



# ink

A CREATIVE  
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DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH LITERATURE & LANGUAGE



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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# *Thoughts, A Cage*

I feel sad,  
I feel ignored,  
I feel deranged sometimes,  
and  
I feel bad for what is not mine.

I feel sometimes as if the over thinker inside  
would make me jump off the cliff,  
but then,  
I tell my brain 'There are many beautiful  
experiences waiting for you so just skip'.

Skip this thought that is bothering you a lot,  
and my darling you gave the world to discover  
just wait and watch.

I wish this thought never comes in my mind,  
and if it does, I hope to not to get unbind.

**Aanchal Juneja**

B.A. (Hons.)-Psychology, Sem. I



# *The Extra and the Ordinary*

I'm in awe of nature for all the things that it has taught me effortlessly.

Each and every element here has settled into a place of its own which may or may not be a physical abode.

It is oddly satisfying to see all the forms of life carry out the very same chores through each day, a day that is so much similar to the ones that follow and yet is capable of changing their fate. There's a usual manner in which the sun comes up at every dawn and descends upon its way at every dusk. There's a different kind of warmth on all days and a different kind of hue that is formed by the palette of those rays, yet I haven't met a sunset that I didn't like.

Everytime I see the clouds peeping through the mountain peaks, I cannot take my eyes off them. I wonder how they take up different forms at all times and look so pristine in each one of them.

Thus, this is what I've learnt from the nature that there is beauty in the most common things. They sum up to make us feel like we belong to the same world, we're under the same sky and feel the same breeze that passes us by.

These are the constants that make us cope with the changes in a better way everyday. For the "usual" is not always boring and routine is the rule of nature. Why else would all things move to a reflexively same rhythm?

Life has never been about hating the uncertain pauses or chasing a constant speed. It is nothing but the perfect amalgamation of the "extra" and the "ordinary".

**Anushka Thapliyal**

PhD (Home Science) 2023-24

# What do they Sing ?

What do these trees sing  
On a bright windy night  
Do they sing of mellows  
Or do they sing of daisies  
Ever wondered what story they tell ?  
The story of springs that pass by  
The story of autumn that is yet to come  
A Story that travels miles before they reach  
Stories that tell of the old couple  
Songs that sing of the young love  
These calm winds ; these fresh winds  
These cool winds ; these scented winds  
Ever heard what do they sing ?  
What do they sing ?

**Garvita Das**

Ba(H) Psy (Sem I)



# Me

Is it just me?

Or have others been thinking of life too,

Is it just me? whose caught in a web of lies too;

Is it just me? whose scared of living and dying too,

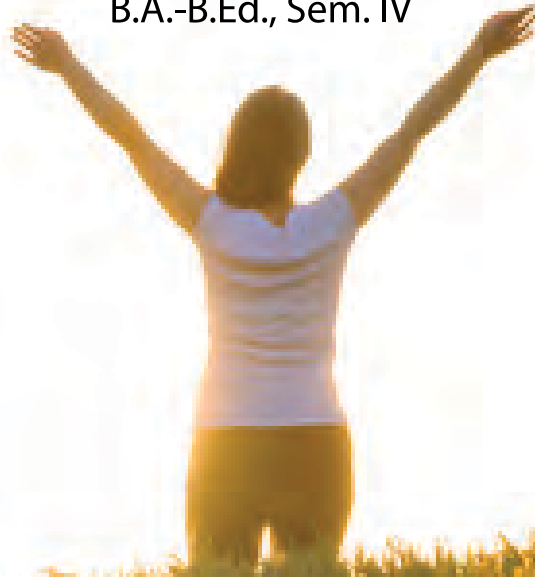
Is it just me? Whose not living but just loosing years too,

I know it isn't just me cause all of us are new learners of life too;

They say you only live once and I'm trying to live my life too.

