desirous vulnerability. She walked on the lamented floor in freshly bought pair of red loubittons; the clicking noise reverberated with her unparalleled thoughts. While trying to console her numb senses, she stepped into the classroom full of new faces and a stern looking Professor.

"Please take your seat" he ordered her as she moved halfway across the room.

A history student, derailed by the vast knowledge, she knew what the discussion was about. Roman Empire.

Her Heart constricted in panic, and she felt lost. Her eyes collided with the Professor; she knew she had to speak. Her mind altered, spanked by an elemental hope. Words plummeted out, strong and focused, loud and clear. She felt powerful in that moment.

Nandini Gupta, B.A. (Hons.) Eco. Sem. IV

UNLEASHED

Black clouds build up in the sky.
The setting sun is far from seen.
The cloudy wind bellows harder,
As the storm comes unforeseen.
Raindrops fall from up above,
Lightly at first, and then harder.
The splattering sound calls me,
The darkening sky enthalls me.
People around bring back memories.
People disappear into darkness.
The silence engulfs everything around,
And I dance intoxicated.
The pure drops, they cleanse my soul.
Wash away every grief, every sorrow.
The pure drops, they touch my soul,
They redeem me from thoughts untold.
The thunder sounds, the lightning strikes,
A spirit takes control.
The thunder roars and breaks the glass.
The thunder roars, the silence deepens.
Thoughts take control and thoughts fade away.
Walking in a trance, my mind drifts far away.
And then the spirit takes control, and
I dance intoxicated.

Anusha Mishra, BA (Hons.) Eco. Sem. IV

A WAR AGAINST MY DARKNESS

I rise up, in darkness.
I walk in darkness.
My soul is in darkness.
I sleep in darkness.
I dream of darkness.

Why do I see evil
In the way
People around me laugh and smile?
Why do I see evil
In the way
People do something good for me?

It is always a battle: Me versus me,
For the last nineteen years of my life.
They say,
Good triumphs over evil.
But no,
It's evil winning over good
In the battle against
My own self.

Kanwal Shergill
B.A. (Hons.) Eng. Sem. II

GOD'S EXISTENCE ON EARTH

She is made by the Almighty,
to spread the harmony.
She is special, she is precious,
and she is made with essence,
To represent his presence.

He took his own purity
And engulfed in her soul,
She is beautiful as aroma
And sweet as blossom.

She works all day long, Carefree of worth.
She never expects, only express.

She is always ready to give,
has infinite sacrifices,
but valued limited.

She understands her chap
before he feels himself. She took all the
pains, to usher a new existence.

She blind-cared her family,
She is a protector, And she is Incredible,
She is the MOTHER.

When we were kids,
she understood our babbles;
When why can't we understand
her silence now?

Honie Nair, B.A. (Hons.) Psycho. Sem. II

I loved this boy, I loved him so,
I can't believe he let me go.
He sat this girl upon his knee
and said he chose her instead of me.
My mum came home late that night,
she looked for me I was nowhere in sight.
She went to my room my room was all red,
all it took was one bullet to the head.
She dropped to her knees and picked me
up.
And my family came in to see what was up.
My brothers and sisters were crying
hardcore.
They found my letter lying on the floor.
On my letter it said dig a hole six
feet deep
and place two shot guns at my feet.
Tell my friends I did my best
and ask them if I've passed the
test.

Anushri Gupta, BBA Sem. VI

LAST LOVE

INSPIRATION

Weary I was, when entered the class,
panicky too, with your advance,
lots of images in my mind,
though soon realized, that You are kind.

How we all connect with your affection,
to us, You are the only perfection,
more than a preacher,
You are my teacher.

A day draws in sorrows;
in black betide furrows,
all my sweet memories vanishes,
as God may punish.

A Good one tells, explains, demonstrates,
but great inspires all state.

Sunanda Jadaun, M.A. Eng. Sem IV

GROWING UP

Life is easy
When you are young
When kisses heal boo boos
And lullabies are sung
It seemed that life could go on for years
As long as the night light was there to quiet our fears
Why does growing up have to be so hard?
I wonder when did world become bigger than
our own backyard.
There is no more recess to stop the stress of the
college day.
and no more falling stars that can take our
worries away.
Decisions are more complicated now that we
are grown.
Why can't we go back to when our life was our
own?



Pragya Chakraborty
BA (Hons.) Eng. Sem. IV

PAY ME SOME ATTENTION

Dear Reader,

What is it with us ? The first hint of a pain and we cower and run away. Weren't we built to be resilient ? To fight? For what is right. For what is ours. We give up too easy, yes, if I had to sum up all of mankind's problems in one sentence that would be it. "Nobody's perfect, and everyone is to blame."

