



हिन्द सलाम  
कलम प्रणाम



# आह्वान

The Annual Magazine  
*of*  
**KALAMKAAR**  
The Literary Society

हिन्द सलाम

कलम प्रणाम

**DEEN DAYAL UPADHYAYA COLLEGE**  
**(UNIVERSITY OF DELHI)**



## *About Kalamkaar*

*The significance of creativity cannot be overseen in this era of freedom of speech, thought and expression. The medium of expression can vary based on the hidden talent. Kalamkaar: The Literary Society of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College, caters to this need of the hour and endeavours to provide a platform to the students to express themselves. The Literary wing strengthens the art of writing whereas Fine arts wing helps to surface the painting and sketching talent of students. Without expression the mind is a full vessel and therefore new ideas, new knowledge and learning can easily flow off and go to waste. With an aim of fostering the creative potential of expression amongst students, KalamKaar organizes literary activities viz. creative writing, poetical recitation both at intra- and inter- college level. It also conducts various workshops and travel programs to give an exposure to all the young, creative minds. Moreover, the society organises Kalamkaar literature festival and Kavi Sammelan every year witnessing a large foot-fall and currently it is one of the best literary societies in Delhi.*

# आह्वान

दीन दयाल उपाध्याय महाविद्यालय की साहित्यिक समिति-कलमकार, विगत पाँच वर्षों से, युवा पीढी के मध्य, साहित्य की लोकप्रियता और उसमें रुचि को उत्तरोत्तर बढ़ाने के लिए कटिबद्ध है।

इन वर्षों में, हमें प्राप्त स्नेह से हमें आभास हुआ की हमारी पहल कितनी तीव्रता से छात्रों तक पहुँच रही है, और इसी क्रम में, इस वर्ष, कलमकार लाया है, ऑनलाइन पत्रिका, "आह्वान", और इस पहल के माध्यम से, हमने न केवल साहित्य, अपितु, चित्रकला के क्षेत्र में रुचिकर छात्रों को अवसर दिया है, दुनिया को अपनी कला से अचंभित, आकर्षित और आह्लादित करने का।

# CORE TEAM



**First Row (from top & left to right)-** Himanshu Parihar(Hindi Head), Dewansh Pratap Singh(Head of Operations), Shourya Dubey(Student Convener), Pranjul Mishra(English Head).

**Second Row (left to right)-** Rishi Suri(Hindi Editor), Rahul Sahai(General Secretary), Nikhil(Student Coordinator), Vishal Sachin (Photography Head)

**Third Row (left to right)-** Bhawna Sehgal(Treasurer), Kashish(Social-media Head), Kajal Jena(President), Pulak Jain(Vice-President), Simran Koul(English Editor).

**Fourth Row(left to right)-** Dipanshu(Graphics Head), Aastha Verma(Joint Secretary), Anuj(Technical Head), Varnika Vyas(Fine-Arts Coordinator), Sargam Bharti(English Editor).

**Missing-** Mridul Jain(Fine-arts Head), Mayank Agarwal(Marketing Head), Anushka (Fine-arts Coordinator), Gaurav Nailwal(Hindi Editor), Aakriti(Fine-arts Coordinator).



## Message from the Officiating Principal

*From the Principal-*

*To begin with the words of Rabindranath Tagore, "Don't limit a child to your own learning for he was born in another time" and Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College fosters the same thought among its faculty members i.e., to let the thoughts of a child flow. And the best example of this is KALAMKAAR: The Literary Society of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College. The very first idea of establish-*

*ing a literary society in college came from the students only and as a result KALAMKAAR was officially established in 2015. The continuous and ardent effort since last five years, to not just promote literature but fine arts as well, have helped this society build its own repute in literary societies circuit of Delhi. Today, KALAMKAAR proudly represents the creative mind of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College and has brought several laurels for it.*

*Kalamkaar is a student led society and to witness the first edition of its own magazine AHVAAN is a matter of tremendous pride. These pages are an outcome of the efforts and dedication put in by each and every student and faculty member of Kalamkaar. This magazine is a catalogue of the achievements and various activities conducted by the society during last year. Also, it unleashes the potential of some blessed creative brains, who have tried to share their emotions via their poems, stories and artworks.*

*While the students prepare themselves for their future endeavours, I realize to point out the importance of literature in building a student's personality and shaping up our country's future. According to me, very few people are bestowed with the art of expressing themselves via their words and therefore heartfelt congratulations to all the young writers, artists and their mentors for bringing out this magazine, thereby proving their worth.*

*I convey my sincerest wishes to all the faculty members and students of Kalamkaar on taking this initiative.*

**- Dr. Hemchand Jain**



## Message from the Teacher Convener

*Language is like a window to the soul, it lets you communicate with the world outside, in a way nothing else can dare to offer."Hardwork leads to many things, and through an odyssey of assiduity and harmony, we are delighted o pioneer the first erudition of AVHAAN, the annual magazine of Kalamkaar.This magazine is a concoction of the finest inceptions of our members in their own respective fortes, who through their artistry, and ingenuity have presented this magazine before us.I congratulate the entire team of Kalamkaar for bringing out AVHAAN and it is matter of great pride for all of us.My sincerest wishes to all the young KALAMKAARS.*

*HIND SALAAM, KALAM PRANAAM*

**- Dr. Ravinder Kaur**



## Message from Teacher Member

दीन दयाल उपाध्याय महाविद्यालय की साहित्यिक संस्था "कलमकार" विभिन्न रचनात्मक गतिविधियों द्वारा विद्यार्थियों की विलक्षण प्रतिभाओं को निखारने का प्रयास गत छह वर्षों से करती आ रही है।

ऑनलाइन पत्रिका "आह्वान" उसी शृंखला में एक सराहनीय प्रयास है। अपने विचारों को कलम के माध्यम से न केवल लेखन द्वारा अपितु पेंटींग्स और स्कैच द्वारा प्रस्तुत करती ऑनलाइन पत्रिका इस तकनीकी युग में विद्यार्थियों को अवश्य प्रेरित करेगी।

"कलमकार" बन कलम पकडकर  
अहसासों को शब्दों में पिरोकर  
फूँके वर्षों से सुप्त ज्ञान में प्राण  
आओ करें नये युग का "आह्वान"

कलमकारों को इस पत्रिका के "आह्वान" की अनंत शुभकामनाएं।

-डॉ चारु कालरा



## Message from Teacher Member

*Poetry is important because it helps us understand and appreciate the world around us. It teaches us how to live. Literature is important in everyday life because it connects individuals with larger truths and ideas in a society. It creates a way for people to record their thoughts and experiences in a way that is accessible to others. Art is an expression of our creative ideas and imagination. Artists think from their heart. That is why they are able to move people through their work. Kalamkaar- the literary society of college provides a platform to students to express their thoughts and experiences and shape them through poetry, creative writing and other art forms. I congratulate Kalamkaar- the literary society of Deen Dayal upadhyaya college for bringing out the first edition of AHVAAN this year. It is indeed a proud moment for all the kalamkaar and for our college. My best wishes to the editorial board and all the members of kalamkaar society. I am sure the good work will be carried on.*

**- Dr. Sudha Arora**





## Message from the President

*As we come up with the first edition of our annual magazine AHVAAN, it gives me immense pleasure to share the journey behind this catalogue of thoughts, ideas, expressions, achievements and activities conducted. It is a matter of tremendous pride that after a continuous and consistent effort of one long year, we have finally brought this compendium to our readers. AHVAAN is a symposium of all those moments that each and every KALAMKAAR has lived with all his heart and mind. AHVAAN is a long journey and this edition is just the first step and therefore needs to be preserved, nurtured and this process should continue.*

*As a member of KALAMKAAR and moreover as a representative of 250 plus creative minds, I was there with AHVAAN since beginning. Starting from the cover page to the last lioness, each and every page of this magazine has been thought provoking and tells a story. From achievements to activities, the roller coaster ride that all the young KALAMKAARS have gone through is worth giving a read. AHVAAN, meaning invocation is a fabrication of all those small moments of happiness that a writer embraces after writing a story or an artist enfolds after giving final touch to his creation. AHVAAN is a homage to all the faculty members and students of KALAMKAAR who have dedicated their time to bringing out this magazine. For every KALAMKAAR members, AHVAAN is happiness, a challenge, a memory and a mentor, always ready to help them effectuate their dreams of being an accomplished face in the field of art and literature.*

*I extend my sincere gratitude to everyone who have helped in shaping this magazine. The editorial team has put in effective action in bringhing out this edition. It is a great vision of KALAMKAAR that I humbly present in the form of AHVAAN to all.*

HIND SALAAM, KALAM PRANAAM

**Kajal Jena**



AVHAAN, meaning invocation is one of the finest initiatives taken by KALAMKAAR. This magazine is a result of all the enthusiasm that approximately 250 students have shown throughout the year and as a convener, seeing their dream come true, gives immense pleasure to me. AVHAAN being an amalgamation of the best write-ups and artworks by the creative brains of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College truly represents its strength. It is a bliss to see this magazine being finally launched in Kalamkaar literature festival and also it is a moment of tremendous pride for all of us. My best wishes to the entire team of Kalamkaar May AVHAAN be that blank canvas, where colors can be splashed to give shape to one's imagination. May AVHAAN be that diary where one can pen down his emotions devoid of any fear. May AVHAAN reach its pinnacle taking all of us, together.