**Harshita Satwani**

B.A.-B.Ed., Sem. IV

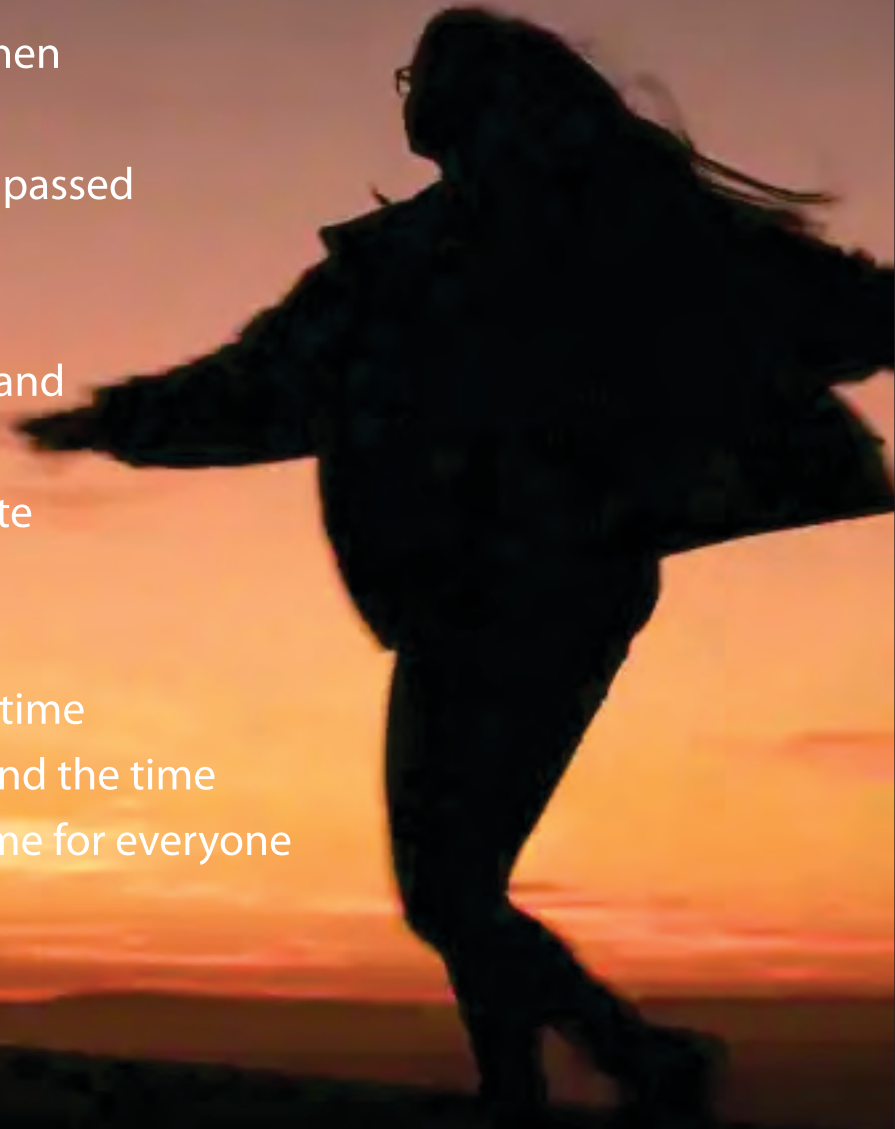


# Time

Many things are not  
Understood at the time, when  
They are understood  
It is only after the time has passed  
That people understand  
Be on time  
Those who do not understand  
Go ahead of time  
And are left behind . Despite  
Living together  
At the same time, some  
Some people are ahead of time  
And Some people are behind the time  
because the time is not same for everyone

