

to:
the stack of unsent letters in my diary
the words of long ago buried in a graveyard
memories that never got to breathe
the sum of parts long forgotten
a melted candle once burning brightly
now a puddle of wax stuck to the sole of my shoe.
the burden I carry
in the muddled waters of my consciousness
the words that died before i could give them flight—
for you.

—Anisha Jain

Chrysalis



i to you, a summer's golden end.
the knife held by the blade,
pretty in blood, soaked up like
pomegranates.

there's something holy about the haunt
in the back of my throat,
counting 1 2 3 stars in the night.
a sheepless field to linger in, i think it's
an ugly love when things go missing.
spoken out against a pink horizon,
the moon hasn't been here long enough
to have our secrets.

i used to pretend to love you something
beautiful,
in a dream where it all began.
in a house with dead parakeets
along the walls,
where we could graze for days,
never minding the mess.

i to you, a bitter cold beginning
the light on the ceiling,
ugly by nature, useful sometimes in the night
when i'd miss you longer,
needed you better.

but i did better being lonely, you sought to
fill my nightmares with a silver tongue
and a quick fin.

i loved you less in the spring and winter,
beginnings and endings were your best showings.
sunlight kissed you, i was jealous,
i took out the sun and promised you freedom.
you cried, i laughed, it was an afternoon
to remember,
no delights, no songs,
just two lost souls in a pool of sweat,
dying to remember how it felt before

the earth stopped spinning.



-Anisha Jain

'Dear Sister'

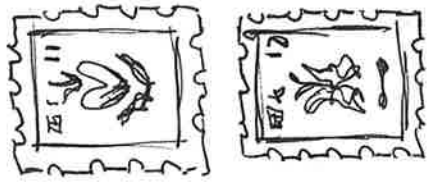
You arrive without a sound, like a thought in the
mind.
Bringing with you a sense of peace, both gentle
and kind.
But as the days wane and shadows
dance in the night
You leave and you take it all
away.

With each farewell, a
part of me goes astray,
bound to you, in
your presence,
I sway.
Your leaving steals
a piece of my heart's
away,

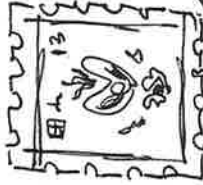
Yet in your absence, life's
colours seem to fade.

In the silence between us, unspoken words lie, in letters unwritten, emotions united.
For I long to express what words cannot say, but they remain unsent, in the light of day.
For in your coming and going, I find my tether, an eternal bond that binds us together.
Though you take with you parts of my soul's array, know that in my heart, you'll forever stay.

~ Anaya Narmah



Delhi
Per Simple
123456
0000



Mia Sonella
123456
Per Simple
200





Your bed next to me
is empty right now! no
bedsheets, no pillows!
not even the dragon you
hug every night while
sleeping! I can feel
the time sunning out! one grain
of sand at a time!
used to hate
sunning! but I
would run miles!
just to sit under the frangipani
tree with you! I hated
after midnight superint
wouldn't have slept a
wink! if sleep brought in nightmares
for you! Hate is a very strong word! not
appropriate for such trivial things! But it's
not trivial anymore, is it? A strong word! but it
found a place in your heart! the place I thought
would always stay reserved for me! The walls
have almost completely come in! time for
apologies seems long forgotten! Love is a strong
word too, you know? They say to understand
it you must feel it! The indifference in your
eyes! has made me understand the complexities
of the lack of it! I am crying like a baby!
now! there is no space left for the walls to occupy!
trivial issues, cause ubiquitous sorrows!
just know that I love you, okay?!

Aahana Gupta



Mio
Anica
12345
00.



i would replay each video to hear
your muffled laughter behind the camera,
a garden of touch-me-nots,
but for you i'll grow a fobby.

Fleeting glimpses-
i know i've caught you staring
you know it too.

i'll string together the beads
for every time i thought of you,
tie it around your wrist
so you carry with you a confession
i'll never make.



the slight parting of your lips
when you smile
or the way you hold onto the hem of your shirt
i'll shove my hands in my pockets
to keep them from reaching out for yours.



i'll swallow the sun,
for you to find us in the stars each night.

i just hope you know,
you are more familiar than the tinkling of my anklet,
as if i've known you for a life time and sin more.
this is crazy, i am sorry.



