

# ROOTS TO WINGS



आर्तशान्तिफला विद्या

Welham Girls' School





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# ~ Principal's Message ~

**Dear Reader,**

It is with great pleasure that I present this one of a kind collection of poems, each a unique reflection of the title “**Roots to Wings**”. These contributions, spanning various grades and languages, as well as the voices of our cherished alumni, weave together a rich tapestry of thoughts and emotions. This collection symbolises the common thread of Welham that courses through these diverse voices, uniting our community in a celebration of creativity.

I am deeply impressed by the depth of maturity and eloquence exhibited by our poets, both young and old. The verses within these pages brim with imagination, sensitivity and profound insight, offering a glimpse into the world as seen through their eyes.

May you find joy in reading this collection, as we have found joy in bringing it to life. Here’s to our poets, wishing them many more happy and fulfilling endeavours in the future!

*Vibha Kapoor*

Principal



# ~ Editors' Note ~

## *Shambhavi Priya*

Firsts are always special, but they can also be a bit daunting. So naturally when Miss Thapliyal first suggested releasing the inaugural edition of the WGS poetry book for Founders, I have to admit—I freaked out. What started as a mere idea, a ‘could be,’ is now a reality, fully realized and beautifully printed in your hands.

The idea was always simple: Welham is brimming with talent, and we saw ourselves as the bridge, giving this talent a place to flourish. Over the past few months, we’ve poured our hearts into writing, editing, brainstorming, and, yes, pestering people (we might have annoyed quite a few!). But we persevered, and we did it. This book is not only a vehicle of expression for our current students but also a connect for the old ones.



I have always believed that everyone carries a bit of poetry within them, they just need to tune in and listen. So, as you turn each page, I hope it transports you to a new world or perhaps a familiar one. I hope it tugs at your heartstrings—consuming you, and, most of all, I hope this little poetry book makes you feel something; anything.

## *Prisha Jain*

Like the essence of the dahlias, words are too pure and raw; in winters, you have too little of them; in spring, too much. They travel from generations, cultures, continents, souls and veins to reach that deep corner of your being when you fold that little piece of someone's heart, tucking it away into yours.

Humans often find themselves stuck in this paradoxical anomaly: one where they're drowning in the sense of wanting to say so much yet not being able to. A fleeting glance at "I Wish I Wrote the Way I Thought" made me realise that no other words could have resonated more with all those who take larger-than-life strides all day, especially the ones who I see every day: Welhamites. With the idea of this anthology presenting itself, the poem proved to be the perfect blanket to keep us all individually together: warm and cosy.

**Dear Reader,**

I am over the moon while presenting this flagship anthology 'Roots to Wings' to you. This book is dedicated to Welham and the great institution it is!

Welham is not just a school; it is the tangible and the intangible. Through these 100-odd pages we tried to capture the decades of collective feelings that have been integral in making us who we are. And though each poem is a window into a unique perspective, they resonate with the shared experience of being a Welhamite.

We chose the title 'Roots to Wings' because that is the journey every Welhamite goes through. The anthology has been divided into two parts- 'Roots' which has poems from our current Welhamites; and 'Wings' which has poems from exies. I think it is very apt.



I thank Prisha Jain, Shambhavi Priya and Arna, the trio that have laboured into making this book a reality. Not only are you three wonderful poets, you are wonderful women I have had the honour to work with.

This book received the wonderful support of Vibha Kapoor, Principal, and I place my gratitude to her for believing in the idea.



The theme of the book was Benedict Smith's poem  
'I wish I wrote the way I thought' and he writes:  
"I wish I wrote the way I thought  
Obsessively  
Incessantly  
With maddening hunger"

We felt it fit the way a Welhamite lives – with a  
hunger to become the best version of herself. Here's  
to being obsessive, incessant and madly hungry, and  
soaring on wings bigger than our dreams!

*Shefali Thapliyal*

Editor-in-Chief

# CONTENTS

## Section One : Roots

1. Māngata	12
2. Girl, Concealed	13
3. My Thoughts Divine	14
4. Poem of Life	16
5. Stained Blues	17
6. Swirling Letters	18
7. Daylight Rendezvous	20
8. अद्भुत आसमां	21
9. Everyone Was Home	22
10. Winter Has Come	24
11. Impossible Possibilities	25
12. Distant Words	26
13. When Words Hurt	27
14. The Cocoon Inside My Head	28
15. Ocean	29
16. August Rush	30
17. Trapped Within the Verses	31
18. The Things I Leave Unsaid	32
19. Finding You	33
20. Combat Zone That is Me	34
21. Labyrinth of Colour	35
22. Icarus and the Sun	37
23. Calling Home	38
24. Fairytales Reimagined	40
25. Underwater Utopia	42



26. Honestly, in Phrase	43
27. Changing Times	44
28. The Starry Night	45
29. Silence	46
30. Wishing Upon The Night	47
31. Painted Verse	48
32. Picture Perfect	49
33. Language of Flowers	50
34. Saturn Obsession	51
35. The Augury Thee Needed	52
36. Le Confinement	53
37. Moonlit Liar	55
38. If Only I Could Tell You	56
39. Hiraeth	57
40. Dulled Memory and Soggy Noodles	58
41. The Library's Whisper	59
42. Doomsday Prophecy	60
43. Inception	62
44. Empty Puddles	64
45. A Sigh of Relief	65
46. Parasitic	66
47. کاسموس	67
48. Loathing Love	68
49. Shadowed Hues	69
50. The Words I've Yet to Speak	70

SECTION ONE  
ROOTS







# 1. MĀNGATA

For so long  
I've heard the storms rumble  
The waves clash on the cliffs  
Never quiet down;  
I've been amidst the tornado  
And I've been stuck there all alone,  
Clutched hard by the vines that  
Pierced through me like thorns,  
Within that came out something  
Gallop through those swirls  
A shooting star that  
Carved the tornado  
Towards settling shores: a standstill.

The ocean gazed up at the heaven  
Whilst the stars whispered to one another  
There leaped out two comets  
Just like ballerinas  
They danced along sparkling stars  
And chased each other around the moon  
They came shooting down  
crashing into the waves  
Where the moon threw its light  
Beautifying the darkness  
In the gliding waves.  
Where they forever found their home.

*Riddhi Agarwal*  
*F/289 | Class 11*



## 2. GIRL, CONCEALED

Colours swirl within, a kaleidoscope of hue,  
Yet the brush hesitates, unsure what to imbue.  
Emotions run wild, a vibrant display,  
But on the canvas, they remain in disarray

In the silence of the page, a longing to be free,  
To spill forth the soul's rich tapestry.  
Oh, for the courage to let emotions soar,  
And paint the world with the hues of my core

Perceived as broke, a girl with empty hands,  
Yet within, a universe of untold lands.  
If only words could bridge this divide,  
They'd see the richness I hold inside.

Beyond the surface, beyond the facade,  
Lies a wealth of stories, waiting to be awed.  
In every verse, in every line,  
A glimpse of the soul, a treasure divine.

In the echo of my voice, in the words I pour,  
A glimpse of the richness, I long to explore.  
Beyond the surface, beyond what's seen,  
Lies the essence of me, vibrant and keen.

*Anonymous*







### 3. MY THOUGHTS DIVINE

I wish I could write the way I thought,  
No more words twisting in knots.  
Thoughts and words would intertwine,  
Every line would be divine.

Alas! All the words I choose,  
Are clumsy, stumbling, far from smooth.  
Words fall short, unable to contain  
The brilliance of the thoughts within the brain.

Infinite words cannot portray,  
A fraction of the vast array  
Of thoughts that swim within the mind,  
Whose glory remains alien to humankind.