### **-Shourya Dubey(Student Convener)**

Kalamkaar is more a family to me than a society. For me personally, it has been a great platform to learn, showcase and grow my talent. The teachers and other members of this society have always guided me to a more creative and innovative path. The emotional attachment is the main bond which keeps all the members together as a team. It works towards recognition and appreciation of one's talent as that is the greatest joy for an artist. The magazine 'AHVAAN' is another great initiative by our family, Kalamkaar, towards this joy. I wish with all my heart that this platform keeps on nurturing fresh talent and skills.



### **-Pulak Jain (Vice-President)**



*Kalamkaar is a place where one can learn so much ,I joined Kalamkaar in my 2nd year of college.I joined the graphics team ,then i learned event marketing ,then i learned how to handle sponsorship,team management , event management and lots of other things too.I was nothing when i joined this society and now i know how to do many things .Kalamkaar is great opportunity for learners.*

**-Dewansh Pratap Singh (Head of Operations)**

*For me,Kalamkaar is nothing but an emotion,I never wanted to get rid of in my three years of college life.I got my mentor,my friends,my well wishers and moreover a family away from family here and that is why Kalamkaar is precious to me.Seeing this society grow better day by day,I get overwhelmed and this magazine has added more emotions to it.'Ahvaan' is the outcome of lot of efforts by the entire team of Kalamkaar and will surely shine through.*



**-Rahul Sahai (General Secretary)**

# Achievements



**Sudhan Singh Kaintura**

1. 1st prize, Open mic competition, Motilal Nehru College
2. 2nd Prize open mic, Dehradun
3. 1st prize Attituduous Open mic, Dehradun
4. Poetry Recitation in Dehradun Poetry festival 2019.
5. 1st Prize IIT Delhi Kavya Sangosthi 2017.

**Pranjal Saxena**

1. French Poetry Writing Competition- 3rd (Under DU, Department of Germanic Studies).
2. French Group Play- 1st (Under DU, Department of Germanic Studies).
3. French Movie Making- 3rd (Under DU, Department of Germanic Studies).



# Achievements



**Jugal Kishor**

*1st Prize, Kalam Ki Nok Se,  
Gargi College*

**Sneha R.**

1. Maitreyi College Verse o Magique  
(1st prize)
2. Department of chemistry  
Creative writing competition 1st prize
3. Department of Electronics Creative  
writing competition 1st prize
4. Kalamkaar Alfaz-e- Kalam Creative  
writing competition 2nd prize
5. Kalamkaar Voice-o-verse 2nd prize



# Achievements



**Tej Tarun Sharma**

*1st Prize , Silver Jubilee  
Celebration, DDUC*

**Pulak Jain**

*Winner of Online Art Contest  
Articon 2.0*



# Activities conducted in the session 2019-20



**1. Our official website was launched in orientation program for the session 2019-20.**

**2. First as we travel program to National habitat centre.**



**3. Doodling workshop for fine arts wing by team QuirkySakhi**

# Activities conducted in the session 2019-20



**Second as we travel program for the session 2019-20 to National handicrafts and handloom museum**

**Various competitions were organised on the occasion of Hindi Diwas**



**A workshop on Shayari and Ghazal was organised in collaboration with team Hindinama**



# Activities conducted in the session 2019-20

## AURORA '19



**Mukhar- An Art Stall was exhibited in AURORA-2019**



**Fine-arts workshop was held in AURORA'19**



**Interaction session with author Vandna Bhasin in AURORA'19**



**Glimpse of painting competition in AURORA'19**



**Glimpse of creative writing competition in AURORA'19**

# Activities conducted in the session 2019-20



**Workshop on creative writing was organised by team Stu**



**Kalamkaar celebrated its fifth Anniversary**

Kalamkaar : The Literary Society  
Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College  
inaugurates its

## BOOK CLUB

*Today a reader, Tomorrow a leader*

Contribute books and help us promote literature & reading habits among you all

- **Contribution date:** 15 Oct - 18 Oct
- **Venue:** in front of auditorium
- **Time:** 1 - 1:30 pm

**What you can Contribute-**

- Novels
- Short Stories
- Collection of Poems
- Biography etc.

@Kalamkaar @Kalamkaarduc

**A book club was initiated by students**



**Third As We Travel Program to Surajkund Crafts Mela**



*English  
Wing*

*You wonder what I write?  
While hovering over my desk,  
Peeping from a little left and a little  
right  
Stealing glimpses from the diary  
Adoring the dried tulips and casua-  
rina twigs.*

*You wonder what I write?  
I write about love,  
That transcends from the snow-  
laden lofty mountains to the rivers,  
That veil the night sky with the  
cloak of stars.*

*You wonder what I write?  
I write about rage,  
That is infused in a thirteen year  
old in the chaos of war,  
That sorrounds a blue millennial  
with utmost helplessness.*

*You wonder what I write?  
I write about eyes,  
That wrinkles at the threshold of  
their home waiting for hope,  
That sparkles at the sight of a new  
born.*

*You wonder what I write?*

*I write about voices,  
That subdue in the mist of oppres-  
sions,  
That finds the light even in dusks.*

*You wonder and wonder,  
And here I write,  
About daffodils and the paper-  
boats,  
About rain and the trails,  
And everything in between that's  
grey.*

*-Riya Pakhre (Alumni)*

*A wandering higgler with slaugh-  
tered eyes  
Told me the story of his wife's  
demise.  
Remembrance of her made his  
eyes go wet.  
Even after years he remembers  
how she slept.  
Her panting sound still fears me,  
Forcing me to be in heaven and  
hear her.  
Hearing him made me realise .  
Still people don't forget others  
demise.*

*What is it, when you are crying over your second days of periods and find a chocolate in your bag and get a lot of free snuggles?*

*What is it, when you fight , but still never forget to check their meals?*

*Well, no compromises.  
And may be, these things didn't take you anywhere ?  
It repeated in same cycle, with same person at the same place with just a promise or willingness to be with them.  
It kept you where you were.  
Where you wanted to be. And always telling you, that you are better off here, with the person you want to be with for the whole of your life.*

*They ask me  
What is love ?  
Where does it take you ?  
How long it last ?*

*And I laugh, letting them decide themselves the answers, if they want to stay at the same place, or*

*walk to the Frost's yellow wood.*

*~Sneha Arora (Alumni)*

*Sisters in Struggle*

*"Are you okay?"  
I asked myself  
I thought of an answer  
And I heard something,  
"Yes, you are!"  
But suddenly my heart thumped  
"No, you are not!"  
My mind was quite stumped.*

*Knock! Knock!  
"Who's there?", The puzzled mind asked  
"It's Me, Anxiety-  
Dilemma gave birth to me "  
"What do you want?"  
"A solution to every problem"  
"Sorry, but I don't have one"*

*Knock! Knock!  
"Who's there", The mind asked again  
"This time it's Stress,  
Unanswered questions dragged*

*Asking for help, listening to her  
heart,  
And designating me as a sister.*

*- Palak (Alumni)*

*The dirt on my bag*

*Did poetry ever say?*

*"I will come to you in the darkest  
hour*

*I will arrive, when you'll begin to  
drift apart*

*I will be around when your nerves  
will be hard*

*Palpable tension will be all you  
seek*

*Dizziness and pain will be all you  
feel."*

*Because if poetry never said this,  
Then why is it that when darkness  
arrives*

*The first thing to strike my mind are  
some meaningful words.*

*Why do things act as a curse for us,  
when all we can remember is a  
blessing from God?*

*Why is it that demons have to sur-  
round you, to ask for the angels to  
help?*

*Why is that life's touch soothes you  
the most when all you have to face  
is the sword of the Devil?*

*Why do we remember the devil in  
the archangels presence?*

*What happened to the split per-  
sonalities?*

*What happened to the dreams?*

*What happened to correcting the  
misspelt words.*

*The sound of the word has really  
changed its meaning*

*Is this why the spellings don't  
matter today?*

*Why is it that with every gasp, the  
astonishment dies within my body?*

*I have certain calculations to  
make,*

*Certain promises to keep.*

*Promises to myself,*

*Promises to the universe.*

*How can anybody be huge in my  
world?*

*It's my world. I am the protagonist.*

*How come fear is faceless in here.  
Its the dreams, it is the dreams.*

*Wondering about how beautiful the  
world was*

*Or how lively the whole moment  
was*

*I think I lack some spirit in me.  
For I know I lack it so I have to  
churn it.*

