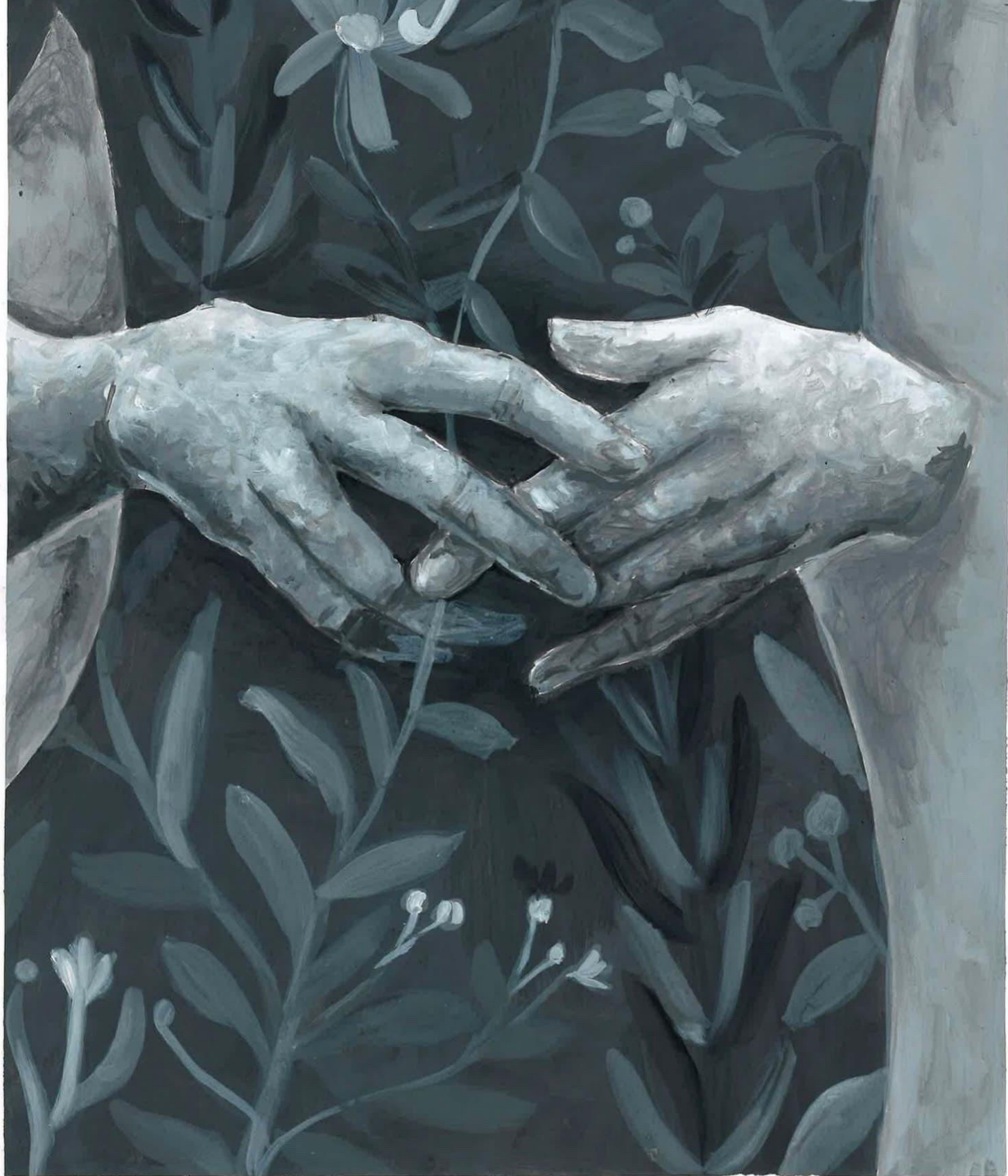


Chrysalis





To our younger selves,
For all those nights the stars had no stories to tell
you, I know you made some of your own.
You've been stuck in the in-between ever since and
if there is one thing I could tell you, it is to have
found comfort in who you are, for it is only in taking
care of yourself, you will find the most fulfilling feeling
there is in the world. I know there have been days where
I haven't looked you in the eye or have kept you closeted,
but as I learn more about you, I promise to give you a
little more compassion every day. You must hold on, as for
every other second I spend with you, I feel like I'm almost there.

