

प्रदक्षिणा

Finding Relevance

*Spilled Ink - Creative Writing Society
Dyal Singh College, University of Delhi*

Vol. 1 | Issue 1.

Spilled Ink

*It's impossible to be lonely
when you're zesting an orange.*

*Scrape the soft rind once
and the whole room
fills with fruit.*

*Look around: you have
more than enough.*

Always have.

*You just didn't notice
until now.*



—Abundance by Amy Schmidt

Spilled Ink

Spilled Ink

The Creative Writing Society
(रचनात्मक लेखन समिति)

since 2015



Dyal Singh College
(University of Delhi)
NAAC Accredited 'A' Grade



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MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL

“Spilled Ink is one such society that has come a long way since its establishment, and this magazine, involving the collective efforts of all its members, will stand as a testimony to the progress it has made.”

It gives me immense pleasure to write a few words as the prologue for the first-ever issue of प्रदक्षिणा: *Finding Relevance*, the Annual Magazine of Spilled Ink – The Creative Writing Society of Dyal Singh College. The saying goes, “A pen is mightier than the sword,” and Spilled Ink, since its establishment in 2015, has proven time and again its mettle through the various milestones it has covered so far.

A college is a place where young adults, who are the country's future, come together from all parts of the country to shape and train their minds for their future. It is in college where they are exposed to the real world and are allowed to make their own decisions and choices for the future. ECA societies under the guidance and supervision get a chance to be more independent in managing their events and activities.

Spilled Ink is one such society that has come a long way since its establishment, and this magazine, involving the collective efforts of all its members, will stand as a testimony to the progress it has made.

I want to extend my congratulations to Spilled Ink and its members for session 2021-22 for bringing out this magazine, and I hope all the readers will find this magazine highly engrossing and praiseworthy.

Wishing Spilled Ink the best for achieving enormous success and scaling new heights in the years to come.

V.K. Paliwal

Prof. V.K. Paliwal
Principal (Officiating)

MESSAGE FROM THE FACULTY IN-CHARGE

*“That is why to write, to
spill the ink not to
blacken someone's face
but to breathe life, in
these times is an act of
assertion, survival, and
hope.”*

'Spilled Ink', the creative writing society of Dyal Singh College, in these last three years, from what I understand, has been an attempt to stay afloat in the midst of chaos, uncertainties, and sufferings. This community of students primarily interested in individual expression provided a rooted space of collective belonging in the locked-in/locked-out pandemic-quarantined limbos.

As the faculty in charge of this society, I had to try and keep pace with my students in terms of their relentless initiative while engaging with an aloof arrangement in place. I learnt a lot while doing so and I thank my students for imparting this lesson in praxis.

In a society of declared and undeclared wars, where socio-political conditioning has elevated itself into stern censorship of not just expressions but often lives, we need to break new grounds to 'Breathe', 'Live', and 'Be'. 'No Lives Matter' unless you are the plutocrats of the majoritarian, religious fundamentalism in power around us. In fact, the minority - social, religious, political, ethnic/racial, sexual - and the majority - bahunjan, women, poor - of the 'other' kind are bled to death in the streets and our silences are bought by fear and violence.

That is why to write, to spill the ink not to blacken someone's face but to breathe life, in these times is an act of assertion, survival, and hope. 'Pradakshina: Finding Relevance' is such an attempt by all of us in the 'Spilled Ink'. Please read.

Prof. Sachin N.

Faculty In-charge

अध्यक्ष का संदेश



याल सिंह महाविद्यालय की, रचनात्मक लेखन समिति -
स्पिल्ड इंक, के अध्यक्ष के रूप में वार्षिक पत्रिका 'प्रदक्षिणा':

'Finding Relevance' के प्रथम प्रकाशन के लिए कुछ शब्द

लिखना मैं अपना सौभाग्य मानता हूँ। तीन वर्षों पूर्व जुड़ा, मेरा और इस समिति का संबंध वर्ष-प्रतिवर्ष अधिक गूढ़ ही हुआ है। इसी प्रकार स्पिल्ड इंक ने अनेक रचनाकारों को भावाभिव्यक्ति हेतु एक मंच तो दिया ही साथ-साथ उनके सामाजिक कौशल के उत्थान का प्रयास भी किया है। रचनात्मक लेखन में प्रवीण बनाने के साथ ही स्पिल्ड इंक ने अपने सदस्यों को कार्यक्षेत्र में उचित आचरण, आलोचना के प्रति सकारात्मकता, अनुशासन, समय प्रबंधन आदि जीवन मूल्यों से युक्त किया है। मनुष्य अपने मन की कुछ भावनाएँ समाज में व्यक्त करने में असहज होता है परंतु जब उसे ऐसे दर्शक, श्रोता तथा साथी मिलते हैं, जो उसके विचारों को सुनकर समझने का प्रयास करें तब वह अपनी कला के साथ उचित न्याय कर पाता है। इसी प्रकार स्पिल्ड इंक के सभी सदस्य परस्पर एक-दूसरे का उत्साह वर्धन करते हैं। विभिन्न विषयों पर वैचारिक मतभेद इनकी कलात्मक एकता को कभी लॉघ नहीं पाया। मनुष्य का दृष्टिकोण सदैव व्यापक होना चाहिए, तभी मनुष्य संपूर्ण ब्रह्माण्ड के ज्ञान को जान पाएगा, परिस्थितियों में विवेक का प्रयोग कर पाएगा तथा जीवन के औचित्य को समझ पाएगा। किसी भी विचार तथा भाव के सृजन के समय अनेकों स्थायी भाव, दृष्टिकोण, उदाहरण, प्रतीक, बिंब, केंद्र में उपस्थित विषय की प्रदक्षिणा करते हैं और उन्हीं के उपसंहार से रचनाकार तर्कसंगत तथा प्रासंगिक व्याख्यान प्रस्तुत कर पाता है। स्पिल्ड इंक की पत्रिका प्रदक्षिणा में सभी सदस्यों ने अपनी इच्छानुसार ऐसे ही विषयवस्तु की अभिव्यक्ति की है। निजी स्तर पर जब मैं गत तीन वर्षों की ओर दृष्टि डालता हूँ तो अपने व्यक्तित्व में बहुत से सकारात्मक परिवर्तन देखता हूँ। ज्ञान और विवेक, दोनों का ही सामंजस्य होना जीवन में अनिवार्य है, जिसका बहुत सा शिक्षण मुझे स्पिल्ड इंक से मिला। बहुत से अवसरों पर, मान और अपमान में पड़कर हम अपनी प्राथमिकताएँ भूल जाते हैं तथा भावावेश में आकर कदाचित अनुचित निर्णय ले लेते हैं। ऐसी परिस्थितियों में मिथ्या-अभिमान और स्वाभिमान के मध्य अंतर समझकर एक निष्कर्ष निकालना मैंने यहाँ से ही सीखा। अध्यक्ष होने के कारण सभी सदस्यों की कुशलता तथा उनकी प्रतिभा एवम् कला की प्रगति भी मेरा ही उत्तरदायित्व है और यही सदस्य विकट जटिलताओं के समय में मेरा संबल हैं तथा मेरे कभी पूर्णतः हतोत्साहित न होने का कारण भी। इन्हीं अनगिनत अमूल्य उपहार रूपी अनुभवों के कारण स्पिल्ड इंक का स्थान मेरे जीवन में सदैव अतुलनीय रहेगा तथा इस समिति का अध्यक्ष रहना सदा ही गौरवानवित स्मरण। मैं स्पिल्ड इंक तथा किसी भी माध्यम से, इससे जुड़े सभी लोगों की उन्नति की कामना करता हूँ।

Kshitiz
President

Message from the Vice President

I am grateful to be granted this opportunity to write this message for our magazine. It is a huge step and a dream come true, not only for the current members but our seniors as well.

प्रदक्षिणा: *Finding Relevance*, the name we gave to this cherished undertaking, represents all that we wanted to convey through the name – a new journey in the legacy that has been passed down to us and representing the multiplicity of creative writers who are a part of our society. Spilled Ink, for me, has always embodied a judgment-free space where all the writers express themselves through their words; it has been a platform for the celebration of the art we create and to honor the artists inside all of us. I hope that this spirit is aptly conveyed through this magazine and readers not only delve into the world of words we created in the magazine but also come closer to the artists within themselves.

The magazine involves some of the best creative pieces written by the members of Spilled Ink in the creative section which is carefully crafted by our graphic team to suit the tone and theme of each write-up, a time line of Spilled Ink from its establishment in 2015 to the present day featuring some major events along with special messages from some of our notable alumni, faculty in-charge and principal.

Working on this magazine along with my team has been a fulfilling and enriching experience, particularly because we hardly had interaction in the past two years when everything was in online mode so this magazine in a way brought us all together. Spilled Ink has been a part of my existence for the past three years for which I am highly indebted, it has been a journey of enormous growth and immense learning and I will be leaving a part of myself behind through this magazine, a token to remember me by. This magazine will always remind me of my Spilled Ink's journey, all the happy memories of my days here, and will be home to my creative self. It's an emotion when we say, "Hum Spilled Ink wale hain," and I think for me, this magazine is an embodiment of that emotion.

With that being said, I would like to thank all my teammates for their relentless hard work in making this magazine; this wouldn't have been possible without their constant efforts. To all our readers reading this, thank you for taking time out and picking out this magazine, out of the variety of choices out there, for reading. With this, I proudly present to you प्रदक्षिणा: *Finding Relevance*, and I hope you enjoy reading it.

Happy Reading!

anali

Vice President

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Spilled Ink turns 5!



I've been thinking of Forgiving You



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Failing Revisitations



Greek Mythology

Timeline

2015

Spilled Ink is a brainchild of our seniors whose foundation was laid back in 2015 who wanted a platform of expression for everyone. Spilled Ink was a group of various creative talents like writing, painting, and photography.

2017

Society grew in leaps and bounds within two years to evolve into a little community that hoped to celebrate the artistic chops of people who were passionate about creativity and art. The first ever edition of Alliteration - the Annual Fest of Spilled Ink was one such step in that direction.



2018

Spilled Ink evolved into a society which became a safe haven for creative writers and from then on Spilled Ink became a Creative Writing Society.



2019

Spilled Ink covered one more milestone. It got registered with the college, became a part of ECA societies which are fully funded by the ECA community.

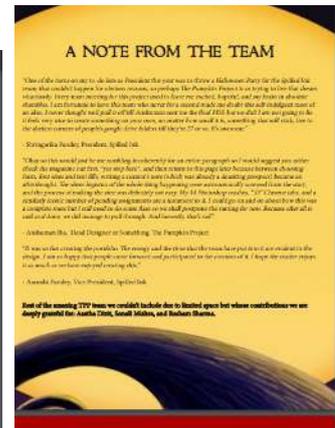
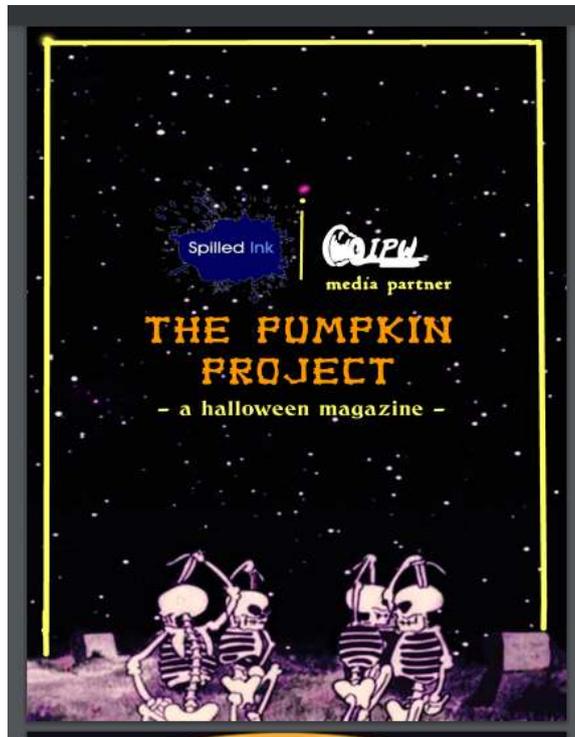
2020

Spilled Ink completed 5 years and the first ever Alumni Meet took place to celebrate its 5 year anniversary.



2020(contd.)

Due to COVID-19, a lot of things couldn't be worked out but even in the face of all the odds, Spilled Ink continued to function in online mode with the same zeal and one of the major achievements stands in the form of 'The Pumpkin Project' - The Halloween Magazine created by Spilled Ink.



2021

We created **प्रदक्षिणा: Finding Relevance**, the first issue of Spilled Ink's Annual Magazine to cherish, celebrate, and honour the artists inside all of us.

Find the reports of all the events and achievements of this academic session in the Reports Section (pg:13 - pg:24) of this magazine.

Alumnus speaks

The journey at Spilled Ink has been the most remarkable memory of college for me. As a writer, I've learnt a lot and met some very talented and creative people. I got the opportunity to get my poetry published and experience the literary fests that we used to organise and be a part of! Much love.



-Krati Agarwal

Hello people! Congratulations to all for being a part of this wonderful place which was once our home too.

Spilled Ink is not just a society for the few who laid the building blocks of it! It was why we loved college, it was why we reached college at 8 am and stayed back till 7 pm. Spilled Ink was the rhythm to our poetry, metaphor to our thoughts and music to our life. Trust me, it will be the best of times and the worst of times, but it will be worth it, when you look back. Cheers and all the best. Love you all ♥



-Navashree Nandini

Spilled Ink has shaped me into a better person. It gave me a chance to explore my hidden passion for writing. My time in Spilled Ink is till date the best experience of my life. I was the part of the founding team of the society and the first person to publish my write up on the blog. This society has given happiness which cannot be described into words and some amazing friends for life.



-Manaswita Sachdeva

Alumnus speaks

For me, one of the best things about my college life was Spilled Ink. It has contributed magnificently in making me a better poet and a better person. The society has given me memories which I'll cherish life long. It gives me immense joy when I see Spilled Ink growing beautifully today. With this magazine being released, I congratulate everyone who has been a part of this society and wish my juniors luck for taking Spilled Ink to greater heights.



-Prachi Chauhan



We started Spilled Ink for the love of word, so so glad that it still holds the same aim :)

-Devyani Srivastava

Spilled Ink has been a very special part of my college days. I joined the society in 2017 as a Hindi writer, and I have only seen me grow as an artist since then. I started writing in English, performing slams, going to competitions and so much more.

Those two years of being part of this society have been an absolute bliss. I met some of my closest friends in the society. I will always cherish the moments Spilled Ink gave me. Thank you for the wonderful memories.



-Qareena Nadeem

Alumnus speaks

If there was a space in college that liberated me to express myself fully and freely, it was Spilled Ink society. Spilling is often seen as mess but what if that mess is beautiful, genuine, intimate, honest and one of it's kind, isn't it what makes spilled ink so attractive? Spilled Ink society for me is the same that allows us to turn our mess into phenomenal abstraction of our being.



-Ashima Bhardwaj

First of all, it's great to see Spilled Ink grow so much in all these years. Congratulations to every member for the invaluable contribution towards its growth. I have been lucky to be associated with Spilled Ink right from the planning to start the society. I was very enthusiastic and supportive but always scared to contribute any write-up. I just thought I didn't have it in me. But as members of the society, we were all made to contribute atleast some write-up even though I primarily did sketches for the articles. Obviously, my fellow members and friends encouraged me. Well now in retrospection, I'm grateful for making that start because I'm doing screenwriting as a profession now! 😊



-Priyam Arun

Spilled Ink has always been an important part of my life. It gives me immense pleasure to know that Spilled Ink has grown so much through these years. All the best.

-Sandeep Kumar



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- Adarsh
- Khyati



Team Spilled Ink

(Session 2021-22)

Note from the members

Working in Spilled Ink has been a true delight for me. It has been one of the best experiences of my college life so far. It fascinates me how much the society has made me grow in the span of around just 6 months. The President and the Vice President have always inspired and encouraged me to push my limits. Words can't describe what joy it is to have gained the trust and love of such hardworking people. All other members supported me throughout as well. I'm truly grateful to be a part of our Spilled Ink family, and wish to serve it to the best of my capacity.

- Ayushi



Oh well, it's that time of the year again. SpilledInk, our beloved society, or shall I say our beloved people who make this society what it is, had a great run this year. From the goofing around during Fest preparations, to making everything work in the final moment, Spilled Ink has stood together as a family. Never once did I feel an alienation even after not being present for a large chunk of time due to covid, and the transition to offline had been amazing, to say the least. The senior members have really been blessed with such wonderful juniors who come forward to take responsibilities in all their capacities and most importantly help in creating a friendly environment. From the bottom of my heart, I wish the upcoming panel and the whole team of SpilledInk all the very best for their adventures ahead. Keep writing and keep shining!

- Vaibhav



Spilled Ink has always been more than just a creative writing society for me. Spilled Ink has been like that perfect warm and cozy spot on the balcony on a cold winter afternoon. Some days the sun was harsh, the winds too menacing, sometimes the sun wasn't there at all. But on almost all days, the sun was there with its soft and healing warmth flooding all parts of me. There's something very special about people coming together, being connected, and deciding that they will look out for each other. Spilled Ink was the first place where I felt this unspoken togetherness and love seeping all around me quietly. This is the most important thing that Spilled Ink gave me, and I will always keep it safe with me. This society has made me feel safe. Spilled Ink has been for me a place to be loved and to love, to love and to be loved. Now that it's time to go, I can't help but quote these few lines.

*To live in this world
you must be able
to do three things:
to love what is mortal;
to hold it against your bones
knowing your own life depends on it;
and, when the time comes to let it go,
to let it go.*

—Mary Oliver; *In Blackwater Woods*

I hope Spilled Ink continues to remain a safe space for everyone. Love and hugs <3

— Aastha

SPILLED INK'S FIVE YEARS REPORT

Spilled Ink conducted various events in the session of 2021 - 22 under the guidance and leadership of Kshtiz (President) and Sonali Mishra (Vice President). Read the detailed report of all the events given in chronological order to discover the inner workings and the work process of Spilled Ink. All the events involved participation from all the members of society working as a single unit and hence, the success of all the events is attributed to Team Spilled Ink.