*I am supposed to live and not just  
exist.*

*The drapes of the caged mind are  
opening.*

*How long has it been since I  
stopped respecting and blessing?  
There is a lot to take from every-  
thing that I have done  
There is a lot to do for me now.  
One step at a time and I promise I  
will be a better human being.*

*There is some dirt on my bag I  
guess  
I am supposed to carry it.  
Carry it for the dreams are big and  
I need the energy to live  
For my bag has the energy.  
So what if it carries the stain it*

*has?*

*For me it has its value - Always!*

*- Pranjal Saxena (Alumni)*

*Where I start with that circle go  
round,  
Clutching my reality ascends the  
sound.*

*The Air is still and I am a hunter,  
This virtual fluid is my edgy  
hunger.*

*Again, I got to explore, the  
unknown lands,  
But first I've to go through the  
grooves of my hands.  
The multi-verse burdens my family  
sing,  
One shoulder lags the other with  
high ping.*

*I try to break through, grind, creep  
and cry,  
Just to give these pros, one last try.  
Alas! I missed that final shot,  
And my clamour engulfed me in a  
conscious loss.*

*And just like that, I made it once,*

*Whether it was the multi-verse or  
my sniping stance,  
The on-point tap hits the Bull's eye,  
The depth of my journey knows my  
fumbling sigh.*

*Yes, these FPS and cross-hairs are  
conduits of my light,  
An escape from reality, not equiva-  
lent to any.*

*I am a gamer, not because I don't  
have a life,  
But because I chose to have many.*

*-Divyanshu Verma (Alumni)*

**MISTAKE**, a seven lettered word,  
cumulating all our actions  
to be served in one single platter.

Forcing it down, invading our soul,  
recreating our fate, assassinating  
every cell of ours, It forces us to  
ruminate over our thoughts.

Mocking at our destitute, to create  
a story of its own, it rejuvenates  
itself, becoming hefty every other  
day.

*Inundating our sentiments,  
catechizing our existence,  
it certainly drench us down to a  
place, we never wanted to be at.*

*But that's the beauty of this word,  
we never realize.*

*It's more liable than we, ourselves.*

*No matter how mulish we are to  
let it go, it will never leave us and  
come back with a superior edition  
of itself, again, to write a chronicle  
of its victory.*

*-Kajal Jena, 3rd Year*



*Sitting here under the infinite blanket of hovering dark clouds, I look towards the contradiction that nature provides. The darkness that the clouds cast on one hand while the gleam of sunlight that has somehow managed to make its way past those adamant clouds to reach down to me, making me revel in the soothing and blissful late afternoon today.*

*The crimson-orange sky giving way to a beautiful sight, a sight which makes you delusional but focused, bewildered but disentangled.*

*Surpassing winds mignardizing me into oblivion. The trees sway, dropping off every dry leaf that I wish to obtain. Leaf litter and cladodes bestowing beauty to my pathway.*

*The positivity right now is so surreal that it makes me wonder about the existence of failures in the world. At that very instant, I realized the whole power I consume, the magnitude of my capabilities and the zenith of my core.*

*- Kashish (3rd Year)*

## **DARK CHOCOLATE-**

*When the new year was about to begin,*

*I was inside the quilt, hiding a storm within;*

*My heart was beating so fast,  
Fast as if there was no tomorrow;*

*I could not sense anything,*

*But I could feel my every breath  
choking my next breath;*

*I don't know what was happening,  
But I could know that with every  
tear, my life was stopping;*

*Nothing could I hear,*

*My body had been so numb and  
dumb;*

*The inner pain was getting severe,  
For my every scream, I was burying  
within;*

*But I could hear the sound of my  
clock,*

*It was somewhat hypnotising;*

*My eyes were getting heavy,*

*But my heart knew, the time was*

*passing;*

*I could hear the eagles screeching  
in my head,  
As if nothing good was there to  
await for;  
It seemed I have had enough of my  
life,  
As if everything inside me was  
dying now;*

*I tried to regain my nerves in my  
control,  
I could not move, I had been so  
numb;  
All I was painting in my head were  
the phrases,  
Phrases, for what I had felt and  
lived so long;*

*My brain was at a war with my  
heart,  
How could I find solace in my  
future;  
When my present was shivering  
like the trembling leaves in wind,  
And I was not at peace with my  
past;*

*May be I did not want my inner*

*world to understand the concept  
of 'The Happy' and 'The New' ,  
May be I wanted to enter the next  
year with my worries, troubles  
and doubts in me;  
May be I was afraid to leave them  
behind in my past,  
May be my life was more of this  
negativity and less of me;*

*I wanted to stay in the previous  
year for long,  
I wanted more time to deal with  
my past;  
Perhaps, I was not ready for a  
'Happy New Year' ,  
Because I was not done yet with  
the last.*

*-Simran Koul (3rd Year)*

*Evenings !  
Many came , Many went  
But this one was special  
as invitations were sent*

*Yes,it was a special occasion,  
as there was to set a new  
equation,*

*The Equation of Love,  
And the Equation of trust.*

*Happy faces all around ,  
amongst them one odd face was  
found.*

*It was a face full of uncertainties ,  
Face full of grief.*

*It was the face of the bride  
whose knot was to be tied.*

*The one who promised someone...  
to live her life,her own way..  
seemed ruckus today,  
and the wedding ring heavily  
weigh...*

*Dear,you are orthodox,  
Independence was in her stocks.  
Emancipated , she was  
Her open mind was the cause..*

*Nothing could be done now,  
though she was looking wow..*

*Screaming from inside were two  
souls..*

*One of her  
and one of him..*

*Him,the one who loved her..  
Him,the one who felt for her..*

*His presence would ruin,  
the newly formed bond  
He felt....*

*Thoughts of seppuku were being  
smelt..*

*This evening broke up two  
hearts,*

*Hearts which were meant to be  
sync,*

*Were way apart..*

*"I will miss you" , read the  
seppuku thing ..*

*- Shaurya (3rd Year)*

*Why is it so painful to part, to let  
go, to just stop?*

*Why do tears just fill the eyes,  
make the reality blurry and fail to  
drop?*

*Why do the faint light bulbs far  
away from my room, remind me  
of her funeral pyre?*

*Why do I just want to be alone,  
cry incessantly and burn my  
emotional wire?*

*Guilt eats me away, why my sobs  
are so sharp?  
Yet forcing myself to confront the  
pain feels like the only escape that  
could warp.*

*I still remember the way she used  
to caress my hair, save me from my  
father's wrath.*

*Today my 'hectic life' and indiffer-  
ence has turned to my morbid  
scathe.*

*Memories that I never thought,  
started to surface and torment me.  
I beg and plead to feel her touch,  
that presence trying to console and  
comfort me.*

*Her face has now suddenly turned  
so vivid, so clear.*

*I will just always wish, when she  
needed me, I was there.*

*Why are we always late, why do we  
always fail to realise?*

*Why am I writing a fucking poem  
now, when I should've told her this,  
looking straight in her eyes?*

*I want to scream, weep and smash  
my head against the wall.*

*What good would it do to my  
remorse, writhing me like a rag  
doll?*

*Death is inevitable, gives life it's  
inexplicable charm.*

*I simply don't give a fuck, I just  
want her back in my arm.*

*Kartikey Singh (2nd Year)*

*For the very first time I learnt to  
live*

*Away from home  
Wishing for a cease  
I shouted ,I cried  
Worried for a while  
Riddled for hours  
Just like a child*

*Faces of many confused me  
Words of many accused me  
Felt a bit helpless  
When truths of many refused me*

*Still kept my mind stable  
Firmly believed that I am able  
Left all hurdles behind  
Proved my worth that I am  
defined.*

*-Aastha (2nd Year)*

*Earphones!!  
Basically converts electrical  
Signals into sound...right?  
Clinging on the earholes  
Dews of sound shining in eyes  
A common thing  
But still everyone's daily need  
Need of a school boy to run from  
His stress  
Need of a college guy to rejuvenate  
Himself out of the mess  
Need of a man working at office  
And even the lady doing the chores  
But is this the only thing they do?  
Is this the only function they have?  
Maybe not,  
Maybe much beyond our intellect  
knows,  
Must be a little absurd to hear  
Disengages from a despondent and  
Ephemeral world  
Reverberating back the joy  
A heart full of dark storms  
Is again filled with sunshine  
Embracing not only the pinna  
But also the soul  
Vibrations surrounding the cochlea  
Refreshing us again  
Making us confront something we  
Never think of*

*Something we often neglect  
Sound of silence,  
Lagoons of our head reflect  
Where only we can hear ourselves  
And sounds which get lost  
Lost in crowd's filthy dust  
Lost in the summer's frost  
Following the way of our schedule  
Zipped up in bag while we get  
Busy with our works  
But as soon as we get free  
Earphones again pouring redness  
on  
Our cheeks  
Driving the hints of misery away  
And teaching us to appreciate  
every day*

