



CHRYSALIS

VOICE OF THE Y.E.L.A.M.

DROWNING THOUGH THEY SAY I CAN SWIM
IN A SHALLOW, SCUM-SKIMMED POND OF CALLOUS
SUPERFICIALITY

BOBBING UPON THE WAVES OF GOSSAMER VEILS
STRUGGLING TO STAY AFLOAT AND NAVIGATE THE DIAPHANOUS
TIGHTROPE

OF RADICAL REVELATIONS MINGLED WITH BLATANT
INTOLERANCE

"THE DISSONANCE IS KILLING ME"

STILL, WITHIN THE DARK, SHROUDED GRAVEYARD OF HUMANITY
I SPOT A BLUE BLOSSOM OF HOPE AND I GAZE AT IT IN
BEWILDERED WONDER

FOR IT CONTINUES TO GLOW AND GROW
FAR FROM THE SUN AND HER CHILDREN.

WITH A GLIMMERING INTENSITY IT TWINES IT'S GRACEFUL
AURA AROUND THE SHELL OF HUMANITY

AND EMBRACES OUR WORN, SKELETAL HEARTS WITH A
STARTLING WARMTH AND FAMILIARITY

IN THE FORM OF SYMPHONIES AND LETTERS,
AND THE RHYTHMIC BEAT OF YOUTHFUL FEET.


SWIRLS OF INK WITH WHISPERED TONES OF VIOLET AND
VERMILLION

THE WORLD GOES ON.

ALIYA ANAND
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



SIXTEEN



*I was only sixteen,
I didn't know it wasn't love when you
kissed me till I couldn't breathe,
When you said my friends and family
couldn't see because I was only yours
I didn't know that I could say no when
you touched me,
That I could walk out the door and
leave
I didn't know that flowers didn't make
up for bandages,
That there were things that couldn't be
forgiven
I didn't know that when you dragged
me into dark corners, it wasn't to keep
me safe
But to hide from the world what you
were doing to me
I didn't know I could shower without
falling to my knees
Without you making me dirtier than I
was to begin with
I didn't know I had to swallow the
amber liquid that burned my throat,
The pills which made me forget why I
was waking up in a mess of stained
sheets, aching where I didn't dare to
look
I was only sixteen,
But the scars aged me as they opened up
again and again,
The bruises looked the same as when you
kissed me really hard,
And I forgot to tell the difference.
I can still see your face in my dreams,
I can still feel your touch on my skin,
And I'm no longer sixteen.*