Editor's note -
Avika Lohia



I crane to be the person
the lone I'd keep choosing
would want me to be
with frozen feet I'd walk into the attic
looking for snippets of stories
the moon promised to tell
or bits of verses
the stars and I exchanged
I'd look for blushing whispers and
screaming smiles
for butterflies fluttering poetry and
gardens full of flowers creating art
I'd look for words that would
make me whole
or letters strung together
that'd remind me of who I was
I'd spend hours at the rooftop
untangling narratives in people
who make me forget where I
belong
I'd sit in corners clandestine
reminiscing about parts of self
that made my hands tremble
and my mind quiver
I'd comfort my throbbing heart
and if I couldn't
I'd roll over the sunroof
to look at the beginning
of my scars and I
the skies, the clouds, the eyes
I'd put together
the fragments of my being
and the pieces of my imaginings
only to bring together
one I've never known
only to remind myself
to begin my journey
of becoming the lone
I've always craved to call my own

- Arika Lohia

the sink overflows swiftly these days,
my own words have become tiny paper cranes
eluding me before i can write them down
the mist must have crept into my eyes
from gazing too long out the window -
a fading moonflower dreaming of dawn.
vague visions dance among the real,
is that the past or the future,
flitting like moths beneath a solitary streetlamp?
my lungs still keep the fragments
of the panes from my
childhood home
when they shattered and
hurled towards me -
like arrows glinting
in the bright flames
of orange-yellow,
as if they're trying
to shatter me.
the burns heal
but the smoke
permeates my body
often i find myself
lurking about the ruins
often i find myself
breathing the air from that day,
desperate for exit wounds,
i scream inwardly for weeks
on end, rivaling these
november downpours.
i sigh this all consuming
melancholia
into midnight skies and
dark waters,
living in hope of seeing
my face again.

~Aarish Jain

hope
desire



Muse of Kind

In pursuit of joy, I lay abandon all claims
In search of reminiscence, I forgot disdain,
Unnecessary contempt, I pruned in time
The fabric of loss was sewn by
chimes.

Chimes, they sung songs of glory.
Animosity flooded streets ran dry.
In life if I could accomplish
something
the least I would hope to
accomplish is to fly.

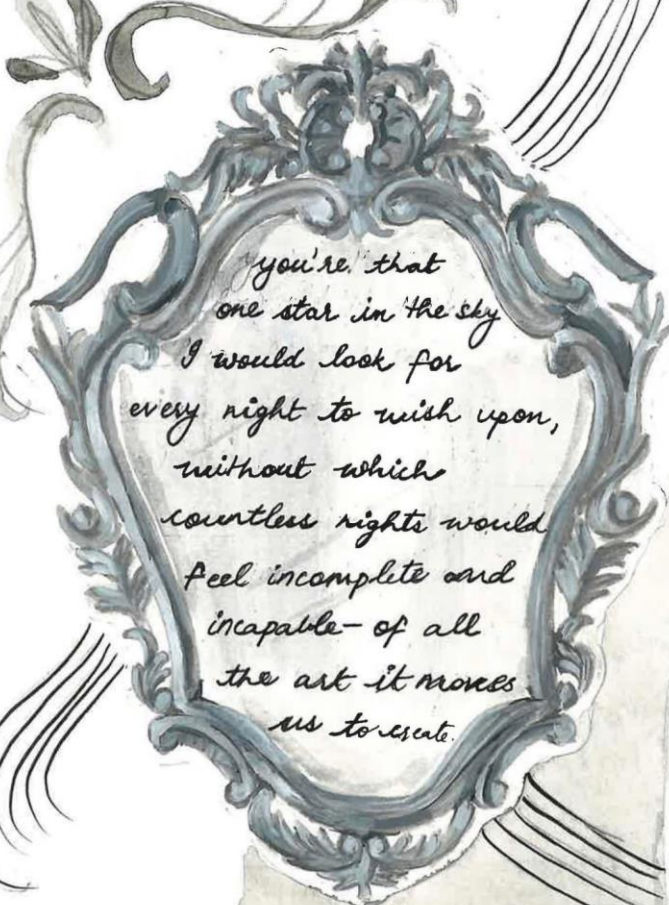
Soaring above the ties that draw me
closer with every fleeting moment,
as it passes by
Now I once recalled in memory the words
of an old haggard man when he cried.