*- Sargam Bharti (2nd Year)*

*Are you happy or just alive?  
In this world so full of lies  
Is the mirror on your wall always  
right?  
Or creates just an illusion of all  
your lies  
Counting flaws of others might  
make you satisfied*

*But ever looked at yourself and  
felt imprecise?  
Reached a point of saturation like  
who the hell am I?  
Burning yourself for them to light  
their night sky ,  
Rebounded only agony as a gift  
so precise,  
Diminishing your integrity for com-  
pliance  
By people who never meant to be  
on your side,  
Ever looked for happiness in their  
eyes?  
People who want you to slip and  
slide,  
Wanted them to love you, who  
were never your type?  
But darling soon you realised,  
No one stayed when you needed  
them by,  
Got only sympathy and some  
baseless advice,  
But no soul to hear your agony  
and lend a shoulder to cry,  
That day the world might have  
seemed selfish,  
But you were wrong you know  
that right?  
Cause you did the same when you*

*got on that side,  
Expectations hurt now you real-  
ized?  
Got one step closer to the truths  
of this unfair life*  
*- Devshree singh (2nd Year)*

*And here I am, sitting under a  
night lamp  
With all these loose sheets and a  
fountain pen.*

*In this distant land, far away from  
home  
Words are the only gluttony prom-  
ised to me.*

*My fingers are stained with blue  
ink,  
Sheets are filled with blots and  
smudges,  
Ideas are becoming hard to come  
by,  
But my heart's at peace,  
As my pen is still running.*

*Like any other summer morning, I  
was outdoors*

Deeply submerged in my thoughts,  
Until I was interrupted by him.  
He asked me, "Who are you"?  
I replied, "I am a wizard of words".  
He found my statement rather  
amusing and replied,  
"I can spare some time to listen  
your poetry".  
I answered,

The ocean is not meant to be lis-  
tened to,  
It has to be touched by heart.  
My poetry is like walking along the  
beach in solitude,  
Not alone.  
My poetry is a silence in the end of  
every melody.  
My poetry is a walking stick of an  
old man.  
My poetry is my salvation. It's my  
red right hand.

And before the silence comes by to  
take the stage,  
I have only one thing left to say,  
Men may come and men may go  
But my words shall live on forever.

-Mr Bibliophage (2nd Year)

We slither about, our faces bearing  
the grotesque caricature of a smile  
Death is a burlesque comedy, while  
We're lying  
Like footnotes to bad poems  
Like footmats to sad ruins.

Somedays we're trying to be bigger  
than our hatred and slur  
Constantly learning unlearning  
But in the quiet of the night,  
we're desperately scrubbing our  
hands. We've got innocent blood  
on them.

The hands bondage to us, suffer.  
And our screams  
Are muffled by the sound of our  
canons  
The war is raging in my name  
while i crouch in the corner of my  
bed trying to sleep before they  
come for me too,  
The underside of my eyes burning  
with a stampede of my dreams  
They are running off the edge in  
suicide  
Until some men decide  
"It's okay", they tell me.  
"It's okay", I lie to myself with glee.

We're the leeches too  
Constantly sucking and spitting  
We soar like birds, spread like flu  
But we have gotten no better than  
vultures  
Lethal to our cultures  
We eat our own children.  
We eat their hands, we gauge out  
their brains and then we feast on  
their hope  
There are days when we wake up in  
sweat, they say you are never really  
sleeping if you have sinned  
Ah, we're already hanging by the  
rope.

So we cry and scream and debate  
But we are too petty.  
Some of us fight for food, we fight  
for loot.  
And lure them into love, to twist  
their necks, bye pretty.  
Only we are capable of extraordi-  
nary, that is why we are.  
Extraordinarily inhuman.

-Amrisha (2nd Year)

## **ROSES**

A bouquet of roses

I wasn't made to be swathed  
inside the plastic  
I belong to the garden  
I belong to the hands  
of the ones with love  
picturing in celluloids  
of their eyes  
I belong to the sorry chest  
of the dead  
My scent belongs  
to the lungs of the fathomed  
My name belongs  
to the cherry red lips  
of that little girl  
with freckles  
My thorns  
make the lust bleed  
down their fingers  
I'm not a gift  
I'm an offering  
to the holy  
Yet I am  
in the vase  
resting in the centre  
of the kitchen table  
Trapped inside  
a silent home  
left forgotten  
to die

-Ishita Bajaj (2nd Year)



## **Repainting My House**

*I was repainting my house.  
Peeling off all the layers,  
the dirty and weary black and white  
and I was going to colour it better  
soft pink and purple, just how I  
liked it.  
when I came back here after  
months,  
I found grief and fear all over the  
corners.  
maybe the walls could hear what-  
ever I was thinking,  
because they seemed to be echoe-  
ing and wavering darkness.*

*I guess repainting a house to a  
home means  
thinking a lot about those stupid  
materialistic things that people get  
depressed over in the movies,  
thinking why does it have to be so  
hard to let them go -  
Like the cigarette pack my step  
father owned, which made me  
think of that night when I hid it  
under my bed so that he would go  
out for atleast fifeteen minutes and  
not yell at my mother.  
That baby picture where my mother*

*looked at both me and my father  
with so much love, made me think  
probably that was the only time he  
felt atleast a bit happy and didn't  
feel like ending it all.  
That tenth grade slam book with  
cringe-worthy pictures of all of my  
friends, made me think of how we  
promised to call each other every-  
day but it had been nearly three  
years since I even heard their  
voices.*

*I was repainting my house.  
my body; my soul.  
Perhaps that would help me start  
over  
that would help me feel a little less  
empty,  
that would make me more produc-  
tive  
and maybe that would help me  
write this.*

*-R. Meghna (2nd Year)*

*They rained on my parade  
Flooding it with acid.  
All of it washed away my tough  
exterior and dying interior.*

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*-R. Meghna (2nd Year)*

*They rained on my parade  
Flooding it with acid.  
All of it washed away my tough  
exterior and dying interior.*

*Won't be that hurtful? Won't be that insulting?  
The time you'll see the scars and the wounds melting.*

*-Gracy (2nd Year)*

*And then her eyes started titrating my soul drop by drop.....*

*It was all started from a girl having burette full of love in her eyes and marked zero near pupil, her cheeks no doubt were like an emulsion of wax and glycerine. I couldn't define her beauty in words.*

*When I saw her for the first time, some charge might have released from my heart and knocked my brain to create an instant dipole and bonding with the soul.*

*Days passed , I started seeing her with a guy having messy hair and a lone pair of attractive smile, my electrons settled down as anode mud.*

*Later on ,as she came and sat beside me, my body went electro-positive as I found myself getting attracted towards her each second and eventually she came up with my name "Rishi".*

*It was at this moment that I found my thoughts getting precipitated and a layer exactly of the same colour as of her eyes kept floating on them.*

*That day, we exchanged many electrons of our thoughts and soon our repulsion turned into a dipole-dipole attraction.*

*Moreover there was always a point of destabilization in our bond as her ex had been creating -I effect and me being electropositive couldn't do anything.*

*One day ,  
I collected all my catalytic prose in my flask-shaped heart and told her about the delocalization of my feelings,  
how my brain got saturation from her talks , the situation of vacant*

*vacant orbital of my life and how I sought her to stable the configuration of this mechanism.*

*As I finished ,she went on crying, her eyes started titrating my soul drop by drop. I thought that I was just near the equivalence point as the colour of her cheeks changed to pink.*

*I was just thinking all these things and she was holding me creating one of the strongest bond.It might be ionic as her alcoholic lips kept on losing some protons on my lips. And this was how our protonated love got deprotonated.*

*-Rishi suri (2nd Year)*

### **A Shooting star**

*(A poem about the children of the refugees; separated from their parents and forcefully sent to boarding schools)*

*I look at the a light ray up above  
And try to catch it with my scarred red hands  
But it slips through my fingers sans*

*warmth*

*Just like the people standing far away*

*Waiting to beat us, waiting to help us learn; waiting to get us all*

*My heart bleeds and my eyes rain the sad well woven tale of a hundred good byes ;without good byes*

*I yearn as I sleep beside two logs  
Crying for the warmth of mama's hugs*

*I yearn for that morning sun  
But alas! It is the morning moon that shines on me  
Devoid of warmth, devoid of light  
Devoid of a single ray from a hundred billion I yearn for*

*Yet in the darkness there flashes a light*

*Bit by bit I grab it all; My mouth opens and my hands stretch out  
As through the broken wall to the empty sky I see the twinkle in mama's eyes once more  
She falls down as a shooting star and makes me feel loved (just as I*

*felt years ago)  
When she was patting my head  
singing "Lavender's blue"*

*"When will I meet you mom?" I ask  
the shooting star  
As I had done billions of days in a  
row  
But silence surrounds me, like a  
thick blanket comforting the  
broken soul  
"Wait for me my love" she whispers  
in silence*