~Aditi

Tide of the Seasons

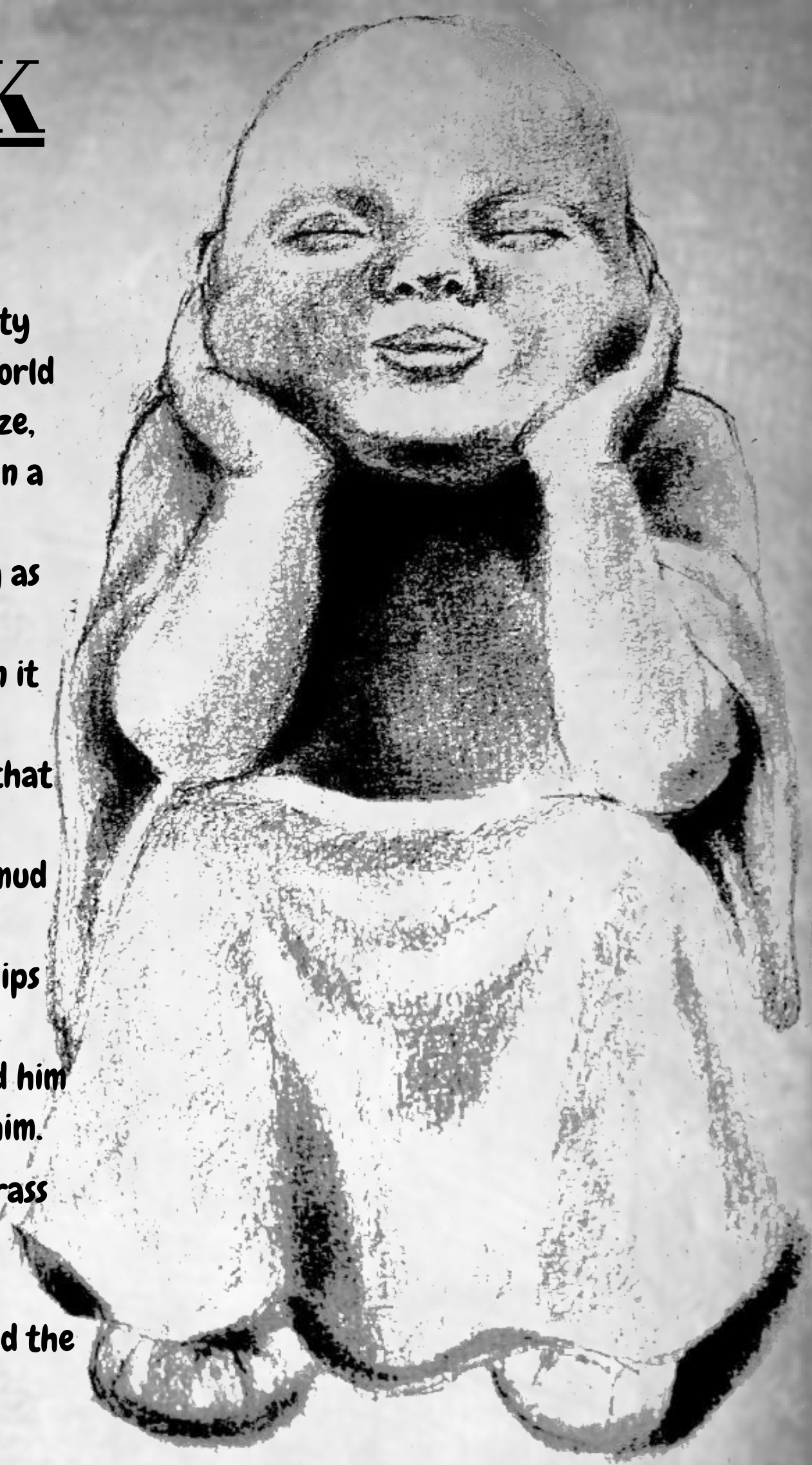
He used to read out to me every day,
in his gentle, clear voice
A book perched carefully on his lap.
The pages resting carefully beneath his wrinkled hands
In the spring he would read in a bright, cheery tone,
As if the hair on his head had never been grey.
The essence of the energy in his youth
Did flow gracefully in his words,
And I watched the blooming freesias
Sway under the tender shower of sunlight.
In the summer, his reading would take a leisurely pace.
He would squint his eyes through his thick-rimmed glasses
And chuckle when his clammy palms would leave the pages damp.
As a trail of sweat would tickle the back of my neck.
He would read slowly through the sultry afternoons,
His room drenched in the sweet fragrance of lavender and old books.
When it rained, he would sit by the window,
He would read in sudden, heavy bursts
and pat my head furiously
as if to calm himself down instead of me.
In the fall, his pace grew painfully slow
His voice growing eerily faint
As if the dry howling winds were carrying it away,
Far from his own battered body.
Sometimes his hand would shiver ominously.
Sometimes his eyes would fill up
And through it all,
I sat patiently by the edge of his armchair.
Then came the winter, in all its chilling glory
The cold slowly crept in,
First his thin fingers,
Then spreading threateningly fast-
It got his lively old heart,
As I sat in the frozen silence
Fumbling to find words,
Words that would make his last,
A little longer.