Days are many, moments
are few
Years are many, to the new
lives are many, living in turn
is a concept yet to be learned.

The bleak voice surrounded my being
as I took off further above
It taught me to dream higher than words
for they lacked the candour dreams can serve

In the many instances which touched my soul
His appearance and manner was most queer
However if asked what inspired my love for poetry
His voice is the name, I would say without fear,
His voice is the name, I would say without fear.





you're that
one star in the sky
I would look for
every night to wish upon,
without which
countless nights would
feel incomplete and
incapable- of all
the art it moves
us to create.

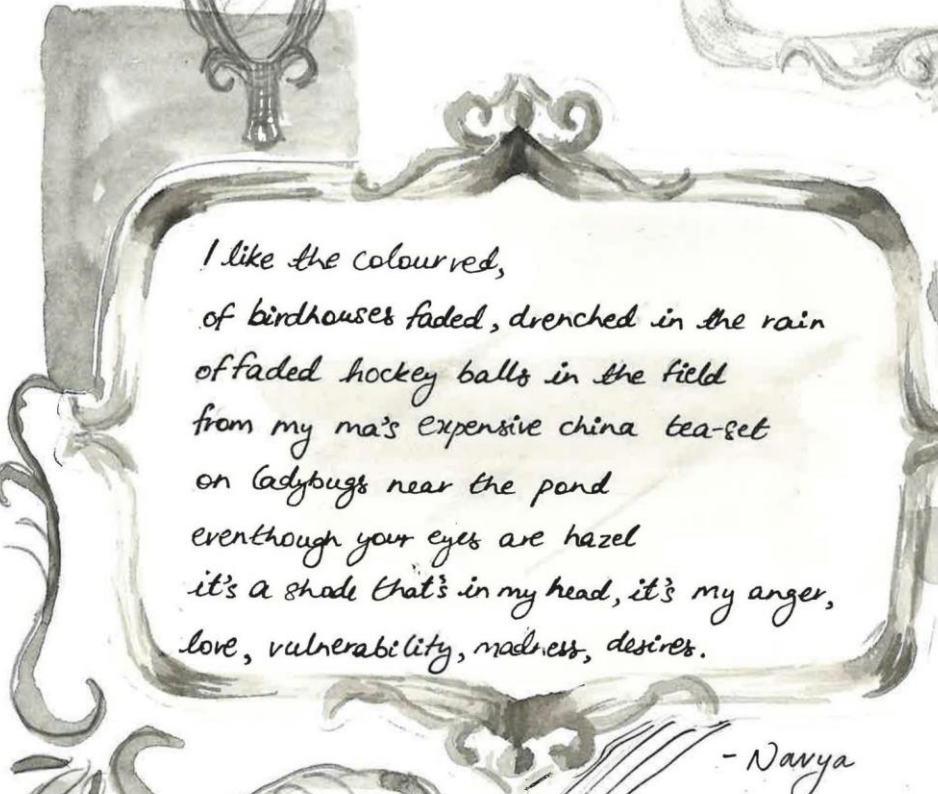
I would stare at them
as fragile as glass-
my broken pieces
I would long for their reconciliation
and for creating all that
a home needs, inside of my body
for if I knew anything about me,
it is my fragility and sensitivity
that empowers me the most
- Anika Lohia



Bit by bit,
it tears me apart
and bit by bit,
I sew up my heart
loveless being,
hear my pleas
I'll lay my hands
undo my seams
I'll grow this love
as it bleeds out of me
like a daisy
in a garden full of
loveless beings.