*And finally my day has come,  
starved of love, of warmth; of every-  
thing  
I shall go but alas! Who will cry?(  
not even me)  
As sleep kisses the tired eyes and a  
black curtain pulls over  
But I try to pull back! But slowly  
relax as I realise  
All but the world will be sad without  
me*

*-Sneha R (1st Year)*

*Survivors  
(Inspired by Attack on Titan)*

*In thousands, we bravely came,  
But just few of us alive by dusk.  
Call us stronger than the dead, Or  
just some losers with luck.  
My sweet lover back home,  
She won't know what to do.  
Be happy for me who survived, Or  
cry for her brother who died?  
Today it was them, tomorrow us,  
Dead comrades won't let us rest.  
Survivor's guilt or enemy's gun,  
Can't guess what'll kill us first.  
But if tomorrow I somehow die, My  
comrades, you shouldn't cry. For  
this war must not subside,  
I'll see you again on the other side.*

*-Ankita Rawat (1st Year)*



हिंदी  
विभाग

जब हमारे खिलाफ सियासी मंजर बदल गए  
दुश्मनों के हाथ के पुराने खंजर बदल गए

मैं दरिया बहता भी तो किस तरफ बहता  
हम से आगे थे जो वो समन्दर बदल गए

जरा सी कामयाबी पर हमें मिटाने का दावा  
हमे मिटाने वाले कितने ही सिकन्दर बदल गए

कमरे के बाहर कैसे तस्दीक कर देती वो  
जितने थे शरीफ कमरे के अंदर बदल गए

और क्यों रोते हो एक शख्स के बदलने पर  
आखिरकार हम इंसान ही तो थे, बन्दर बदल गए

### - अमानत खान

तुझसे निकले तो किधर जायेंगे  
अबके बिखरे तो बिखर जायेंगे

इश्क़ का नशा कुछ ऐसा है यारा  
इस नशे में हम अब सँवर जायेंगे

तेरी गली नहीं आयेंगे हम सनम  
जब कभी भी तेरे शहर जायेंगे

खानदान में नहीं सुनी किसी की  
तुम कह रहे तो थोड़ा सुधर जायेंगे

देख लिया खेल तमाशा दिल्ली का  
अब जल्द ही हम अपने घर जायेंगे

पहले कर लें तेरे चेहरे की तफ़सील  
उसके बाद फिसल के तेरे कमर जायेंगे

### - नमन

जैसे ही सच छपा अखबार में  
हलचल सी छा गई सरकार में

थी महज उसे देखने की आस  
लड़का भीगता रहा बाजार में

कोई नाटक ही हो या जिंदगी  
सच कब दिखाते लोग किरदार में

तू तेरी, तुझसे दोस्ती का रिवाज़  
आप, तुम निकल आता है प्यार में

फर्क बस शहजादे और कनीज़ का  
मोहब्बत चुनवा दी गई दीवार में

हिस्से की धड़कन कबका खत्म हुई  
चल रही हैं सांसे अब उधार में

मैंने मासूमियत और वजह ही देखी  
वहां कई राज़ थे उसके इनकार में

सब वापस मग्न हुए अपने रास्ते  
जुगल याद कर रहा सबको बेकार में

### - जुगल किशोर

धरती तांके सांझ-सवेरे,  
अंबर नहीं तरसता क्यों ।  
मेरे हक का बादल मेरे,  
हक में नहीं बरसता क्यों ॥

1 नदिया सागर से मिलने को  
ठोकर खा चिल्लाती है,  
छोड़के अपना मीठा पानी  
खारे में मिल जाती है।  
त्याग के अपना पीहर अंगना,

सागर से था ब्याह किया,  
घाट-घाट पर बरात सजी थी,  
हर रस्मों-रिवाज किया।  
सागर से नदिया का जाने,  
घूंघट नहीं सरकता क्यों ।  
मेरे हक का बादल मेरे  
हक में नहीं बरसता क्यों ॥

2 स्वागत में वो बसंत राज के  
कलियां सज कर आती हैं,  
बसंत के संग पुनर्जन्म को  
प्राण तज कर आती हैं।  
असल रंग मेहंदी का जब भी,  
घोट-घोट कर आता है,  
कलियों के मुरझाने पर कब,  
बसंत लौटकर आता है।

दुखड़े मन पर आग लगाकर,  
पराग नहीं महकता क्यों ।  
मेरे हक का बादल मेरे,  
हक में नहीं बरसता क्यों ॥

3 कमल को यूं अनछुआ करके,  
जब कुछ बूंदें बैठी हों,  
देहरी पर ज्यों दीप जलाकर,  
आंखें मूंदे बैठी हों।  
कब मुझे आलिंगन करके,  
सोलह बरस का कर देगा,  
छूकर मेरा तिनका-तिनका,  
पत्थर पारस का कर देगा।

पलके जितना जोर लगा ले,  
आंसू नहीं ठहरता क्यों,  
मेरे हक का बादल मेरे,  
हक में नहीं बरसता क्यों ॥

- सुधान सिंह कैन्तुरा

इत्मीनान से बैठे थे  
विराने इस आँगन में,  
भीग रही थी ये रुह मेरी  
बिन बूंदों के सावन में,

तेरी खामोशी का शोर है  
कि अब दिल पर दस्तक नहीं,  
दो पल निगाहों से जो देख लो  
तुम्हे तो इतनी भी फुर्सत नहीं ।

मुझे डोर से बांध कर  
हर छोर से बांध कर,  
गुमनाम किया इस रिश्ते को  
अंधियारी भोर से बांध कर,



मैं अब तक टूटी तो न थी  
अब जुड़ जाऊँ ये किस्मत नहीं,  
दो पल निगाहों से जो देख लो  
तुम्हे तो इतनी भी फुर्सत नहीं ।

तुमको अगर मैं याद रूँ  
मेरी हसीं को याद कर लेना,  
शायद मैं थी कभी तेरी  
सोच खुद ही सवर लेना ,

अब होते दिन रुकस्त नहीं  
और तुझे पाना मेरा मकसद नहीं ,  
दो पल निगाहों से जो देख लो  
तुम्हे तो इतनी भी फुर्सत नहीं ।

- भारती शर्मा

चिलमन से झाक तो  
एक रोशनी खूब आती है

एक प्यार के भूखे शक्स को  
तपिश अपनेपन की दे जाती है

मैं ही खुद में प्यार का भूखी  
ऐसी मन की आवाज़ कह जाती है

शिकस्त दी अपनो ने  
ये गम की स्याही लिख जाती है

लिखती नहीं मन लुभाने को  
इससे दिल की बातें निकल जाती है

कई हसरते है इस दिल में  
आँखों की नमी बताती है

महज़ चंद शब्दो से बोलती हूँ मैं  
मेरी शब्दो की तंगी बताती है

बास एक आरजू है खुश रहने की  
ये आरजू ही मुझे सुबह जगाती है

- वैशाली

सवाल जब भी उठेगा तेरी मेरी कहानी का  
जिक्र हर बार होगा मेरी बेजुबानी का

इतनी गलतियों का हिसाब किस्से मांगू ?  
हर शक्स बेवफा है मेरी जिंदगानी का ,,

हम तुम्हारे ही रहेंगे ये कहने की बात है  
कौन जाने कौन हकदार होगा निशानी का?

तुमसे मिले थे तो जरा एहतियात है तुम्हारे साथ  
हम जानते हैं क्या रंग होगा बदजुबानी का

जरूरत हो तो मुझे ही बुलाना ये भला कोई बात है  
शायद ये भी एक तरीका होगा उसकी मेहरबानी का

- वंदना

एक तराना मैं गुनगुनाता हूँ  
उसके बारे में बताता हूँ

कई जाल छुपे उसकी जुल्फों में  
बिन देखे मैं उलझ जाता हूँ

है झील बसी उसकी आँखों में  
मैं बहता हूँ बस बह जाता हूँ

वो किसी धूप सी खिलती है  
उसे मैं खिड़कियों से पाता हूँ

होंठों की मैं क्या बात करूँ  
उन्हें देख कर बहक जाता हूँ

एक भँवर छुपा उसकी नाभि में  
उसमें डूबना मैं चाहता हूँ

मैं मखमल बिछाए उस कमरे पर  
बिन छुए फिसल जाता हूँ

वो ठंड लहर है सतलुज की  
मैं किसी बीमार सा कंपकंपाता हूँ

- राहुल सहाय

माँ

रब का दिया हुआ बेशकीमती उपहार है  
कोई और नहीं माँ, तू ही पहला प्यार है।  
मेरी सलामती की दुआ करती है हरदम।  
मोहब्बत उसे भी मुझसे बेशूमर है।  
कोई और नहीं माँ, तू ही पहला प्यार है।।2

तेरे दिए संस्कार मुझे,औरो से अलग बनाते है।  
सर पर हाथ फेर दे तू,गम कोसों दूर हो जाते हैं।।  
तुझे तो हमेशा ही ,माँ मेरी फिक्र सताती है।  
आंखे बंद हो तो भी ,माँ तू ही नज़र आती है।।  
कह नहीं पाता हूँ तुझसे,मोहब्बत अपरम्पार है।  
कोई और नहीं माँ, तू ही पहला प्यार है।।2

जब दूर तुझसे होता हूँ, बेचैन सा रहता हूँ।  
याद कर लेती है तू जब परेशान सा रहता हूँ।।  
दूर से ही जान लेती है, माँ तू हाल मेरा।  
विस्वास है, नाम रोशन करेगा ,लाल तेरा।।  
कहने को तो बहुत दोस्त है माँ मेरे।  
मगर तू ही तो मेरा सच्चा यार है।।  
कोई और नहीं माँ, तू ही पहला प्यार है।।2

- हिमांशु

मैं

मौन हूँ पर शांत नहीं,  
अज्ञात हूँ अनजान नहीं,  
प्रचंड हूँ है धैर्य भी,  
कोमल हूँ मैं, पाषाण भी!