Events conducted :

- मातृभाषी
- Audition 2.0
- WordPress Schedule on Greek Mythology
- Auditions
- Muse - A Prose-writing Workshop
- Serendipity - A Poetry Workshop
- Madrigal in collaboration with Dept. of English
- WordPress Schedule on Proverbs
- Alliteration 2022 - The Annual Fest of Spilled Ink

Read the detailed reports of all the events in further pages.

स्पिल्ड इंक
रचनात्मक लेखन समिति
दयाल सिंह महाविद्यालय

Spilled Ink

हिन्दी दिवस के उपलक्ष्य में प्रस्तुत करती है

मातृभाषी

कविता पाठ प्रतियोगिता

दिनांक: १४ सितम्बर, २०२१

रचनात्मक लेखन प्रतियोगिता

दिनांक : १२ सितम्बर, २०२१

विजेताओं के लिए विशेष उपहार
प्रतियोगियों के लिए प्रमाणपत्र अथवा विशेष डिजिटल उपहार

पंजीकरण का LINK BIO में है।

उपहारों के प्रायोजक



सहप्रायोजक



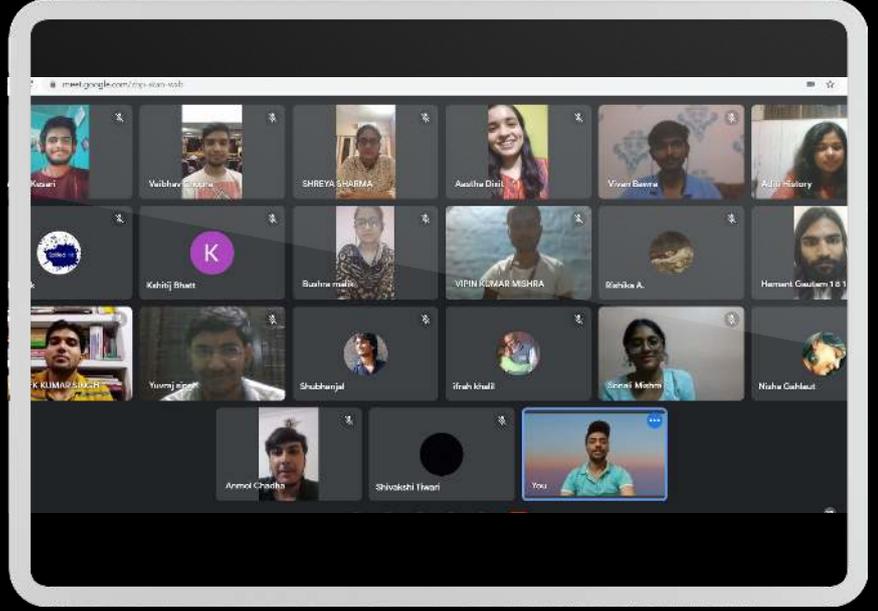
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Spilled Ink



निशंक केसरी

स्पिल्ड इंक के पूर्व सदस्य,
साफ्टवेयर इंजिनियर, लेखक,
कथावाचक



मातृभाषी

“हिंदी हिंद की बिंदी है”

हिंदी दिवस के शुभ अवसर पर दयाल सिंह महाविद्यालय में दिनांक १४-०९-२०२१, दिन मंगलवार को स्पिल्ड इंक, रचनात्मक लेखन समिति के बैनर तले मातृभाषी का सफल आयोजन हुआ। यह आयोजन पूर्णतः वर्चुअल था और गूगल मीट पर हुआ। इसके अंतर्गत समिति के द्वारा रचनात्मक लेखन एवं कविता पाठ प्रतियोगिताएं करवाई गईं। इस प्रतियोगिता की शोभा बढ़ाने के लिए हमारे बीच काफ़ी चर्चित निर्णायक मंडल था जिनमें हमारी प्यारी दीदी श्रेया शर्मा और हमारे प्यारे भैया निशंक केसरी मौजूद थे। हिन्दी भाषा के महत्व को देखते हुए कई सह प्रायोजक हमारे साथ जुड़े जिनमें 'कंपटीशन जनरेटर', 'डीयू असासिस', 'एसैबल', 'डीयू क्लब' आदि प्रमुख थे। उपहार के प्रायोजक 'एराज़ोन' तथा 'राइटफुली यौर्स' थे।

कविता पाठ में १०० से अधिक प्रतिभागियों ने पंजीकरण किया जिनमें 'अनुराग', 'अनुश्री' और 'विवान' पुरस्कृत हुए और 'युवराज' को सात्वना पुरस्कार मिला। रचनात्मक लेखन में १९४ प्रतिभागियों ने अपनी लेखनी गूगल फ़ॉर्म के माध्यम से समिति के पास भेजी, जिनमें 'श्रेयांश' और 'श्रेया' विजेता रहे एवम् 'अभिषेक', 'निशा' और 'नीता' का प्रदर्शन भी उत्कृष्ट रहा। कार्यक्रम को सफल बनाने में स्पिल्ड इंक के सभी सदस्यों की भूमिका अहम रही। धन्यवाद ज़ापन के रूप में समिति के अध्यक्ष क्षितिज़ ने सभी प्रतिभागियों, आयोजकों, निर्णायकों और दर्शकों को डिजिटल उपहार देने के साथ अपना बहुमूल्य समय समिति को देने के लिए स्वहृदय धन्यवाद किया। इसी के साथ कार्यक्रम के समाप्ति की घोषणा की गई।

AUDITIONS 2.0

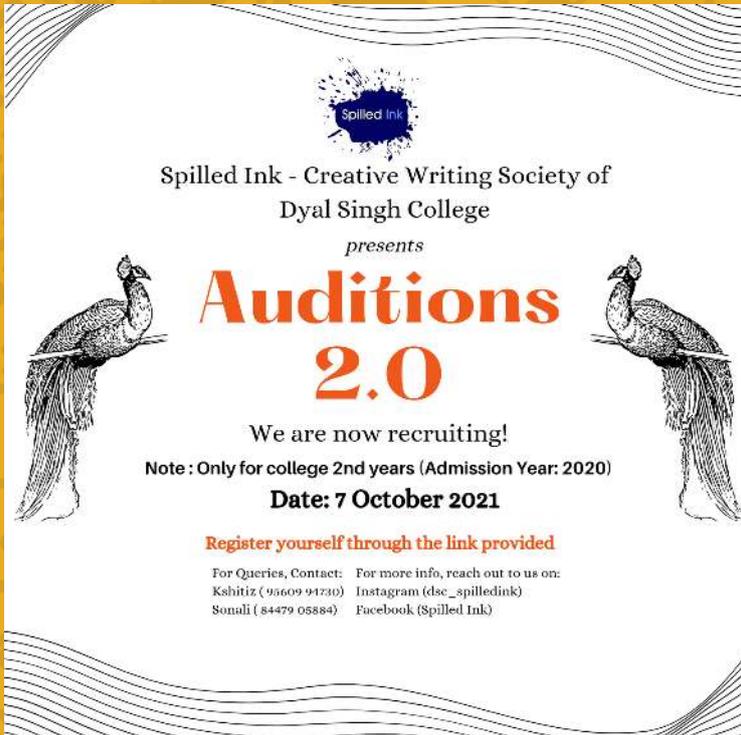
Dyal Singh College, University of Delhi

The second round of auditions, “AUDITIONS 2.0” was conducted by *Spilled Ink*, the Creative Writing Society of Dyal Singh College on 7th October 2021 for all the students in second year who had missed the chance earlier. The auditions were received with generous passion.

The event consisted of three rounds, the first two being prompt-based. As these were also elimination rounds, students who cleared them finally reached the Personal Interview round.

Students were mainly judged based on their previous submissions and how they could portray connection to the theme in question more than how they portrayed themselves.

The event was a success with a talented bunch of writers making it to Team Spilled Ink.



Spilled Ink - Creative Writing Society of
Dyal Singh College
presents
**Auditions
2.0**

We are now recruiting!
Note : Only for college 2nd years (Admission Year: 2020)
Date: 7 October 2021

Register yourself through the link provided

For Queries, Contact: For more info, reach out to us on:
Kshitiz (95609 94730) Instagram (dsc_spilledink)
Sonali (84479 05884) Facebook (Spilled Ink)



The Creative Writing Society of Dyal Singh College (M)
Spilled Ink
Invites you to the
Orientation

Time: 6:00 Pm
Date: 10th December '21
Platform: Google Meet

समय: सांय ६ बजे
दिनांक: १० दिसंबर '२१
माध्यम: गूगल मीट

Note: Orientation will be followed by first round of auditions.
Join the whatsapp group once you register yourself .
Last date to register: 9th December '21

For queries contact:
Kshitiz (President)-9560994730
Sonali (Vice President) - 8447905884
LINK IN BIO

ऑडिशन

स्पिल्ड इंक दयाल सिंह महाविद्यालय की रचनात्मक लेखन समिति ने वर्ष २०२१-२२ के लिए ऑडिशन १० दिसंबर से २४ दिसंबर २०२१ तक मुख्यतः चार चरणों में आयोजित हुआ-: प्रथम चरण , द्वितीय चरण और व्यक्तिगत साक्षात्कार के पश्चात परिवीक्षा में उत्तीर्ण होने वाले प्रत्याशी ही चयनित हुए। ऑडिशन दोनों भाषाओं हिन्दी तथा अंग्रेजी के लिए ऑनलाइन माध्यम में आयोजित किए गए। साक्षात्कार के निर्णायक समिति अध्यक्ष - क्षितिज तथा उपाध्यक्ष - सोनाली थे। सैकड़ों छात्र - छात्राओं ने पंजीकरण किया जिनमें से ५१ ने प्रथम तथा २१ ने द्वितीय पड़ाव पार किया जिसके पश्चात व्यक्तिगत साक्षात्कार से १८ विद्यार्थियों को समिति की सदस्यता प्राप्त हुई।



Spilled Ink Blog Posts on Greek Mythology

Read all the pieces by clicking the link in bio



यूनानी पौराणिक कथाएँ

दयाल सिंह महाविद्यालय की रचनात्मक लेखन समिति स्पिल्ड इंक ने सत्र २०२१ - २२ के लिए पहला वर्डप्रेस नवंबर - दिसंबर में आयोजित किया। जिस में समिति के सभी सदस्यों की लेखनी वर्डप्रेस

(<https://dscspilledink.wordpress.com>) पर प्रकाशित हुई। जिसका विषय यूनानी पौराणिक कथाएँ था और लिखने का माध्यम हिन्दी तथा अंग्रेज़ी था। लेख को किसी भी विधा में लिखने की स्वतंत्रता थी, इसमें ७ कविताएँ और ६ कहानियाँ/गद्य प्राप्त हुए। इसके माध्यम से सदस्यों को अपनी प्रतिभा पाठकों की एक बड़ी संख्या तक पहुँचाने का मौका मिला। जिसमें हिन्दी में ४ और आंग्लभाषा में ९ ब्लॉग प्रकाशित किए गए। प्रत्येक ब्लॉग के लिए एक उचित और आकर्षक छवि का चयन किया गया। इस प्रकार प्रत्येक सत्र की तरह इस बार का वर्डप्रेस संपन्न हुआ।

GREEK MYTHOLOGY

A WordPress event had been organised by *Spilled Ink* - Creative Writing Society, Dyal Singh College to showcase the magic their members could weave through words. It went on from 7 November 2021 to 16 December 2021. The event witnessed full participation from the members of the society, both as writers and editors, working under the theme of **Greek Mythology**. 4 Hindi and 9 English pieces had been published, comprising both prose and poetry. Famous Greek tragedies like 'Orpheus and Eurydice', 'The Tragedy of Medusa', 'Pandora's Box', 'Oedipus Rex' and several others were covered and illustrated in ways that left one amazed. The writings besides being published on the WordPress handle of the society were promoted on the Instagram and Facebook pages as well. The event was a success where the pieces received a lot of appreciation from the readers and critics alike.

MUSE

Spilled Ink, the Creative Writing Society of Dyal Singh College, was delighted to organise '**Muse**' on 15 January 2022. Centred around prose writing, the workshop was taken up by Antriksha Bhandari, former Vice President of Spilled Ink. The workshop began sharp at 3 o' clock in the afternoon, on Google Meet, when Antriksha was introduced to all the attendees by the current Vice President, Sonali Mishra, followed by a few words of appreciation by the President, Kshitiz. In the course of two hours, some highly useful tips on how to overcome writer's block were shared by Antriksha. Tried and tested methods of enhancing one's pieces to make them more crisp were also shared by her. The event was followed by half an hour of a Q&A session wherein an opportunity was given to all attendees to ask their doubts or discuss relevant topics with the workshop holder.



THE CREATIVE WRITING SOCIETY OF
DYAL SINGH COLLEGE (M) PRESENTS

"THE MUSE : A WRITING WORKSHOP"

A WORKSHOP ON PROSE WRITING

BY : ANTRIKSHA BHANDARI

January 15, 2022 | 3 PM onwards
Platform : Google meet

For queries, Contact:
Sonali (84479 05884)

It was a pleasure seeing students not only from the English department, but all departments of the College putting up intelligent questions and seeking guidance. All in all, it was a fun yet productive event, concluded with a vote of thanks by Sonali.



THE CREATIVE WRITING SOCIETY OF
DYAL SINGH COLLEGE (M) PRESENTS

"SERENDIPITY : A POETRY WORKSHOP"

A WORKSHOP ON POETRY WRITING

BY : AASTHA DIXIT

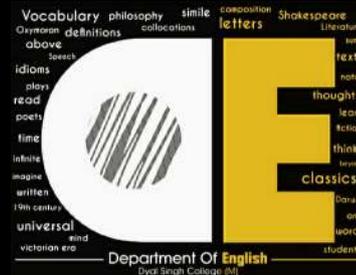
January 30, 2022 | 5 PM onwards
Platform : Coogole meet

Note : This workshop is only for
society members

The Creative Writing Society, *Spilled Ink* organised an exclusive workshop on poetry writing for the society members. Aastha Dixit, a senior member and one of the best poets in the society headed the workshop '**Serendipity**' which took place on 30 January, 2022 at 5 PM. The session was an engaging one and the participants put forward their write-ups on the prompts presented by Aastha. All the pieces were extremely beautiful while the members were overjoyed by the activity. She also introduced some classic pieces of poetries written by famous poets like Ellen Bass, Harryette Mullen and Rachel Glaser. Some of the reading recommendations given by her included *Yesterday I was the Moon*, *Ariel*, *The Veiled Suite*, and *The Waves*. At last, Aastha proffered a heart touching piece written by herself. The workshop generated waves of creativity and serendipity within each of the participants. It was overall a wholesome meet-up and a successful display of leadership by the experienced poet.

SERENDIPITY

MADRIGAL



On 18th and 19th of February, *Spilled Ink*, the Creative Writing Society of Dyal Singh College organized four events of **Madrigal** - the Annual Literary Festival of the Department of English in collaboration with the Creative Writing Society of Dyal Singh College.

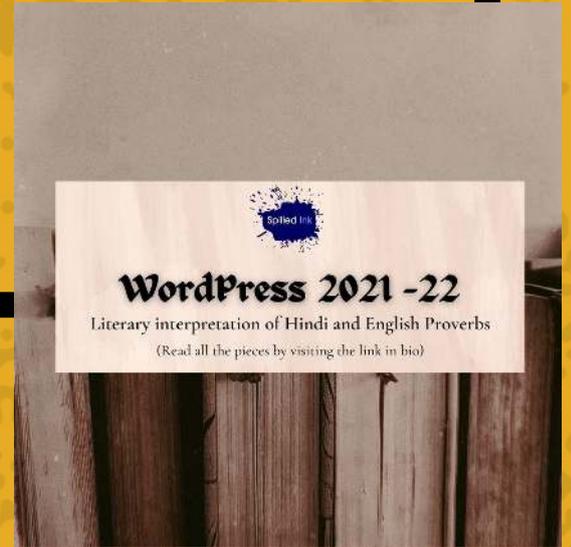
The four events were:

- *Slamuphoria* - the English Slam Poetry Competition
- *The Broken Nib* - the English Creative Writing Competition
- *Redact to Act* - the Blackout Poetry Competition
- *Cauchemardesque* - the Micro tale Writing Competition

The events were held in online mode and hundred participants showcased their talents of which one participant was announced the winner and one took the prize of the runner up. The winners were given cash prizes as well as exciting vouchers and coupons. Various professors of Dyal Singh College judged the different events. With sponsors such as *Writefully Yours* and *EatSure* and media partner *DU Buzz*, the event was successfully completed with the prize distribution ceremony on 19th of February.

स्पिल्ड इंक - दयाल सिंह महाविद्यालय की रचनात्मक लेखन समिति, के द्वारा सत्र २०२१ - २२ के लिए वर्डप्रेस का द्वितीय संस्करण आयोजित किया गया। इस संस्करण के विषय हिंदी एवं अंग्रेजी के मुहावरे थे। प्रथम संस्करण की भाँति ही सभी कृतियों का प्रकाशन समिति की आधिकारिक इंस्टाग्राम (<https://instagram.com/dsc-spilledink>) एवम् आधिकारिक वर्डप्रेस (<https://dscspilledink.wordpress.com>) पर की गई। इस सत्र का शुभारंभ पूर्व निर्धारित तिथि १७ फ़रवरी को एक अंग्रेजी के मुहावरे से किया गया। तत्पश्चात क्रमानुसार हिंदी - अंग्रेजी के भिन्न - भिन्न लोकप्रिय एवं प्रचलित मुहावरों को तिथिनुसार प्रकाशित किया गया। इस सत्र में १२ अंग्रेजी के मुहावरे और ०८ हिंदी के मुहावरे अर्थात् कुल २० मुहावरों पर समिति के लेखिकाओं एवं लेखकों द्वारा स्वरचित कृतियाँ प्रकाशित की गई। समिति के नए सदस्यों की रचनाओं में उन्हें उनके संपादकों का भरपूर सहयोग मिला। समिति के पूर्व सदस्यों एवं स्पिल्ड इंक के नियमित पाठकों के द्वारा सभी कृतियों को सराहा गया। १२ अप्रैल को इस सत्र की अंतिम कृति प्रकाशित की गई और इसी के साथ वर्डप्रेस का द्वितीय संस्करण सफलता पूर्ण समाप्त हुआ। धन्यवाद।

WordPress Schedule (Feb-April)



A WordPress Schedule was organized by Spilled Ink, the Creative Writing Society of Dyal Singh College (Morning) to remind its members of the talent they are blessed with, and just how beautiful playing with words can be. The event was scheduled from the 15th of February, 2022, to the 11th of April, 2022. The members of the society were asked to write a creative piece each, based on a given proverb. A total of 19 pieces - 11 in English, and 8 in Hindi - were published on our blog on WordPress. The same was also posted and promoted on the society's social media handles on Instagram (@dsc_spilledink) and Facebook. The event witnessed full participation from the members of the society, not just in the form of them being writers and editors, but we also had students working hard on illustrations, design, and algorithms.