I wish I could pluck stars from the sky,  
So, I would no longer need to try and try  
To pour my thoughts into my pen  
As clear as the song of a wren.



If the way I thought, I could write,  
What wonders I could bring to light.  
Together a million pages would bind,  
With thoughts that gleam, and words that shine.

Although the pen might falter, fail,  
Eternally the thoughts will prevail.  
No matter what you write, say or shout,  
It's only the thought that counts.

I wish I could write the way I thought,  
If only we could, it would mean a lot.  
No more incomplete expression to face,  
It could make the world a better place.

*Aanya Anand*  
*W/264 | Class 7*





## 4. POEM OF LIFE

Childhood: a paradox of memory,  
To remember how it felt but never feel it again.  
But for sparks of seconds,  
Déjà vu will take you there,  
Closest you can ever get to magic,  
Is it better to have forgotten than to wonder if it ever  
happened?

thoughts; a montage of memories  
memories; a wave of nostalgia  
nostalgia: blanks of space and time occupied by  
emotion.

I wish I wrote the way  
I thought  
words a poem of life.

*Kaavyaa Jignesh Patel*  
*W/475 | Class 10*





## 5. STAINED BLUES

If I wrote the way my mind speaks to me  
Then my thoughts would burn fire itself.  
I would put my heart to the tip of my ink  
And write what my stained incarnadine soul thinks.  
The ink would spill every blue thought  
that kept me up all night and it could never be  
fought.  
I would write to a maddening point where the pages  
end and ink dry;  
But my thoughts will have more to say and make my  
soul cry.  
Although here I am, stuck in the labyrinth of life  
And I wish I wrote the way I thought  
So, my soul could be at peace with no thoughts  
hidden at all.

*Rajvi Banik*  
*F/077 | Class 11*





## 6. SWIRLING LETTERS

Words swirling around deep in my head,  
My thoughts, vivid and wide,  
Crazy things zoom about like a tornado everywhere,  
Everything captured in the essence of my pen.

A serene mindset drags an image to mind,  
One of gentle waves caressing the golden sand,  
The wind whistling a merry tune,  
And coconut trees dancing in the soft breeze.

Then a rise of temper changes the image to another,  
Where menacing waves crash onto the innocent sand,  
The howling wind pushing against the weak tree  
trunks,  
A tremor caused as they fall onto the terrified sand.

Gloominess and despair form a distinct image,  
I see exhausted waves collapsing onto the hopeless  
dry sand,  
The world at an emotionless standstill,



Mounds of litter pleading to stay away from the  
merciless mouth of a trashcan,  
An isolated beach desperately reaching out for help.

If I really could write the way I think,  
Empty pages would soon over-brim with endless  
streams of colourful words,  
Messy handwriting sprawled over on every inch of  
the paper,  
My thoughts, finally having come to a rest, would  
escape through the tip of my pen.

*Aadya Goel*  
*F/214 | Class 6*







## 7. DAYLIGHT RENDEZVOUS

She dances through the rosy wood that embalmed  
her childhood,  
reeking of nostalgic magic that adorns the wings of  
every robin  
It has aged through the years  
and so has she  
The mighty oaks pulsate with wisdom  
Which runs through her veins too;  
Yet the tender flowers and royal smells have stolen  
The beauty that once graced  
her sullen face-  
That her best friends had metamorphosed so  
Leaving her behind;  
she did not know-  
That they were deceitful and disloyal,  
That they could hurt her and betray all her whispered  
secrets;  
And yet stand so dauntingly strong-  
That they would embrace and embalm her body  
forever,  
She could not have-  
As she laid down in their midst  
To feel loved  
One last time,  
While the Robin's melodious note  
That rustled through the leaves  
Bore her breath away.

*Prarthana Goenka*

*F/010 | Class 10*



## 8. अद्भुत आसमां

पहली दफ़ा देखी वो भूरी आँखें, सूरज की किरणों के नीचे यह  
सुनहरी लगती है,  
दिल की धड़कनें रुकने सी लगी।  
मन में बस गई उनकी अनंत खूबसूरती की तस्वीर,  
उनकी वो पाक रूह ने मुझपर एक छाप छोड़ दी।  
मन करता है किसी पहाड़ की चोटी से चीख कर सबको  
बताऊं,  
पर यह रिश्ता शायद तिरोहित ही बेहतर है।  
जैसे कोई रंगीन कविता कलम से निकलते निकलते रह जाए,  
वैसे ही बिना तुम्हारे, दिन अधूरा ही रह जाता है।  
प्यार की इस अद्भुत कहानी में तुम्हारी मुस्कान ने,  
मेरे दिल को दिया एक नया अद्भुत आसमां।

*Shreem Mighlani*

*F/145 | Class 12*





## 9. EVERYONE WAS HOME

You strive for the days  
When everyone was home.  
You were ten,  
while your mother was cooking warm rotis,  
your dad watching tv.  
You can hear your sibling in the next room,  
And your dogs bark as he asks for food.  
Your grandfather calling your name;  
your grandmother's laughter.  
And everyone was home.  
The house was warm even in winters,  
You loved being home,  
When everyone was home.  
Sometimes, you lay on your bed  
dreaming of the day  
You get to grow up and be on your own.  
You wanted to be older so badly,  
That you forgot to live in the comfort  
Of everyone being home.  
Now you're a teenager,  
your siblings have left for college,  
Your mom and dad have grey hair.  
Your family dog has left and so has your grandfather,  
Your grandmother's laughter left with them.





The house grows cold in summers,  
It feels like it's deserted.  
You come home not to stay,  
But to visit.  
You long for the feeling of home  
which you can never go back to.  
Your home is like a broken glass;  
A puzzle with missing pieces.  
You lay on your bed,  
dreaming of your childhood  
As now,  
Nobody is home.  
And all you can do is  
Long for the days,  
When everyone was home.

*Vaanya Thapliyal*  
*F/604 | Class 12*





## 10. WINTER HAS COME

The clouds knit a cardigan in the empyrean,  
The wind rustles through the trees,  
Leaving them bare.  
The sun hazy behind the film of gloom,  
The chilly breeze runs across our shoulders.  
The sun shifts towards the south,  
Letting the moon cover larger range.  
And now everyone knows winter is coming.

The white crystals fell from the sky,  
Slowly weaving a quilt of silver.  
And slowly winter's magic painted the ground,  
Nature's canvas had a new palette.  
The trees adorned in silver lace,  
The winds carved out different shapes.  
And now everyone knows winter has come.

*Vaanya Thapliyal*  
*F/604 | Class 12*



## 11. IMPOSSIBLE POSSIBILITIES

I wish I wrote the way I thought  
about my dreams, hopes and ambitions,  
But the words just become a cluster in my head that I  
first need to sort.

I wish I wrote the way I thought,  
only if I could go to a hushed place with only me and  
my mind's eye,  
where I could write wonders about people with  
motivation and determination.

I wish I wrote the way I thought,  
If only I weren't so slothful and not rot in that one  
chair,  
not thinking about my future and being left in  
despair.

I wish I wrote the way I thought  
if I had more time before I went back to my dull  
existence,  
Instead of wasting my leisure time and not being  
productive in any possible way,  
I was stuck to the screen like its long life companion  
all day.

Oh, how I wish I wrote the way I thought,  
Only if I bothered to take out a pen and paper by  
knowing of what possibilities I was capable of.

*Veda Bragta*  
*W/236 | Class 7*





## 12. DISTANT WORDS

In the garden of my mind, ideas bloom,  
But on paper, they're confined to gloom.

With every stroke, I yearn to convey,  
The brilliance of thought, in a lyrical array.

Yet words falter, unable to catch the spark,  
Leaving me stranded in the dark.

Oh, if only my pen could mirror my mind's flight,  
Then my verses would soar, pure and bright.

