

CHRYSALIS

A little piece of a fuller heart; I promise you. I wonder what it feels like for you to have created a home inside your body and to have shared it for so long with those you hold close. Of all that you know about love, I hope you realise a part of you here. While you continue to look for yourself in those around you, I wish to fill the void in your core, comforting you with every language of love there is. As you turn these pages, my fingers tingle with anticipation, waiting for each of you to find something that you can call your own.



I look at you
the way a little girl looks at the stars
with butterflies dancing to the sound of your voice
I behold the starry night
with each glimpse, you become my only wish
and I long to return to you
for this homesickness is what I call mine
this warm embrace, a yearning of its kind
I find in your eyes
in them I rediscover dreams
of scars sewed back together
and a piece that feels whole
in them I watch a kinder me
with you, I learn to lie a little lesser to myself
and speak to me with words
I had only ever used for those I held close to my heart
It is as if, in your presence, I'm becoming one of them
and to think you would too
makes my single wish
it is on days you relentlessly search
for what makes you, you
that I desperately hope
for you to see yourself
the way I look at you
like a little girl looking at the stars

-Anika
Lohia





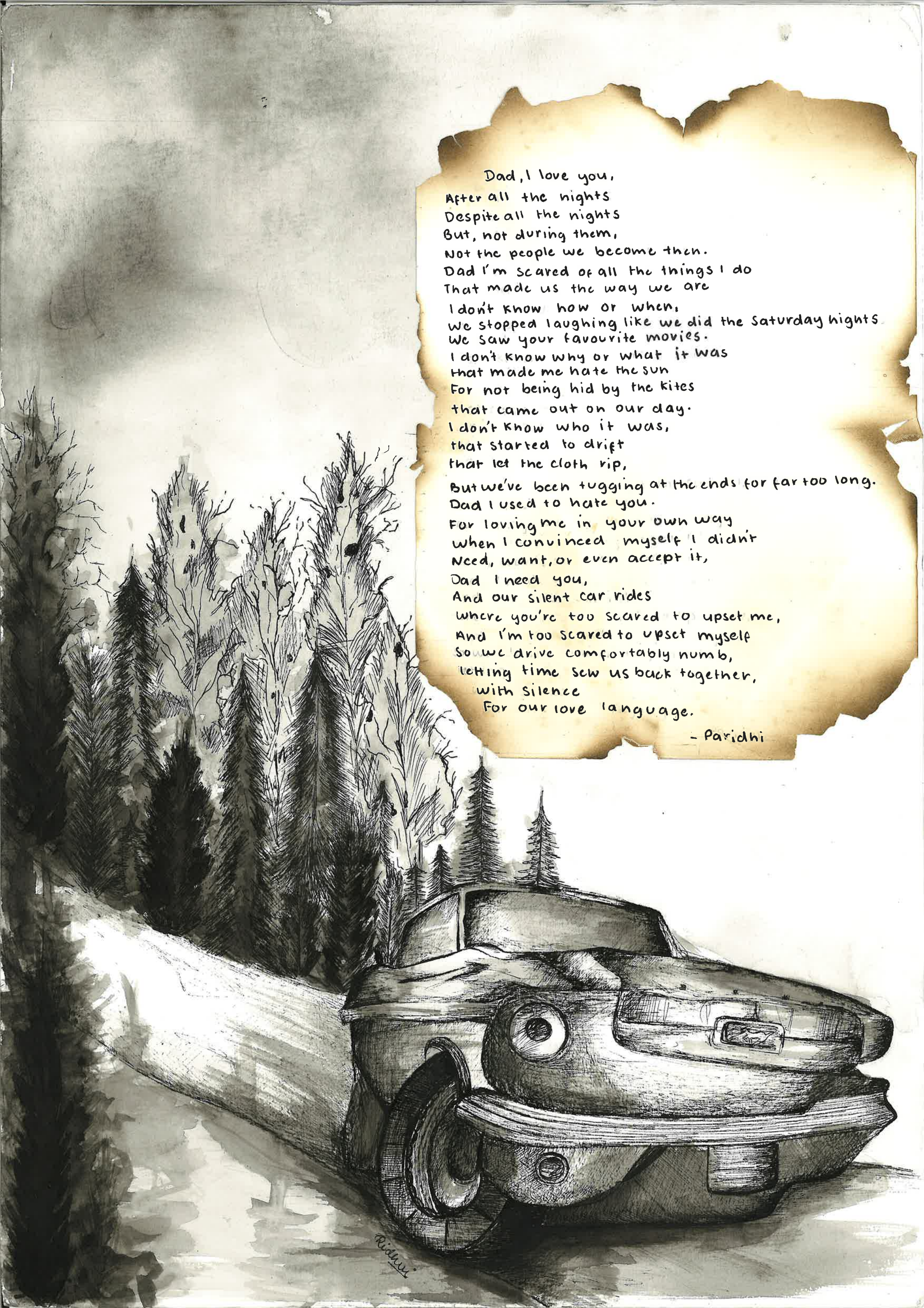
In the warmth of your embrace,
I find my home, a sanctuary
of love, where hearts freely roam.
Fingers intertwined, our spirits
interlace, each caress, a sonnet,
in this intimate embrace.