English write-ups included literary interpretations of proverbs such as "There's no hand to catch time", "One can't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds", and "All that's said in the kitchen should be told in the hall". Some of the Hindi proverbs included "गंगा गए गंगाराम, जमुना गए जमुनादास", and "काम को काम सिखाता है". The writings were confined not just to prose but were craftily carved into poetry as well. We can proudly say that all our writers outdid themselves, and it was amazing how plentiful readers showered their appreciation for the stories and poems, be it by commenting wholesomely on our social media pages or texting us personally, which we are much grateful for. Overall, the event was a celebrated success.

Alliteration '22

(The Annual Fest of Spilled Ink - Creative Writing Society of Dyal Singh College)



'Alliteration', the Annual Fest of Spilled Ink, the Creative Writing Society of Dyal Singh College, was organised on 23rd April 2022 in the auditorium and the seminar hall of Dyal Singh College. The fest was sponsored by Du.today, Jain Shikanji, Nutriorg and Fuschia.

10 a.m. marked the beginning of the fest when all the participants and spectators gathered in the auditorium and the judges, Mr Anubhav Tekwani, Dr Yamini, Dr Bharat Kumar, Ms Chhavi Chaudhary, Dr Shivranjani Singh, Ms Kriti Marjara and Dr Prem Tiwari, were addressed by our Vice President, Sonali Mishra, followed by a word of thanks from our President, Kshitiz.



The events were as follows:

- Slamsters 6.0 – the English Slam Poetry Competition
- लफ़्ज़-ए-महफ़िल – हिन्दी कविता पाठ प्रतियोगिता
- Quote the Outh – the English Creative Writing Competition
- मनोभाव - हिन्दी रचनात्मक लेखन प्रतियोगिता
- लेख- essence - The Bilingual Creative Writing Competition



The registrations for the fest began on 20th April 2022 and a good amount of responses were received till the last day, which was 22nd April 2022. 97 registrations were received for Lafz-e-Mehfil (Hindi slam poetry competition), 56 were received for Slamsters 6.0 (English slam poetry competition), 76 for Manobhav (Hindi creative writing competition), 43 registrations were received for Quote the Quoth (English creative writing competition) and 55 for Lekh-essence, (out of which 29 were for Hindi writing and 26 were for English writing). Candidates were also shortlisted for Lafz-e-Mehfil and Slamsters 6.0. For both the competitions, 15 candidates were shortlisted.

The judges for the event were as follows:

- English Slam Poetry- Dr Yamini and Mr Anubhav Tekwani
- Hindi Slam Poetry - Dr Bharat Kumar and Ms Chhavi Chaudhary
- English Creative Writing - Dr Shivranjani Singh and Ms Kriti Marjara
- Hindi Creative Writing - Dr Prem Tiwari

Great talent was showcased by many blossoming poets and writers in the following hours.

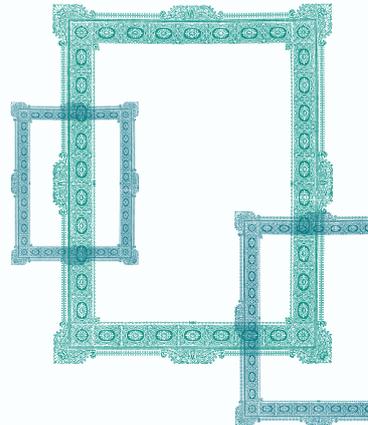
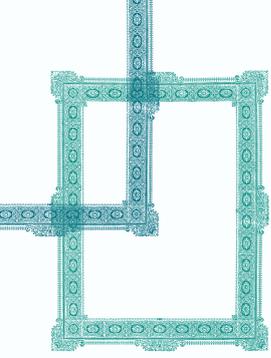
The winners were announced on the basis of rhythm, fluency and adhering to the time limit for the slam poetry; and flow of writing, content, and usage of prompts for the creative writing competition. Then the distribution of prizes brought the event to an end with one participant announced as the winner, while the runner up was acclaimed by another.

Winners and runner-ups for the events were as follows:

- English Slam Poetry - Priyanshu Modi and Swati Datta
- Hindi Slam Poetry - Alok Suman and Rajendra Patel
- English Creative Writing - Nitishika Pandey and Abhipsa Priyadarsani
- Hindi Creative Writing - Akshay Bhusan and Kirti Mishra







List of Achievements

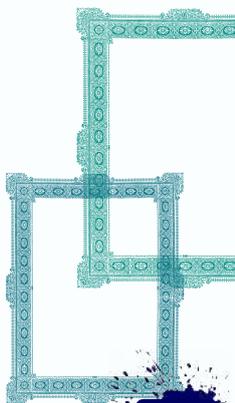
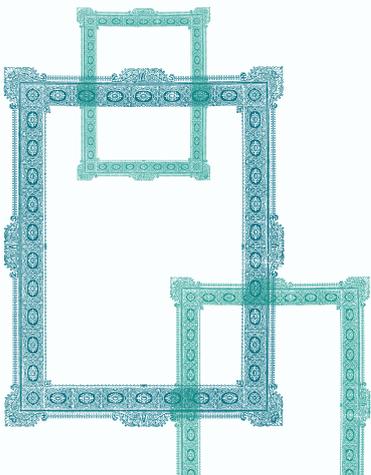
Session (2021-2022)

AASTHA DIXIT

- Zenith—Poetry writing competition by PLC Cornelia (Lady Shri Ram College) - First Position
- Slam poetry competition by Maharaja Agrasen Institute of Technology - First Position
- Aarunya 6.0, cultural fest by IIM Amritsar, slam poetry competition 'Alfaaz' - 3rd Position
- We hear You'—A Slam poetry competition by Motilal Nehru College - 2nd Position
- Poiesis—Slam poetry competition by PGDAV College - 2nd Position

MUBASHSHARA

- Alfaaz by Aaghaz: Creative Writing Society of NSUT - 2nd Position
- Parwaaz by Kanoria PG Mahavidyalaya - Special Mention
- Dil Se Dil Tak by Kavach: The Helping Soul - First Position





C REATIVE SUBMISSIONS SECTION

Sometimes,
I converse with
myself. I often
do prattle but
sometimes –
which is when
I converse
with myself–
I make good
sense. And on
one such very
good day, I made
perfect sense.
But now I
wonder if
saying all this
makes any sense.



WONDER

It so happened
that I sat looking beautiful by the window, gazing at the moon.
I hadn't really seen my face but I knew I looked beautiful
because I felt beautiful. Oh how they say, "Beauty lies in the
eyes of the beholder." But I wonder if beauty has got anything
to do with eyes, at all. Isn't it always about how we feel on the
inside?

One thought after another kept coming to my mind and with
every successive thought, I was delving deeper into the
cognizance of being alive. "What if it's all just a dream? A
stupid, surreal instance of imagination?" Then I pinched myself
hard and came back to my senses. But I low-key still wonder if
being nonsensical holds the real sense. Don't all our 'dreams'
and 'fantasies' give us the most happiness?

Oh but why am I telling you all this? Perhaps I, in all my
wonder, forgot who I'm even talking to. I told you I don't make
sense often, didn't I? But I wonder if you're that someone who
wonders if I wonder the same way that you wonder. Wouldn't
that be interesting? I wonder if you'd like to meet me
sometime and together we both could wander for miles and
hours, without others wondering what we're wondering
about...

I wonder if suddenly you'd tell me your life story... for if you
will, I'll have to wonder what my response shall be, for I often
find it hard to understand or predict myself.

I do not know whether I would stay silent in your distress,
waiting to simply wipe your tears or would go into that deep
state, unleashing my philosophical side, and speak at length, of
things I effortlessly preach but find it annoyingly hard to
practice myself.

But both ways, I'd beseech you to forgive yourself, because you are not what your experiences may have been.

Either by speaking out loud or through telepathy, I'd tell you, for I must tell you :

"Close your eyes.

Smile through your heart.

Dance in the middle of the street.

Walk in the rain.

And weep to your heart's pleasure, for it is only then that you can truly smile."

I don't know if I would join in, or prefer to look at you from a distance. But if I'm wondering correctly, these things would comfort your hurt soul. Then you would smile, making me grin too. Oh how wonderful it is to ease another's pain.

In that very moment, we would look like two galaxies colliding together—destructive but bringing about a new beginning, all at the same time. Sharing a profound experience, knowledge would pour from our hearts.

Together we would devise a doctrine, advising the world to take time out for the mundane things around, to observe them and wonder... for the 'mundane' was once 'wonderful' too.

Shining far away from the window, the moon smiled seeing me wonder about the improbability of these things. And I smiled back as well, knowing it was impossible for 'it'—a poor, inanimate thing—to know the bliss of being able to wonder. I agree it can be a curse too, but more than that, it is surely a blessing.

Just then, the wind came storming into my room and the book in my hand fell to the ground. I gently picked it back up, re-opening the page I was on . It read:

"All of us have wonders hidden in our breasts, only needing circumstances to evoke them." – Charles Dickens

And smiling coyly at his handsome photograph on the cover, I closed the book and put myself to bed for a good night's sleep.

But up till this day I wonder, if I've only ever wondered in vain...

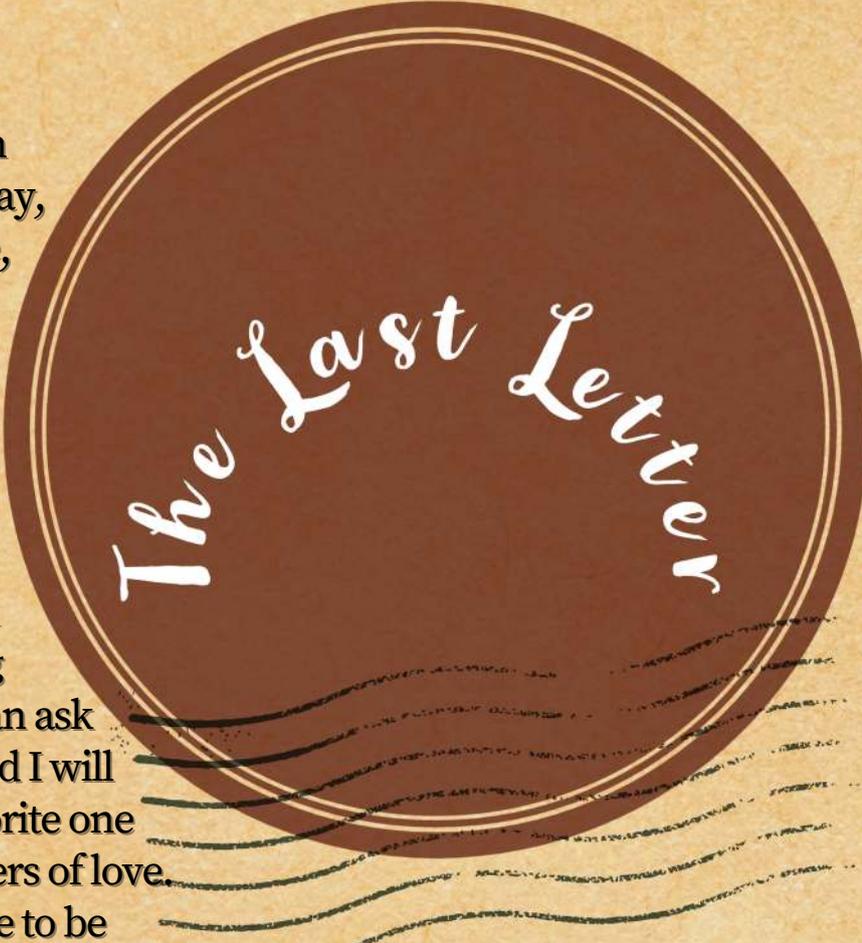
And I wonder if any of this sounds appealing to you...

~ *Ayushi Shukla*

Dear Yelda

This is one of the eleven letters I am writing to you, just in case if someday, I die or wither away from this place, you will still have an essence of me and you will still remember something about me. No amount of trouble could take our love for each other away from us. I have always thought that at the end of the day, we all want to love and feel loved— something sour, something sweet, and something plain. You can ask me for that blue hoodie of mine and I will still give it to you even if it's my favorite one if that's how we define the perimeters of love.

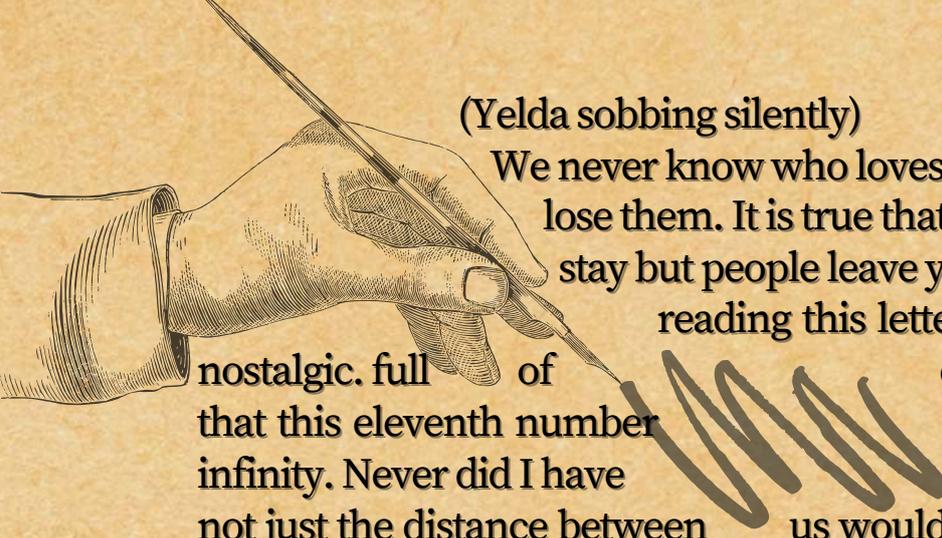
I have always deemed the universe to be tough to me, but sometimes when I feel the soft touch of your cheek against mine, I pity myself. I pity the fact that I am hard on myself while you give me everything in excess to keep this bond going on. I have always hurt a lot of people and it echoes in my mind every minute of my life. That would be the other part of the story, every time I see those pink candies under the glow of the red street lights, I remember how you would always ask me to buy them for you when we were in Kashmir. Now you are not with me, you are way more distant from me, I can not ask you to come out the next moment and meet me in the next lane of my neighborhood anymore. In the busy bazaar of Lajpat Nagar and Sarojni Nagar, I see long and variant earrings dangling from the on to every hawker here and I remember how you looked at them with a childlike eagerness, and you wouldn't stop asking me for those until I bought them for you, but I never bought them for you, I don't know why, but now I miss you and I miss the feeling of life with you. I will get what I am owed, what I deserve, what I am worthy of. No matter what the price is—cold hands, years of depression, a numbing sensation from disappointing relationships. Life will teach me lessons one way or other. These aren't just meaningless letters, this isn't just a poem about how I missed you and how I could really use your presence. I think it's always good to take things out, to let everything flow. After this my heart is as naked as it was when I was born.



The Last Letter

(Yelda sobbing silently)

We never know who loves us until the moment we lose them. It is true that feelings and emotions stay but people leave you one way or another,



nostalgic. full of emotions. Little did I know that this eleventh number would be the final of our infinity. Never did I have even the slightest idea that not just the distance between us would be realistic but emotional as well. I was cleaning my bookshelf today and I found this letter hidden inside 'Honour' by Elif Shafak. I always told you that it's my favorite book, but you would always tell me that these books are no fun. What do reading novels and that too these novels have to do with political science? I would always say, I read them because I like to read them. It has been months since we last spoke, since we last had a conversation since we last shared emotions. I promised myself not to think about you, but as you always said, when you would have withered away, I would have your essence there with me. First, it was peaceful, now it is traumatic, now it gives me anxiety, now it again makes me think of all the things that happened between us and how did we end up. Now I have started believing in the death of emotions, I have turned like you—I have deemed the universe to be tough on me. I have moved on, I have lived life, I am living but the world with you, the life with you, the peace of the nights I spent with you, was more like a lifetime of beauty. It really is a cold night, but writing this has added some level of warmth to my mind which was the first thing that you taught me to be as a human being, to start with myself and never look back.

I wish I never find your presence again in my life, I wish I never get attached to any soul which is supposed to shatter me into a thousand pieces. I wish to never find your letter hidden in the pockets of my unwashed jeans, inside my wardrobe, between the pages of my novels. Love has always haunted me, and it will till the end of my life.



~ *Ifrah Khalil*

The Colours of Love

Love is essential to fully see the colours of life.

My mom saw the colours when she was 17 when she fell in love with my dad. I've heard the story about a million times now. They met in high school. Their mutual feelings of attraction were confirmed when my dad decided to ask my mom to be his prom date.