Rushali

THE MONK

His soul speaks to me
Cutting through the pretence of reality
And befuddling my perception of the world
His relaxed posture, his unflinching gaze,
His unapologetic, friendly pose has me in a
daze.
His scratchy, grey robes flow as freely as
cement
The kind that has solidified sooner than it
would have liked
His nimble toes twiddle, free to a wind that
he cannot feel
His worn leather sandals sink into soft mud
that he cannot touch
A horn blares in the distance but it whips
past his ears unheard
The smell of wet earth permeates around him
Never close enough to fully surround him.
Embers of fury lick greedily at the grass
They grow closer and closer
Feeding on the chaos that ensues.
But as the fronds above him collapse and the
walls behind him crumble
He remains in his cemented daze
The cool wind soon carries the flames on its
back and transports it to the land of soot and
black
But he stays
His feet sunken into the charred earth
His face stoic, his eyes all-knowing yet unknowing
A soul trapped in the confines
Of a garden ornament
Through death, space, and time



*The poetry and artwork is inspired
from a real life statue ,photographed on
a Nikon D780 by Jyot.*



Aliya & Jyot

PLAY / PREY?

No, it wasn't Shakespeare,
indeed, it wasn't Ben Jonson
Not even Oscar Wilde

It was just a new writer making a premier.

Then why the hype?
for the first time, it was a play starring
A black guy.

The
Curtains draw,
Mikes are
hurriedly switched on,

The
audience fidgets to adjust comfortably in their seats.

The
coloured open their hopeful eyes wide.

Men end
their business lines, put their telephones on silent.

Women
clutch their lipsticks, and secure their bags

Old couples
hold tight to each other's hands, hoping
to bless
their wrinkled eyes.

A woman,
assumed to be the mother of the boy

Enters and
the spotlight dashes towards her

Her skin
shines white
Mother: "Dear
joey, it's time to go!"

The
audience sits still, numb yet hyped.
Waiting for
the black kid to come running on the stage.

Joey (but
from backstage): "Coming mother!"

The
audience is utterly disappointed.

The
starving audience persevere

The play
goes on
First scene
gone

Second
scene gone

The
interval dawns
Half of the
shows gone

The
coloured audience feel enraged and tricked.

They see
their monthly savings going down the drain.

deafening
silence,
The night
grows eerie and dull.

A figure
emerges, camouflaged in the guise of night

Jewelled
hands dart out to cover their astonished gaping
lips.

a thousand vicious eyes glare lustily in one corner,
Eager, curious,
and thirsty for the sight.

They seem
less like innocent viewers and more like savage
predators.

Unblinking eyes narrow unrelentingly

the black man
shivers beneath the spotlight

His courage
drowns
Drowning
like a canoe in front of a ferry

Until at
last

A glimpse
of normalcy
the shrill
scream of the boy

(It matched
the ones I heard on the streets every day)

"It is just
an act! I am unarmed! It is just a prop for the act!"

BOOM! BOOM!

BOOM!

Three
shots pin him down

An innocent
man
Dead.

~TASNEEN

RHAPSODIES

Fantaisie Impromptu

The following article is inspired from various well acclaimed piano compositions and has tried to encapsulate the story of their respective origins along with their auditory essence

in C# minor Op. posth. 66

- Frédéric Chopin ▷

Fantaisie Impromptu was written by Chopin for commercial use and was to be sold to the Baroness d'Este. The musical score of the piece was discovered after his death.

Cryptic chaotic arpeggios

*Pulsating through obedience and
obstinacy*

The deepest darkest desires

Sold to Baroness d'Este

And fortunes earned

Posthumously

Fantasy's shattered. Impromptu

Für Elise/Bagatelle in A minor

- Ludwig Van Beethoven ▷

Für Elise was composed by Beethoven when he fell in love with his student Theresa who never loved him back.

A symphony of longing

Unrequited blazing love

A synchronization of colorless notions

Unfurled through interwoven sharps

and flats Passion and paradox

This is Für Elise

This is for my Theresa

Moonlight Sonata/Piano Sonata No. 14 in

C# minor "Quasi una fantasia"

- Ludwig Van Beethoven ▷

Moonlight Sonata was composed by Beethoven as a calm and relaxing composition, purely for himself. He wrote the piece under the moonlight owing to its romantic undertones.