व्योम हूँ, मैं हूँ धरा सी  
पाताल की अग्नि भी हूँ,  
रक्षक भी हूँ अपनो की मैं,  
और दुष्टों का संहार हूँ!

सशक्त भी हूँ, क्षमाशील भी,  
जटिल हूँ मैं, हूँ सरल भी,  
हूँ भोले सी मैं अविनाशी,  
माँ काली का मैं प्रकोप भी!

उपद्रव हूँ उस तट का मैं,  
आंधियों का रोष हूँ,  
गंगा की हुंकार हूँ मैं,  
माँ सती का प्रतिशोध हूँ!

खामोश हूँ सागर सी मैं,  
झरने का बहता शोर हूँ,  
पुष्प की मृदुता लिए,  
माँ कैकेई सी विषभोर हूँ!

पावन हूँ सीता सी मैं,  
है शूर्पणखा सा हृदय भी,  
राधा जैसा प्रेम लिए,  
है पांचाली सा वहन भी!

विनाश मैं संसार का,  
है नाम मेरा जगजननी भी,  
कण कण में मैं, हर क्षण में मैं,  
अस्तित्व मेरा अनंत ही!

### - सिमरन कौल

इम्तिहान ने आकर हमारी आँखें खोली हैं  
हमने आखिरी वक़्त पर किताबें खोली हैं

बाहर आने का भी मन नहीं है मेरा  
तूने ये कौन से ज़माने में सलाखें खोली हैं

तू चली गई थी तभी से नाकाबंदी है यहाँ  
तू वापस आई है तो शहर की सड़के खोली हैं

मैं समझ नहीं पा रहा मेरे दिल को हुआ क्या है  
जब से उसने छज्जे पर आकर जुल्फें खोली हैं

ऋषि ऐसा है, ऋषि वैसा है किसी ने मुँह पर नहीं कहा  
मेरे पीठ पीछे सभी ने जुबाने खोली हैं

### - ऋषि सूरी

किसी बागी से बगावत, कोई करे तो सही  
मेरे नुक्स की शिकायत, कोई करे तो सही

हम तो राज़ी हैं, दर्द चाहें जिस कदर भी हो  
दिल दुखाने की ज़हमत, कोई करे तो सही

खुदा कसम नंगा कर देंगे उन ही के खेल में  
कभी हमारे साथ सियासत, कोई करे तो सही

ये शरीफ़ बेहद बदतमीज भी बन सकता है  
हमारी थोड़ी सी हिमायत, कोई करे तो सही

खुशी, सुकूं, आराम, चैन, मिल तो जाए लेकिन  
इश्क़ मोहब्बत से एहतियात, कोई करे तो सही

छोड़ देंगे शेर ओ गज़ल, लिखना कहना सुनना  
मेरे मासूम दिल पर इनायत, कोई करे तो सही

उम्र गुज़ार दी गई अपना हाल तबाह करने में  
मेरे बिगड़े हाल पर हैरत, कोई करे तो सही

### - अनस

डूब जाओगे, समंदर पायाब नहीं  
जितना सोचा, तू उतना नायाब नहीं

देखने से पहले ही टूट जाता है  
मेरी आँखों में कोई ख्वाब नहीं

ना जाने कितनों ने जन्नत देखी जीते जी  
आज उसके चहरे पर हिजाब नहीं

बाहर निकलो, सुरत दिखाओ  
कल से मैखाने में शराब नहीं

तजुर्बा बुरे वक़्त की खैरात है दोस्त  
तजुर्बा पाने की कोई किताब नहीं

क्यूँ दिखाएँ अकड़ आप और हम  
हम सुल्तान नहीं, आप नवाब नहीं

वो दिन गए जब मासूमियत थी पेशा  
अब इन हाथों में खंजर है, गुलाब नहीं

### - अनस

इस ज़माने में, ज़माने को मन में मत रखना  
मौतज़ा इश्क़ का, अब छुअन में मत रखना

फ़रामोशी के हुनर में, तक़दीर भी माहिर हैं  
ऐतबार मीठी बातों का, ज़हन में मत रखना

चलो अब तो हो जाएगा हरे से अलग गेरुआ  
यह ग़लतफ़हमी कभी इस वतन में मत रखना

जो दिल में बच गया है, सब कह डालो मुझसे  
जहान से जाते जाते बोझ कफ़न में मत रखना

तमाशा बना दें जो गुज़रते, हर मंज़र पे तुम्हारा  
ऐसा किरदार कभी अपने, जीवन में मत रखना

उसके चेहरे से नीचे नज़रे जाती नहीं  
क्यों ये कुदरत आँखे ऐसे बनाती नहीं

बक्शी होती गर हया उस दरिंदे को मौला  
वो लडक़ी यूँ इज़्ज़त गंवाती नहीं

देखो, मुस्कुरा दो और वही छोड़ दो  
वो तेरे आतंक-ए-खातिर हुस्र सजाती नहीं

क्या सितम कर छोड़ा गया उसकी रूह पर  
वो मंज़िल की तरफ़ कदम बढ़ाती नहीं

एक वक़्त था वो हँस के नज़रे झुकाया करती थी  
ये वक़्त है वो हँस के नज़र मिलाती नहीं

एक मतला भी लिखा, एक मक़ता भी लिखा  
उसे इज़्ज़त चाहिए, वो ये गज़ल चाहती नहीं

### - गौरव नैलवाल

### भीम का क्रंदन

आज रात सपने में मुझे नींद आया,  
एक मजबूत से हाथ नें आकर मुझे जगाया,

बोला, क्या अब भी तुम ऐसे हीं सोते रहोगे,  
क्या पांचाली के चीर हरण पर यूँ हीं रोते रहोगे,

दंड दिया उन दुष्टों को, उनका मैंने प्राण लिया,  
क्या ये कम था कि, इक नर ने नर के लहू का पान किया,

निज भ्राता की जंघा तोड़ी, उस कुरुक्षेत्र के मैदान में,  
यूँ चैन की नींद सो रहे हो बोलो, तुम किस शान में,

कहाँ शीश कटते थे दुष्टों के, अपनी आबरू और आन में,  
अब सिर्फ जुमलेबाजी चलती और ढोंग दिखता स्त्री सम्मान में,

जहाँ जलती थी लंका, होता था रण महाभारत का,  
अब सिर्फ तख्ती दिखती दिखावे की, मोमबत्ती जलता स्वारथ का,

घर में राधा मीरा का ज्ञान देते,  
गलियारे में उसकी जान लेते,  
सिर्फ 'यही' कहकर मूल्य आंकते,  
सुखियां समझकर आँखें फेर लेते,  
अरे, कौन बचा है अब-तक, इस काल-कपाल के शूल से,  
भीष्म परे सर शय्या पर, चुप रहने की केवल भूल से,

न कृष्ण रहे, न मैं रहा, अब किसके भरोसे यूँ सोते हो,  
क्या अपनी पांचाली को शकुनि के भरोसे छोड़ते हो,

अरे! दरबार चलता है, अब तो रावण शकुनि के रोने से,  
धृतराष्ट्र अब तो मूक खरा है, मुँह के भी साथ होने से,

नई डगर बना, नई लकीर खींच, नया पथिक बन कर चल,  
संकीर्णता के इस धुंध से, आंख मल! आ तू निकल,

प्रण ले, कि दुर्योधन, दुःशासन को अब नहीं जीतने दूँगा,  
भीष्म, विदुर, गुरु द्रोण को अब चुप नहीं होने दूँगा।

- दुर्गेश कुमार

वो मेरी रात का सूरज थी,  
मैं उसकी सुबह का चाँद था  
यानी हम थे तो वहीं, बस कभी दिखे नहीं  
हम एक दूसरे पर नज़र मारते भी थे,  
तो नज़र अंदाज़ होने  
या नज़र अंदाज़ करने के लिए