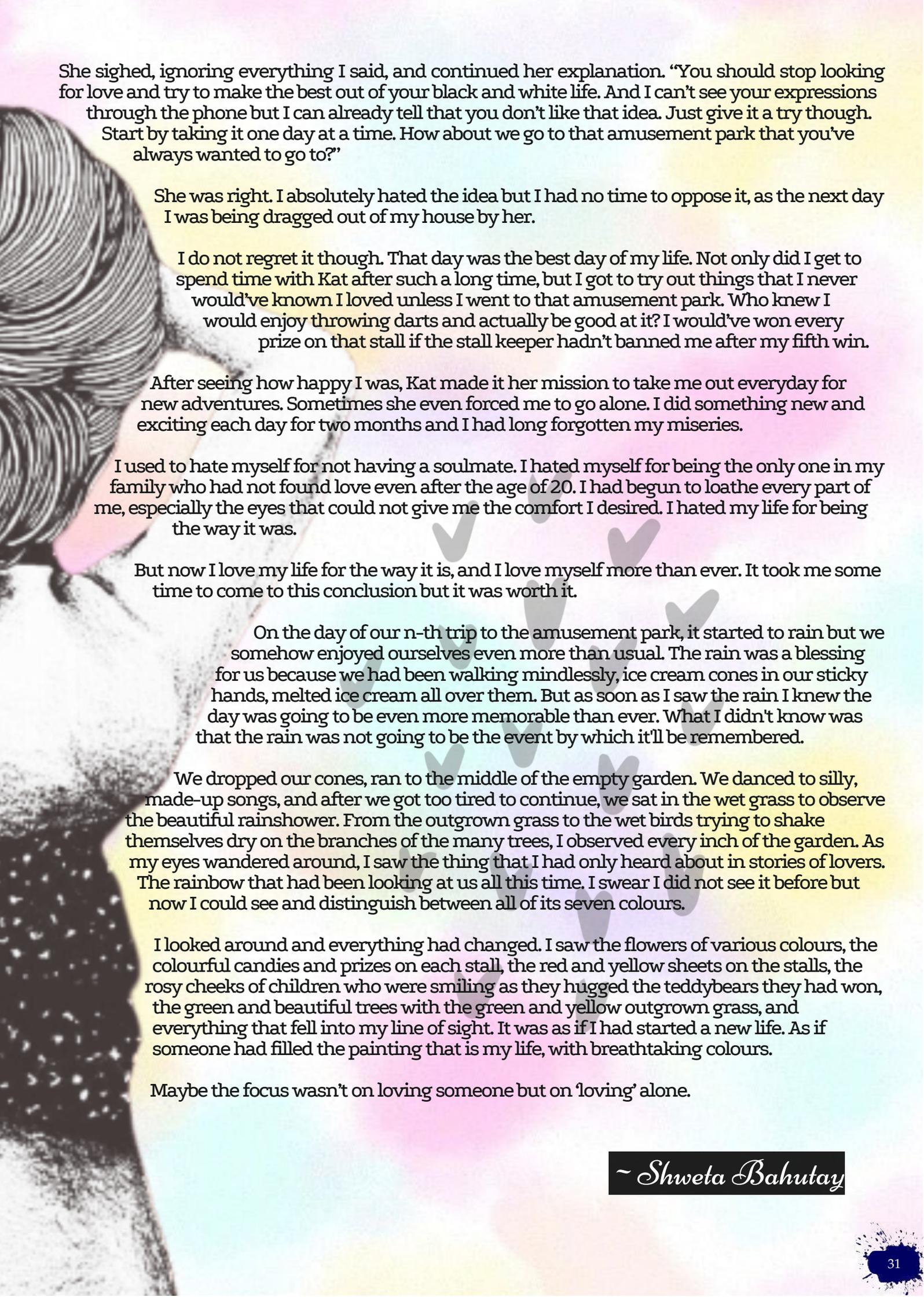
On the day of their prom, it was raining and he was late to pick her up. She stood at her balcony for more than 3 hours but just as she was about to give up on her hopes of ever finding the catalyst to her colourful world, he showed up. His suit was drenching and the bouquet of flowers in his hands looked as if it had seen a bad storm. She became tearful and while noticing the flowers in his hands, she saw their various colours through her blurry vision.

When I was younger my one true desire was to be a part of a love story just like theirs. But it seems like the world doesn't have that in store for me. I have never met anyone whom I have liked enough to love. I've made friends with many people but my liking for people has not extended further from the level of friendship.

I had already given up on ever seeing the beautiful colours of the world when one day Kat, my best friend, suggested that I give up.

"Has it not been evident to you that I already have?", I asked, with a confused look. "I don't mean giving up in the sense that you'll never find love and you'll always live in a monochrome world. I meant give up and stop caring.", she said, complicating her point further.

"What do you even mean? Also, this is all so easy for you to say, Ms. I-found-my-soulmate-at-fifteen. You will never understand my pain. I am 28 and still haven't even gotten close to falling in love. Just last week I had to pretend that I could see colours when my nosey aunt came over. Oh, I still can't believe I said the blue trees looked beautiful!", I cringed for the millionth time while remembering the incident



She sighed, ignoring everything I said, and continued her explanation. “You should stop looking for love and try to make the best out of your black and white life. And I can’t see your expressions through the phone but I can already tell that you don’t like that idea. Just give it a try though. Start by taking it one day at a time. How about we go to that amusement park that you’ve always wanted to go to?”

She was right. I absolutely hated the idea but I had no time to oppose it, as the next day I was being dragged out of my house by her.

I do not regret it though. That day was the best day of my life. Not only did I get to spend time with Kat after such a long time, but I got to try out things that I never would’ve known I loved unless I went to that amusement park. Who knew I would enjoy throwing darts and actually be good at it? I would’ve won every prize on that stall if the stall keeper hadn’t banned me after my fifth win.

After seeing how happy I was, Kat made it her mission to take me out everyday for new adventures. Sometimes she even forced me to go alone. I did something new and exciting each day for two months and I had long forgotten my miseries.

I used to hate myself for not having a soulmate. I hated myself for being the only one in my family who had not found love even after the age of 20. I had begun to loathe every part of me, especially the eyes that could not give me the comfort I desired. I hated my life for being the way it was.

But now I love my life for the way it is, and I love myself more than ever. It took me some time to come to this conclusion but it was worth it.

On the day of our n-th trip to the amusement park, it started to rain but we somehow enjoyed ourselves even more than usual. The rain was a blessing for us because we had been walking mindlessly, ice cream cones in our sticky hands, melted ice cream all over them. But as soon as I saw the rain I knew the day was going to be even more memorable than ever. What I didn’t know was that the rain was not going to be the event by which it’ll be remembered.

We dropped our cones, ran to the middle of the empty garden. We danced to silly, made-up songs, and after we got too tired to continue, we sat in the wet grass to observe the beautiful rainshower. From the outgrown grass to the wet birds trying to shake themselves dry on the branches of the many trees, I observed every inch of the garden. As my eyes wandered around, I saw the thing that I had only heard about in stories of lovers. The rainbow that had been looking at us all this time. I swear I did not see it before but now I could see and distinguish between all of its seven colours.

I looked around and everything had changed. I saw the flowers of various colours, the colourful candies and prizes on each stall, the red and yellow sheets on the stalls, the rosy cheeks of children who were smiling as they hugged the teddybears they had won, the green and beautiful trees with the green and yellow outgrown grass, and everything that fell into my line of sight. It was as if I had started a new life. As if someone had filled the painting that is my life, with breathtaking colours.

Maybe the focus wasn’t on loving someone but on ‘loving’ alone.

~ Shweta Bahutay

it's been going downhill



You go out for a walk — out into the cold street covered with a white shroud of smog — thinking that the cold will numb the hands, fingers, nose, cheeks and will gradually travel to your heart. You assumed that the chill outside would freeze the ache even if it was temporary. You can't kill yourself; it would be a waste of a life — your life — you love yourself but why does the alternative have to be living? You find it harder to live. It's not like you don't want to, it's just that living takes too much and you are... exhausted. You are tired of living the same day over and over — you have been living the same day for too long and you are tired of waiting for it to end. Hope is such an exaggerated expression; it's not hope that's keeping you alive, you just get used to it and what once felt unbearable becomes familiar as time goes on. The cold winds are blowing against you as you walk, the exposed parts of your body feel like ice by now. It's easier to walk against the wind on a cold night — at least you know what you are up against — life is crueller, things you are completely oblivious to are thrown your way. With life, you are always in the dark, never aware of what may come but you are not offered even that. You are not fighting against something life has thrown your way but the constant void that chases you everywhere. This void is not scary, you let it eat you up. What causes the problem is the fact that it doesn't swallow you. This void leaves you in the middle of nowhere, you have nothing much to live for but you don't want to die either. Dying would be a waste.



You turn around the corner and stand at the crossing. The red colour of the traffic light glows in the dark and you get a strange feeling. What is this light asking you to stop? Your life has been at a standstill for a while now, what else does it need for you to stop. "Turn Green! Turn Green. Let me go for god's sake," you stare too hard at it unaware that you have walked right into the middle of the road until an impatient driver honks at you. "Breathe in, breathe out. Calm down. It's okay." You whisper these words to yourself as you resume your walk. You avoid thinking, it makes it hard for you to breathe, it's dangerous! The void turns into a monster when you let yourself think, you need to be on guard and avoid looking at traffic signals. You look up at the sky which is supposed to be black but appears dark grey due to pollution. There's nothing much to observe there except the vast hazy cover of grey. You look around, desperately looking for something — anything — to observe and draw patterns on. It keeps you from thinking, it keeps the monster away. You suddenly smell something, finally. It smells like a cigarette and you turn to your left just in time to frown at the man who is about to release another batch of smoky breaths. He notices you and smiles apologetically but your frown doesn't go away. You don't like smokers, not because smoking kills, but because you don't like the smell of cigarettes, it's uncomfortable. You turn around and chuckle imagining yourself through that smoker's mind. You try to imagine your face with its specifics but the face in your imagination is very much different from how you look. Your train of thought carries you to a region of faceless creatures

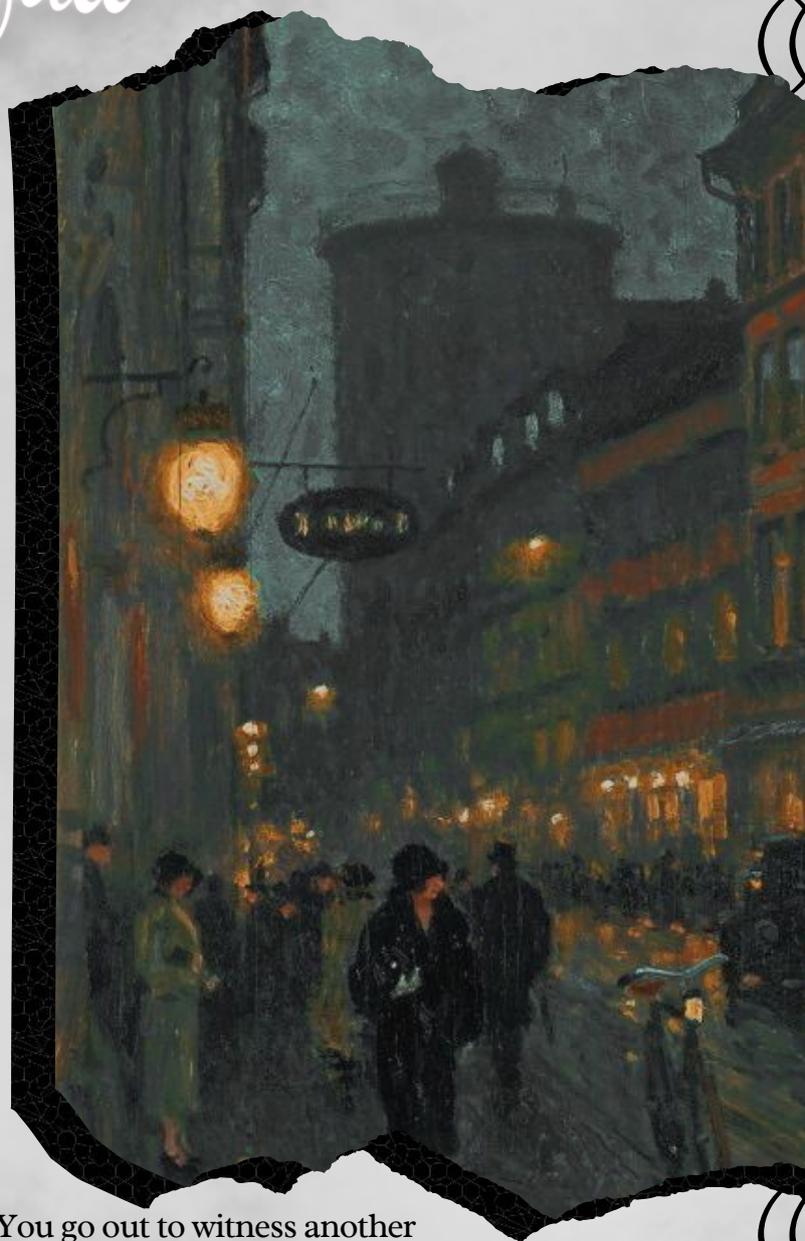
ever since the first fall

where you are struggling to recognize yourself in that sea of people when you hear a faint echo.

“*Jaane woh kaise log the jinke pyaar ko pyaar mila/Humne to jab kaliyan maangi kaaton ka haar mila*” starts playing and you are suddenly pulled from your imagination out into the real world. It’s a passerby’s ringtone and you unconsciously start humming along with the song until the call is picked and there’s silence all around. The timeless classic managed to survive in this fast-paced world, finding a way into people’s lives, and then there’s you — barely making it alive, struggling to live in reality. Reality is like cold water, it wakes you up and makes you uncomfortable. You want to sleep and dream of a world where things are normal and you are not overpowered with a sense of being lost.

You don’t wish to sleep but you have no choice, you can’t do what you have been dreaming of doing so you just cope with what you are forced to deal with and accept — you will never get to have some things once this time passes and you will have to live this reality. So instead of fighting against reality you accept it and do the bare minimum to stay sane. You go out for a walk every night after dinner to look at the faces and movements of strangers, traffic lights, and the sky. You go out to witness another living human passing and frown at the ones smoking cigarettes. You go out among strangers in order to make yourself feel less of a stranger to you. Your walk has almost reached its end, home is just around the corner. It would be warm and the warmth would seep into you and reach your heart, it would take away the numbness. You can’t avoid warmth; it keeps you alive but at the same time it also makes pain livelier so you go out for a walk into the cold street to numb the pain for a while.

~ Sonali Mishra



I Have
Been

Thinking of

Forgiving

You

Resentment. Resentment. Resentment.

For years a shoelace has been
tied around my neck,
tightening every morning,
digging into my skin
a nine-year-old shoelace
becoming one with my skin.
For nine years, every morning
I have woken up
spending hours to unknot it
only to wake up with it
again the next morning.
Is it alright?
To have spent my life
holding my breath
a hole in my chest
dreading waking up
the next morning.
To have spent my life
looking too intently at

Love. Resentment. Resentment.

The shoelace unknot itself
for the first time in years
when you came along.
It left me an empty pair of lungs.
I had to learn with you
how to breathe again.
We bought each other flowers
but not enough.
I wonder why it's always you
who is endowed with the
business of leaving.
You left me walking around
with a bitter taste on my tongue,
a soft dull ache in the heart,
I had to carve out the space
for it to sink.
For two years, I have been digging.

Love. Separation. Resentment.

It was when you came along,
I started living life holding three strings.
One was me; the other was you;
the third was everything else.
I lived life braiding the strings together.
I was intertwined with you,
you were intertwined with everything else,
everything else was intertwined with me,
you to me—we were tied together.
Now I have to sit down.
Separate everything from you,
separate me from everything,
separate me from you.
Is it alright?

Love. Separation. Grief.

I have been thinking of forgiving you.
But I can't.
I have always been robbed off
my right to be angry.
You see? Sadness makes you wise
and being wise
have the more severe repercussion
of the two.
Accountability has been distant,
forgiveness has always been frail.
Sometimes I suspect
I have sustained love for all these years,
just to sustain the anger I had.
To be able to tell you someday
that I was angry,
which is to say I was hurt
that is to say
there were better ways to love me.

Resentment. Resentment. Resentment.
I have tried tying the weight
of resentments around me.
And have tried drowning myself.
But I never drowned.
All this time
I have stood in the waters
the waves swirling below my knees
holding my breath over water
in anticipation of drowning.
I wish I would drown.
I wish I would just drown for once.
I wish I don't have to hold my breath anymore.

Return. Forgiveness. Love.
My love looks into the mirror
and resentment stares back.
While I look for ways
to know giving away
how much love will be enough,
I figure how much
resentment I should not hold.
I separate you from me,
resentment from love,
coldness from fortitude.
I think of forgiving you.
Tired, worn out
I return to myself
to hold me
to never abandon me.

~ *Aastha Dixit*



[TW: Gore, Sexual Violence, Racism, Death.]

It seemed to little Alice as she skipped lightly from her hen house to pigpen to smokehouse that the days have never been the same. She felt light and warm in the sun, the gentle cold breeze of spring made her nose sniff. The harvesting of Sunflowers, Corn, Mustard, and Squash seemed like gold melted and poured over the barren land that made her chase the Dragonflies. Alice carried candy in one of her tiny dark-brown hands and a short knobby stick in the other, that stuck out at the most random objects to accompany her humming along

FLOWER

with bees. She was ten and nothing mattered to her more than the sugar syrup of candy dripping down her lips while she hums the song and the stick's sound of accompaniment. She walked along the fences of the farm till it met the stream. The wave of the

THE (TRODDEN)

stream swayed the mud from her feet and she sat along with the pigs under the oak tree. It was where she used to wait for shepherd uncle to share with him everything that had happened in the day. She had explored the wood behind her village many times. Often her mother took her to collect nuts among the fallen leaves.