A budding flower between two chasms

Aching to meet its cluster

Stood blooming in its monochrome

The solace in the pianissimo

Somber telltales of the moon

Serenity in the serendipity

Eternal Solitude



DECODED

La Campanella / Third Grandes études de

Paganini S. 141

- Franz Liszt



La Campanella was a piece inspired from Paganini's Violin Concerto No. 2 in B minor. Liszt heard Paganini play in a tavern and was awed by the formation notes which led him to make a composition of his own.

A soliloquy of semiquavers

*Paganini's exhilarating
enharmonic chords*

*'Quel homme, quel violon, quel
artiste!'*

An inspirational impersonation

Of his arduous allegrissimo

A phenomenal vision

Liszt's legendary La Campanella

Nocturne No. 20 in C sharp

minor

- Frédéric Chopin

A melancholic composition, this piece captures the nostalgia Chopin has for his sister, Ludwika, who is far away from him.

The symphonies of ethereal silence

Tranquility embedded in every crotchet

A brother's bewitching ode

Reminiscing his beloved Ludwika

Consciously, conscientiously numbed

Nocturnal bliss in his nocturne

GLOSSARY

Sharps- A very common terminology in piano, a sharp symbol, when placed in

front of a note, increases its pitch by a half step

Flats- Opposite to sharps, a flat symbol, when placed in front of a note, decreases its pitch by a half step

Arpeggios- the notes of a chord played in rapid succession, either ascending or descending.

Pianissimo- An Italian word used as a performance direction on a passage to be performed very softly.

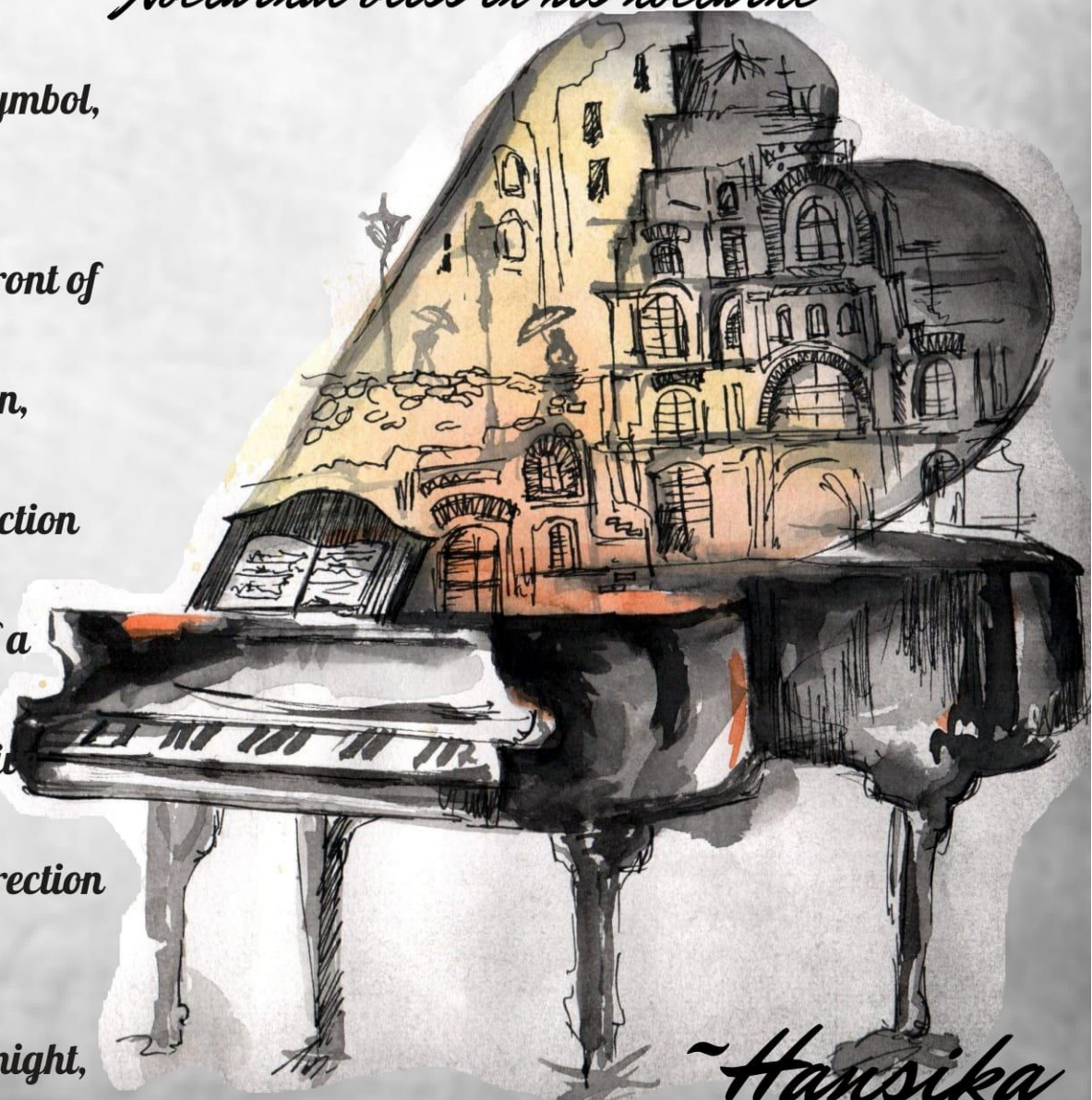
Semiquavers- a note having the time value of an eighth of a crotchet or single beat note