इसी तरह हम ने कई मौसम साथ में काटे थे  
उसकी तरफ से कुछ किरणे आकर  
मुझे सुबह जगाने का काम करती थी  
और मेरे यहाँ से कुछ तारे  
रोज़ रात उसे लोरियां सुनाकर सुलया करते थे  
हम दोनों ने कुछ बारिश भी साथ में देखी  
पर अफ़सोस  
कभी भी उनमें भीग जाने का मौका नहीं मिला  
हाँ पर एक चीज़ थी  
जो बारिश के रुकते ही हमें जोड़ दिया करती थी  
वो इन्द्रधनुष,  
जो मेरी खिड़की से निकलकर उसकी छत तक जाता था  
और उसके कानों में चुपके से जाकर  
कह देता था कि  
सुनो - "तुम्हारी याद आती है"

- ऋषि सूरी

सांझ हूँ मैं 'काशी' की  
अक्सर 'अस्सी' संग गुज़रती हूँ  
मीठी सी मुस्कान लिए  
'मलइयो' संग मैं बिकती हूँ

लंका पे लगे जाम में  
हर रोज़ अटका करती हूँ  
पान की फरमाइश संग  
चर्चा का विषय बनती हूँ

गली गली घूम कर  
आशिकी किया करती हूँ  
ठंडक कलेजे की जैसे  
लस्सी से मोहब्बत करती हूँ

बिरहा सुन भी झूमे जो  
उस भाँग की मैं कश्ती हूँ  
प्रेमचंद्र की कलम में  
लमहई में जन्मा करती हूँ

मंदिरो की आरती स्वरूप  
अज्ञान से मैं मिलती हूँ  
भोले की अर्चना कर  
ताज़िया भी देखा करती हूँ

मोक्ष का जरिया बनके  
गंगा निकट बस्ती हूँ  
सांझ हूँ मैं काशी की  
अक्सर अस्सी संग गुज़रती हूँ

### - आस्था

तुम आओ कभी वो ज़मीन उखड़ी मिलेगी  
कमीज जैसे छोड़ी थी ,वैसी सुकड़ी मिलेगी

एक चाबी अपने साथ लेते हुए आना राह से  
मैं आज़ाद मिलुंगा , बात हर जकड़ी मिलेगी

ठंड में आग ताप लू अभी बाद में आना  
जल्दी आओगी तो राख नहीं, लकड़ी मिलेगी

बड़े गुस्से से छोड़कर गयी थी मुझे उस दिन  
ये तहज़ीब,किसी और के घर पकड़ी मिलेगी

हर कोने पर वतन के नाम चिरागा रखा था  
वहां अब जाल बुनती कोई मकड़ी मिलेगी

गीता कुरान के सब पन्ने बे पढ़े कोरे मिलेंगे  
बाकी सब हरी- केसरी किताब रगड़ी मिलेंगी

अरे नाम तो मेरा हरेन्द्र है , शुरुआत से  
पर शख्शियत अब थोड़ी अकड़ी मिलेगी

इतनी जल्दी मत थक ज़िन्दगी की दौड़ में,  
तू ज़मीन है , तुझे अभी आसमान होना है ।

तेरा रुतबा नहीं लोहे की म्यान बनने में,  
तू काठ है ,तुझे अभी एक कमान होना है ।

सुकून नहीं बातों को अपने अंदर रखने में ,  
तू दरख्वास्त है , तुझे अभी फ़रमान होना है ।

आशियां मत बना अपना चहारदिवारी में,  
तू मिट्टी है तुझे अभी रियान होना है ।

बरबाद ना कर अपना बचपन आशिक़ी में,  
रितेश , ठहर तुझे अभी जवान होना है ।

### - रितेश ठाकुर

सुपुर्दे खाक कर के ऐसे मुझे भूल गए,  
जैसे चीज़ रखी और रख के भूल गए।

जो ज़िक्रे तर्के ताल्लुक़ पे रूठते थे वही,  
ज़रा सी बात पे सारे ही रिश्ते भूल गए।

वो जिन्हे सुन के तेरी गोद मे सो जाते थे,  
सच कहो, तुम क्या वो सारे नऱमे भूल गए।

सोचते वक़्त तुम्हे खो से गए हम और फिर,  
यक-ब-यक याद किया, हम तो तुम्हे भूल गए।

वो जिसके दम से जी रहे थे जिस पे मरते थे,  
वो जिसे चाहते थे, हम तो उसे भूल गए।

दो हैं ऐब एक इश्क़ और एक सुखन,  
हम दोनों को एक साथ ही मे भूल गए।

ये हिज़्र वस्ल ये मिलना मिलाना ये बातें,  
हम ये एक ज़माने मे कर के भूल गए।

ये समझदार ये सुलझा हुआ सा लड़का वाह,  
अरे! ये मैं हूँ, हम तो यार हमे भूल गए।

- अभय शुक्ला

पागलपन किसे कहा जाएगा?

जब सूखे पेड़ों को आसपास की मायूसी  
इतनी असहनीय हो जाएगी कि अमर्ष  
उनकी सूनी टहनियों से आखिरकार  
कोंपल बन कर फूट पड़ेगा?

जब औरतें मज़ाक बनकर हर रोज़  
खुद को इतना गिरा लेंगी कि एक दिन  
सारी ज़िल्लत बाँध तोड़ कर उन्हें पाताल में  
नई दुनिया बसाने को बहा ले जाएगी?

जब क़ैदियों को एक ज़माने बाद सूरज  
देखने को बरूशा जाएगा तो वो हिक़ारत  
से उसकी ओर थूक देंगे और अंधेरे को  
कंधों पर बिठा कर चल पड़ेंगे?

जब कोई वेश्या पुकारे जाने पर  
गर्व महसूस करेगा क्योंकि वह उस महान  
और अदमनीय समाज की बौद्धिक विरासत  
का एक पल के लिए ही सही, अभिरक्षक बनने  
का सौभाग्य प्राप्त कर रहा होगा?

जब मुझे क्रांति इतनी ज़रूरी लगने लगेगी कि  
जब-जब तुम कातरता से मुझसे शांति माँगोगे,  
मैं तुम्हें केवल विद्रोह की चादर में लिपटा हुआ  
भविष्य दे पाऊँगी क्योंकि मेरे लिए वही  
सुकून का अकेला सबब बन चुका होगा?

तो क्या पागलपन बुरा है? या वह केवल इस  
'बसी-बसाई मासूम' दुनिया के लिए खतरनाक है?

- अमरीशा

कहीं सुंदर नजारा  
तो कहीं झरनों का पानी  
कहीं पहाड़ों की खूबसूरती  
तो याद आई वह कहानी

हर तरफ हरियाली नजर आई है  
कहीं-कहीं तो चिड़िया भी चहकायी है  
बारिश में मोर भी नाच रहे हैं  
हर जगह खुशबू सी महकाई है

ठंडी हवाओं में डूब जाने को दिल करता है  
सब से दूर बस इसी के पास जाने को दिल करता है  
भूल जाती हूँ मैं दुनिया के बेहतरीन नजारे  
बस पहाड़ों को गले लगाने को मन करता है

हर कोई दूर-दूर से आते हैं  
और इसकी तस्वीर खींच ले जाते हैं  
हर चीज को बुलाकर वह सिर्फ  
इस पर अपनी नजरें टीकाते हैं

वह मसूरी वह नैनीताल  
हर चीज यहां की अच्छी है  
वह जश्र, वह त्योहार  
हर बोली यहां की सच्ची है

पहाड़ों की खूबसूरती की बात ही अलग है  
काफी हमारे लिए उसकी एक झलक है

- दिव्या चौहान

यह दिल्ली सौ खूनों के इल्जाम समेटे बैठी है,  
यह दिल्ली गोरों के क़त्लेआम समेटे बैठी है।

दो हिस्सों में कट जाने के सारे जख़्म हरे हैं,  
यह दिल्ली सैंतालिस की वो शाम समेटे बैठी है।

आजादी के उन दूतों को शायद हो तुम भूल गए,  
यह दिल्ली लाख शहीदों के नाम समेटे बैठी है।

दो परिवारों के बोझ तले तुम यूँ दब जाते हो,  
यह दिल्ली खुद में पूरी आवाम समेटे बैठी है।

खाली थोड़े बैठी है ये रफ़्तार पकड़ती दिल्ली,  
यह दिल्ली संसद के सारे काम समेटे बैठी है।

अब से इंसानी मज़हब का बंद करो यूँ चीरहरण,  
यह दिल्ली जामा और अक्षरधाम समेटे बैठी है।