Your hand upon my cheek, a
tender, whispered verse, in your
loving touch, all my doubts
disperse. It's a language of
affection, we've both come to know,
in every fingertip's dance, our
emotions flew.

Your fingers trace constellations on
my skin, writing stories of love that
don't end or begin. In the poetry of
your touch, I find my solace, a
silent dialogue of love, profound
and wordless.

With your hand in mine, we
converse in silent rhyme, a love
language beyond words, beyond
space and time. Our bodies, the
pages where our love is penned,
in the eloquence of our touch,
where our hearts transcend.

-Vishvaney



Dad, I love you,
After all the nights
Despite all the nights
But, not during them,
Not the people we become then.
Dad I'm scared of all the things I do
That made us the way we are
I don't know how or when,
We stopped laughing like we did the Saturday nights.
We saw your favourite movies.
I don't know why or what it was
That made me hate the sun
For not being hid by the kites
that came out on our day.
I don't know who it was,
that started to drift
that let the cloth rip,
But we've been tugging at the ends for far too long.
Dad I used to hate you.
For loving me in your own way
when I convinced myself I didn't
Need, want, or even accept it,
Dad I need you,
And our silent car rides
where you're too scared to upset me,
And I'm too scared to upset myself
so we drive comfortably numb,
letting time sew us back together,
with silence
For our love language.

- Paridhi

the ghost of my butterflies

In the distant dream of my reality,
she's dancing in the sky, so free so elegant
In one sudden gesture, she's trapped.
The birth of something new, something different;
Her life feeds our senseless affection.
Her delicate wings, of many intricate hues
add colour to the darkness of our passion.
Her glittering tear drops, form the pearls
that show me our true reflection.
Now dust, she brightens the stars I wish upon,
and in the beauty of her song,
our quandaries find their sleep,
her sacrifice dispels all the ugliness,
I forced upon ourselves,
And satisfies my insufferable hunger.
The exotic iris, that blossoms hope, makes this
timeless act seem justified,
the one enchanting incident,
makes the wildflowers of our love grow;
This gift; wave magic
for the one who gave glowing warmth,
An overwhelming emotion,
blaming it an act of love;
seems imperfectly appropriate.
Not much can be done now,
other than to let this stained infatuation go,
to sweeten the daisies of despair;
After one last lingering look,
I realise it's finally
time to set the ghost of my butterflies free.

- Rudrani Rajya Lakshmi



Omren



Fireflies
 love is in the dusty
 stack of old bones
 half torn and
 mostly in pieces
 of papers and hearts
 in jars
 full of promises kept safe
 dipped in warm colours
 on cold nights
 with us

Arushi doria



Ratan

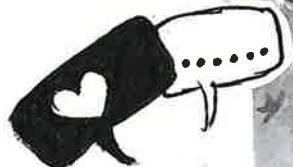


The heart beats under my palm,
 as they dream on my lap
 Caressing the fur, with every breath
 Time is limited.