Enharmonic Chords- Enharmonic chords are an alternative way to write any normal chord using certain notes

Allegrissimo- An Italian word used as a performance direction on a passage to be performed very swiftly and lively.

Crotchet- a single beat note

Nocturne- A composition inspired by, or evocative of, the night, and cultivated in the 19th century.



~Hansika

covid - king of



"Oh, poor human with speech, sense and intelligence
fell prey to the silly bat and this pestilence.

No men! No men! The apes shall hail!

Oh, men! oh, men! What a fail!

The tides are turning and the winds too

Don't you think it's time for you!"

Caves shall be the new minarets

And flints the new cigarettes!

GOOPY DROOPY

THREE- EYED, TWELVE LIMBED

SCUTTling, SCURRYING WE STAND IN

SPACESHIP QUEUES

WE RETURN OUR AIR TICKETS AND

DEMAND A REFUND

OUR SOJOURN TO EARTH

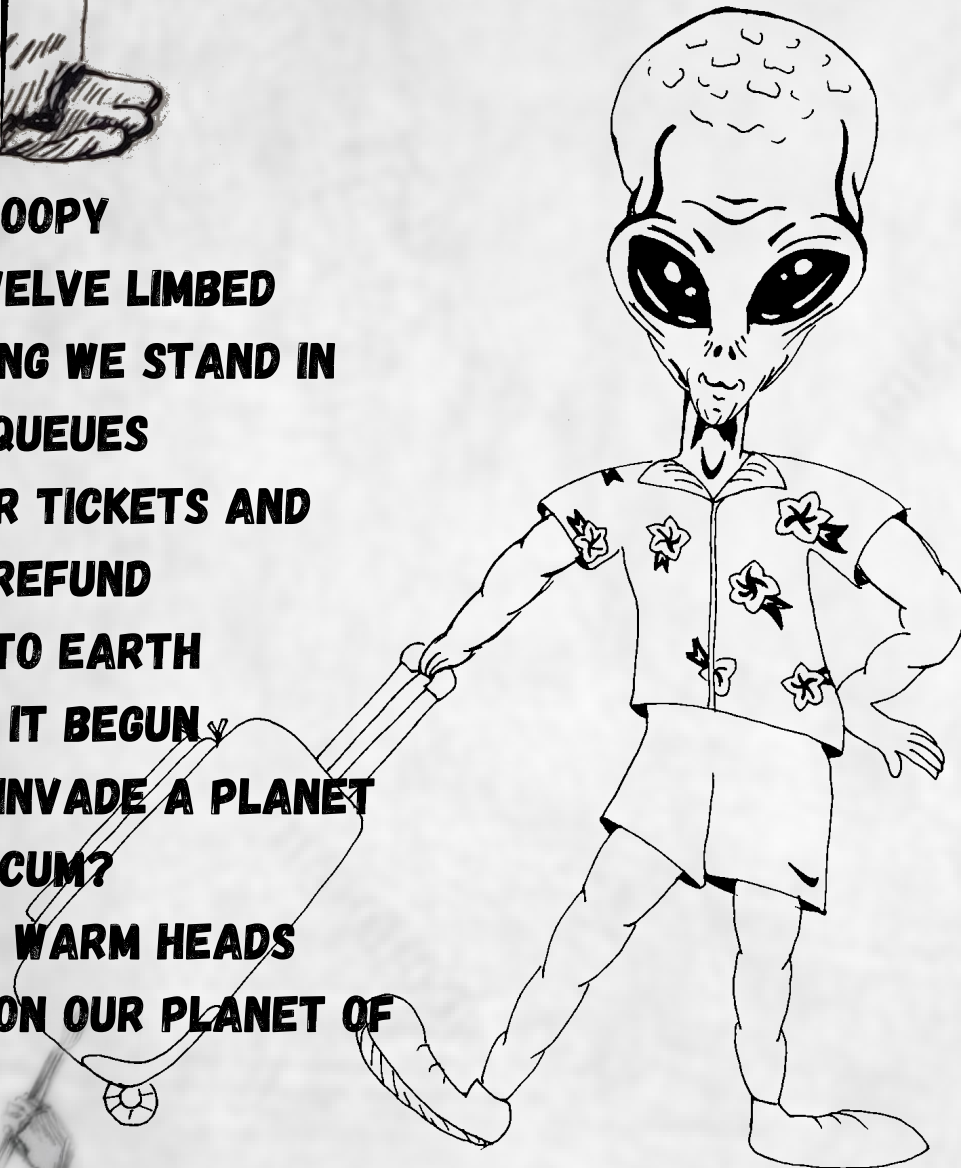
OVER BEFORE IT BEGUN

WHO WOULD WANT TO INVADE A PLANET

FULL OF SCUM?