**Kamakshi Srimal**

B.Com. (H.-Prof.) Sem. V



# दस्तूर-ए-इश्क के लम्हे

या खुदा! तेरे जहाँ में इतना ग़म क्यों है?  
हर नज़ारा तेरे नज़ारे से जुदा क्यों है?  
क्यों नही जता पाता अपनी मौजूदगी खुशियों में तू  
तेरी होने का नज़ारा दिलों में ग़म क्यों है?  
लफ़ज़-दर-लफ़ज़ तुझे चाहने वाले,  
इस जहाँ की भीड़ में अब कम क्यों है?  
गुमशुदा है ये जहाँ जाने किस अन्जुमन में  
खामोश है जुबाँ जाने किस रंज-ओ-ग़म में,  
तुझे चाहने की आरजू में है हर शक्स,  
पर तुझे पाने की तड़प दिलों में कम क्यों है?  
पीर पैगम्बरों से निकला हर वाक्या  
तेरे दिदार के लम्हों में अब खत्म क्यों है?  
चल आजा, एक बार फिर दिखा दे ज़माने को  
कि दस्तूरे-ए-इश्क में तूने सबको खज़ाने दिए हैं  
यूँ नही है कि तू हाज़िर नहीं हमें मिलने को  
ऐ बन्दे! अब मुझे मिलने को तेरे,  
दामन में लम्हें कम क्यों है?

**Lavleena Trivedi**

Assistant Professor, Department of Education



# Letter to the World...

This letter goes,  
Out to you,  
And everyone,  
Who's feeling blue:

'Have a wonderful day'  
We've all heard it before?  
Simply just words we say,  
Or is there meaning more?

Is it a day without stress  
2500 calories or less?  
A day bereft of rain,  
Without sorrow or pain?

Is that all  
Such a day can be?  
Or is there more,  
You yet don't see?

Doesn't a wonderful day mean:  
A day full of wonders?!

Wonders, that still exist.  
As for example, opening a fist,  
A fist that has been  
Clinched too long  
Or forgiving what others  
May have done wrong.

Wonders as friendship and love,  
As shooting stars from above.  
Wonders as coming home  
safely,  
Or defending a stranger so  
bravely.

Wonders you will receive...  
If only you believe!

And now that I told you  
What these "wonderfull's" say,  
I wish all my heart to  
You, a wonderful day!

**Nandini Agrawal**

BBA Sem. III



# Who am I

I am not a weak person; I am a sensitive one  
It takes time to let go; of things that I deserved  
Maybe it's not the time yet, to open up the feelings I reserved.  
It's hard to say what's right or wrong, what's meant for me and what's not.  
People say I am not in the right state, Are you? Let me ask you.  
I guess I am just not of your kind then. They say move on, is that easy?  
For you maybe because you don't know; what I have been through.  
It's just that the world we live in asks rhetorical questions.  
They know we don't have answers for them. They just want their own satisfaction.  
I will figure out soon enough; because  
I am not a weak person; I am a sensitive one.

**Natasha Dandotia**

B.Sc. Sem. III



# मृत्यु वरण न करो...

माना कि खुशी के बहाने नही, होंटों पे खुशी के तराने नहीं  
पर

इक किरण छुपी है रोशनी की कहीं आत्म मंथन तो करो,  
ये मानव जीवन मिला अमूल्य यूँ मृत्यु वरण न करो...

माना की गम के अंधेरे है, राह अकेली है, पर तू क्यों डरे हैं,  
इक अनंत प्रकाश मन के भीतर जागृत तो करो...

ये मानव जीवन मिला अमूल्य यूँ मृत्यु वरण न करो...  
कोई राह कोई रास्ता तो जीने का ज़रूर है,

ज़रा उनकी तरफ़ तो देख तू जिनकी आंखों का नूर हैं,  
खुशी ना दे पाए उन्हे तो बिलखने पे मजबूर न करो

ये मानव जीवन मिला अमूल्य यूँ मृत्यु वरण न करो...  
जितना भी मिला मिल बांट के जी ले,

सबने तुझे टुकराया, तो तू ही किसी का हो ले,

जान देने से अच्छा है, लोगो में जीवन प्रेरणा तो भरो,  
ये मानव जीवन मिला अमूल्य यूँ मृत्यु वरण न करो...