Will there be an end to this story?
 Remembering the scratches on my sofa and door
 This love will forever live in my heart
 Just like a story that never ends.

Sharanika

I hate oranges,
 But I think I'll eat one tomorrow.
 And everytime you ask.

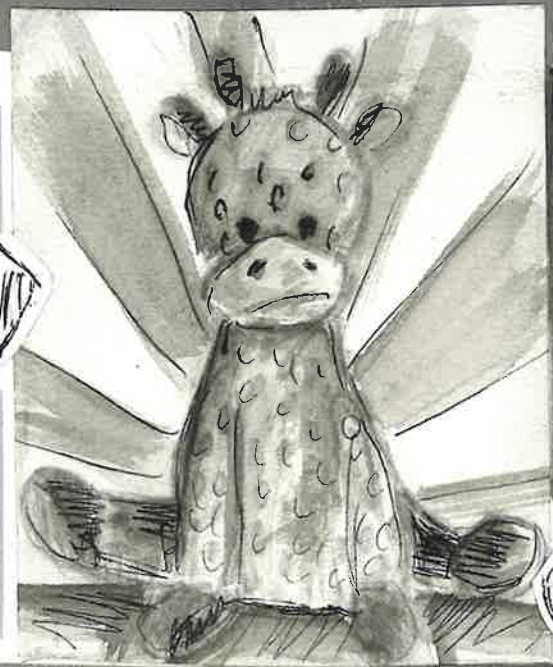


Aanya

as my head touches the pillow
 i lie awake in a quiet twilight,
 before I waft away to sleep
 for I see us dancing
 in the everlasting moonlight

Aarisha

in time—
 ghosts fade away
 in smoky whispers,
 they lose their say.
 faces morph, blur in a cascade
 conversations drip slip,
 then get misplaced,
 emotions remain like little
 flickering lights in the distance
 but past the horizon
 in a little corner out of sight
 you remain a memory
 that won't disappear
 with me. forever.



Vishwaney

In the quiet hush of a tranquil night,
 our love flies in the soft moonlight.
 No words are needed, just you and I,
 in comfortable silence,
 our souls touch the sky.





Prisjal

what is poetry if not love in the form of words?
Poetry is our memories,
Before they become mere fragments of the past,
The intention that outlines its pencil marks
(Do you remember me the way I do?)
Poetry is what crawls from your skin to mine
For what are we
If not the greatest love of all time.



Adana

make my fingers
your favourite hue
and intervene them
with the notes of
your favourite song;
make me a piece of
art you create
maybe that's
the only way
i'll ever be
yours

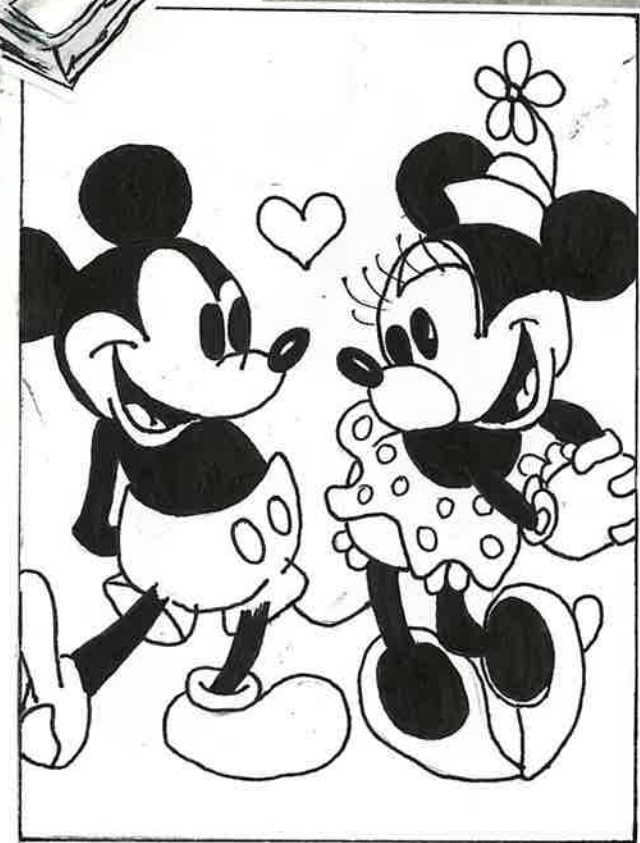
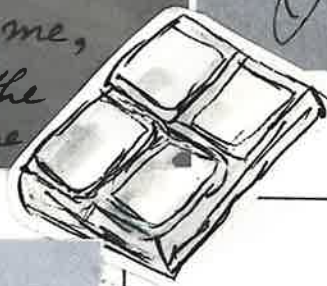