When did we stop striving for perfection ? What was the day that the word content was introduced to the human dictionary ? And when was it that it started being propagated to be happy with the little, the few, the minuscule excuse for happiness ?

Because it was that day that the downfall of evolution began. The day we stopped standing up for, believing in and fighting for what we want. Really want. Not what we settle for. If we shoot for the stars, we should settle for nothing lesser. If you feel you're destined to become something, nothing else should cut it ever. A compromise is just that. You telling yourself since what you actually want is unattainable, it's time to settle for something lesser.

Don't just accept a husband because some lover once broke your heart. Don't accept a job because you were sexually harassed at your previous one. Don't marry into a family which demands dowry because you fear the next offer won't come.

Break free of your inhibitions. Motivate the child within you who thought they could achieve anything -the child who taught you to dream. Don't let the adult in you kill your aspirations. There is no such thing as a reality check. The only difference between your dreams and reality is the line you draw for yourself. The boundaries you cage yourself in. Whose to say we're not all birds just waiting to discover our wings and fly ?

All you need is belief. A faith in the inner monster that exists in all of us, the one which is hungry for more, the one whose thirst for perfection is insatiable. Awaken that strive within. Without living up to our potentials, we're wasting our time anyway.

Let's be the best we can be.

Because anything less than extraordinary should just not be acceptable.

Regards,

A striving perfectionist.

Shiromi Chaturvedi, B.Com. Sem. IV

THE WINDMILL

Its a windmill that I see
Moving along with the breeze
Withered and standing in the snow
Rain or in the summer glow
Alone it stands, seldom in company
Humming along with the sparrow's symphony
On a wild and fiery night
It protects with all its might
Long lost in the green fields
No one counts its good deeds
Yet there it stands always alone
Hoping for someone to open the door
and
let its spirit soar.

Tanisha Jain

B.Sc (H) Psycho. Sem VI

SOLITUDE

Beneath the shade of Mangifera I lie;
In the mean of the fence of delicate smell.
Time swiftly passes by.
A squirrel is engaged in applying its skill;
To crack the nut,
Soft breeze tenders my hair.
Innocence the world is in, but
It perceps, thy glory is fair
And bright, peace, no offence..
The solitude makes me follow
Mine heart towards the serenity of my senses,
My soul; that seemed hollow,
Is now gay!
All the sufferings did now hide.
I never can enough pay,
For the tranquility thine provide...

Priyanka Sharma

B.A. (Hons.) Eng. Sem. IV

THAT SOMEONE IS YOU

We all need someone
to talk to in our life
A friend to whom we run
In times of stress and strife

A friend who is always there
One we know will care
Who can take away our fear
Someone to count on
No matter what track life puts us on
A friend who is always there
Even when those leave who, are -
- Our near and dear,
A friend who is always there
To wipe our tears
And laughs at us when we fall
And this person is whom we call
The best friend of all.

But this expectation
Doesn't put us in a good situation
So it is better to be the kind of person
Who takes away other's tension
And chases away sadness
Wipes away tears
Has a bit of madness
And keeps spreading happiness
Be the kind of a friend
Whom you would like to have
- In the end!

Priyanka Phulwani, BBA Sem. II

IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

In the middle of nowhere, she stood there
all cold
Waiting for him to smile, waiting for him to
hold.
She stood there all night, cried a million
tears
Holding her breath, she stood trembling
with cold and fear.
He said that he'd come, he said that he'd
stay
She was all shattered as no one knew
it would end this way.
With silver tears in her eyes, she
remembered all that was past
Wanting those days to come back,
that did not last.
Trying hard to hold herself together with
her life at stake
She closed her eyes and thought of him;
one last time and of all the mistakes.
She smiled at the thought of him loving
her, with tears shining in her eyes
With pain in her heart, soul tearing apart
and the stabs of all lies.
But he was unaware, all happy and content
Didn't even read the last letter, the letter
she had sent.
Had he known, he might have come to
catch her before the fall
But she knew that he had ended it all.
She took one last step and plunged into
the raging sea
Leaving behind all happiness, like a flower
falling from a tree.

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

Never expected, never needed,
I am a girl, for me no one pleaded.
My cry is not even tears,
Being a girl, my heart fears.

When a baby, I was given things being used,
Never on my laugh had anyone felt amused.
My creativity was a waste of time,
Those words were precious, although lime.
Love was never poured into my glass,
When I stood first in the class!

Grew so fast, all my childhood in vain,
They wanted to see me married, tied this chain.
Rusty it became with the tears to abide,
No one heard me, my dreams died.
Did you ever ask me what I wished?
He got everything, nothing missed.

Now I am a wife, restricted to home chores,
Not let out, closed are all the doors,
All you want is, me to produce,
Kill my feelings, happiness reduce.
I can feel something beautiful inside me,
Don't know how to save it, to be sad or to be glee.