RUNNY NOSES AND WARM HEADS

**WE'D RATHER REMAIN ON OUR PLANET OF
RED.**



**I SLINK, SLOW AND APATHETIC
FROM THE DRESSER TO THE COUCH
CATAPULTING OUT OF BED**

DEFENCES RARING AS I WRESTLE THE TV REMOTE

A MOULDY BAGUETTE MY TRUSTY EXCALIBUR

AN OLD PILLOW MY AEGIS

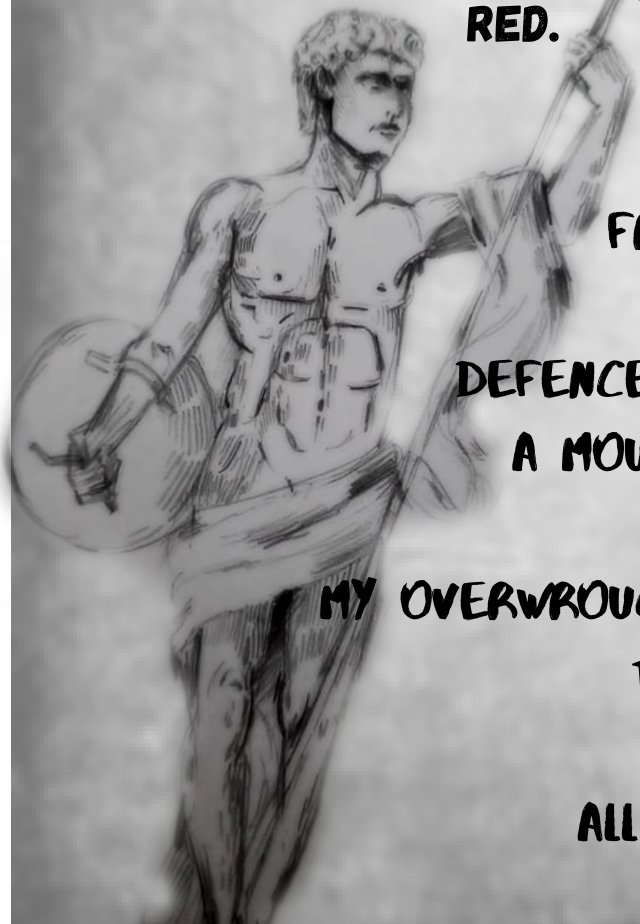
MY OVERWROUGHT SENSES IN A STATE OF FRANTIC OVERLOAD

THE SLIMY GUNKY VIRUSY MONKEY

LEAVES MY PEOPLE IN TEARS

ALL I CAN DO IS SPRAWL ON MY COUCH

AND NURSE AN OLD BEER.



the apocalypse

You know me, I've come visiting before.
You've heard the tales of my adventures,
whispered in dingy rooms and scrawled in the
folded yellow newspapers you've thrown out.
You used to run from me in your nightmares.
But now I see you're almost glad to see it's me,
and not the contemporary that has you weak in
the knees.

shrinking behind masks that won't save you but
feeling safe.

They've put me back piece by piece, stronger
than I ever was, and yet you cower for a lowly
opponent.

It fills me with rage but I remain helpless as I see
it happen.



HO HUM!HO HUM!
DOWN THE STREETS, WE BANG OUR
DRUMS
HO HUM !HO HUM!
STALE BREATH, VACANT EYES
RELISH YOUR BRAINS AND ROAST YOUR
THIGHS
HO HUM !HO HUM!
DOWN THE STREETS HE BARRELS AT US
HIS SLIMY WET ARMS DART OUT
AND IN OUR DEATHLY MAGNIFICENCE, WE
RETREAT
FOR WE'D RATHER NOT BREATHE AT ALL
BENEATH THE EARTH
THEN LIVE AMIDST STIFLING MASKS
AND STUFFY THROATS
AND DISTANT HEARTS



The sun rises with an air of flamboyance, erupting into rays of buttery yellow shadows.

A gust of warm summer air, awash with the pure essence of morning bathes the terrain.

Elm tops sway back and forth like joyfully inebriated adolescents.

Radiant butterfly's whizz past fearlessly, no longer darting bashfully, no, now they zip and slide without reservations.

In the distance a rainbow erupts, quelling the very thought of the thunderous dread that accompanies blazing lightning and sorrowful showers.

The throaty lark harmonizes with gusto, a lion strolls past, his head held high, no fear of nets nor bullets or aliens launching from the sky; to conquer, plunder and destroy.

No, now they live with ease.

The nervous apprehension that remains so heavily etched into the crevices of their traumatised psyche's, slowly gives way to a relaxed composure and a sense of listless dispassion.

The peacocks have grown tired of dancing, it seems, for their feet hurt, and the rain no longer compels them.

There is no one to gawk and pluck their kaleidoscopic, feathery wings.

Their eyes are dull, sombre even at the loss of their abusive admirers.

Blooming lilacs flutter unwatched, their beauty undocumented by the pantheists of the demon race.

Roses flow, abundant; their overpowering odour grows stale and pungent, desperate apologies or impatient lust absent from the scene; none to pick them and none to savour their romanticised delight, with no greed or jealousy to fuel the passionate, spirited love they symbolise.

Throngs of deer wander aimlessly, their stomach's hanging down with the weight of uncut grass.