CARTE POSTALE

I learned, I learned, I learned
 elsewhere / From muses unhired by you,
 dear mother, I make one day to see you,
 mother, Floating above me in
 bluest air / On a green balloon
 bright with a million / Flowers and
 Bluebirds that never were.
 Never, never, found anywhere.

Sylvia Plath

The
 Michlers
 no. 894 pine.
 Charleston
 25315

That paranoid
 Bohemian
 Could he not watch
 the good, galaxies away
 Mio Dio, we are too foolish / Too
 imprudent to understand your
 creations / Too insane to even have
 had found answers through his pieces
 Betsy, the fortunate ragazza
 Could you watch the good in those
 creations / The creations made just for
 you / For you, an amateur, have
 the powers to find answers
 Ah! Mi dispiace mio amore
 Thee had not reached insanity yet.



i love you still.

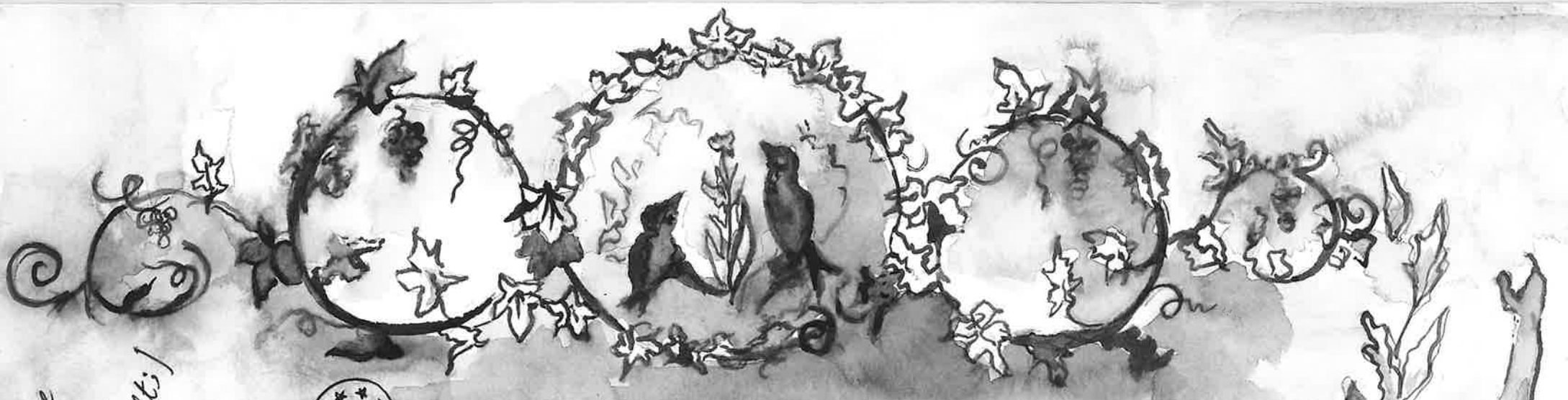
i'm sitting alone perched on a
 rock / the sky above is wide
 & full of twinkling stars / and
 i wanted to write to
 someone / but i couldn't
 think of anyone but
 you.

The air is Suedening,
 the voices near me, seemingly
 getting louder.
 Reaching out into the desolate
 maze, I grasp at the air,
 Hoping to discern your voice,
 unable to fathom,
 the present that I always
 opened;
 The one with a covetous red ribbon,
 was incessantly brimming with
 your absence. ~ Prisha



Amos 17 Amos 17 Amos 17

Hello, / i can't seem to get rid of you / you follow me into places we
 used to go / you visit me on the swing set behind the old house / like a
 name that comes out of nowhere / you're become my nightmare - my guilt!
 you're like the gleja in chills / the burns and marks i hid / i bury
 you again and again / and yet you come back alive in my mind /
 i'm sorry i'm tired / i can't carry you any more / goodbye old friend.
 ~ Anisha



CARTE POSTALE

I had forgotten that this morning it
 was a Sunday and I woke up at seven.
 I went to the park and saw some children
 throwing pebbles into the lake.
 They laughed every time someone's
 clashed with another. Sometimes I miss
 the fast too, the days we would
 naively laugh together.
 You would lightly hum Kishore Kumar
 while brushing my hair, I would
 squint because of the
 sun in my eyes and
 somewhere in your hum
 I would forget.
 - Sharanya