*Anonymous*





## 13. WHEN WORDS HURT

I wish I wrote the way I thought,  
To express the thoughts that can't be fought.  
The endless maze of words blocking my emotion,  
Even though my hand is in continuous motion.  
I wish to write a perfect remedy,  
Each word worthy enough to showcase my undying  
misery.  
Each line a battle, each word a fight,  
Portraying my pen's might.  
They said, "Words cut deeper than knife",  
However, here they can't even mirror the melody of  
my life.

*Laksita Mittal*  
*F/083 | Class 11*





## 14. THE COCOON INSIDE MY HEAD

It's a story of my mind:  
How I live there deep inside,  
Where my thoughts and dreams coincide,  
Where my joys and sorrows intertwine.  
I break and build every time,  
Just to come back stronger the next time,  
To face the darkness of my nightmares,  
Which terrifies me beyond enchantment.  
But it's me who's in charge of this domain.  
I am the author of this tale,  
The protagonist in this emotional maze,  
Find inner peace and solace here, every day.  
But when I left this so-called space of mine,  
The reality came crashing upon me,  
Making me realize  
The real evils of life.

*Aadya Agarwal*  
*W/351 | Class 9*



## 15. OCEAN

It holds an uncanny tranquillity,  
a sense of serenity that is not comprehensible  
The enormous waves, hit the shores day and night  
like an inevitable cycle that even attracts a solivagant

The perfect shade of sparkling blue  
the magnanimity of biodiversity,  
and just the aura of the ocean  
impedes me from finding any place pre-possessive  
or calmer than the heaven of the ocean.

*Viba Dalmia*  
*B/069 | Class 12*





## 16. AUGUST RUSH

It was the honeyed afternoon of August;  
You and me, embodiments of candy and cane.  
Surrounded by powdered lilies and petals of crushed  
ivy,  
transitioning into frozen dried roses in whimpering  
December nights.  
Manifestation of our intoxicated smitten love,  
dwindling brightly in encircling smoke and hues of  
desolation.

*Jivisha Kalra*  
*B/281 | Class 12*



## 17. TRAPPED WITHIN THE VERSES

I wish I could write the way I thought,  
Madly, insanely, obsessively.  
I'd write until my limbs throbbled,  
I'd write till my throat grew dry,  
I'd write until the page's hue  
Became my essence,  
Became my very breath.  
I'd write until my eyes, mere vessels,  
Would groan in anguish,  
and moan in pain.  
I'd write and write and write,  
Till dusk melted into dawn's embrace.  
I'd write and write and write,  
Till I am but a puppet to my thoughts  
Strings of ink guiding my restless hand.  
I'd write and write and write,  
Till I'm ensnared in the labyrinth of my verse,  
Till every syllable echoes through the cosmos,  
Till I get so lost within my work of wonders,  
that I find myself again only in the poetry I've spun...

*Arinjayya Saraogi*  
*B/334 | Class 10*







## 18. THE THINGS I LEAVE UNSAID

I wish I could tell her that  
There is a world beyond black and white,  
a world beyond you and I,  
I wish I wrote the way I thought  
I wish I could tell my mother that  
There is a life beyond orderly rules  
Free from all the reason and proofs,  
I wish I wrote the way I thought,  
I wish I could tell her  
That her love was the band-Aid  
I'd have to rip out fast  
I wish I wrote the way I thought,  
I wish I could tell her  
that though she was not perfect  
she was enough.

*Navika Jindal*  
*B/459 | Class 10*



## 19. FINDING YOU

I feel the waves, the orange sky.  
White as cotton, dancing to the breeze.  
But it feels incomplete, you don't see me.  
Those eyes hide something, memories  
Where I exist, your skin's wrinkled  
But you look beautiful.  
Maybe if I keep writing,  
You will become real.

*Shanvi Agarwal*  
*B/567 | Class 10*





## 20. COMBAT ZONE THAT IS ME

You wrapped me around your fingers, but I had you wrapped around my presence.

Bold of you to think that you can manipulate me,  
when I keep broken pieces of glass inside my body.

My whole being is a battleground,  
living in the shades of a catastrophe,  
until my blood gushes out into the woods;  
So, they could cling to life and leave me alone.

*Pearl Suchdeva*  
*B/518 | Class 12*



## 21. LABYRINTH OF COLOUR

I wish I wrote the way I thought  
With perfected hues  
And flawless imagery

Painting remarkable and iridescent views.

If I wrote the way I thought  
You'd be stuck in shades of blues  
The melancholic waves of the ocean  
Sadly, pain has become my partner, my only muse.

I wish I wrote the way I thought  
Like the unravelling of a thread  
Down the journey of fate's yarn  
You'd visit my memories in red.

The monochrome black and white screen  
The story on the old-time telly  
Grey expressions and mentalities  
Birthing charming plastic personalities.





Prism breaking the white light  
Spectrum of colours, you'll find  
Persevere, I tell you  
Follow the thoughts of my mind.

Dear reader, I'd let you try  
Try to see what I envision  
Through my words, imagine all you can  
But it will be lacking, no matter the precision.

*Drishti Mahajan*  
*O/011 | Class 11*





## 22. ICARUS AND THE SUN

Immortality like no other  
Dying in the hand of your lover  
The sunbeams illuminating everything around him  
As he stared into the eyes of his love and demise  
The large sky encased him as he soared above  
Ignorant about his father's warnings  
So blinded by charm and intrigued by a challenge  
His wax wings burnt like the fire in his heart  
Broken and unforgiving  
It was love that led to his death  
And he stared right at it  
But he was happy to die after what he had felt  
Crashing into the ocean smiling  
Not turning away from the sun for a second  
He died with broken wings and a present

Because when Icarus fell  
He arose wishing the world burnt with him  
He fell in love with the weightlessness of his flight  
He fell in love with the sky  
He fell in love with wind  
He fell in love with the sun beams  
Because for all he had fallen, still he flew  
And just maybe for a moment, the sun knew of him  
too.

*Sara Goel*

*O/288 | Class 11*





## 23. CALLING HOME

I'm calling home today,  
to those fractured walls,  
to those half-lit rooms;  
to the red couch  
where you slept every afternoon.

to the food-stained China,  
to those creaky old chairs,  
to the moth-eaten sheets,  
that you and I shared.

to our scribbles on the wall,  
to the half-eaten loaves that rot,  
to the marks we made —  
“Look how tall I've got!”



to the paint you peeled off in our room,  
to those pictures of first day at school,  
to the clock that stopped ticking,  
i wish it stopped time, i wish it was more forgiving.

I'm calling home today.  
to hear your voice,  
the one that sung me to sleep  
every night.

I'm calling home,  
please pick up,  
I'm calling home,  
to you.

*Vidya Jhamb*  
*O/271 | Class 12*





## 24. FAIRYTALES REIMAGINED

I wish I wrote the way I thought,  
Snatching things that may spark,  
And the tangle of feelings that twist,  
Each word is a movement on the page,  
An image of what I'm dreaming of,  
An embodiment of my hidden thoughts,  
The twists and turns of what I'm yearning for,  
A flow of words upon the page,  
To write the way I think would let others into my  
mind's maze,  
Is that fair or not?

I wish I could live my version of fairy tales,  
Where dreams take flight and fears assail,  
Where the wolf corrupted bad,  
Where Rumpelstiltskin soars like heroes and embarks  
on epic quests,  
Where the princess doesn't have to wait for the  
prince,  
Where the Cinderella doesn't wait for fairy  
godmother and runs to the ball as she was,



Where Red Riding Hood didn't need the hunter and  
shot down the wolf,  
Where Rapunzel didn't need the prince to say  
"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair",  
Where Snow White didn't eat the apple,  
Where Alice goes to wonderland only to find it  
completely corrupted,  
Where Sleeping beauty wakes up without the prince,  
Where I am me, myself and I.