Today she made her path, her own journey, she was waiting for this moment for so long. It was still time in the Sun to hide, and her mother to return home. She took little steps, vaguely, keeping an eye out for snakes. Pausing at the places, wild ferns, and strange blue flowers, and ripened red berries caught her attention. It seemed like the world of fantasy that she had heard in the bedtime stories. The trees were huge, longer than she could raise her head, the trunks were draped with the algae, the wood grew darker and stranger as she moved deeper, almost not noticing the wild insects biting her skin. She was a mile or two away from her home. Her feet started growing tired, she had left her bees long back and the place didn't smell like a mustard farm. It wasn't fascinating

anymore, it started haunting her, she heard a sound behind the bushes, unpleasant, she had never heard birds singing like this, it was a scream, a welp, loud and piercing. She thought an animal might have got injured, so she took a step back but then thought of helping the poor animal. As she pulled away the bushes, what she saw she almost lost consciousness. The sound wasn't the bird's strange melody or an animal's welp for help, but an outcry of people, rhyming in suffer, some trying to peel off their skin to escape the torture of the superior race. Some men, like her father pinned down by knees, choking their throat that only knew the language of pleading. Women, their limbs chained, arranged in a line, waiting for their turn, to be holocausted. Some people howl while sitting on the pyre of burning tiers, liberating out of the skin, because its color has been nothing but a cage. The placards that read 'Black Lives Matter' were resting in a corner. Kids, their ribs expelling out of the chest, the eyes with dried out tears, bleeding red, watching their parents getting shot, not asking for the food because of violence being shoved to their starvation. Alice almost lost her life for a moment. It was ghastlier than the ghosts, she saw nightmares of, her feet trembled profusely, limbs almost froze, she wanted to scream, pinch her off to wake up from this dream. She was a corpse standing still, and almost vomiting her insides. She tried to move, and escape from this massacre. A man of superior race caught sight of her, his eyes dazzled with greed for the new supper. She ran the fastest she could, he followed, like a wolf following a deer to prey. Her heels were broken, draining out the blood, and she was sobbing for her home. She would almost faint, her limbs would paralyse any moment but she ran. She remembers her mother saying, there are only two kinds of people, predators and victims, and there is no ladder to come out. She chased the setting sun and her mother's arms till her lungs were about to collapse, any moment she could be dragged down by her hair to death. It was then she lost all her agility and fell down, The summer was over-

An adaptation of the short story "The Flower" by Alice Walker.

~ Adarsh Mishra

Ultimate Fall

Wandelprobe.

Backstage, the place was a tangle of satin, tulle, ribbons and pointe shoes. The milling voices that surrounded her dimmed into faint background noise.

They were rehearsing the Harlequinade. Sasha was Columbine. Her relevé was correct, poised. She followed the développé – coupé, passé, attitude, full extension. She pirouetted around Harlequin; he smiled at her encouragingly.

For Sasha, there was only Columbine, there was only Harlequin, there was only the sharp wind in her ears, only the rhythm of her feet. Her breath quickened when she had to do the jump of the saut de basque.

This time she meant to do well.

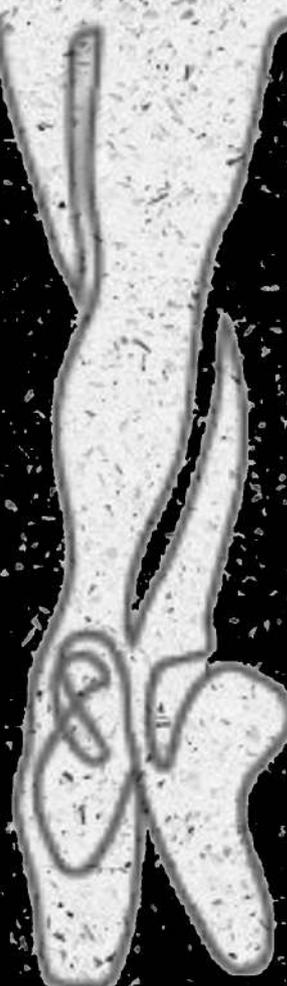
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*Sasha Fedorov is six years old when she ties her first ballet shoes. Ballet first, everything else after. She forms this thought at seven years old, high off the success of her first academy performance of *The Sleeping Beauty*. She scribbles it, the scrawl of an excited young ballerina, in a leather-bound diary with a small lock which was her fifth birthday present from cousin Alyona, when she decided she wanted to be a poet. This time, Sasha vows to stick by it.*

The adage is not difficult to stick to. For one, Alyona, at fifteen, is quite a talented ballerina herself. It is she who holds little Sasha's hand and takes her to the Mariinsky Theatre, when they visit their grandparents in Saint Petersburg during the holidays. She spends days with Alyona, watching her practise the *tombé pas de bourrée*, taking down notes, learning all the French terms. The 'glide' is *glissade*, the 'step of the cat' is *pas de chat*, the jump of the cat is *saut de chat*. Back home in Moscow, she saunters along the path to her house, where the school bus drops her off, taking extra time to observe the movements of the toybob cats of her street.

Second, soon enough, she lives and breathes ballet, as the teachers at the academy, and soon the director see just how good she is. The accolades stack from there, and she is dancing the Spartacus at nine years old, travelling from city to city. Her art is what keeps her grounded, even when she underperforms. Ballet brings a semblance of order and discipline to her life, to a world full of chaos and upheaval. So, she continues to dance.

She holds onto it even when she's decimated by a continuum of teenage girls and is forced to reassess her own ability in the context of the national circuit. At the age of twelve, she gets her first ever pair of pointe shoes and her heart flutters with happiness. When she is fifteen, she starts working odd jobs and saving up pocket money for bigger shows where she meticulously takes notes in her diary. (This diary goes in a box under her bed, along with articles from magazines and newspapers about celebrated ballerinas like Anna Pavlova and her personal favourite, Maya Plisetskaya. One day, when she is a Prima ballerina and is asked to write a memoir, she promises herself to go back to these notes.)



At eighteen, she moves out of the rented flat she shared with her late mother to Saint Petersburg with Alyona, who now performs internationally.

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Her heart thrummed against her ribcage painfully as Vadik Orlov – the Vadik Orlov – called out her name. Sasha Fedorov, Swanhilda.

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She manages to drag herself out of bed at 5 AM for the rest of the week, starting Monday to practise her sauté and fouetté. It's a little tiring – she's not a morning person in the slightest and getting up three hours earlier than usual to drowsily shuffle around in the kitchen for an early morning meal and then in the hall, starting over her routine over and over again is a struggle – but actually turns out to be rewarding. Waking up earlier makes her feel more productive than usual, and she's gotten some insight into fixing her mistakes. Plus, being able to watch the rising sun stain the marble floors of the hall in brilliant shades of crimson through the windows is rather nice. Sasha practises in natural light.

More importantly, Vadik has been warming up to her over the last few days, hearteningly enough. His words are less and less often the roiling mass of impatience and disappointed irritation that Sasha had become accustomed to, and once or twice, Vadik even seems to nod in approval of her progress. He's still busy with the training of *Don Quixote*, but when Sasha busies herself with studying the choreography and rehearsing till closing hours, it's easier to forget how she came to be in this position in the first place.

On Saturday, the academy doesn't open until 10:30, so she calls Vadik's office and gets a harried-sounding secretary who informs her that yes, Mr. Orlov is home and no, it doesn't appear that he has any lunch commitments today.

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Coppélia: La Fille aux Yeux d'Émail is a comic ballet. Composed by Léo Delibes in 1870, it was originally choreographed by Arthur Saint-Léon to the music of Delibes, with libretto by Charles-Louis-Étienne Nuitter, the latter itself based upon E.T.A. Hoffmann's short story Der Sandmann.

Vadik trained them extensively.

It was during one of those extra one-on-one classes he took with the main leads after the regular rehearsals, it didn't take Sasha much to know it was going to be a bad night; irritation prickled all along the surface of Vadik's form, and underneath the annoyance was a bone-deep weariness that sunk Vadik into lethargy and made Sasha queasy in response.

After working on the day's fouetté en tournant, focusing on the turning and finishing gracefully, Sasha was just about to open her shoes when an irate Vadik called out to her.

“Change of feet, again.”

She frowned but stood up once more. It was then that she noticed another figure enter her field of vision – Irinushka.

Sasha wouldn't go as far as to say she had rivals, no. She was quiet, she minded her own business, she was focused. But if there was anyone who came close to the word 'rival', it would be Irinushka. Rising star, fresh talent, raw calibre.

She had been staring too long in the middle of a particularly fast spin, when she lost her footing and twisted her ankle!

All she saw last was displeasure.

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When Sasha thinks back to that incident, she doesn't remember it being that bad. She was cautious and careful always. She didn't fall. That just wasn't her. Which is perhaps why the gravity of the situation didn't hit her until she turned confusedly to Alyona's worried face after looking at the 'Get Well Soon' card attached flimsily to a bouquet of sad looking white flowers – were they roses? Or peonies? – when the latter came to visit her at the care unit in a private nursing home. What she does remember are disappointment and displeasure.

Coppélia had a month-long successful run at the Mariinsky, and the main lead Swanhilda was bagged by Irinushka. This was before a surprise all-expenses-paid trip to France where they played for three weeks. Irinushka became an instant hit. Alyona stayed behind. Vadik stopped answering her calls. His office stopped forwarding them.

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Irinushka visited her in the nursing home, all concerned and apologetic. Sasha was incensed but clamped it down. She was already mulling over Irinushka's international possibilities, her potential. Irinushka relaxed her demeanour and Sasha thought it might even be authentic, as she started to regale her with tales about their post-performance drunken shenanigans when they went pub-crawling. Her eyes lit up as she spoke about how they danced all night, in uncoordinated movements, to music they didn't understand, and even Sasha couldn't begrudge her that.

"It was so much fun", she said. "It was nice to just be a tourist for once, just a girl, without having to worry about my diet or my figure." She sat her chin on her folded hands, like she was waiting for Sasha to comment. There was nothing calculating about her expression now, only a girl with a dreamy look on her face. "It was beautiful."

Sasha gave a tight-lipped smile in response. She knew some people said dancing is beautiful, like an art. To a certain extent, she saw it. But the allure of dancing to her had always been about the discipline, the cogency and order it brought to her life. When she thought of art and aesthetics, that was something enigmatic, something not accessible to her perhaps. Too much interpretation and no concrete answers. More questions. Ballet, however, she could break down step-by-step, strip it to the bone, find the ligament, take it apart and put it back together, like a skeleton.

Irinushka said something, but Sasha wasn't listening anymore.

+++

She staggers into an ungraceful fall on her behind as her limbs give away, hitting the floor with a dull thud. As she tries to pry her pointe shoes off her feet, it hurts, but she pulls them anyway and there's one-two dark beads of blood that prickle at the corners of her feet. It shouldn't hurt that much and she bends forward to inspect when several more drops of blood pierce around the cuticles of her toenails. Sasha grimaces and it's a bad idea. A nail cracks in the middle. She gasps and pants and grabbing the nearest table leg, forces herself to stand. As she hobbles to the telephone at the corner of the hall and punches the numbers, she hears an ugly crack.

The line connects.

She faints.



As a ballerina, there is significant emphasis on the plantarflexion and extension of the forefoot and toes. A greater risk of injury is caused by overtraining or a rapid increase in intensity. Sasha's injuries include all of the four — *peroneal tendonitis*, *soleus strain*, *flexor hallucis longus tendonitis* and a subluxation. Her os trigonum is strained.

Alyona is a ticking bomb. She is practically fuming and purses her lips in a way that conveys that Sasha wouldn't be hearing from her anytime soon. It doesn't take a genius to figure out her sudden distance, but Sasha can't find it in herself to feel bad:

By the time she's discharged after weeks, all thoughts of Alyona's distress evaporate and she immediately takes her shoes out and goes about exercising her feet before relevé. Then, she dances.

† † †

The fourth trip to the hospital was the final trip to the hospital. This time, multiple lacerations. They did not make sense. Her limbs were found bent in unnatural positions and the muscles around her hips were contorted. They did not make sense. Her cause of death was written off as a suicide. In some ways, it was easier to explain. In other ways, it was the truth.

† † †

Haruki Murakami said, 'A certain type of perfection can only be realised through a limitless accumulation of the imperfect.' These words were among the many cut-up pages in Sasha's box.

These words are also engraved on her tombstone. Vertical grave, because Alyona is a bitch like that.

Sasha's house is a haunted place, possessed by both what died there and what lived. Bent limbs, broken bones, maggots, Sasha fucking Fedorov. And the corpse(s) that rots under the gazebo in her garden.

After retiring from professional ballet, Alyona visits sometimes and leaves the place more perplexed than the last time.

She is trapped, like Sasha. All she can do is wait.

That, and ignore the burn of Sasha's eyes watching from somewhere. The neighbours complain of music that plays till late, right into the wee hours of the morning. Their children mention a dancing figure seen from the windows. She keeps waiting to catch a glimpse. But the ghost counts the seconds till she falls a sleep.

~ Rishika Dey

isn't it like a xerox machine? Photocopying money at an unbelievable rate!" We both burst into laughter.

A few seconds later, it turned quiet, and a smile remained on his face. He spoke, "You never change. Your habit of saying the truth without thinking will be the death of me." I giggled. "But you know," he continued, "It's not that easy." "Care to elaborate?" I asked. "Of course! If I don't, I will be boycotted by my colleagues, you know!" He said and we laughed again.

"I read this somewhere, and I think this is the best justification I can give you," he said as he pulled the phone out of his pocket. He started reading:

"Life is cunning, it is sly. It waits for no one, no matter how hard they try. We take it for granted, we all do; since we don't clearly see it until we're standing in a hospital room.

have a love-hate relationship with hospitals, my children were born there. But it did not take me long to remember; in the same place, my parents, and their parents, and everyone else, climbed their final stairs. In one room, the first breath is taken, while in another, people are given bad news and they are left shaken. It is a place where life and death are the busiest, both working at the same rate; here, some people receive the best gifts of their lives, while some are left with a horrible

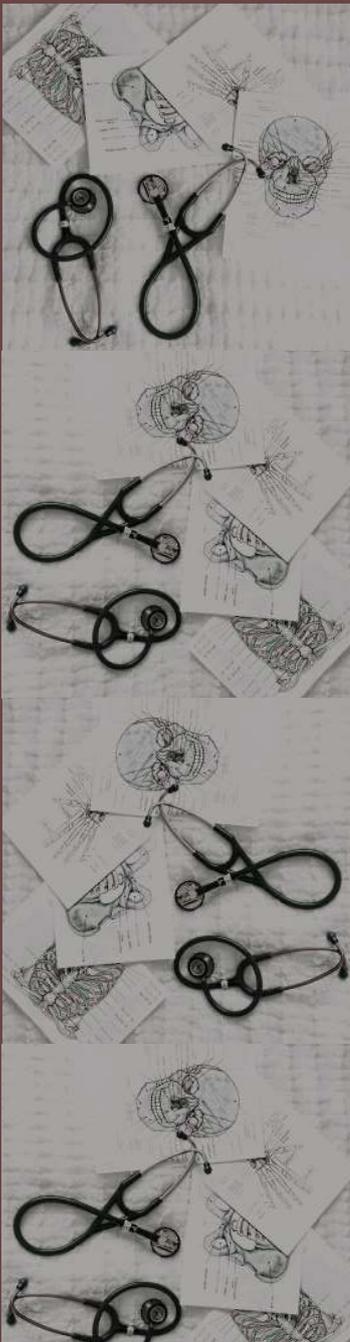
Saving A Lifesaver

For the first time ever, he put his head on my shoulder, as if asking for a feeling of home he lost long ago. Seeing him in misery made me feel helpless: like a fish out of water. I wanted to help him, and I knew that the only way I could do it was by being there for him and watching him burn to ashes, but only to rise again like a phoenix. I had to support him and make him believe in a lie called life, even though he had faced the grim realities of it.

This friend of mine is a doctor by profession. A surgeon, in particular. One evening, while having an early dinner, we were chit-chatting; talking about everything and nothing. Whenever we talked, we always happened to touch topics with controversial borders, but our energy allowed us to have important and educating discussions without any obstructions.

This time too, we were talking about one such concern: money.

Going with the flow, I spoke without thinking much – as always, and joked "Do you even care about it? Your profession,



fate.”

He observed my features for a moment and continued:

“Doctors, they’re equated with God, but they’re mere dealers. The biggest joke is that they themselves don’t know if they’re dealing as killers or healers. It numbs their heart, their head, for they prepare meals; sometimes to be consumed by death, while sometimes by life instead. I have heard many of them as they console the sufferers. They put aside their rationality, and start portraying life just like clay. ‘Life is a shuffled playlist. We cannot choose the music it plays.’ But they try to mend the situation, as they quickly say, ‘But we can always choose how we sway.’”

His smile widened, as he went on:

“Doctors too, are mere humans! They are very easily fooled. They have this sinful desire for a human-made tool called money. They can do anything for it, as far as stealing someone else’s kidney! Giving up their peace of mind is nothing, it is quite easy. Humans learned that life is a rough path, and money makes it greasy. But they never learned that money too, is a tricky concept. Even after years of working, it does not follow them to the grave; and in this rule, no one can intercept!”

“I get the point,” I said. “I never meant-”

“It is very ironic, the doctors, themselves die in their places of work; maybe, in the same rooms they worked in, or in places where people have at least one ‘abnormal’ irk. People often joke that being a doctor equals big cars and homes, but they forget that being caught in greed, they accept money as compensation, only to adopt the feeling of never being home.”

We both smiled at each other. “Who wrote this? This person has a new follower,” I stated.

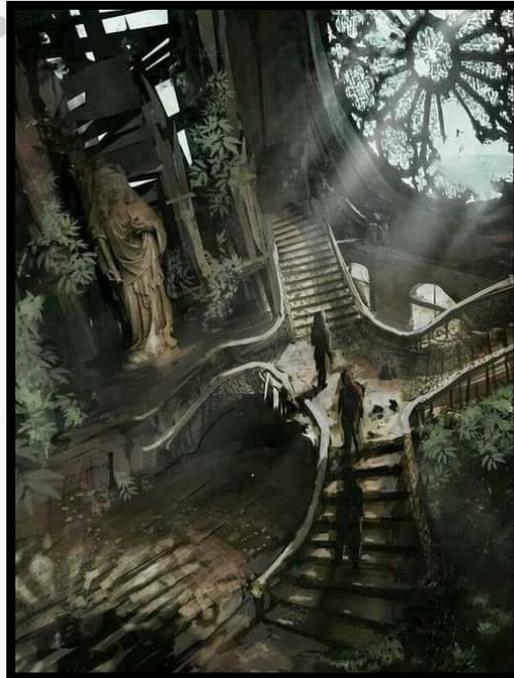
“He doesn’t deserve a follower. Let me tell you, he’s not in his right mind!” and with that, he tried to keep the phone back in his pocket, but I was much quicker than him. I snatched it out of his hand and looked at the screen. Notes app was opened, and it showed a blank document. With surprise, I looked at his face. A long quietness followed when he suddenly pulled out a sheet of paper from his bag. It was his resignation letter, and for the first time, I saw tears threatening to spill from his eyes.