- Shasanya

Let the blossoms guide my soul
The nightingales bless my heart
I fulfilled my only requisite
I conquered perival, my star.
- Kiddhi



I like the coloured,
of birdhouses faded, drenched in the rain
of faded hockey balls in the field
from my ma's expensive china tea-set
on ladybugs near the pond
eventhough your eyes are hazel
it's a shade that's in my head, it's my anger,
love, vulnerability, madness, desires.

- Navya

Aye, sings the Gospel
Devoured my time by veh
dreams, Served on silver
the sheer Brilliance befo
O' Purloined Pages, Pain
Thee I ask, to be or not

All my selves,
 they're none of mine
 I lose them once
 or maybe twice
 Disconsolate, I find them again
 my insipid hands
 cannot bear this weight
 I fall into my sorrow's lake
 (Drenched)
 I hope
 I see my selves one day.

- Shrestha

Weak as they are
 your branches embrace me,
 teaching me how to
 hold myself together.

- Aahana

The brown earth
 nourishes the soul
 of the wanderers and
 becomes a haven of
 belongingness - A home.
 The seven seasons pass;
 we grow.

- Ananya Ratan

I give myself to the
 back of the sun -
 to see the heart, the
 palm, the lip
 like dawn it lights,
 rips, bleeds for
 you are bold to see
 only the light, for
 I am bolder to see
 no other - no other
 than the pink
 of your beloved
 heart and all
 that is to see.

- Sharanya

of Tragedies.
 ment bourgeois
 spoons
 e me.
 ngs, Parchments,
 to be?

- Ira



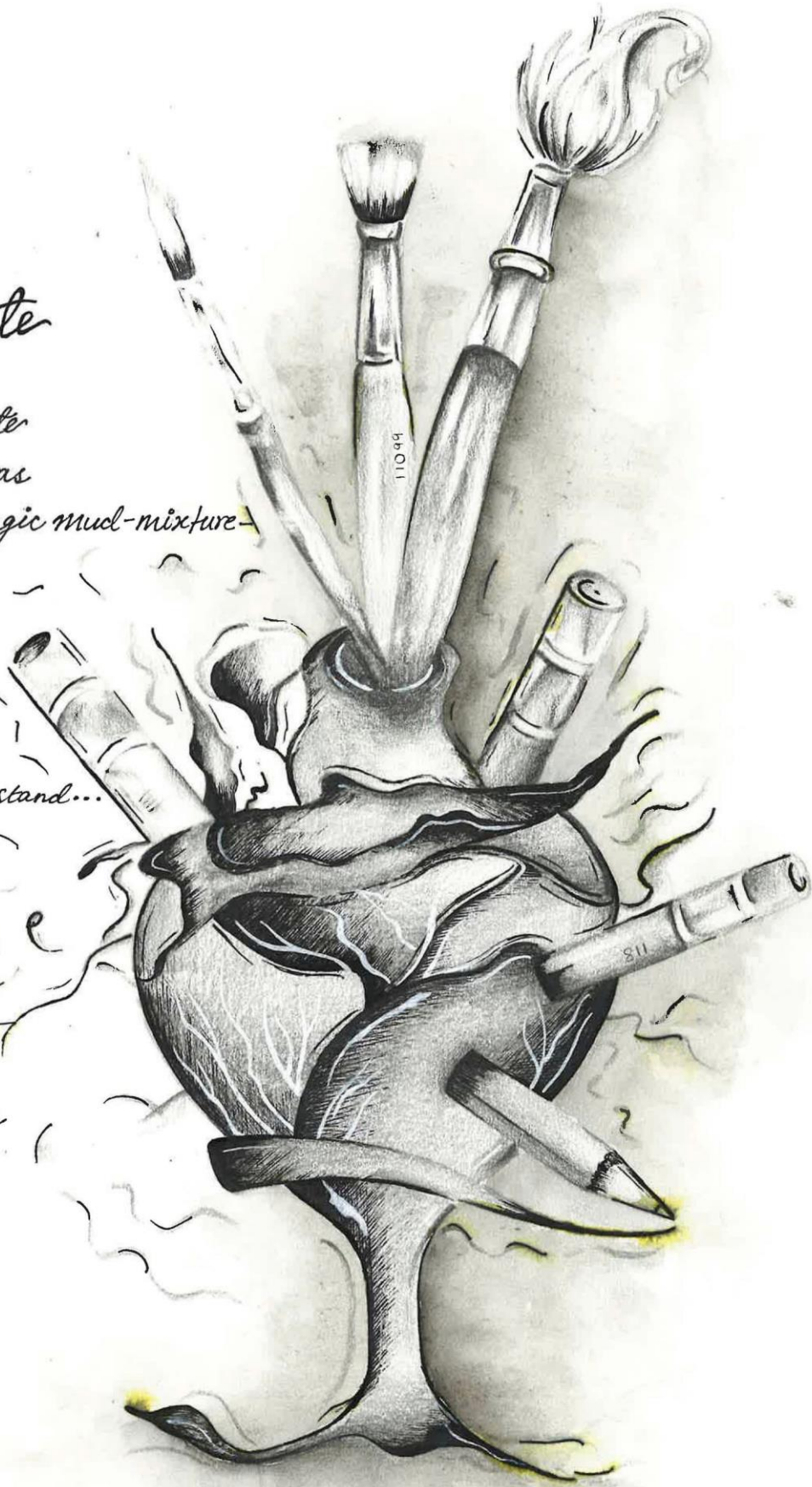
My pages are only hungry
when I'm miserable,
they smell anxiety like ambrosia,
for them despair is most delicious.
I feed my pages with my most trembling hands
As with their stalagmite teeth and
clenching jaws.
They devour my fear, anxiety and disappointment,
whole.
My pages sit the pan of unrequested love simmers,
on my chest,
fueled by green flames,
slow cooked to painful perfection,
they care not if it burns.
A special palate for bitterness,
my pages savor the angst,
that I serve to them on the platter with
handmade stars on its side.
The same palate holds a special contempt for sweet.
It repels all delight, with its mouth sealed shut.
So I starve them for weeks and consider it victory.
Yet with the nectar of good times,
and sweetness of found family,
I fill up my own starving stomach.
But this hunger remains,
it aches,
it forever stays.