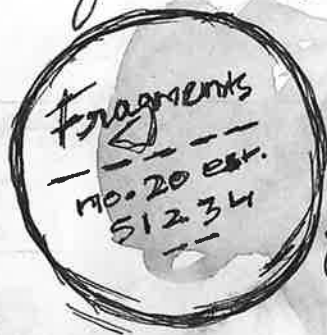
i've been trying to find
 a center for a while!
 something that anchors me
 when dangerous fishes try to float me away.
 but the stability
 makes me only see the futility
 of a single sun.
 i'll be a sky full of little stars,
 twice the sun, thrice the fun.
 ~ Pavidhi

Dad i have so much to say to you,
and so much i never will. ☆

I hate the way your stare weighs me down,
compressing all my words
into little barbed wires. ☆ ☆

I wouldn't dare to let this foul air,

corrupt my thoughts,
but i guess it's all right,
for ink to besmirch them.



☆ I think you reside in me dad,
a statue with steel nerves,
and i drink in your blood.
I've made a god out of you,
you and your medusa stare,
breaks my glass heart.
I see through three fragments of it,
now a kaleidoscope,
colliding me,
you and the dark.



Dad, you only grow with me.
the version of you that i've decided to
seed deep inside me,
with roots that curl around my veins.
I'll carry you around with me,
a deep viscous liquid,
that rejects my broken pieces,
to the surface,
to the world.

-Parvathi Saboo



Adriana



Dear mom,
 There's been something floating
 around this thick skull of mine
 Take it with a grain of salt,
 I truly hope you'll
 be alright.
 Your mother railed at
 you.
 I'll blame it on our
 culture
 I'm nothing but a pile of hurt
 with no structure
 I'd tell you your
 words sting,
 if I wasn't scared
 your love was conditional
 I swear to you, I'm not broken
 you're just overly traditional
 The hands you raised me with
 have shattered me too
 But you made me who I am
 so I should be grateful to you
 I love you so much,
 I'm guilty when I'm in pain
 But you never listen,
 we're both stubborn and vain.

- Ojasvi Mehta



The breath i feel for you

I feel with entirety

It's the absent affection
Resulting in the paucity of satiety



You are just so... beautiful and



pretty

It's not the way you look

It's not even the way you speak

It's just the way you are



My phobias are your eyes and your smiles

not colours or stars



On sleepless nights i can't help but think

How it would feel to be loved by you

Broken and mended

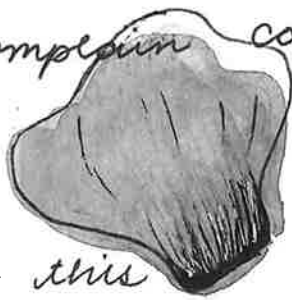
Safe and pretty

Finally comprehended

Whole and guilty

At the end of the day i can't complain cause

I am loved right?



No, but i am still a coward

I am sitting on the floor as I write this

And i know you will never read it

Because

I have and always will love you more than

I could ever let you know

and my broken heart chooses to believe that

you have loved me too

more than
be ready

you'd ever
No show

- Jaara Geel



To anyone who can pretend to be my knight in shining armour,
 even if it's just for a while, I can barely remember the smell of my
 daddy's daisies. He had fields of them, he said
 all of them were just for me. I just know
 that they smelt sweet,
 and they reminded me
 of sleep. There was a
 polaroid of me, smiling



Jiya

As i held a pink bouquet of blood
 red poppies. I clearly remember
 that night, when they plucked me
 from my home, and shut me in
 the prison of nightmares, A world
 of worms, i was forced to live in.
 They stripped me of my soul, and
 they left me dead in the body, so I
 write this with empty eyes. These walls
 have turned me into a liar. The scumbag,
 the scoundrel, they said i bargained
 with demons, lost my legend, while i

burned in fire they drank me dry, as they
 whispered about a life that i wasn't allowed to
 live all my dreams and delusions, poisons and petals
 now just create slippages in my systems.

Dear prince, i struggle to find small slips of sublime,
 I knew it the entire time, their betrayal stitched with in
 their faces. I can't even try to escape, all
 alone with my plans and portals,
 So, i wait for you, refusing to swim
 in a liar's waters.

If you could decipher me, then I'm glad,
 If you couldn't then consider my plea urgent.

— Rudrani Rajyalakshmi

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