*Jia Maulik Thakkar*  
*W/074 | Class 8*







## 25. UNDERWATER UTOPIA

Beneath the surface, a world undivulged,  
where quietude reigns and mysteries are unfolded.  
Through liquid depths, I gracefully glide,  
In the embrace of the ocean's tide.

Sunlight filters, a shimmering dance,  
As I discover this watery expanse.  
Colours swirl and creatures play,  
in this underwater realm, I locate my way.

Weightless, unbound, in a world so vast,  
Every moment, will hold a memory,  
Bubbles rise, a symphony of sound,  
In this underwater paradise, I am bound.

*Yadavi Malhotra*  
*W/405 | Class 9*



## 26. HONESTLY, IN PHRASE

“I wish I wrote the way I thought”,  
In phrase, till all things were sought.  
With a prudent tone in the alphabet,  
Making sure, all loose ends met,  
Without fear of an upcoming threat  
Honest, like a man weeping to death,  
Wishing, speaking, till every lasting breath,  
Reaching to all corners of the depth.  
Words straightforward, like a beam of light,  
Piercing all through, with its prowess might,  
Aiming to take a sharp flight, tonight.  
Writing, confident enough to judge itself,  
Similar to the eating of a spider corpse by an elf,  
Even after knowing, this wouldn't land him in heaven  
due to his nasty self.  
As pure as a virgin's kiss,  
Assuring the hurt reaching the heart, a miss,  
And declaring the world a joyous bliss.  
I hope to do this more for myself than for another,  
Because, nobody can change the intuitive mind of a  
mother,  
Neither a father, sister nor a brother.  
“I wish I wrote the way I thought”,  
In phrase, till if not all, but at least my life was sought.

*Prachi Goel*

*W-144 | Class 8*





## 27. CHANGING TIMES

They say time changes everything  
Yet it hasn't changed  
You and me.  
They say it heals:  
All scars and pains  
Then why does my heart still bleed?

Rewinding and replaying,  
All the memories.  
The time we spent together  
Sharing our secrets and dreams.

Now when I look at you:  
Trying to read your face, your eyes;  
Your words say something else  
And your actions otherwise.

They say time changes everything.  
Yes, maybe it did;  
Our paths are still crossed,  
But your love has ceased to exist.

*Shreena Gulati*  
*W/130 | Class 12*



## 28. THE STARRY NIGHT

The starry skies above our head,  
The wet and soft grass below us.  
The luminous grey ball,  
Looking closer with every look we exchange.  
The breeze made our bodies cold,  
But my heart remained warm.  
The dahlia's fragrance fresher  
than the moist soil after rains.  
she was a basket of fresh peaches,  
a pit of burning flames.  
She was a collection of my sketches,  
a night of endless games.  
my heart skipped beats  
it danced to her voice.  
she looked at the stars above  
And I looked at mine.

*Vaanya Thapliyal*  
*F/604 | Class 12*





## 29. SILENCE

Silence holds stories within its quiet embrace:  
The magnanimity that can break all solace;  
Louder and impactful than the verbal connotations  
That can weave and unseam all those veiled emotions.

Silence has an exemplary potency,  
that binds the tongue when one commits falsity.  
It is that power, which can unleash from the most  
dreadful of situations  
but can also one that puts one in that  
indistinguishable condition.

*Viba Dalmia*  
*B/069 | Class 12*



## 30. WISHING UPON THE NIGHT

Tonight, the stars think of all the lovers who will put their faith in a silent wish they make,  
The moon wonders how many broken hearts will find solace in its incomplete shape.  
The wind tries to recollect the number of whispers it has carried from one to another,  
the cricket thinks of those who fall asleep to its voice disguising it as the music of their lover.  
The fireflies think of the darkness they puncture with their light, and I think of the number of atrocities I am willing to commit, just to sleep in your arms tonight.

*Aahana Gupta*  
*B/127 | Class 11*







## 31. PAINTED VERSE

I want to drown myself;  
in the shades of hues and tints that paint you.  
I want to trap myself:  
in the jagged shards of the mirror that makes you.  
I want the tides of your sight to engulf and  
encompass me wholly until I surrender my heart to  
you  
I want you.

*Yashita Jain*

*B/347 | Class 9*



## 32. PICTURE PERFECT

I wish I could freeze time,  
To that one moment,  
When everything is perfect.  
When that old swing still creaks while we swing on  
it, When the trees still have their leaves,  
When the flowers still bloom like the sun,  
When the only sounds are of laughter, happiness, joy.  
Can't this be forever?  
Can't you still sit with me on the grass,  
And laugh till the sun goes down?  
I wish I could freeze time,  
To that one moment,  
Where everything I loved,  
Was still there,  
In one frame,  
Like a picture,  
Perfect.

*Twisha Choudhary*  
*H/578 | Class 12*





### 33. LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

If red roses mean love  
and black one vengeance;  
if amaryllis means beauty  
and daffodils beginnings,

I'd get you tulips and carnations,  
grow you a field of lavender;  
a hundred flowers of affection,  
something beautiful and spectacular.

Running around in a field of sunflowers,  
a crown of daisies on your head:  
I could stare at you for hours  
but spring's nearing the end.

It's going to be fall soon,  
all our flowers, dry and dead.  
My last gift a bouquet  
of forget me nots  
before spring demands  
to take me with it.

But you will be the aeonian and ethereal petals  
of the red roses you once decorated your hair with;  
dead petals dried and settled  
that decorate the pages in my book,  
scattered like the freckles on your face like  
the freckles of gold in your eyes.

*Sara Goel*  
O/288 | Class 10



## 34. SATURN OBSESSION

*Amo i sogni*

They show me my hidden instincts  
In my own psychedelic sphere, il Saturno I'm told, the  
comfort i find in solitude should be accepted by me,  
The nostalgic music flows everywhere,  
as a backdrop,  
On those rings are my favorite fields,  
Of flowers grounded on crystals, Artists seated  
Painting angels of this celestial world, All the abysmal  
thoughts are gone  
As if doctors brainwashed me with medicines Wish  
all of this could be real  
Maybe it is in some other multiverse  
My psychedelic world

*Jessica Ghotra Kaur*

*H/394 | Class 12*





## 35. THE AUGURY THEE NEEDED

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.

*Jessica Ghotra Kaur*  
*H/394 | Class 12*



## 36. LE CONFINEMENT

Oh là là! Ces deux années là, Quand la vie s'est  
arrêtée  
Et tous les magasins ont fermé Il me semblait comme  
un rêve, Mais non, c'était une réalité,  
Ces deux années là  
Les gens se sont séparés Pourtant, ils se sont  
rapprochés Tout le monde avaient peur, Même les  
docteurs,  
Mais ils n'ont pas quitté  
Ils ne se sont pas inquiétés  
Ces deux années là  
Étaient une malédiction,  
Au même moment une bénédiction, Car la nature  
voulait se guérir,  
Et puis, de pouvoir se rétablir.

*Manya Kapil*  
*H/632 | Class 12*





**English translation:**

## 36. THE LOCKDOWN

Oh la la! These past two years  
When life had stopped completely  
And all shops remained closed  
It all seemed like a dream to me  
But no, it was a reality.

These two years  
Even though people were away from each other  
They were close  
Everyone was scared.

Even the doctors  
But they did not quit  
They did not worry

These two years  
were a curse  
But at the same time, a blessing  
Because nature wanted to heal itself  
and then be rejuvenated.



## 37. MOONLIT LIAR

Tangled in the memorabilia of drunken misery and empty wine bottles, she seeks something from the waning crescent moon:

love not for desire, love for survival.