निराशा के बादल भी छटेंगे खुशियों के द्वार भी खुलेंगे,  
जब कुछ न समझ आए तो,

हे चेतन्य! ईश्वर के समक्ष खुद का समर्पण तो करो...

ये मानव जीवन मिला अमूल्य, यूँ मृत्यु वरण न करो...

**Dr. Neeru Jain**

Associate Professor



# The Aftermath

It was 7`O prompt  
when heard the catastrophe  
Yama had stompt  
on you. You are now free

I heard it yet can`t hear it  
I foresaw it yet can`t see it  
You being deceased  
Why am I being so naïve  
Is it that hard to believe  
Why does it feel like crime  
That I couldn't see you for the  
last time

I cried and cried  
I tied, I tried  
not to collied  
I lied, I denied  
the truth open wide  
I replied, I implied  
your time yet not arrived  
and cried, I cried

it's funny  
we curse the living  
and moan, once they die  
Never appreciated their presence  
And regret when their time comes by  
Never laughed with them  
Now shred tears, cry  
It is funny I know  
When death say hello  
We never embrace it yet we accept  
We never forgive it yet we forget  
The dying death  
I knew it was coming  
I knew your breaths were running  
As I grew elder, you grew old  
I unfold, you couldn't uphold

Now I am sitting  
in my regret  
the smile of yours hitting  
my head , the punishment I get

**Pallavi Choudhary**

B.Sc. (H) Multimedia & Animation Sem. III

# Is this the Life I used to Kick My Mother's Womb for?

She was born in a family which was always in need of money, no one has ever supported her in her decisions, all her life she was trying to fit in but never succeeded and now she is here, in the city of dreams, alone. Rose watched the hustle and bustle of the city with a hope that she will make it big here, she had come here with a mission of becoming successful and earning respect. She had worked day and night to get here but the journey was not easy. She had to face a lot of struggles and rejections but she never gave up. She was determined to make it and she did. Rose is now a successful lawyer who has her own firm, she is respected and admired by all. She looks at her life with pride and happiness but deep down inside she still has a fear that she might not be able to keep up, that one day she might fail. But she never lets her fears overpower her and she never stops believing in herself. She reminds herself of the struggles she had faced and the strength she had shown to get here. Rose looks in the mirror again and smiles, she knows that she has achieved what she wanted and she is proud of it. She knows that she has done something that her mother could never do and she is grateful for it. She whispers to herself, "Is this the life I used to kick my mother's womb for?" and with a smile she answers "Yes, it is."

**Ramneet Kaur**

BBA Sem. I

# Amygdala

Rishu was always a quiet, unassuming girl. Growing up, she had never known the comfort and love of a parent, having been abandoned by her mother when she was only two months old. Even more devastating was the murder of her father when she was only seven months old.

Rishu had no real family to rely on, and so she was adopted by her father's elder sister. But this new home was far from ideal; her adoptive parents were unsupportive, and Rishu was often subjected to emotional and physical abuse. This only exacerbated the trauma that she had been dealing with since her father's death.

Throughout her teenage years, she struggled with depression and had attempted suicide. Her nightmares had haunted her for 14 years, leaving her with a traumatic past.

Things got worse when she got into a horrible car accident which caused her shoulder injuries. This was the moment when she realized that she had to take control of her life and do something to make her life better.

She had a burning desire to take her father's revenge, but she was confused about what she should do. Should she give up on her dreams and focus on taking her revenge, or should she continue to pursue her dreams and forget about her past?

Rishu was still unsure what to do, but one thing she was certain about was that she would never give up on her dreams. No matter how hard life got, she would always keep that beautiful smile on her face and strive to be the best version of herself.