Abandoned Roads

As I open my eyes, I see tiredness blinking at me from above
I go to sleep exhausted and wake up lethargic
And I imagine myself- slipping away, drop by drop.
My heart is like an over painted canvas,
It reeks the smell of those who have touched it;
There is no more room on the painting
For any more colours.

I have been lending
pieces of myself to
others
Hoping against hope,
that maybe this time,
I'll be able to complete
someone's puzzle
Since mine is left
unfinished in the closet
of my thoughts;
But everytime, the
pieces are returned to
me,
Broken and tattered-
irony laughs at me.

My soul is
painted like the wings
of butterflies
Fairytale of yesterday,
grow but never die,

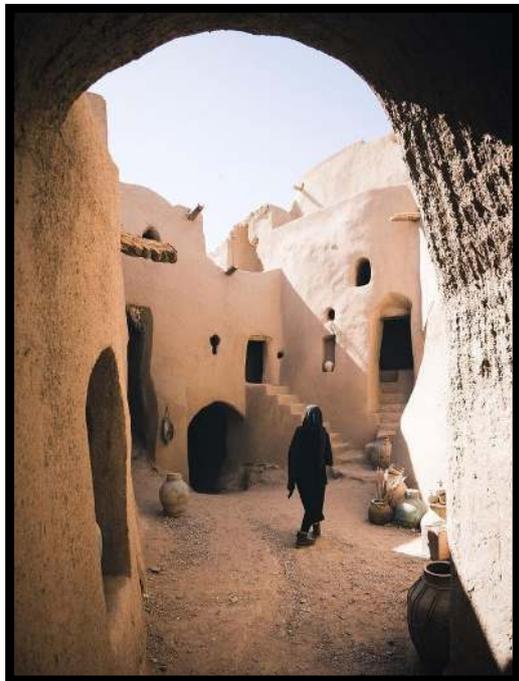


Leaving a smudge of thoughts
on the fingertips
That touches my essence
I used to look at the world
through rose coloured glasses,
Everything had a pinkish hue,
Except the blood, it still looked
the same.

Lying in the pillow of my own
thoughts
Perseverance and absurdity
blanketing my shivering frame,
Chasing the line of thoughts
that has no beginning or end.



Because giving up and
moving on is a coward's way
The heart wrecking desire of
choking the throat of my demons
Overpowers my will to move
forward,
I keep looking back for
monsters, unknown
That they were living inside me this
whole time.



Now, standing at the crossroads,
my dreams in my hands
My hopes liquify and flow through my eyes
I search for the piece of my soul that was lost
along the ride.
The conflagration of self-love lights up in the
dark
As I stare into the abyss, the last
shred of light
Flies away from my grasp and my first thought is-
Maybe it will provide light to someone in need.

The mellifluous tone of heartbreak sweeps
Through the window of the place I like to call
The abode of my soul.
My heart feels like a restplace for vagabonds;
A resting place for travelers,
Where everyone passes, but no one stays
The most permanent temporary site.

I have the "closed for now" placard stuck on my
mind
Permanently locking the gateway to my thoughts
My restless hands fail miserably to switch it open.
I feel like a whole deserted town in my person,
The empty roads, leading nowhere,
The abandoned houses, indefinitely etched in
darkness
Hoping again, for a wisp of sound;
A shadow of someone's thought- lost here to find
me.

~ *Ratnanshi*

FAILING REVISITATIONS

I remember the days when life used to be happy, days sorted and the only cause of worry was to get the bigger part of chocolate, or dish the television remote first and tune in to my favorite cartoon channel. Going on family rides, having dinner with parents, teasing siblings– that was routine, nothing even close to something I'd crave so much in life.

Now as I look back, I realise I am not a fan of memories. I believe it is these memories when they hold us to our past, break us into a longing– an unattended, unidentified pain. You feel there's something in you biting, but you cannot just catch hold of it and crush it into nothingness with your very own palms. Your essence doesn't bid you permission to kill, it allows you only to be killed.

Perhaps, they often contain the fragrance of sweetness, but the moment it is taken in, it turns into a stink– the more you vomit, the better you feel. Your gut obviously cannot hold what doesn't exist.

For someone like me who has known the sweetest forms of happiness, the brightest of days, it is these memories that are the true enemies. Like a man robbed off of his sight, they drive us into an abyss of darkness where things can never be caught, only graze our skin and make our soul shiver. Drooped shoulders, sunken eyes, and plastered emotions become the consequence of revisiting the moments that used to be, now lost in a future that is never to come.

On days when I can feel it, I say to myself that I don't want these memories in my essence, for all the bloodshed they have caused and continue to wage. I have seen the strangling of my hopes, one after the other, the crushing and killing of every living thing in the space of my being. I heard the suffocated cries, the helpless ailing. I saw the wounds and tasted death, all the while standing there– pale and confused. Was I supposed to?

With every shriek, every cry for help that leaves my lips I'm reminded of the mistake I am. Had I catered to the need of the hour, and saved myself from these monstrous visitations, I wouldn't be the plight I am.

These memories have become my war fields, where I stand weaponless bagged with absolute zero hopes. I'm never sure what I want from this battle. I cannot kill and I don't want to keep failing myself.

In every colour and smiling face, in ashtrays and oon's, I see it lingering and mocking me, beckoning me to come closer so that it can rape my wounds. You see it has become a task for me to breathe freely, to turn corners without a care. I know deep down that the monster is waiting, in hiding preparing to launch itself onto me. And then what will remain of me, if not nothingness. I'm scared of the time when this moment snaps. Not that I love dying like this everyday but losing the battle would mean I lost the one thing I reigned.

You see, these beautiful memories are taking a toll on me. I don't want to accept them. On bright sunny days, when the sun's rays kiss my skin, or the winds embrace me, I shiver. I'm not used to being accepted and loved anymore. I had known the comfort of care and love, but that was long ago. I have felt it, lived it. But now, any repetition of the sort feels like a

delusion. I sense it will come, hold me the tightest, perhaps only to suffocate and then go away and ghost me forever.

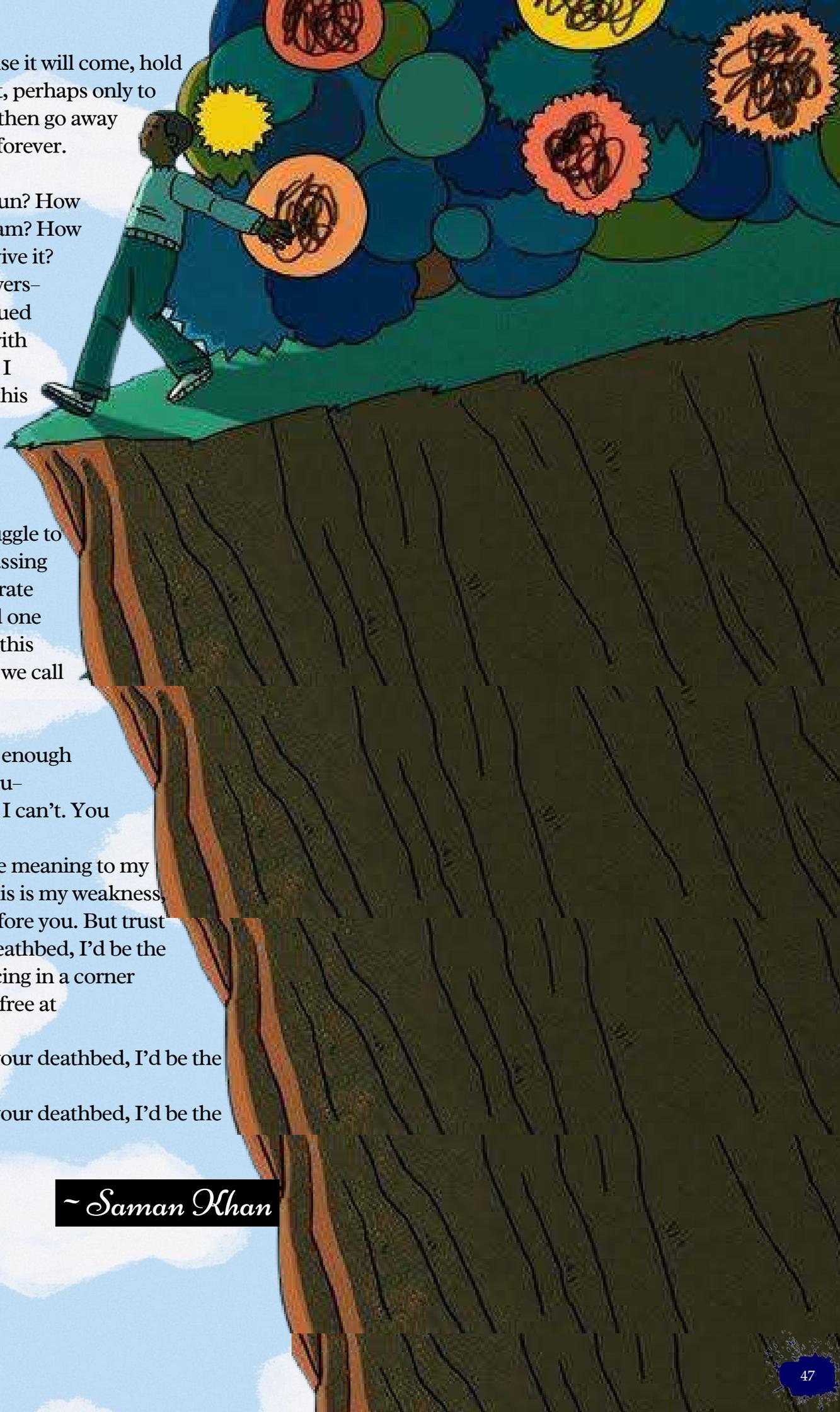
How far do I run? How hard do I scream? How long will I survive it? I have no answers—only this subdued anger mixed with bitter sadness. I ask myself, is this what failure looks like—wrapped in moments you frantically struggle to untie, every passing action a desperate attempt to add one more pages in this obscure entity we call life?

Still, strangely enough I don't hate you—my memories. I can't. You impregnate those who gave meaning to my life. I know, this is my weakness, where I fail before you. But trust me, on your deathbed, I'd be the happiest, dancing in a corner knowing I am free at last.

Trust me, on your deathbed, I'd be the happiest.

Trust me, on your deathbed, I'd be the chaos.

~ *Saman Khan*



DATTA, DAMAYATA AND DAYADHAWAN

As I woke up at 06:30 am on a gleeful morning, routined in my bed with the daily newspaper propped up, I happened to come across an advertisement for an essay competition and was eager to know more about it. I got the detailed information and finally decided to be a part of it choosing one of the topics described in the advertisement, "Connected by the Ocean, Can We Work Together to Protect the Environment?" Slowly and gradually as time strolled by, I extended my utmost endeavour to better understand the problems and predicaments associated with it. When I started thinking deeply about the environment, being a product of nature myself, I was driven into melancholic pain, grief and tears that left a deep scar on my mindset.

The major environmental issues of the land living creatures are– climate change and global warming. They are plundering and engulfing the whole world; due to this glaciers are melting at a ridiculously high rate. If this continues then the island countries like Japan, Singapore etc. will totally disappear into the ocean. The irregular precipitation and fluctuation in temperature is also due to climate change and is damaging and destroying human settlement vigorously. The humans are mowing down the trees in high numbers, as a result, the percentage of CO₂ is increasing and that of the life giving gas– oxygen is decreasing. The way ozone layer is depleting and temperature is increasing every year; it seems that our destruction is sure. Perhaps, we have been the fittest creatures on earth; afterall we are still alive. But the question arises, for how long?

At this, I was struck by the idea of studying oceans, afterall they are as much an integral part of the environment as anything else. When I studied the problems pertaining to it, the ground beneath my feet seemed to slip away.

I was able to see how excessive fishing is a deterrent to fish species

and how mankind is indiscriminately killing fish for their own selfish interest. The injudicious humans don't understand that not only does it work towards wiping out a species, but is also a deterrent to other marine species that are dependent upon them for their survival. Additionally, as the temperature of the earth is increasing day by day, there is an increase in the dying numbers of coral reefs. The ocean ecosystem, despite being the richest in biodiversity, continues to be the most neglected.

Certain realities that justify the statement are shown by the way human beings dump all that's not needed in the ocean for their ease, whether it be oil spills, plastic, nuclear waste, wastage from industries and the like. If these callous human activities continue, then a day will come where there will be no aquatic creatures on this earth and its culprits will be none other than human beings. It has been long feared that human activity is causing massive devastation. Power, greed and politics have affected the precarious balance; they do not understand that preserving species and their habitats are important for self existence.

My soul trembled with fear after seeing the pathetic plight of aquatic species. I was beyond aggrieved. These problems forced me to think about it; in the middle of which I closed my eyes and started delving deeper into these problems.

The next I knew, I was alone on a boat all by myself in the middle of an ocean. There was a rotten smell all around as if someone had released the drain water into it. Upon realisation I saw that numerous aquatic creatures were dead around me. My breathing faltered, and I started to cry. I prayed to God; was that a peripheral complication that I was facing? Why have you sent me here? Suddenly a divine light appeared before me; the sky was full of mistiness.

I found God Brahma, the creator of the universe before me. He asked, "Why are you crying?"

I prostrated on his lotus feet and spoke with a choked voice, "My

lord, what place is this? I feel suffocated. I don't want to stay here anymore".

God said, "It is you humans who have created these devastations and now you are getting suffocated? Just reflect on your behaviour with nature." He added with a chuckle, "You are in the great pacific garbage patch of North Pacific Ocean and this garbage that you see has been spread by you humans and today you are having trouble with it. It is all the consequence of your actions."

He further said, "You humans cut the fins of these fish for greed and leave it in the water to die. Just think, how you would feel if both of your hands are cut off and left like this in your house." I don't know what the effect of God Brahma was; I started feeling in me the pain of those fish. Then all of a sudden, my boat turned and I found myself at a new place. I was having trouble breathing yet was able to express my suffering.

God replied, "Feel the pain of these beautiful creatures which are dead due to the absence of oxygen and you humans are the real culprits for all this." I started thinking about us, about the plight we will be in if such a thing befalls us. I pleaded to Lord Brahma, "Lord, please forgive us. I apologise for all the blunders on behalf of the whole of mankind."

I cried and cried. God consoled me and said, "Don't cry; you humans are my children but you should take care of other creatures as I have created them in the same way as you. Don't you think that I feel pain when they are about to die or are in trouble?"

I realised what God wanted me to understand and attended him with a promise to make this world a beautiful land for all creatures. I said, "Please give me some insight or inspiration to correct it." With this, God disappeared and there was the ring of these three words- DATTA, DAYADHAWAM AND DAMYATA. As I stumbled back from my sleep into reality, I was astonished to find myself in my bedroom but the only thing that rung in my mind was "DATTA, DAYADHAWAN AND DAMYATA."

(DATTA, DAMAYATA AND DAYADHAWAN – they are found in "BRIHADARANYAKA UPANISHAD" which means "TO GIVE", "TO SYMPATHIZE" AND "SELF-RESTRAIN" respectively.)

These three words contain the solution to all global issues related to the environment. My mind was confident, I felt that with these three words I can achieve the much needed change. As Datta refers to sharing and caring for all the creatures of the creation, if we start caring then we will have love for all creatures and the concept of others will change because there will be no 'other', everyone will be alike. It will lead to oneness and wholeness. Dayadhawam refers to having sympathy for all those who are in trouble, if we practice this we will feel pain for all those who are hurt and as a consequence we cannot harm or harass them. Damyata talks about self control; if we practice it we won't feel greedy and run after luxuries at the cost of exploiting nature.

I sat down to research about the projects that aim to better the environment. I found more than hundreds of such programmes that go on each year. However, with barely 10% of them functioning properly. I feel the lack of awareness plays a huge role for this deprivative figure.

I believe if in the 18th century a country could come through the sea and occupy a vast country like India and reign over it with the help of sea power then why not today, for the welfare of our earth, we come and work together to save our beautiful planet. With a lingering eagerness to protect our environment, I opened an organisation which works on awareness programs related to the ecosystem, global warming, deforestation, ocean acidification and more. I have decided to deeply sacrifice my life towards the environment and have started working on various initiatives for I firmly believe, we live only if the environment does.