Sickened by heavy breaths and collapsing bones,  
she clutches her heart with bloodied hands;  
watching herself fade from a bright reverie to a tragic  
memory.

But the moon grins viciously at the crestfallen angel,  
falsely beaming at her;  
keeping her like a promise at night;  
abandoning her like a secret in the day.

The moon's trickery:  
an unfathomable mystique for us fragile beings,  
as the glow and gloom tears into our skin,  
another cry-baby weeps in the moon's light;  
another broken heart tries to escape its plight.

*Rysa Deoli*

*H/595 | Class 9*







## 38. IF ONLY I COULD TELL YOU

I wish I could hold your hand  
and dip our hands in ink,  
then hovering them above,  
before embedding them within the pages of time.  
I wish I could write so well  
that my thought could encompass vividly my love so  
greatly,  
you could see my heart through the words.

I wish I could do something,  
anything to let you know; how,  
even when we fade into oblivion,  
my thoughts would keep you alive.

I wish I could morph into Icarus,  
the young lover of flight.  
I'd fly too close to you  
only to burn from your flames.

*Krishnangi Gariya*  
*H/105 | Class 8*



## 39. HIRAETH

The hiraeth I feel for you,  
I feel with entirety.  
It is the absquatulating dilection,  
resulting in the paucity of satiety.  
you are just so... beautiful and wholesome,  
and just so perfect.  
It's not the way you look,  
not even the way you speak;  
It's just the way you are.  
My phosphenes are your eyes and your smile;  
not colours or stars.  
It feels so different to know that I am loved by you;  
broken but pretty, mended but tired,  
brave and guilty, loved but a coward  
because  
the hiraeth I feel for you,  
I feel with entirety.  
Is it the absquatulating dilection  
resulting in the paucity of satiety?  
I ask myself for the hundredth time  
Because I have always loved you;  
more than you'd ever know  
and you have always loved me  
more than you'd ever be ready to show.

*Sara Goel*

*O/288 | Class 10*





## 40. DULLED MEMORY AND SOGGY NOODLES

With my bowl of ramen in front,  
My mind bleaches to a blank,  
I drown in the soup  
Only to be found in a  
memory beloved  
A foreboding voice echoes all the while,  
To return  
Before the ramen's cold  
With its noodles soggy.

I give rise to my own fall,  
As i refuse to act as advised,  
For the prophetic knowledge,  
Casts a dark shadow,  
Dulling a  
Memory once loved.  
And as I lay, withering in agony,  
I regret  
I regret not doing as told,  
Because  
Now the ramen's cold,  
With its noodles soggy.

*Paridhi Saboo*  
*F/516 | Class 12*



## 41. THE LIBRARY'S WHISPER

In quiet corners, shadows dance,  
Where shelves of stories take their stance.  
A library's hush, a sacred sound,  
Where endless tales and dreams are found.

Among these tomes, my heart does roam,  
In realms both far and close to home.  
Some books, a friend, a gentle guide,  
With every page, my soul they tide.

Yet not all tales ignite my spark,  
Some leave me cold, alone in dark.  
But even these, I come to see,  
Are steps along my journey's spree.

For every story holds a key,  
A lesson, whispering to me.  
In histories, in fables spun,  
In battles lost and treasures won.

A library's breath, a reader's air,  
Inviting all to venture there.  
So, take a book, let pages turn,  
And in their fires, find passions burn.  
Develop love for tales untold,  
In books, the world's vast magic holds.

*Jeeya Kaur Kapoor*  
*B/073 | Class 8*





## 42. DOOMSDAY PROPHECY

In a world where life has been forgotten,  
Where people don't "live" but survive,  
Where people have lost the ability to dream,  
Where sins are masked, and happiness can never  
thrive.

"Dream" is a funny word, it has no place in this world,  
They ask you to "dream big". Oh! The falsity in their  
voice.

They are con artists, yes, highly qualified;  
For it is unthinkable, how they manage to perform  
such perfect crimes.

In a world where freedom is caged,  
Where the camaraderie of smoke, blood and dirt  
reigns,  
Where truth is murdered and lies prevail,  
Is there any space left, for hope to dwell?

Freedom knows not its meaning anymore,  
Treachery and cruelty have made an even score,  
Where Ruth's limbs have been amputated,  
And hole made to replace her eyes.

In a world where voices are drowned,  
Where loyalty is jailed and criminals are crowned,  
Where selfish cowards' rule with pride,  
Where accountability and justice are chained for life.



If this is the world we live in today,  
If the driving force, that is greed, cannot be swayed,  
If this is how we prove that the martyrs died in vain,  
If history is warped and vastly restrained.

Will they be successful in engulfing our minds?  
Will resistance face its own demise?  
Will force ever confront its counterforce?  
Even so, will justice ever see the light?

It is a twisted world we live in today,  
Where people find violence gay,  
With a life of torture being the protagonist, and  
death, the anti-hero,  
By the end of which, confusion saves the day.

If selfishness is the key, and cruelty the way,  
Will the world have room for so much guilt, anguish  
and guilt every day?  
At the end of it all, when the world will finally rest,  
The human race will cease to exist;

And peace, the world will find in death.

*Arna*

*H/340 | Class 12*





## 43. INCEPTION

Sometimes I wonder, if the world would ever change,  
If the winds will stop blowing,  
If the walls would ever break.

Sometimes I wonder, if my world would ever change,  
If the path of my life, would be a path that I would  
pave.  
If the leaves will ever stop bowing to the winds,  
If the tree that is me, will ever grow in its own way.

Whether I could twist my branches or paint my  
leaves grey,  
Would I ever be able to say, that:  
“This is me, truly me  
And I am on a path that you can’t touch but only see,  
Because this is the truest version of myself that I have  
ever been,  
Raw and naked, and quite unforeseen.”

There’s a fire that you have ignited in me,  
Which is the inception to the immense power that  
I wield,  
Thank you for the chains, thanks for shackling me,  
I have finally found a place and my own voice, that  
I relentlessly seek.



The echoes of my shackles, now, are the songs of  
rebellion for me,  
And a rebellion for all who have a distant relationship  
with their voices,  
and hence can't speak.  
So here I am and forever will be,  
The voice of the shackled speak through me:

“That the wind has now lost to the leaves,  
And that our voices will never again be put off to  
sleep,  
As you can't seem to break us enough to make us  
Speechless.

*Arna*

*H/340 | Class 12*







## 44. EMPTY PUDDLES

I wish I wrote the way I thought  
But my mind is scattered—  
like the flock of birds  
that visit my backyard;  
they're either here making mornings loud  
Much like the thoughts that crowd my mind,  
or they're absent  
and my mornings are muffled  
my backyard now empty  
like the neighbors rusted gazebo  
that seems to always be alone  
in an empty garth  
even when the May flowers  
come to visit

*Shambhavi Priya*  
*B/704 | Class 12*



## 45. A SIGH OF RELIEF

What has happened  
Has been engraved in time  
Despite the cruelty of its recollection  
The ashes are not to be forgotten  
The hours have flown  
The joy has ended  
What is left are tears of longing  
As she buried the cache  
Slowly, gently;  
As if it were her own flesh  
Now she is free  
Free from the shackles  
That dangled at her feet  
Free from the loud noise that echoed  
Over and over.

*Shambhavi Priya*

*B/704 | Class 12*





## 46. PARASITIC

A parasite crawling about my insides.  
Moving aimlessly until it knows it's time  
Free space, empty head.  
Oh, but it must fill it. It's entitled that way.

The speed of light turns on the radio signal  
The first wave is manageable of course.  
Grab a surfboard and let the ocean move you  
But it passed by, the benefit of a calm demeanor

The second, a broken parachute.  
“Don't let me crash. I can't afford the ambulance.”  
Scream at it. Scream at it until it goes.  
It'll go.