**Rasveen Kaur**

BBA Sem. I



# Trivial Tragedy

bear with me,  
i'm not quite there yet,  
still blowing warm breath on my triple coated  
fingernails,  
adjusting gears to shift lanes on the short-tempered  
road,  
trifling through the cassettes to run into the one  
that smells like sweet-toothed mint from back home,  
and almost is too simple a word  
to describe this impatient yearning of  
finding familiarity in this place that is not so kind.  
there is an emotion that is all-consuming lately, it has  
burrowed itself a tiny tunnel underneath  
the third layer of my skin  
and languishes there in pretentious ridicule,  
a constant reminder of the sentences that tripped on the  
tip of my tongue  
and took away with them the dreams they were  
sheltering,  
the camera reels I never hoarded  
if i ever forgot the look on your face when  
you were wheezing with stupid laughter,  
the things I thought I would be but which now  
merely exist as witless imaginations in a dust-  
abandoned corner  
and regret is too small a word  
to narrate this desperate, bittersweet reverie that has  
dropped a heavy anchor inside me  
of what could've been and what I didn't do, the streets  
are much too thronged to hear the final reverberating  
thud of

the monstrosity.  
and i'll forever be a force on the verge of not being a  
half-hearted tragedy,  
looking day after day  
to see if i've painted the dusk and dawn  
doing enough of something that encompasses me with  
the madness  
and sensibility of loved things,  
if i've felt the soft touch of humans and air and penguins  
existing here with me on this tiny lump of beautiful rock  
so insignificant in the vastness of space and time, so  
home to  
the only beings i will ever know and meet,  
if i've abandoned enough of myself to sit with other  
people's  
creations, peeked through the cloth a little at their souls  
and their magnificent unlikeness,  
and it isn't about not doing enough of everything every  
day,  
my fingers have spaces between them that need to be  
filled with another's.  
i'd arrive at the end of my existence knowing that i've  
belonged with something and someone, been so loved  
like the rain loves the earth - inevitably, and loved so in  
return that  
there was no space for anything else in the heart,  
our eyes have met and stayed and i have understood  
everything and been unmade,  
that i've been something other than a trivial tragedy for  
a while.

**Tanya Goyal**

Bsc (H) Zoology Sem. II

# Seize Novembre

Ici, je suis  
seule,  
contente, tranquille ;  
immergé,  
dans les études  
qui m'a manquée ;  
Or,  
il reste encore  
beaucoup d'effort ;  
c'est,  
quoi plus paisible  
tu sais ;  
fort,  
et vivant,  
jusqu'à la mort ;  
octobre ou novembre  
n'importe quoi,  
automne ou hiver  
n'importe quoi,  
je ne sais quoi,  
mais  
avec le temps  
avancez ;  
appel  
d'espoir,  
me rappelle ;  
que tu ne peux pas quitter  
ton chemin  
sinon  
qu'est-ce que tu vas faire demain ;  
allez,

donc, le soleil, la lune  
te disent  
de se profiter ;  
lendemain,  
Lève-toi  
et cache tout  
derrière toi ;  
penses-tu  
encore  
mon amie  
vois donc dehors ;  
le temps ,  
va vite  
bouge , toi  
te profite ;  
tes peurs  
ton sourire,  
garde-les  
pour courir ;  
car,  
tu ne peux pas mourir  
avant de mourir ;  
alors  
dégage,  
pourquoi ?  
encore ;  
souviens- toi  
'ici, je suis'  
comme  
tu l'as dit, dans le campus ICG

**Tripta Tewari**  
MA (French) Sem. IV



# A Ravelled Mystery

Is it pre-written,  
Threads that are  
Deeply woven,  
Is it what we own?  
Or a mystery  
That's unknown..

We never know the next fall  
But it knows it all.  
The path is already set,  
Though we don't  
Know what will happen next.

In our choices we shape our way  
It knows it all, where we stay  
Let's trust the journey  
And embrace every day.

An invisible strength  
That speeds up our pace  
To Excel and ace,  
Or to enter a phase  
That makes you feel reluctant  
With life seeming magnificent  
Yet ambivalent to chase.

Our life is a full fledged game  
Into which we being players  
Has to play a game  
Full of challenges insane.  
Destiny is its name  
Destiny is its name.....

**Vanshika Jain**  
B.Com. Sem. III





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