Rudrani

your honey dipped smile,
never aimed at me,
makes me feel the
sting of my love

Chrestha

It's affection always
In white and grey
He says, they say
A simmer, a fat on the head
A cold bowl of fruit
Soft and red
Some songs that tickle my ears
Some jokes that make you cry
Still bruised and bitter
Yet "you know I always listen"
every day, everyday



Tiara

Jessica

I give thee my affection's assurance
all the existence of
the rings of the Saturn,
By seating you on
my muse's chair
in my psychedelic sphere
of art.



mumma,
i don't know how to say sorry
for all the things i couldn't see
for the pain i chose to ignore
the dreams that disappeared because of me
the monster that lurked underneath
your blanket of love
for the little girl that could have been
sorry. sorry. sorry.

i remember -
little fingers wrapped around yours
the frayed seam, stitched anew at dawn
kisses that healed bruised knees
a warm embrace that turned my anger tears
into magical fairy dust
socks turned into shoes
steaming meals as i come home
photo albums stacked in
shoe boxes
curling slightly at the edges
cards lost in a strange
sea of ashes
stories flying around
my bed
'good night'
'sweet dreams'

my stars my guide, burning at night
through days of laughter and nights of tears
and hugs that crushed my window
the report card on the fridge
'i'm proud of you'
colours crumpled in the trash
the sky set free

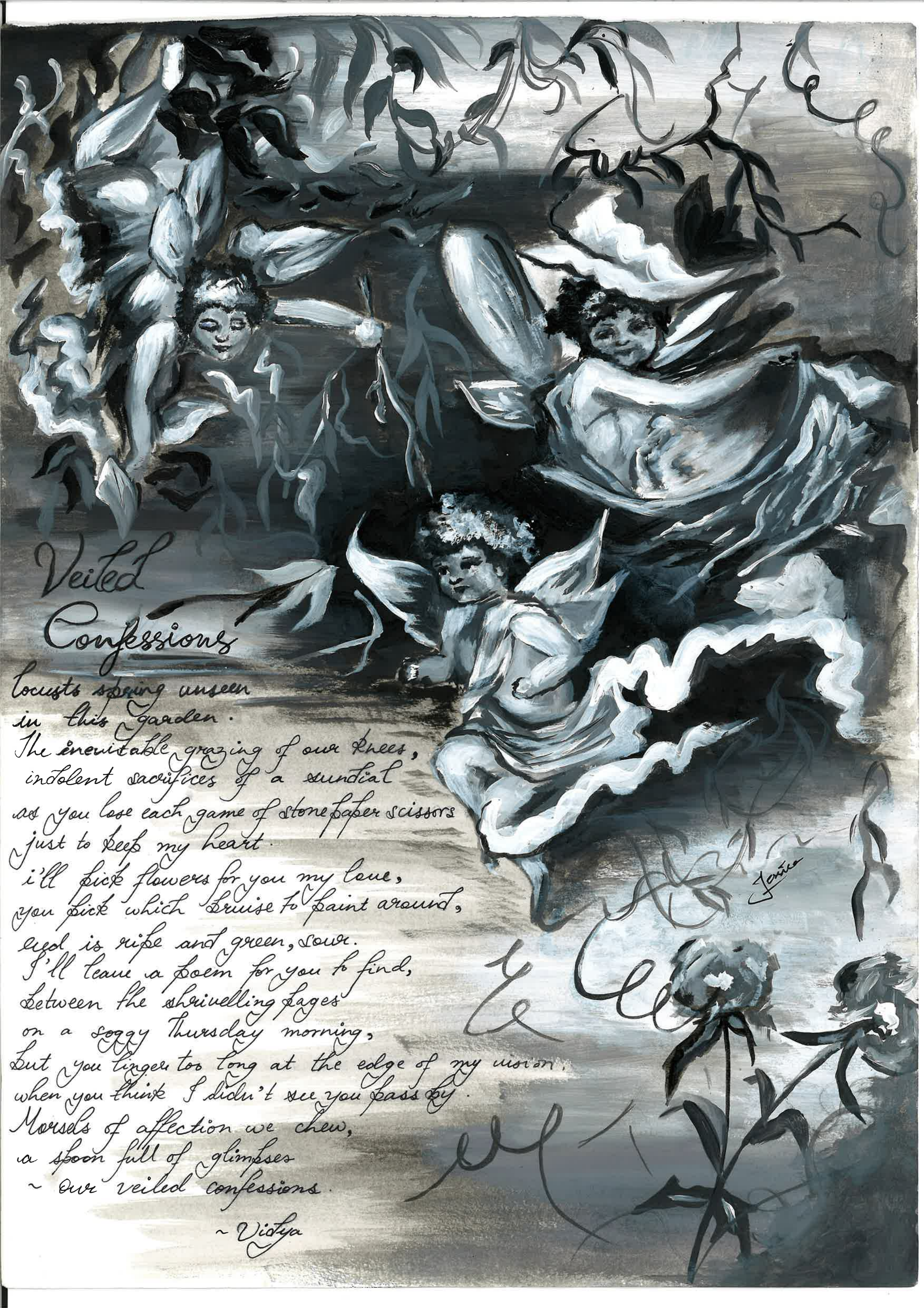
how can i forget -
the whispered secrets
hushed voice filled with horror
tears running down your face
throat constricted with fear
words carelessly discarded
still echoing in the hollow of my body
the constant rage - what is wrong?
i'm never right
your burden i carry
your expectation forever
lurking behind me like a shadow
weighing down on my tired shoulders
be anyone but me
sorry sorry sorry