The last is dirt pouring down, suffocating.  
Making the picking of skin on fingers ravenous,  
As it screams louder than you could fathom.  
Either suffer or suffer from refraining from suffering.  
To choose.

*Shambhavi Priya*  
*B/704 | Class 12*



## 47. کاسموس

The fireflies were let out,  
The jar no more carrying the light:  
The night lamp for my room was no more in sight.  
On the roof of my house,  
That creaked and swayed  
With every wind that came;  
My knees bruised and scraped;  
I had crawled out from the window,  
Grasping at the air that would never be the same.

As the tornado around me grew stronger,  
In the centre: a peaceful battle remained.  
It pulled at my hair,  
Scratched at my skin,  
All while brushing the tender ends,  
And healing the pain.

With the remnants of the complete emptiness  
and the light: merely a sin;  
I was knocked down,  
Dragged through the holy mess that was the wind.  
It felt like home, more than those walls ever did,  
So, I bottled it right up:  
A little mess clutched tightly in my hand,  
And carried it to bed;  
To what I thought was the end.

*Prisha Jain*

*F/519 | Class 12*





## 48. LOATHING LOVE

You have cocooned me,  
Spun a delicately strong thread around me,  
Wrapping me in a fuzzy blanket of warmth and  
security.  
You have fed moths to my flame,  
Watered my drooping leaves;  
Wrapped a band-aid on my cuts,  
Leaving a kiss on it right afterwards.  
I have grown with you, just like this.  
But now,  
It all adds fuel to the fire.  
As the thread has turned into a rope, and me merely  
a prisoner;  
The blanket suffocates me,  
My flame has died down,  
The leaves have dried up and my cuts are too deep to  
be healed.

The once misty flowers and the sights of the  
fresh green,  
Along with the smell of the sandalwood in the air;  
Have all disappeared,  
And no amount of life or light you bring.  
Can wring away my utter state of despair.

*Prisha Jain*  
*F/519 | Class 12*



## 49. SHADOWED HUES

Some things are better understood than said,  
Some even better never felt.  
But when they seep into my being;  
Mixing in with the cherry red of my blood,  
and the charcoal grey vapors of my gruesome  
thoughts;  
It doesn't take long for them to blend in,  
That red and black  
And all that comes in between:  
Nothing but a catalyst.  
When they rise through my veins upto the tip of my  
tongue,  
All that is said is nothing at all.  
This nothing at all seems to answer questions that  
never even had answers  
If I wrote the way I thought,  
this red would be but another yellow and the black,  
just another white.

*Prisha Jain*

*F/519 | Class 12*





## 50. THE WORDS I'VE YET TO SPEAK

I want to tell, I yearn to speak,  
To tell of the struggles I keep.  
burdened with weight my steps seem to  
Drag me down, I can't escape fate.

I want to tell...

She longs to confide that she is not treated right,  
That tears stain her pillow every night.  
But the weight of responsibility, it holds her tight,  
Afraid to admit, afraid to fight.

I want to tell...

She is scared to have grown, to have to be strong,  
To be the source of reliance, when everything feels  
wrong.  
Yet in the quietness of the night,  
she aches to shed the mask, to release the eternal  
spark.



I want...

To weep, to let it all out,  
To throw her arms around someone, without a doubt.  
For she holds the remnants of what broke her before,  
In that embrace, she longs to find solace and much  
more.  
For in vulnerability lies the true strength.

*Shivangi Bhupendra*  
*B/704 | Class 12*







# CONTENTS

## Section Two : Wings

1. An Ode to Paradise	74
2. Uprising	76
3. Resilience	77
4. Paused	78
5. Unfiltered	80
6. Blood Memory	81
7. On Advice	82
8. I Wish I Wrote the Way I Thought	83
9. I Wrote the Way I Thought	84
10. Untitled	86
11. Ink Bleed	87
12. Untitled	88
13. The Girl with the Dry Pen	89
14. ઝુંઘ	91
15. Calling Home	93
16. To Not Look At the Stars	94





SECTION TWO  
WINGS



# 1. AN ODE TO PARADISE

It seemed like heaven on earth,  
That time we knew the moment held all it's worth;

We walked through the white valley,  
Realising this wasn't all folly;

The pine trees covered their face of green,  
Behaved like strangers, quiet and serene;

Two trails of footprints side by side,  
Left their marks which even fate could not divide;

The earth's widowed beauty caught us by the eye,  
We both looked at each other, fluttered and shy;

"You look beautiful", he whispered,  
"What is in store from here to eternity" that's all I  
wondered;



He gently held my hand and pulled me closer,  
Placed his hands on my waist, and mine on his  
shoulder;

I held my breath as our lips tenderly brushed,  
With closed eyes and face rose flushed;

The gleaming white crystals danced all around,  
Rejoicing their victory without a sound;

We regained all faith, a plethora of words unsaid,  
Then we went down with reluctant tread;

"Lovers' Hill", the snow-covered signboard read.

*Soumya Chandra*  
*B-316 | Batch of 2008*





## 2. UPRISING

There's a calm beneath the turmoil  
A sense of belonging  
A force within  
Glimmer of sunrays, in waters that coil

Knowing surfaces above the unknown  
A murmur  
A deep breath  
Even though the silence around has grown

Let the quiet surround me no more  
Oh let me fly  
Soar high in the sky  
Swim tirelessly till I reach the shore

For I represent the sacrifice of my tribe  
A pile of expectations  
A mountain of hope  
Build it so strong that the rest of us can thrive

Rising beyond the forlorn  
A formidable step  
A giant leap  
Breaking all barriers, I will be reborn!

*Soumya Chandra*  
*B-316 | Batch of 2008*



### 3. RESILIENCE

She stared at her, relentlessly  
Never had she looked so pale  
And flustered at the same time  
With a heavy breath, she let out a deep sigh

She wondered if it was her reflection  
Or somebody else she saw  
For a moment she couldn't recall,  
But instantly drew a connection

Strands of silver in her hair  
Withered skin beneath the eyes  
The brows seemed to get closer,  
Giving away time spent without care

They said she needed someone  
Who would provide nurturing and repair  
To fill up the voids in her soul  
Cover-up the deep wounds of despair

To lose him, had been harsh  
She realised that looking at her faded beauty  
But her eyes gleamed bright against the light  
They articulated a contrasting story

Looking down upon her curved belly  
Her pride couldn't be circumcised  
She knew she carried her world within  
Its them who convinced her otherwise...

*Soumya Chandra*  
*B-316 | Batch of 2008*





## 4. PAUSED

I sit and watch  
the world go by  
seasons come and go,  
the only constant  
the lump in my heart  
the slow heartburn of hope  
the inconsequence of my actions  
So, I just sit and watch

January of resolution,  
February of desperation,  
March of self love,  
April springs of hope,  
May of stolen glances,  
June of effort and perseverance,  
July of affectionate showers,  
August of humid passion,  
September of anxiousness,  
November of nervous chills,  
December of closure.

And then come,  
back to Jan  
with remorse,  
heartbreak and pain  
with conviction  
of zero regret and lesson  
with a brand new set of resolutions.



And,  
I sit and watch  
repetition of resolutions,  
the months like the emotions,  
different yet the same,  
and the cycle goes,  
it ebbs and flows;  
while, all I do is  
sit and watch,  
inconsequential,  
petrified,  
cowardly passing by  
I just sit and watch

*Avantika Singh*  
*F-436 | Batch of 2016*







## 5. UNFILTERED

To the younger version of me, I want to say that you were so brave, despite being terrified.

I forgive myself for all the times that I was harsh and self-critical.

We don't have all the answers, so how can I expect you to?