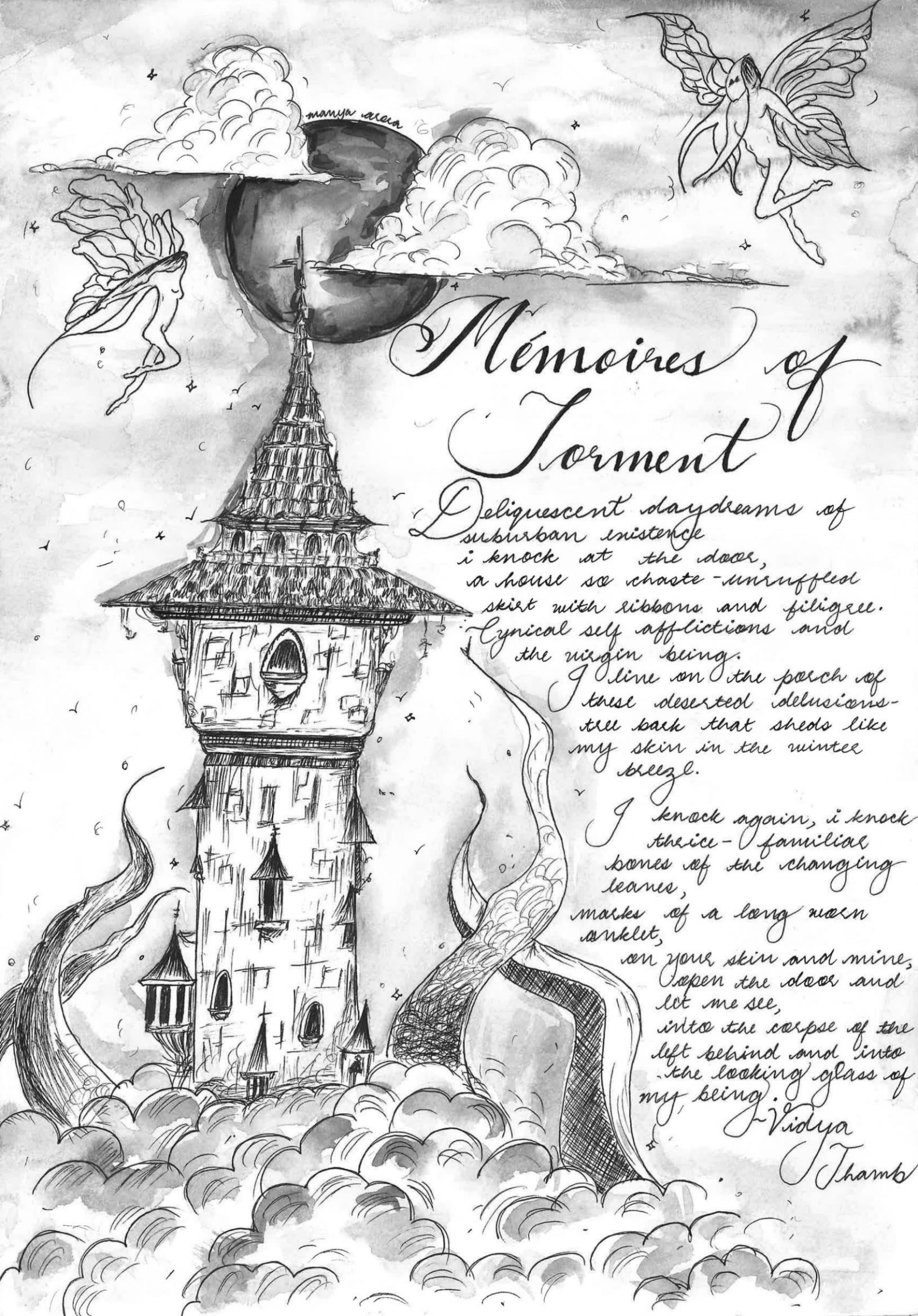
- Priyal

Colours on my Palate

These colours on my palate
collate to create my canvas
and are but my mind's magic mud-mixture -
assuming illusive disguises
of characters that shape
my play on the stage of life,
betwixt the conflict of characters
that test my own;
each one as unreplicable, they stand...
Together, yet apart swirling in
the water into non-existence,
forever to stain the carcass
of my mind
as does the bleeding burgundy -
Emancipating my soul from
the cacophony of screams
that were my own.

- Prarthana Goenka





Mémoires of Torment

Deliquescent daydreams of
suburban existence
i knock at the door,
a house so chaste-unruffled
skirt with ribbons and filigree.
Cynical self afflictions and
the virgin being.

I line on the perch of
these deserted delusions-
tree bark that sheds like
my skin in the winter
breeze.

I knock again, i knock
theice-familial
bones of the changing
leaves,
marks of a long worn
anklet,
on your skin and mine,
open the door and
let me see,
into the corpse of the
left behind and into
the looking glass of
my being.

Vidya
Thambi



Blaze

Where lies my Darling?
Rosy, white, trepid water,
luscious wine
Frigid, my soul,
so baring, cut open
and soozing night.

Where lie my stars,
my moon, the light.
The whispering trees, the
swaying pink, petite flowers,
The garden blooms and wilts
but stays.