mumma,
i love you
i love you not

i love you

-parishajain

Jessica



Veiled Confessions

Locusts spring unseen
in this garden.

The inevitable grazing of our knees,
intolent sacrifices of a sundial
as you lose each game of stone paper scissors
just to keep my heart.

I'll pick flowers for you my love,
you pick which bruise to paint around,
red is ripe and green, sour.

I'll leave a poem for you to find,
Between the shivelling pages
on a soggy Thursday morning,
But you linger too long at the edge of my vision,
when you think I didn't see you pass by.

Morsels of affection we chew,
a spoon full of glimpses
~ Our veiled confessions.

~ Vistya

Janice



Waking up early reminds you of,
the chocolate wrappers on
the floor by your bedside,
your dirty basketball shoes
outside your room,
or how you hate the taste of
toothpaste on an empty stomach,
your mother and your dog back
home.

Summers and May distractions,
my experience of love has been
defined by the way you whispered
my name into my ear.

Was she ever lost somewhere in
those hazel eyes?

Was she ever found?

Your butterscotch lips spilling laughter
mid-sentence,

for love is the only thing untouched by
time, it is an overwhelming ecstasy,

or maybe it's just dumb luck.

yet my love for you remains true and everlasting
it burns like a morning star, it's a constellation

A love I will carry from silent rooftop cafes, to crowded
movie theatres, to secret gardens and back to you.

I remember walking down the dull yellow street at
night with our heartbeats matching but,
without you near me, even the moon feels lonely.
Even though hearts and thoughts they fade,