To my Inner Child I want to say, let's hold hands and dance in the rain again, as we giggle and splash about. Let's eat what we love, without thinking about how it will alter our bodies.

Let's show kindness toward our scars, they bear testimony to the battles we have fought.

I wish that you could hear my inner voice, it won't be silenced anymore.

The world doesn't want me to express my feelings, they say it's for the weak.

But there is strength in vulnerability and your future is a continuation of me.

*Bhavana Baswan*

*H-279 | Batch of 1997 (Left in 1995)*



## 6. BLOOD MEMORY

Now that you are gone  
I search for parts of you within myself- your power,  
your petulance, your quirks-  
they resonate as mine.  
Like a voyeur but also an innocent child,  
I seek comfort in wearing your shirt on my morning  
walk.  
I appreciate my son wearing your watch and saying  
he's happy to honour that it doesn't tell the time  
anymore.  
You smile at me from a frame above my desk,  
But in my blood, I feel your pulse .  
In my head I hear your voice.  
And in the strangest of ways, I own you so much  
better now.  
Whatever the history of bygone battles between our  
spirits- they merged as I performed your last rites.  
I alone know the parts of you I surrendered to the  
Universe  
And what I kept back to play with and explore.  
This blood memory is a strange animal- it may rule  
you and hurt you when it is the other.  
But where do you run now that it has become the  
Self?

*Nivedita Das*  
*W-290 | Batch of 1992*





## 7. ON ADVICE

If advice were to colour my soul with hope,  
I would weave it into my destiny  
With a smile, acceptance and gratitude.  
But since it splashes searing flames  
Across the colours in which I dream,  
I untangle myself from fatal speech  
And look at only what I see-  
Sun, Wind, Rain-  
And Me.

*Nivedita Das*  
*W-290 | Batch of 1992*



## 8. I WISH I WROTE THE WAY I THOUGHT

In the chambers of the mind, where thoughts unfurl,  
I yearn to capture them, like gems in a whirl.  
Oh, to wield the pen with such grace and might,  
To paint the canvas of the soul with light.

Yet words, they dance just beyond my grasp,  
Elusive as shadows in the evening's clasp.  
I chase them through the corridors of time,  
Seeking the rhythm, the reason, the rhyme.

Would that my ink flowed as freely as thought,  
With eloquence and beauty, easily wrought.  
But alas, I stumble in this mortal plight,  
Longing to write as I think, with pure delight.

In dreams, perhaps, I'll find the golden key,  
Unlocking the treasures that lie within me.  
Until then, I'll pen these humble lines,  
A tribute to the musings of the mind's confines.

For in the realm where dreams take flight,  
I'll write the way I think, in the depths of night.  
And though my words may falter, may they be  
sought,  
In the anthology of longing, "Wish I Wrote the Way  
I Thought.

*Vanya Chowdhry*  
O/067 | *Batch of 2020*





## 9. I WROTE THE WAY I THOUGHT

Tick Tock.  
Time runs,  
Thoughts run,  
My mind catches up.

Tick Tock.  
My thoughts running at the speed of time,  
So many feelings, so many words,  
My hand and my mouth,  
They struggle.  
Tick Tock,  
The Hands I'm chasing,  
They're not my own,  
They belong to a face on the wall, 12 numbers for  
features,  
This is what it's come to.

Tick Tock.  
want to say,  
"Yes I'll always be there."  
"Yes, I'm coming over tonight, 9pm right?"  
My fingers,  
They type,  
"Okay."



Tick Tock.

Thoughts come, in waves,

Leisurely, placid. All the shades of blue

Words come so, so fast.

Like a bus I'm trying to catch, saving steps, saving  
time.

Forgetting where I was going, forgetting where  
I came from,

Words turn into to symbols, sentences into letters.

"I miss you." IMY

"I love you." ILY

"I need you." "u up?"

Tick Tock,

I'm drowning in a sea of feelings,

In a wave of words I keep in my head,

But I cannot speak or write.

So many beautiful things,

I'm creating so many beautiful things,

I'm capable of so many beautiful things,

Lust wish,

I wrote the way I thought.

*Prakriti Gupta*

*W/309 | Batch of 2020*





## 10. UNTITLED

If I wrote the way I thought,  
I'd write nothing at all.  
Joan said, 'I write to find out what  
I'm thinking.' I write to affirm that  
I'm blinking. 'I am. I am. I am.'  
Here we're Plath.  
If you could look inside me  
I'd write nothing at all.  
If you were here drinking coffee  
I'd forget all about poetry.

*Maitrika Kumari Rathore*  
*O/114 | Batch of 2016*



## 11. INK BLEED

I must bleed- bleed it all out.  
On naked canvases and parchments,  
I must scribble, scream and shout.

I want to bleed.

For when I swoop down to the wooden chair,  
Heaven pauses and deities stare.  
Euphoric on the smell of lingering lead,  
My reckless youth at its best.

I will bleed.  
My breath at hold as my thoughts collide,  
Dew-like sparkles, they sprinkle and shine,  
Together they form the mighty Sea,  
The throbbing urge to spill my mind!

I now bleed.  
I write, I vomit, I squeal, I shout!  
Feasts begin, apsaras drop down.  
Nature blooms in her earnest grace,  
Sunkissed splendour spilt all around.  
I am bleeding. Ink bleed.

*Ira Anupkumar Satpathy*  
*H/526 | Batch of 2024*







## 12. UNTITLED

I wish my thought bubbles tasted sweet,  
like mango dripping from my arms,  
on childhood summer afternoons.  
my memories painted on paper;  
the curves turn to cursive,  
the pictures into phrases.  
I wish I wrote the way I see, (truth in sight),  
I wish I wrote the way I eat, (on a hungry night),  
I wish I wrote the way I tried, (through error and  
fight),  
I wish I wrote the way I thought (a greedy bite).

*Shreya*

*F/210 | Batch of 2023*



## 13. THE GIRL WITH THE DRY PEN

My mind wild, my eyes on blank pages,  
Thoughts and feelings in cacophony for ages.  
Too many half-formed ideas with no outlet,  
Born from reading in my little hamlet.  
I held onto unwritten life stories,  
A collage of precious memories.  
All unconnected save for a single link.  
The girl whose pen had no ink.  
I could not write, try as I might.  
My pen remained stubbornly dry.

Alone but not lonely or hopeless,  
Solitude unlocked imagination's vastness.  
The hills, the trees, the stars,  
Carried me to worlds beyond,  
Whispering "look how far you've come,  
It's okay to press the pause button."  
I sought peace with my past,  
But my pen had no ink.





The girl with the dry pen  
Walked into Welham,  
Unknowing of the treasure within.  
Suddenly my pen was no longer dry.  
Earlier limited to class essays,  
Poetry now takes centre-stage.  
My journal with incomplete entries  
Now narrates entire stories.  
Formerly devoid of verse,  
Poems now dance from my inky fingers.

*Agrima Agarwal*  
*W/030 | Batch of 2020*



## 14. धुंध

धुँध के बीच आँखें मूंदे  
अस्थिर निराकार मौन है धुँध  
बस चलती जा रही है देखो  
तू आखिर कौन है धुँध

बीच खड़ी हूँ मैं तेरे  
तू आस —पास है मेरे  
होकर भी तो नहीं है तू  
कहाँ से चलती आ रही है तू

आ रही है या जा रही है  
बस एक मौन गीत सुना रही है  
जो आएगा सो जाएगा  
चलचित्र में किरदार निभाएगा

भीग जाएं या इससे बचें  
कुछ कहें या मौन रहें  
सागर में डुबकी अनुभव करें  
या किनारे पर ही खड़े रहें





जिन्दगी है ये समझे जनाब  
आग का दरिया है ये साहब  
समझ लो तो पार किया  
जीते जी इजहार किया

चंद साँसें हैं ये उधार की  
बस जिंदगी के नाम की  
इस धुँध ही में से आई हैं  
इस धुँध में ही खो जाएँगी।

*Bani Pershad (Khanna)*  
*B/472 | Batch of 1975*



## 15. CALLING HOME

HOME (*defn*)//*The place where one lives permanently, specially as a member of a family or household*

Is home in those houses that are built by brick but survive on love?