Is it a girl? Is it a boy?
Is its first, not more than a toy?
"They will kill me mumma"- cried my baby girl,
How to nurture her, save from the cruel world?

I want to give her all new things,
I want her to live all her dreams.
I want her to fight for every right,
In her presence everything will light.
She will lead the world to its place,
Strong and motivated with a motherly face.

He was being cared enough for being "He",
Now that she is not going to be me.
Can't your ears hear my cry?
It's the cry of the entire nation and not only MY!
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 friend won't acknowledge.

Sunita Vishnoi
B.Com. (Hons.) Sem. VI

THE CRY

If you are reading this thinking that it will enlighten you about nature, environment or animals, I suggest that you drop right this second.

LET'S TALK ABOUT THE BIRDS AND THE BEES

I am going to talk about a taboo subject that needs to be addressed, especially because of the times we live in. And before you judge me or my character, let me tell you that your judgment is of no importance compared to the need for what has to be said.

We are going to talk about SEX. Please note that this is neither a tutorial nor guide; but more of an over required piece of information to educate you – Dear Reader – about it.

Our whole life we have been told that any form of desire, especially sexual desire, is wrong. Showing our interest in a member of the opposite sex is wrong and what we feel stems from us being morally and socially incorrect. Why is it we cannot accept the fact that we are organic creatures and sex is a part of the trifecta that completes it? What is it about sex that it needs to be addressed only behind closed doors? Each of us want to be the best at what we do but none of us wants to accept one simple fact. We are base creatures. By suppressing these feelings we end up creating a lot of pent up frustration.

We each have wants and needs. Why can't we deal with these feelings in a proper and healthy manner? Why do we have to brush them off saying "It isn't proper, correct or right to talk about it?" Do you honestly believe that sex is only for reproductive use? Can it not be a way of becoming emotionally connected to a person? Isn't getting intimate a way of committing to a relationship?

Let's get our facts right. Children today have more means of finding about sex than maybe you and me. They have laptops, computers and smart phones to satisfy their curiosity. This curiosity can be used to find answers that may make them lose their "innocence" too soon. I am not asking you to unleash your sexual animal. All I ask is that you educate yourself. That definitely means that you don't try and explain sex to a 7 or 8 year old. Instead from a younger age teach a child the difference between a good touch and a bad touch, how never to go alone with any stranger or even known person in an empty room and to communicate openly with your parents.

A teenager should be able to confide to his/her parents about the confusion or even his/her feelings about the different changes he/she is going through, without any embarrassment or fear of judgment. For a child to be able to do this, he/she needs a stable, safe and accepting environment.

And that brings me to the crux of what I need to say. Communication is very, very important between a parent and child. A child should not have any fear in approaching his/her parents. Parents are not just the first point of contact for a child. They need to be a safe haven where a child can come to, especially during this transitory age. For one's who don't have this relationship with their parents, they confide in their friends who have almost the same amount of information and if, in case, the friend do know something it is half baked knowledge which isn't going to help them anyway.

Talking about sex to our elders or teachers may seem impossible but if we can build a rapport with someone other than our friends, it'd be better as they know more and would guide us appropriately. Yes it feels like we'd rather die of embarrassment than go and ask these questions but, fear not for nobody, and I do mean nobody, has reportedly died of embarrassment. They may have died of Syphilis, Gonorrhoea and Chlamydia which are Sexually Transmitted Diseases (STDs), but definitely not of embarrassment.

These STDs are only the few known ones. Did you know that we get it by exchange of bodily fluids? Do you know that you run the risk of contacting these diseases by having multiple partners? That these are curable but only to an extent? Being sexually active isn't a basis for being judged. Being ignorant and not accepting the facts is most definitely a reason to, hence, the need to know your contraceptives. Not all can stop the transfer of an STD. But what can be used should be used. After all safe sex is more important than "log kya kahenge?" Need more information on the use of these contraceptives, go visit a Gynecologist or better known as the "ladies doctor". She/he is there to help you, not judge you.

We can always choose another option. Abstinence. It means that you do not indulge in any sexual activity until you find the perfect guy or are waiting for your husband. Either way it is your choice. It is your body, your decisions. If you feel the person is right and more importantly you are ready and willing without being forced or coerced then you have every right to enjoy something that for so long only males have taken for granted. We don't need to be ignorant; we have the choice of not giving into social stigma.

Remember - Stay educated, empowered and always safe!

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



THE IIS UNIVERSITY

deemed to be a university under Section 3 of UGC Act, 1956

ICG Campus, SFS, Gurukul Marg, Mansarovar, Jaipur-302020

Ph : 0141-2400160, 2400161 • Fax : 0141-2395494

Email : icg@iisuniv.ac.in • Web: iisuniv.ac.in