Forget-me-not

-Narya



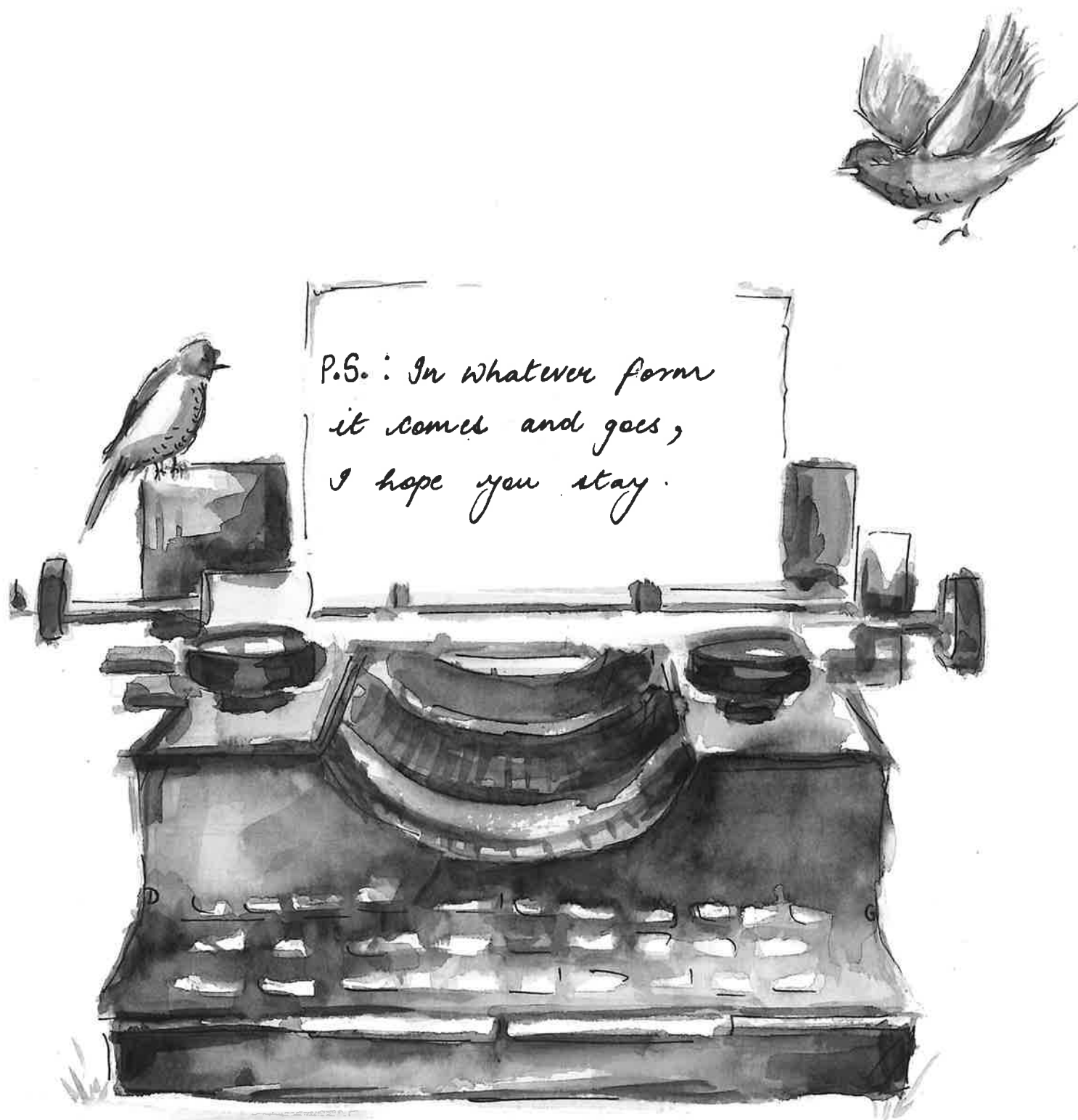


I wouldn't call myself a poet,
but for you every word finds a rhyme...
I've never read Edgar Allen Poe,
But the second hand of a clock doesn't turn,
without making me yearn,
For you.

I wouldn't call myself a hopeless romantic
But when it rains,
I think of getting drenched with you
And later when the sun comes out,
I always find myself searching for a rainbow
Poetry and words have never made sense to me,
And maybe they never will,
But you make more sense to me
than any other thing.

The birds have never sung to me,
But seeing them chirp now reminds me of you.
No wind has ever blown my hair,
But I now hope you are carried by each one.
I'm still not poetic enough to write this,
But with you, every word is poetry.
~Aahana Gupta

manya '24



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