An air of meaningless passivity emanates from the pores of the planet, with no enemy to threaten them, they seem almost lost

Freedom tastes so sweet it's sickly

Air so fresh, it burns

Streets so empty, it's stifling

A world so silent, it's deafening

Wails sound from beneath the fertile, flourishing soil

For even when we who have plundered and demolished are finally eradicated

Our mother and her children will mourn us and all that we once were.

~Aliya





SAUDADE

(n).Saudade is a deep emotional state of nostalgic or profound melancholic longing for an absent something or someone that one cares for or loves.

WHERE IS MINE
I CONSTANTLY ASK GOD
EVERYONE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD HAS ONE
I NEVER SAW YOU AFTER
FATHER SENT YOU AWAY
HE SAID I BROUGHT ILL FATE
FATHER SAID I WAS A DISGRACE.
I AM NOT LIKE THE OTHERS AROUND.
I CANNOT READ THE ALPHABET
I JUST SWEEP AND WASH AND SWEEP AND WASH
I HAVE NO RESOURCES
I HAVE MY WILL
SO I WILL FIND YOU
I HAVE SEEN NOTHING BUT CRUELTY
KILL HER
THEY ALWAYS SAID
BUT WAS IT REALLY MY FAULT?
IGNORANT TO THEIR BLATANT ACCUSATIONS
I WAS
THE AGITATED MIDWIFE
ANGRY FATHER
IT'S A FAINT MEMORY
I HEARD THE LADIES
WHISPERING-
WHY DID YOU YIELD A DAUGHTER?
THEY SAID I DIDN'T DESERVE TO LIVE
SO I LEFT

~ANISHA

Reverse poetry is a poem that can be read forwards (top to bottom) and have one meaning, but can also be read backwards (bottom to top) and have a different or opposite meaning.



CREDITS

ARTISTS

KAavyA

JyOT

ZEhRA

MANSi

ANUSHKA PRAKASH

RUSHALI

TANVI

ARCHIE

ALEEZA

SPECIAL THANKS

MRS DEEPSHIKHA WALIA

AARNAV BAHL

MOULSHREE

RYKA

GHAAHAT

ZARAH

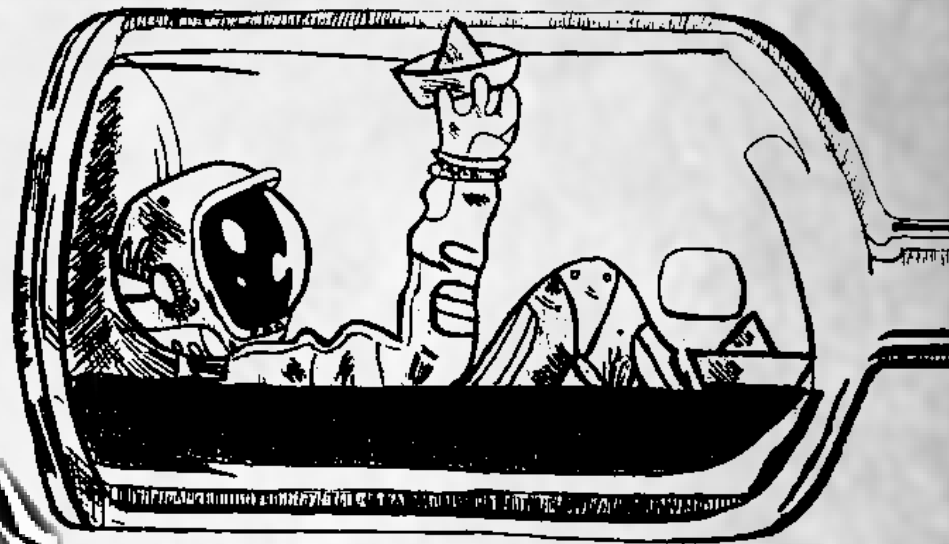
TEACHER-IN-CHARGE

MRS. RAJSHREE

OJHA

*"The purpose of literature is
to turn blood into ink."*

T.S. Elliot



*"Hope Smiles from the
threshold of the year to come,
Whispering it will be happier"*
~ Alfred Lord Tennyson.