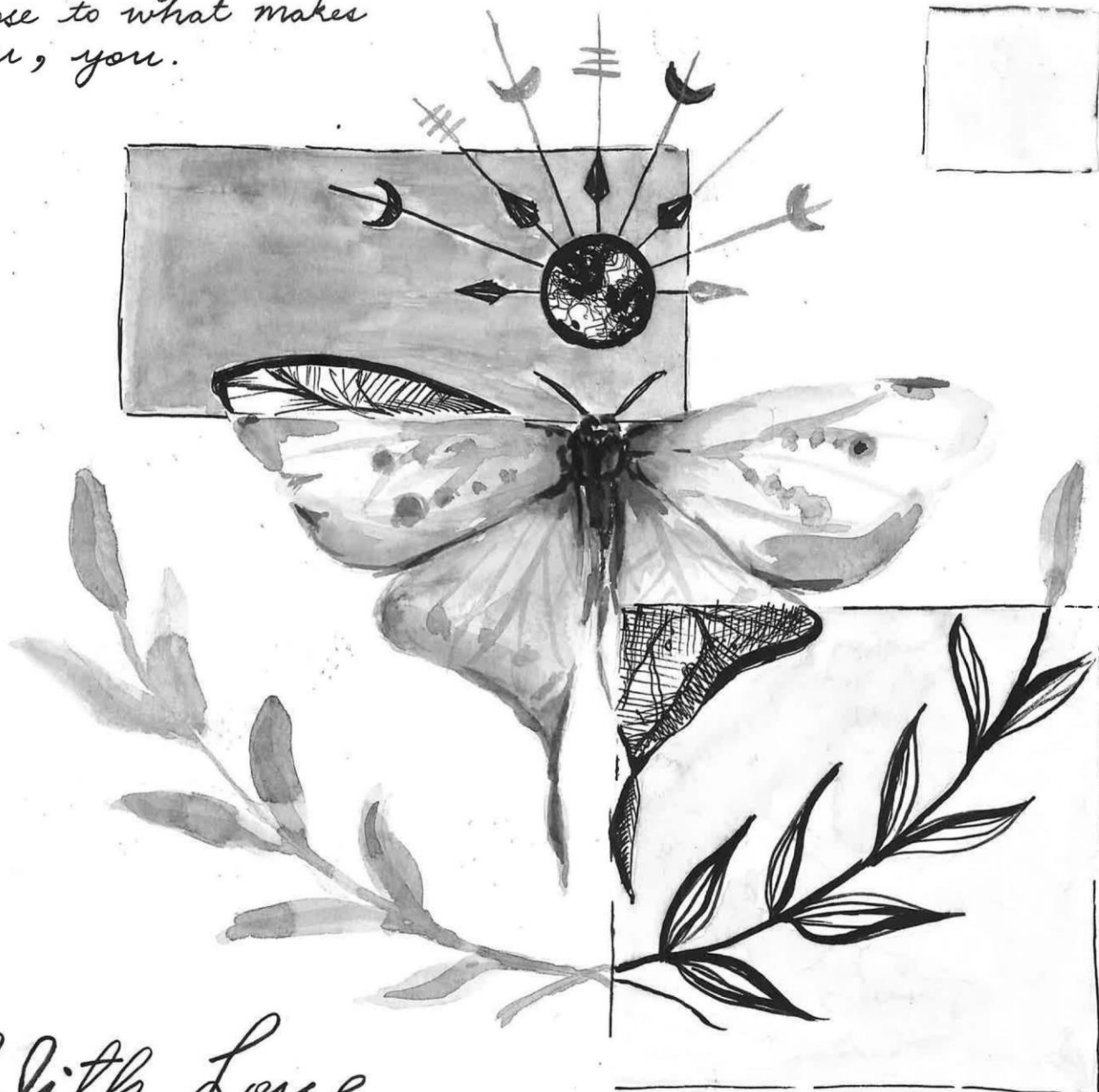
The gnawed roots,
clutch on the soil.
In the slephts of my
existence,

When I cut through the grease,
Lies that singular inferno,
The passion of such,
that shall thaw and reneve.

- Keya

Chrysalis '23

tille hope you hold on
close to what makes
you, you.



With Love,

Editor-in-Chief: Arika Lohia

Art Editor-in-Chief: Harsha Daga

Teacher-in-Charge: Ms. Sukanya Chatterjee

Artists:

Ridhvi Jessica
Paridhi Arushi
Manya Emreen

Special Thanks:

Ridhvi Garg
Aarisha Jain

Scribes:

Anaya
Manya
Riya