- अंकित मिश्रा





*Fine-arts  
Wing*



**Art-  
Kajal Jena**

*Kajal*



**Art-  
Dipanshu**



**Art-Porishmita Kutum**



**Art-Tanupriya Singh Tanwar**



**Art-  
Pulak Jain**

*Pulak Jain*



**Art-Aakriti Singhal**



**Art-Megha Rohilla**



**Art- Daizy**



**Art- Muskan**



**Art-Sanya Bountra**



**Art- Raj Kumar**



**Art-Kajal Jena**



**Art-Alok Kumar**



*Art-Sanya Bountra*



*Kalamkaar, a nine letter word for you but for me its a Feeling. I joined Kalamkaar in my freshmen year and since then its the one thing in college that make my college experience awesome. I learned so much here, earned so much here . I met so many crazy, awesome and talented people here. I was lucky to be the part of this society.*

**-Bhawna (Treasurer)**

*Kalamkaar is one of the best literary societies in the DU circuit and I'm glad that I could be a part of it. Throughout the three years of my college life, I've got to learn so much from the amazing and so-talented peers. A family of members who've always got each other's back. Through this magazine, we will be able to bring out the masterpieces of the young talent.*

**-Kashish (Social-media Head)**



*Kalamkaar is not just a college society, it is a family and an emotion for the students. They actually connect with this society. Kalamkaar is one of the biggest societies of DDUC and soon it will become one of the biggest literary societies of Delhi university. AHVAAN is a great initiative and my sincerest wishes to all the members of Kalamkaar.*

**-Mridul Jain (Fine-arts Head)**







*"The past three years truly sum up my experience in this society, a family indeed. When I first entered this college. This magazine is not just a journal but a phenomenal odyssey we all have Kalamkaars have been a part of. Thankyou Kalamkaar, you have taught me the value of a Kalam, you have taught me how to write, how to speak, and how to lead. This is a debt I can never pay. Best wishes. Hind salaam, Kalam pranam.*

**-Pranjul (English Head)**

दीन दयाल उपाध्याय कॉलेज की साहित्यिक सोसाइटी कलमकार हिम्मत देती है किसी भी सख्स को खुलकर सामने आने की, अपनी बात रखने की, अपने व्यक्तिगत स्तर पर बोलूं तो कलमकार ने मुझे जो मंच प्रदान किया उसके लिए आभार व्यक्त करता हूँ जिसे आम भाषा में लोग एक्सपोजर कहते हैं, कलमकार से वह भी मिला है हमें।

हिन्द सलाम  
कलम प्रणाम॥

**-Himanshu Parihar (Hindi Head)**



*Kalamkaar has been all heart and soul to me throughout my college life. Kalamkaar nurtured me like a mother. It improved my skills, my perspective and my personality. Kalamkaar provided me with mentors who guided me through my good and my bad. This magazine is a great initiative to showcase the talent of artists and provide them with a platform that grows and grooms them well. I pray that Kalamkaar reaches the greatest of heights in its coming future. Hind Salam Kalam Pranaam.*

**-Simran Koul (English Editor)**





*I joined Kalamkaar as a learner and today I can confidently say that I have learnt a lot and have the abilities to prove my worth to the world, all thanks to Kalamkaar. AHVAAN being its newest creation, is a great initiative and I wish that this magazine will shine through in the upcoming years. Hind Salaam, Kalam Pranaam*

**-Anuj Singh Kushwaha (Technical Head)**

कलम की सियाही में जीवन डालने का एक जरिया है कलमकार। सुप्त विचारों को जगाने वाला सूरज है कलमकार। शब्दों की पहचान बनाने और बदलने का नाम है कलमकार। अगर आज मैं अपने विचारों को सही मायने में पिरो पाती हूँ तो उसका श्रेय कलमकार को जाता है। विद्यार्थी जीवन के कुछ अहम पहलू जैसे आत्मविश्वास, नैतिकता और नवीनता मैंने इस परिवार से सीखा है। शुक्रिया करना चाहूँगी इस परिवार के हर एक सदस्य का। हिन्द सलाम, कलम प्रणाम।

**-आस्था (Joint Secretary)**



*For me both Kalamkaar and Ahvaan have played an important role. The journey of making this dream named 'Ahvaan' come true was not easy. It was a rollercoaster ride but we as team finally did it and that's why Kalamkaar holds a special place in everyone's heart. For me the society Kalamkaar itself is a mentor and I shall always be grateful towards this society and all my best wishes are with it. Hind Salaam, Kalam Pranaam.*

**-Dipanshu (Graphics Head)**

कलमकार, ये शब्द सुनते ही दिल में जो पहला ख्याल आता है, वो है कलम, रंग और उनकी कलाकारी। इस कडी का अभिन्न अंग बनकर मेरा विश्वविद्यालय जीवन पूरा सा हो गया, एक परिवार मिला, जिसने साथ रहते हुए आगे बढ़ने को प्रेरित किया। एक मंच मिला, जहाँ दिल की कोई भी भाव पेश कर सकते हैं, अपने आप को लोगों के सामने प्रस्तुत कर सकते हैं। मैं खुद को खुशकिस्मत मानता हूँ इस परिवार से जुड़कर एवं सबको इससे जुड़ने का सुझाव देता हूँ।

**- निखिल (Student Coordinator)**



*As everyone says, Kalamkaar is not just a society, its a family. It is a good platform for every artist to showcase their skills and become better through the process. This magazine is a new initiative to portray the creativity of the writers and artists. Kalamkaar has been like wings to me. It has always helped me venture my new potential and challenges, overcoming which was no less than winning a war. I feel fortunate to be a part of Kalamkaar family. Hind salaam, kalam pranaam*

**-Sargam Bharti (English Editor)**



*Kalamkaar has been a family for past two years. It has given me a platform to explore and grow. With constant support from our seniors and teachers we are working passionately to promote literature.*

*HIND SALAAM, KALAM PRANAAM*

**-Mayank Agarwal (Marketing Head)**

कलमकार एक ऐसा परिवार है जिसका सदस्य बनना मैं अपना सौभाग्य समझता हूँ। इस संस्था से जुड़कर मैंने अपने आप में एवम अपने लेखन कार्य में कई सुधार किये हैं। मेरा मानना ये है कि हर किसी को जिसे भी अपने आपको एक ऐसा शख्स बनाना है जो बिना हिचकिचाहट के कहीं भी कभी भी अपने विचार समाज में रख सके तो उसे इस परिवार का सदस्य बनने में जरा भी देर नहीं करनी चाहिए।

**-ऋषि सूरी (Hindi Editor)**



*Kalamkaar has provided me the vision to see things in a different way. It had been a great stage for me to open up and express my artworks. I have learned to work harder from my seniors and imbibed leadership qualities with the passing time and experiences. Being a part of the AHVAAN editorial team, I got to know a lot and therefore urge everyone to be a part of this roller coaster ride.*

**-Varnika (Fine-arts Coordinator)**

कलमकार मात्र एक साहित्यिक समिति भर नहीं है, कलमकार भवसागर है भावनाओं का, ख्यालों का और कला का, जिस प्रकार इस देश की अखंडता उसकी विविधता में निहित है, उसी प्रकार कलमकार की अखंडता भी उससे जुड़े लोगों की विविधता में निहित है। कलमकार ने न केवल लेखकों को लिखने की क्षमता, कलाकारों को रचनात्मक ज्ञान, और वक्ताओं को मंच प्रदान किया है, परन्तु धनी किया है तर्कसंगत सोच से। कलमकार के यही प्रयास भविष्य में भी जारी रहेंगे और ये परिवार हमेशा सही दिशा में बढ़ता रहेगा।

**-Gaurav Nailwal (Hindi Editor)**



*For me, Kalamkaar is like a family, where I got to meet many creative people and thus it helped in improving my skills and therefore I will always remain grateful to Kalamkaar. AHVAAN is a great step and I wish all the best to the entire team.*

**-Vishal Sachan (Photography Head)**





*I joined Kalamkaar as a member of fine arts wing. I was a learner when I joined. Gradually I learnt a lot and the journey from a volunteer to fine arts coordinator was great fun. I wish AHVAAN reaches new height every year*

**-Anushka Singh (Fine-arts Coordinator)**

*Kalamkaar is not just a society, but it is more like a family to each member associated with it. You get a chance to showcase your talent and learn new innovative things from each and every member each day. You and your flaws are accepted just as the way you are, just like you do in a family. The support, optimism and understanding shown by the seniors as well as juniors is highly commendable.*

**-Aakriti Singhal (Fine-arts Coordinator)**



# Kalamkaar Literature Festival



# Kalamkaar Kavi Sammelan



# **EDITORIAL TEAM**

## **Chief Editors:**

Kajal Jena  
Shourya Dubey

## **English Editors:**

Sargam Bharti  
Shreesh  
Eashani Sharma

## **Hindi Editor:**

Anas Saifi

## **Fine-arts Courtesy:**

Varnika Vyas

## **Designing Courtesy:**

Dipanshu  
Anuj

Front Cover: Kajal Jena

Back Cover: Pulak Jain

Special thanks to-  
Entire core team and faculty  
members of Kalamkaar



***Kalamkaar- The Literary Society***

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