Sarve Bhavantu Sukhinah

~ Sumit Kumar

WE'LL BE DEAD LONG BEFORE

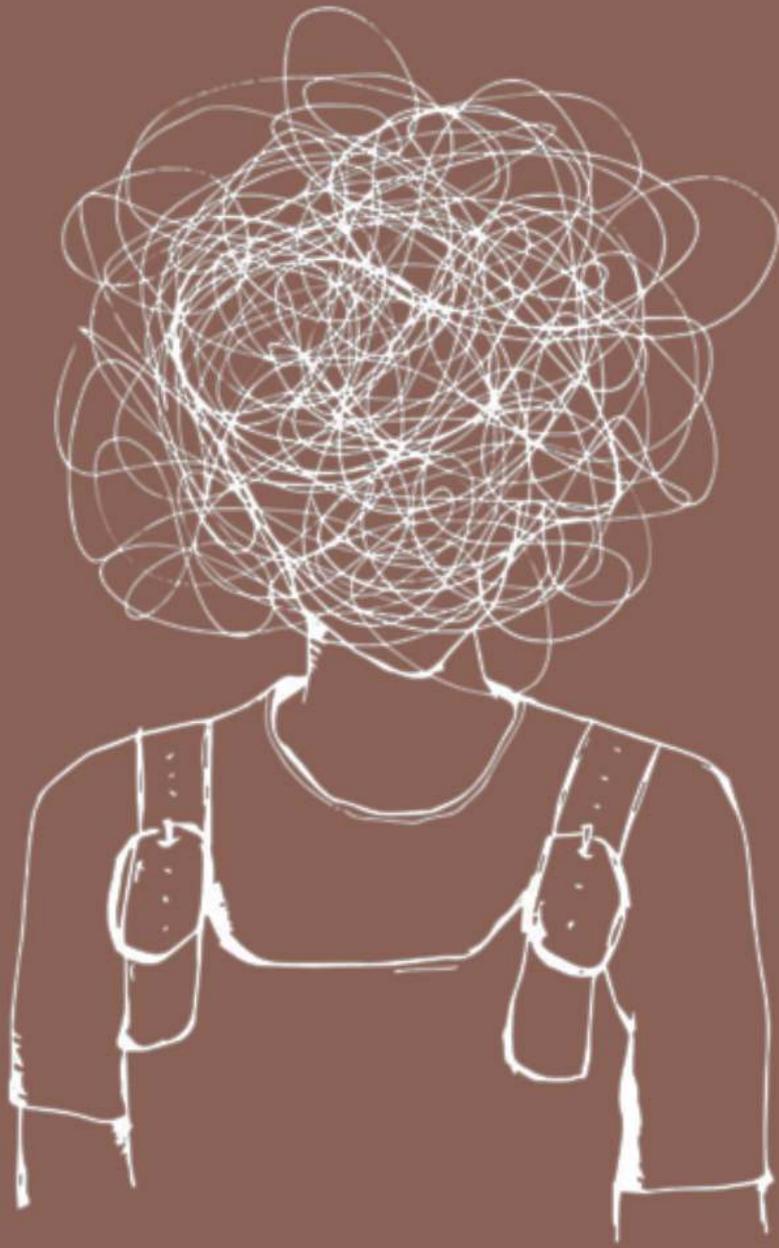
It's been a while you swirled in my arms. It's going to end soon. Everything. The sun, moon, love, me, you. The creases of my sheet look exactly like you. They unfurl then fold up similar to how you clasp. You remember when we talked about how even death wouldn't do us apart? And here we are today, talking the same. We know it's coming; the glory that wouldn't recognise lovers calling death the path to togetherness because the world wouldn't let us unite for long anyhow. We are prepared for when everything will be gone. Right then the apocalypse looks down upon us. Oh, perhaps love wouldn't leave. Time is ticking and left a little before our bodies are found in the arms of each other beneath this ground. Humans don't understand when stars light up my eyes, they don't light up my eyes, the sun does. You don't understand when I stare in serenity, I don't stare in serenity, I stare within you. Fervency, engrossment, crimson red, prussian blue. When annihilation comes, I'll destruct you. In the core of my eye is the moon that has cracked from between because time broke its heart and I won't let it happen to you. So I'll sit in your lap and feather your eyes with my lips until we're ruined forever.

I heard a cry. A human cry of fear of departure. Is turning to ashes that hard? Is it harder than leaving the hand of your lover on the railway station watching them leave on wheels while the ground under your feet moves? Is it harder than turning back and looking them in the eye not knowing if this is the last time you see that face? It takes not more than just a step to fall in abandonment of your own self but a lifetime to rise along the intensity of true love. What creature has possessed the blessing of immortality except that of trueness of heart. That – is eternal. You carry it in your eyes the way ocean waves bow to the feet of paradise. Like cracks pleating into threads of your sanity, my heart bends before the cluster of fear and passion and myself in your reflection. I'm tired. Tired of detangling the words that were never meant and creating the ones that must exist. I should be entangling your fingers with mine and my mind with yours. So tight it amalgamates and forgets the being of duality because we are now one. I want to depart. From the existence of duality so that when we depart, we don't actually.

While you gaze at my temple and prepare to place your fingertips on it because you know it's evening in my mind and soon it'll be dark, I keep mum because I fear losing you. The pumping chamber of mine has been pumping thanatophobia along with blood of your shade. A structure of glass crumbles down on touch of a stone. Yes, I crumble that way when I ponder you and me departing. Despite knowing that we would last infinitely. For every inch of your skin, each glance at you, every time the time has stopped, I rejoice in silence. Every breath you take is a retreat for me. How shall I let distance overtake the destiny of our intimacy, the elevation of our symphony and the world of our successful endeavours towards the piousness of afterlife. The way we cry to sleep with laughter on our lips wouldn't let the way we love in despair be lost in carelessness. I'll love you before I lose you and I'll hate the loss that makes you lose me.

The waves are rising. We'll be dead long before. So before the sky creaks open and showers upon us the sorrow of goodbye, let us love with the passion that it tears apart to witness the divinity of right chemistry. So before the hands cease to fit with each other, grasp the existence of me to let them be numbed and for only the souls breath. So before we depart, kiss me the softest the lips have ever felt and the hardest there has ever been. So before we part our ways only to meet in togetherness, breathe in my veins and freeze the flow of yourself.

~ *Hasrat*



My icy fingers grabbed my arm,
As I inched through the darkness.
Tears pouring down as I tried to calm,
Unable to understand a world so cold and heartless.

I wish to live my life like I hold the meaning,
But today my mind is drawing a blank.
For me it was utterly demeaning,
But you brushed it like another prank.

Memories of embarrassment clearly engraved in my heart,
Of the never ending games of finding faults and calling names
Lost without a guide or a chart,
My soul was mystified in flames.

Core of Darkness

I drowned in your scorn,
Trying endlessly to fix my insight
Which your repeated shit had torn,
I couldn't put myself to sleep at night.

Have you no remorse?
For all those restless hours.
Desperately trying to fit in with force.
I hid my tears by crying in the shower.

Didn't you feel the terror draw near?
How desperately you tried to escape isolation
Saw your insides rot through the mirror,
Realizing it was never the solution.

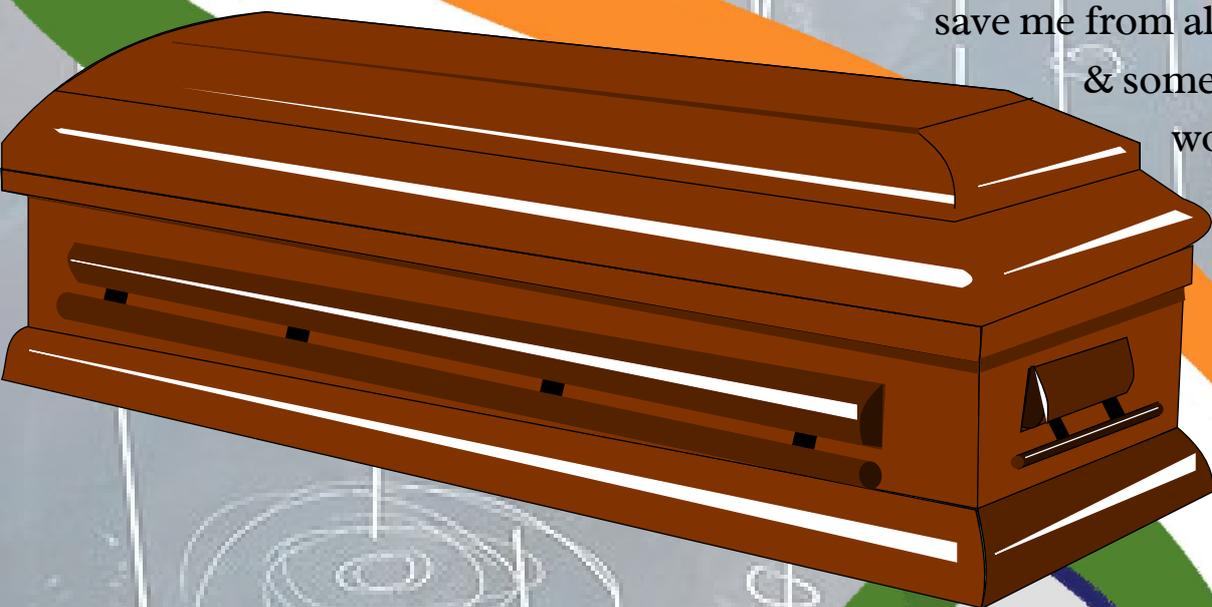
It's too late for amends,
I can't stay quiet anymore.
This is not where it ends,
Now it's my turn to show you what's in store.

~ *Annanya Jain*

The Blurry Vision

I stood there, watching the closed gate. Even the rain, which I never put up with, didn't deter my spirit to stand there. I had to, after all. Surprisingly, my eyes were blurry. Why was it surprising you may ask? I had an eye test last month and I ended up scoring a perfect 6/6. Probably the only time I had a good score. It's not as if I shined in other areas. Being the younger brother brought with it a habit of losing to my elder brother. Bhaiya had been a champ. He was a class topper. Distinction was something that would always be there on a certificate on a cabinet where glories of Bhaiya had been stored with utmost care, love & pride by Maa-Baba.

I, on the other hand, was the sour patch in our family. Passing with grace marks, I was quite literally the opposite of my brother. In sports too, he would bring trophies & shields while I never even made it to my school team. But he loved me despite that would save me from all the scoldings & sometimes beatings I would take myself into.



Baba would not hesitate to even hit me if I wasn't the 'disciplined' child. I would start crying with the first slap, blurring my eyes completely, with all those innocent tears. Maybe it was the continuous pouring of water that had clogged my vision just now. But getting out of the thoughts of my childhood, I realised it wasn't raining anymore. The sun had come out while the air was still a bit breezy. I could hear a faint marching sound coming closer & closer. My heart sank into my stomach as the gate opened. It was a coffin wrapped in tricolour. It was Bhaiya. My vision started blurring again, but Bhaiya wasn't there to console me.

- Vaibhav Chopra

हरण

सूर्यनखा ने वृतांत सुनाया,
सीता को हरने पाश घुमाया।
"मारीच तुम स्वर्णमृग का रूप बनाओ,
कुटीर के उसकी प्रत्यक्ष जाओ।"
स्वर्णमृग को देख सीया हँसी,
मृगतृष्णा के पाश में फँसी।
मारीच भागा था जब ताड़का से पलायन कर,
श्राप मिला था - 'मरेगा इसी रूप को धर।'
इस श्राप का किया विस्मरण,
यही रूप बने मुक्ति का कारण।

"हे स्वामी! उस मृग को लाएँ,
मेरी कुटीर की शोभा बढ़ाएँ।"
यह सब माया मात्र है संभव,
ऐसे जीव का नहीं है उद्भव।
नारी हठ प्रसिद्ध प्रबल,
शीरोधार्य इच्छा सबल।
मृग है आगे, राम हैं पीछे,
धनुष प्रत्यंचा राम हैं खींचे।
श्रीराम ने किया प्रहार,
मारीच कहे "सीया-सीया" पुकार!

सुन यह चीख सीया भरमाई,
"संकट में हैं श्री रघुराई,
स्वामी पर है संकट छाया,
लक्ष्मण ! जाने का समय है आया।"
लक्ष्मण को पूर्व आज्ञा का भान,
"नहीं कर सकता मैं प्रस्थान।"
सीया ने धारण किया आवेश,
"देती लक्ष्मण यह आदेश! "
विवश हो निकाला तरकश से तीर,
मंत्रोचारें...होते अधिक अधीर।

सीया कुटीर अब रावण आया,
लक्ष्मण रेखा लाँध न पाया।
समस्त अपनी शक्ति लगाई,
परंतु गरिमा टूट न पाई।
विफल हुई जब सगरी शक्ति,
कुटिल रावण को सूझी युक्ति।
"रावण को न मिलेगा प्रवेश,
अतः धर साधू का वेष।"
"-भिक्षाम देही!...भिक्षाम देही!"
फल लाई सिया सहस्नेही।

"हे देवी! मैं नहीं हूँ गृहस्त,
ध्यान- पूजा में रहता व्यस्त।
कुटीर त्याग कर दो, तब भोज में लेता हूँ,
अन्यथा अपमान मान इसे श्राप मैं देता हूँ।"
श्राप शब्द से भयभीत हो,
लक्ष्मण रेखा की है पार।





मर्यादा को त्यागो जो,
दुष्ट सकल संसार।

कोमल सरल सीया नहीं जानी,
रावण का छल नहीं पहचानी।
लक्ष्मीस्वरूपा को खींचे रावण,
षड्यंत्र से करता है सीता हरण।
सहायता को सीया पुकारे,
ले गया रावण पुष्पक के द्वारे।
चलती सीमा आभूषण गिराती,
राम को अपना मार्ग दिखाती।
पुष्पक के संग चले है वायु,
सहायता को पहुँचा जटायु।

"वन में रखती थी मेरा ध्यान,
दिया है मैंने इन्हें माँ का स्थान।"
संपूर्ण शक्ति से जटायु ने किया वार,
पंखों से अधिक धार-धरे तलवार।
पंख कट कर गिर पड़े
रक्त रंजित जटायु लड़े।
इस युद्ध का अंत कर,
आहत हुए, गिरे भूमी पर।
सीया हुई हैं असहाय,
पुष्पक में लंका लिए जाए।

मारीच का छल देख,
पहुँचे पुनः कुटि,
कोई कैसे करे उल्लेख,
क्या अनहोनी घटि?
मार्ग में जटायु को मूर्छित देखा,
गूढ़ हुई चिंता की रेखा।
मरणावस्था में इंगित करें उस ओर,
"सीताहरण कर पाप किया अतिघोर।"

संपूर्ण कर जटायु का अंतिम संस्कार,
खोजें सीया को द्वार-द्वार।
हरण कर सीता को ले आया,
यह देख रावण भय पाया।
जब सीता ने पग बढ़ाया,
नलकुबेर का श्राप धुंधलाया।
सीता ने स्वर्ण लंका में पग न धरा,
अशोक वाटिका भूमीजा की धरा।
आकर्षक लंका आकर्षण हीन हुई,
स्वर्णा होकर भी लक्ष्मी से दीन हुई।
पग को वैदेही ने दिया विराम,
वाटिका के मध्य लिया स्थान।

यादें

लोग तो चले जाते हैं,
बस यादें रह जाती हैं,
हमें अजनबी बुलाते हैं,
उनकी यादें रुलाती है।।

वियोग का मार्ग है कठिन,
कठिनतम् है प्रिये को भूलना,
इससे आसान तो है ऋतिक,
पंखे संग लटक कर झूलना।।

पर हम क्यों दे जान,
उस ग़ैर इंसान के लिए,
जिसने महज़ एक वर्ष भी,
संगिनी बनकर नहीं गुज़ारा।।
ऐसा उपहार मम् प्रेम का,
दिया मेरी प्यारी भार्या ने,
हँसते-खेलते-खिलखिलाते,
मेरे मधुर दिल को उजारा।।

सोच कर गुस्सा आता है,
खुद पर आता है, फिर एक,
मौन चीख निकल कर रह जाती है,
परंतु आज भी मेरे प्रिये की,
वो पुरानी साड़ी वाली छवि,
मेरे दिल को बहुत भाती है।
फिर सोचता हूँ,
लोग तो चले जाते हैं,
बस यादें रह जाती है,
हमें अजनबी बुलाते हैं,
उनकी यादें रुलाती है।।

हो जाता हूँ परेशान मैं,
करता हूँ मदिरापान मैं,
गर फिर भी याद सताए,
तो धुएँ से करता स्नान मैं।।

कुछ क्षण बाद लौट आता हूँ,
धुँए की मदहोशी बारात से,
रोज लेता हूँ स्वयं प्रतिज्ञा,
वह भी पवित्र दाहिनी हाथ से,
कि ऋतिक कल से नहीं पड़ेगा,
फर्क उस ज़ालिम की याद से,
समझ लो भाई कि वह मर गई,
अभी-इसी क्षण-इसी रात से।।

यह बातें दिमाग़ क्रोध में,
कह तो जाता है परंतु,
मेरे भोले-भाले दिल को,
ये बातें ही नहीं भाती हैं।
बहुआ नहीं देता दिल उसे,
दुआ ही देता है, बदले में,
वो तीन बजे भोर वाली नींद,
की मीठी दवा बन जाती है।

सुध रहता हूँ परंतु,
दिल को प्रतिदिन रात में,
“डायल किया गया नंबर,
अभी व्यस्त है” सुने बिना,
नींद बिल्कुल नहीं आती है।।
फिर सोचता हूँ,
लोग तो चले जाते हैं,
बस यादें रह जाती है,
हमें अजनबी बुलाते हैं,
उनकी यादें रुलाती है।।

- ऋतिक राज



दोष तुम्हारा है !