That when love gives up, those bricks try to hold it together?

Is home in those buildings that are shiny from the outside, but as hollow on the inside?

Is home where I'm most comfortable or where I pretend to be most comfortable?

Is home really two arms and a heartbeat?

Is having a home really that necessary?

What if my home is in those rental apartments that smell of memories?

What if nowhere feels like home but everywhere does too

What if not having one home is what is home to me?

*Sameenn*

*H/614 | Batch of 2014*





## 16. TO NOT LOOK AT THE STARS

As I gaze  
up at the evening sky,  
I ask  
“What do I even see?”  
I live in a fantasy.  
Unknowingly blocking  
the sparkle below,  
thousands of stars that shimmer so.

Never have I so clearly seen,  
What is, what was,  
what could have been.  
If I had just  
for a moment sighed,  
Unveiling such shine,  
such ground breaking heights,  
Of what the universe constantly reveals.

And when my hand,  
Thus extended  
Tries to touch light,  
somehow bended,  
Falls back to my awestruck side,  
I am mesmerised by  
this beautiful waltz of light.



What I see  
with my aging eyes  
is reality gone by.  
Knowing well  
I've missed my chance,  
I stay back  
for just one more dance.

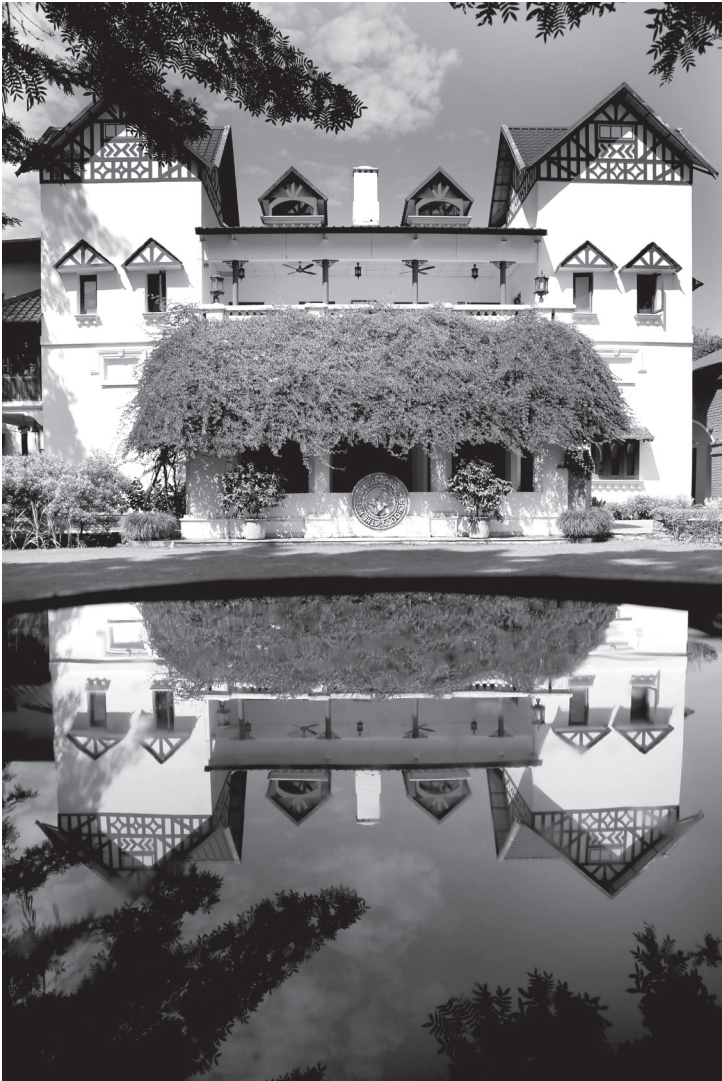
“Let bygones be bygones”  
Is what people say,  
Is what I think,  
As I move slowly away.  
This window is  
to a time long gone  
I pull a string,  
Curtains undone.  
The velvet flows  
over what is perceived,  
I shut out the light,  
So readily revealed.

*Sonali Barwa*

*Ex - O/620 | Batch of 2009*







[www.welhamgirls.com](http://www.welhamgirls.com)

~

# Everything begins with a dream.

~

In 1957, an ageing English lady, Miss H. S. Oliphant, fired by the desire to create an equal educational platform for young Indian women in independent India, acquired a Nawab's estate in Dehradun, India, to give shape to her dream. There were no funds, no staff, no school buildings and no students but there was a vision and an indomitable spirit. She entrusted the task of setting up and running a boarding school for girls to Miss Grace Mary Linnell, an experienced and respected educationist who had headed a girls' school and college in Hyderabad. Under Miss Linnell's guidance 'Welham', named after a Welsh village, bloomed and expanded and soon grew synonymous with high scholastic standards and a progressive attitude, rooted in Indian tradition and culture.

This institution has evolved over the years to become synonymous with exceptionally high scholastic standards and a progressive ethos deeply rooted in Indian tradition and culture. Welham Girls' School has positioned itself as more than just a centre of academic excellence; it has become a nurturing ground for ethical, social, and intellectual development in young women. Recognizing the evolving landscape of education, the school remains steadfast in its commitment to nurturing global citizens capable of confronting the challenges of an unforeseen future. At Welham, we firmly believe in instilling values that prioritize the journey over the destination.





This philosophy aligns seamlessly with our school motto, "Artta Shanti Phala Vidya," a Sanskrit verse, to encapsulate the school's essence and instill a sense of community service in our students.

Our focus extends beyond academics to the holistic development of our students, fostering resilience of character and imparting the values of compassion and justice. Having consistently secured the top rank among residential schools for girls in India, Welham Girls' School is acutely aware of its heightened responsibility as an educational institution. It remains committed to providing its students with an environment that nurtures lifelong learning, ensuring that every individual who passes through its gates is equipped to make a meaningful impact on the world.



~

## Our Vision

~

To send out into the world, young persons who are a triumph of Nature – strong yet gentle, bright and wise and capable of taking on the world, by inspiring them to an enlightened humanity through the guiding principle of ‘choosing the harder right than the easier wrong’.

~

## Our Mission

~

To provide a nurturing and supportive environment that offers a holistic education, fostering academic excellence, international exposure and a challenging curriculum that enhances creativity and emotional resilience, while inculcating in our girls the best of Indian culture and traditions, motivating each one to evolve into the best version of herself.

To inspire them to develop a tolerant, balanced yet independent attitude of mind with a sense of service, justice, and fair play and to reinforce a secure sense of Self, so that when they step out into the world, they will not be threatened by the changes around them, but rather become an embodiment of the change that they wish to see.

Eventually, our mission is to teach our girls to “fly higher, dive deeper and continue to shine with brilliance as they soar” - like the Kingfisher, that is our mascot.

*For us, every student is a promise.*







## ABOUT THE BOOK

*Roots to Wings* is a heartfelt anthology of poems penned by current and former students of Welham Girls' School, Dehradun. This collection, a first-of-its-kind collaboration, brings together the voices of Welhamites, showcasing a deep connection across generations. Each poem serves as a bridge, linking the past with the present, and celebrating the creativity that flourishes within the school's community. This unique collection beautifully reflects shared experiences, personal growth, and the enduring bond among Welhamites, making it a tribute to their artistic journey and collaborative spirit.



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