उठा के खंजर मारा जो तुमने
टूट गया ये उर जो मेरा
शीश समान साफ़ ही थी मैं
घोर किया अपमान क्यों तूने
आहत हो गयी मैं रो पड़ी
भूल गई मैं जाने क्यों
तेरे पीछे अपना वजूद
तू अपनी ज़िद पे अडिग रहा
कहता रहा - " दोष तुम्हारा है "
कुछ ख़्वाब थे मेरे अधूरे से
संजोये थे मैंने संग जो तेरे
कुछ बुना था मैंने तेरे लिये
कोशिश की थी मैंने
कोशिश की थी मैंने
लाख तुझे समझाने की
पर शायद ठाना था तूने
झूठे बहाने बनाने की
बेबस होना गलत तो नहीं
पर खुदगर्ज़ी को बेबसी बताना
कहाँ से सीखा झूठे बहाने बनाना?
हाय मेरा मुस्कराता चेहरा
जिस पर कभी था पहरा तेरा
पल जो तेरे संग बिताए
खुदा करे वह रंग ले आयें
मैं रहूँ या न रहूँ
तू मुझसे ही मुस्काए
मुझमें तुम अब भी ज़िंदा हो
दफ़न करने की ना कोशिश की मैंने

आज़ाद से परिंदे बनो तुम
दुआ है मेरी इस जीवन में
जुर्म करने से बड़ा है सहना
मैंने जो पकाया ही नहीं है
वह परोसा क्यों गया है
समझाया था तूने ही न कुछ सहना
फिर क्यों पड़ा घुट के जीना
क़सूर ना तेरा है ना मेरा है
बस तूने ये माना है
जाने क्यों ये ठाना है
कुछ भी हो झुठलाओगे
कब तक फ़रेब छिपाओगे
अब तो ये नकाब हटालो
मन के मैल को निकालो
कराहता ये हृदय मेरा
मिलने को तुझसे आतुर है
मस्तिष्क है कहता जाने क्यों
तू बड़ा ही शातिर है
आश है याद तुझे मेरी आए
नींद तोड़ रातों में जगाए
हाय मेरे झूठे ख़्वाब
जिस पर था कभी ख़ुद से ज्यादा नाज़
तोड़ दिया उसने मेरा विश्वास
और वही चिल्लाता रहा -
" दोष तुम्हारा है "
दोष तुम्हारा है " ।

- निकिता सिंह

आज मैं अकेला ही चला हूँ

आज मैं अकेला ही चला हूँ।
किसी से लड़ कर, किसी से झगड़ कर निकला हूँ।
अकेला हूँ, सफ़र है ज़िंदगी का मंज़िल मेरी दूर है।
राही मिले कई सारे, पर छूटते चले गए।

पास तो सब खड़े थे, पर साथ नहीं थे।
ताने थे, बहाने थे, पर मेरे कंधों पर उनके हाथ नहीं थे।
सीख लिया अकेले इस सफ़र पर चलना।
सफलता मेरी है, मुझे अकेले ही है उससे मिलना।

मेरे हौसले बताते हैं कि मैं हारकर भी ज़िंदा हूँ।
जिसे कोई बंदिश बाँध नहीं सकती, मैं वो परिंदा हूँ।
जब-जब क़दम बढ़ाया, हर अपना मुझसे टकराया।
हवा का हल्का झोंका तूफ़ान लगा,
कंकड़ भी पहाड़ नज़र आया।

एक बार ठान लिया तो कभी रुका नहीं।
असफलता भी मिली पर कभी झुका नहीं।
अपने लिए सिर्फ़ अपना साथ चाहिए।
कंधों पर नहीं, बस बाजुओं में अपना हाथ चाहिए।

ऐसा क्या है जो दो हाथों से तू कर सकता नहीं।
ज़िंदगी एक उपहार है, बिना कुछ करे तू यूँ मर सकता नहीं।
जिसे लोगों ने पीछे खींचा वह तू अकेला नहीं।
वह कामयाबी ही क्या, जिसे पाने वालों ने ये झेला नहीं।

कामयाबी का ऐसा मंज़र दिखलाऊँगा मैं।
जो मुझे चाहिए वह दिन लाऊँगा मैं।
मेरे रास्ते में काँटे बिछाने वालों से कह दो।
मैं परिंदा हूँ, इन मुश्किलों को उड़कर पार कर जाऊँगा मैं।

गिरता हूँ, संभलता हूँ, उठता हूँ और चलता हूँ,
फिर गिरता हूँ, फिर संभलता हूँ,
फिर उठता हूँ और फिर चलता हूँ।
टूट जाता हूँ, पर फिर से उड़ान भरता हूँ।
बस इस चक्र में हर बार कुछ नया सीख कर निकलता हूँ।

आसान नहीं होता हर मोड़ पर चोट खाकर निकलना।
ज़ख्मी होना और फिर चलना।
खासकर जब कोई तुम्हारे साथ ना हो और,
जो चंद लोग तुम्हारे साथ है वह तुम्हारे पास ना हो।

पीछे मुड़ कर तो देख,
कल तू कहाँ था और आज कहाँ खड़ा है।
वह तेरा सपना नहीं लक्ष्य है,
जो तुझसे भी बड़ा है।

हाँ, आज मैं अकेला ही चला हूँ।
किसी से लड़ कर किसी से झगड़ कर निकला हूँ।
कठिनाइयाँ तो मेरे रास्ते में आएँगी ही,
क्योंकि मैं समुद्र को उड़कर पार करने चला हूँ।

- समीर



अधजली सिगरेट

न जलाऊँ होठों को इन सिगरेट से,
ऐसी तुम कसमें देते हो।
मालूम कहाँ है तुम्हें,
कि तुम खुद ही वज़ह बन जाते हो।

कहने को तो मोहब्बत है तुम्हें मुझसे,
पर तुम कहाँ समझ में आते हो।
समझ सको तो मेरी खामोशी समझो,
खुद को जो मेरे करीबी बताते हो।

बातें तो न बिछड़ने की करते हो,
फिर उन बातों से क्याँ मुँह मोड़ लेते हो।
नज़रें मिलाई तो आँखें फेर लीं तुमने,
यहीं पर तो सवाल खड़े कर देते हो।

ज्ञात है तुम्हें कि कसूर है तुम्हारा,
खुद को फिर भी सच्चे कहते हो।
तुम्हें तो बेवफ़ा भी नहीं कह सकता,
अपनी गलती को मजबूरी बताते हो।

अब खत में किया लिखूँ मैं तुम्हें,
मेरे शब्दों को मतलबी बताते हो।
बड़े बेदर्दी हो तुम,
बिना खरोच के ही ज़ख़म दे जाते हो।

बख़ूबी किरदार निभाया तुमने मेरे प्रेमी होने का,
ये तारीफ़ सुनके क्यों मुरझा जाते हो।
है अगर इश्क़ अब भी तुम्हें तो बता दो,
पर तुम कहाँ जवाब देते हो।

अब भी उतनी ही मोहब्बत है मुझे तुमसे,
और तुम कहाँ मानते हो?
कैसे कटती हैं रातें मेरी,
तुम कहाँ जानते हो?

नींदें खुल जाती हैं आधी रातों में भी,
जब तुम ख्वाबों में आते हो।
फिर जो आँखें बंद नहीं कर पता,
पलकें मिलाऊँ तो सामने तुम आ जाते हो।

आँखें भीग जाती हैं मेरी,
तुम इतना याद आते हो!
तब जला लेता हूँ अधजली सिगरेट भी,
सोचो तुम कितना याद आते हो।

- सुशांत



मैदान

गौरांगित सकल धरोहर हुई,
लहरों में नृत्य डंक बजा,
जिस स्वर्ण को आँखें तरस गयीं,
उससे भारत शीश सजा।

लौह रखत भारतीयों का,
नीरज की यह ललकार थी,
हर्ष उल्लास हमारा मानो,
चेहरे पर अश्रु धार थी।

पर तृप्त न होना इतने से,
पदक अभी भी चंद है,ं
ख्वाहिशों के किलवाड़े,
लाखों अब भी बंद हैं।

मैदान को एकड़ गज में तोलो,
हज़ारों आकांक्षाएं इनमें पलती है,
त्याग तपस्या अर्पण की,
ज्योतिकाएँ इनमें जलती है।

मैदान छीनलो आज तुम,
बचपन, यौवन व्यर्थ है,
जिसमें खेल का भाग न हो,
उस जीवन का क्या अर्थ है।

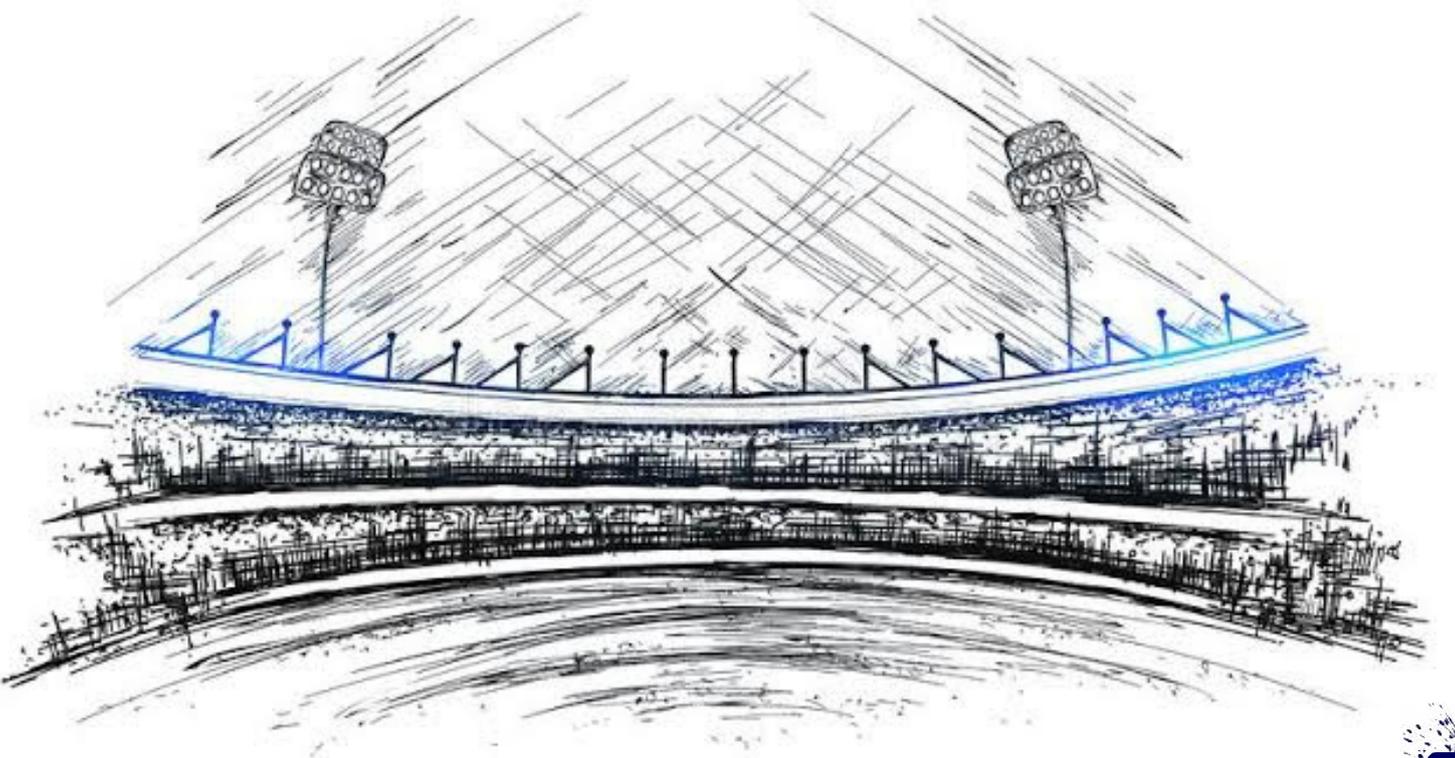
जिन पैरों में रफ़्तार है,
उनको क्यों सीमित करें,
खुदके मीरा, पुनिया को,
समय है कि जीवित करें।

प्रत्येक उम्र, प्रत्येक जन से,
मुहिम में अब संयोग मिले,
आयुष, बुद्धि, कौशल का,
खेलों से हमको भोग मिले।

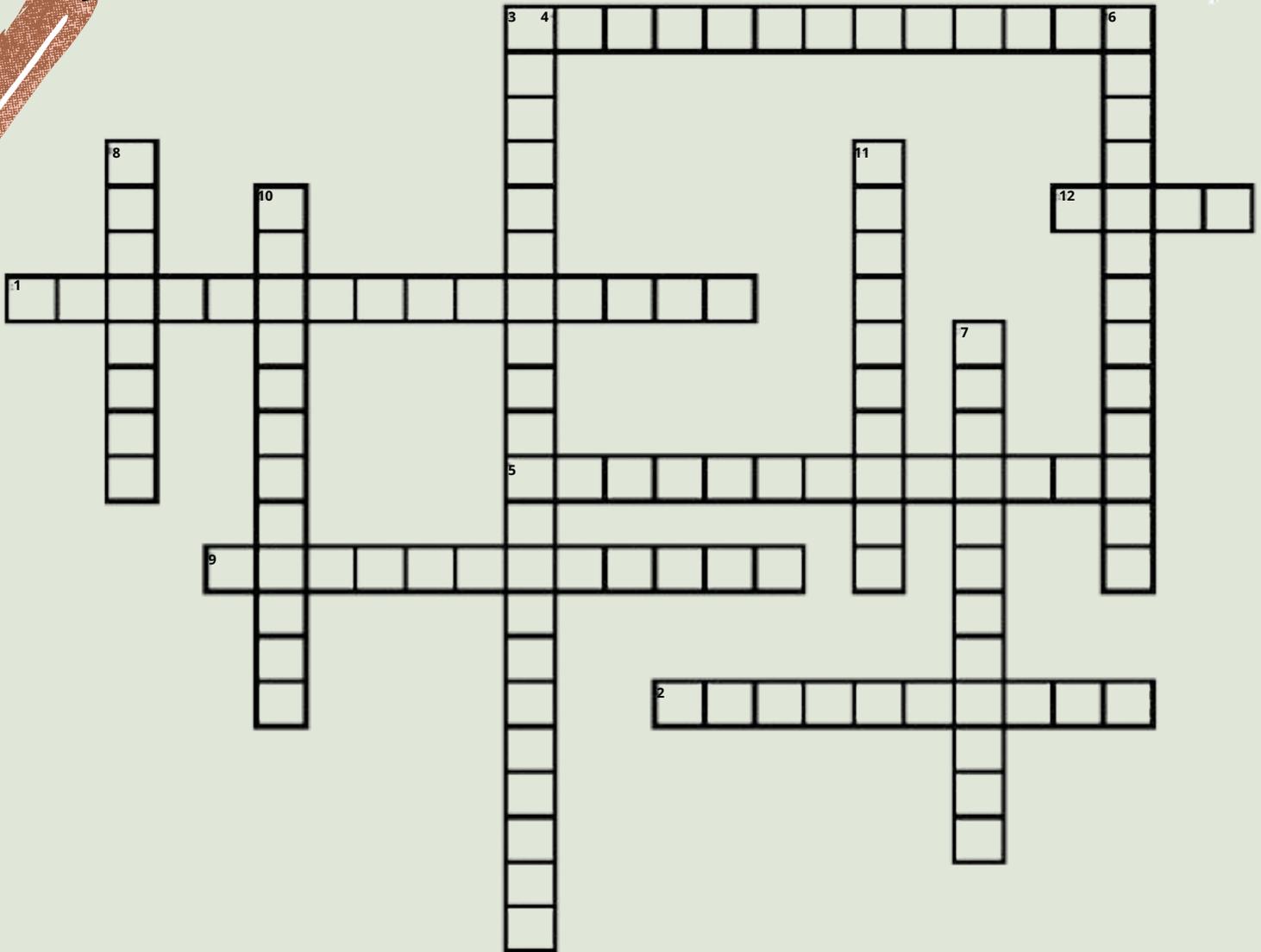
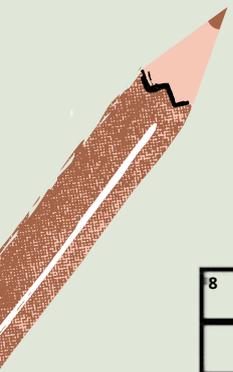
समुंद्र गहरा प्रतीत है,
तैराकी से लांध दो,
खेलों को बढ़ावा देना अब से,
निश्चित मन में बाँध दो।

एक हाथ में खेल सामग्री,
एक हाथ में किताब हो,
जिस मैदान में उतरें अब से,
विजेता बेहिसाब हों।

- प्रणव



CROSSWORD

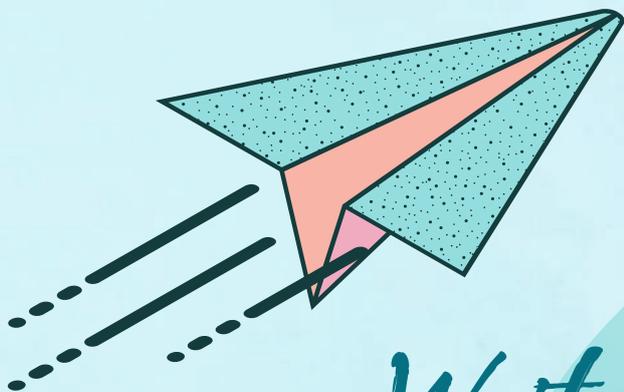


Across

1. The protagonist of Maryse Condé's first book
2. Founded the "Poetry for the People" program
3. Begum Rokeya's story in which the gender roles are reversed
5. The only female to be considered one of the pillars of the Chhayawadi era in Hindi literature
9. The foreigner's home is a documentary film about
12. Amrita Pritam's Hindu protagonist in her famous work who gets abducted by a Muslim man, Rashid

Down

4. Creator of the famous poem "Jhansi ki Rani"
6. Writer of a cult classic Mahabhoj which talks about crime and political nexus
7. Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie's memoir based on her father's passing
8. A Hindu mystic poet who is supposed to have been merged in Lord Krishna's idol
10. She is considered as the 'grande dame' of Hindi literature
11. Adure Lorde, before her death, took the name



Writers' Bingo

WRITES EVERY DAY	GRAMMAR NAZI	PREFERS BOOKS OVER MOVIES	WRITES TO RELEASE	WRITING IS THE HARDEST THING
GOES THROUGH WRITER'S BLOCK	IMAGINES OWN SELF IN EVERY SCENARIO BEFORE WRITING IT	RESEARCHES OBSCURE TOPICS	WEeping IS MOTIVATING	WRITES IN THE SHOWER
LETTERS OVER TEXT MESSAGES	DAY DREAMS	SPILLED INK	STAYS UP ALL NIGHT WRITING	OVERUSES A WORD/PHRASE
IMAGINES A FICTIONAL CHARACTER IN LIFE	LIES ABOUT BEING A VORACIOUS READER	TRAGEDY DEPICTION GENIUS	TRIES TO BE ANONYMOUS MOST OF THE TIMES	WRITES LETTERS TO CITIES
LEAVES ANONYMOUS NOTES	GETS IDEAS IN THE MIDDLE OF NIGHT	LEAVES WRITE-UPS IN BETWEEN AND NEVER FINISHES	GETS COMPLEX BY READING OTHERS	HAS A LOVE-HATE RELATIONSHIP WITH WRITING



संरचना के लिए
संकल्पना करना
आवश्यक है और
संकल्पना के लिए
संकल्प!





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