



आह्वान

THE ANNUAL MAGAZINE

of

KALAMKAAR : THE LITERARY SOCIETY

DEEN DAYAL UPADHYAYA COLLEGE



ABOUT KALAMKAAR

Kalamkaar was birthed by artists wanting to explore creativity paired with fervour. They approached Dr. Charu Kalra and the plan to provide a platform to the creative, the imaginative, and the brilliant was materialised and the society was officially solicited with the English and Hindi wings on the 14th of October 2014.

But there are no limits, no boundaries to art, and so, to Kalamkaar. In the session of 2016-17, the fine arts wing came to life and Shikha Rana graced as the first fine arts head. This was yet another milestone, with many more to come.

Marketing facilitates the funding of societies, along with creating awareness and leadership skills, and hence, is a significant part of any society. It is a talent in itself to come up with interesting team challenges and sponsorship tasks that bring glory and life to the events that embellish the society.

Under the guidance of Sagar, Sneha Arora and Naman set forth to establish another creative wing, the graphics wing, in the session of 2017-18, to expedite and encourage young budding designers. The relevance of technology cannot be ignored and the art that comes with it, transcending boundaries. Shourya and Bhawana went on to become the first post bearers of the wing as the technical head and graphics head, respectively. Their work and dedication still serve as an example to the rest of us.

Since then, the society has seen tremendous growth in all of its wings and members. The Kalamkaar family stands robust as a mighty tree, with its many branches and leaves, deep rooted with the force of creativity, aiming to foster many new artists. This tree continues to stay strong, to enlighten and nurture the budding creatives for generations to come.

ABOUT AHVAAN

If you hear a calling within, to create something so powerful that it traverses all boundaries of time and space, then by all means, you must listen to that voice.

There can be multitudinous ways of interpreting 'Ahvaan'. But as its literal meaning suggests, it is the place of origin for all forms of arts and literature- a calling. It is an inner force so strong that nothing can subdue it, once it decides to take you to the path of learning, creation and expression.

Kalamkaar is absolutely elated to release the 4th edition of its annual magazine Ahvaan, which is an expression of diverse creative voices, art forms, talents, achievements, and thought processes. Every artist and their art is a realm in itself. And Ahvaan is a window to those realms. Conflating the meanings of colors and vibrance of words, this year's magazine celebrates the theme of "Enchanted Dreamscape".

We hope that our wizards of words and colors take you to such lands of imagination and fiction that help you escape the mundanity of reality as you hear, feel, see, and embrace the greater aspects of the same.

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MESSAGE FROM PROF HEM CHAND JAIN THE PRINCIPAL

With utmost pride, I am pleased to announce that Kalamkaar, the Literary Society of DDUC, has released the fourth edition of its annual magazine- Ahvaan.

Kalamkaar is doing a commendable job by not just providing students and budding poets and artists the right platform to showcase their talent, but also by fostering the cultural diversity, plurality, and multilingualism among the students. The strength of this society lies in its efforts to create a congenial literary atmosphere for the college students and ensure the coexistence of English with other modern Indian languages. It encourages bilingualism among students and promotes the literatures of regional languages too. For many years now, the society has invited renowned novelists, editors, journalists, and poets whose views have benefitted the students immensely. I also appreciate the outstanding attempts of the Fine Arts wing at nurturing the talents of our young artists.

I extend the best of my regards and wishes to the team of Kalamkaar for its future endeavours, and salute its spirit in keeping the artistic streak of our institute alive.



MESSAGE FROM DR. PARAMJEET THE CONVENOR

कलमकार हमारी साहित्य समिति हर साल नए विद्यार्थियों में छुपे कलाकार को सामने लाती है। शुरुआत से लेकर वर्तमान तक कलमकार ने कई ऊचाइयों को छुआ है और साल दर साल तरक्की करती जा रही है।

बहुत प्रसन्नता होती है ये देख कर की किस तरह यह समिति बच्चों की प्रतिभा को निखारने में सक्षम है। इस समिति के ज़रिए कई नए कलाकारों को एक मंच मिलता है जहाँ वह अपनी प्रतिभा को दर्शा पाते हैं।

यह समिति बच्चों को मौका देती है कवि सम्मेलन और अन्य समारोह के ज़रिए कई बड़े कवियों से रूबरू होने का और उनसे बहुत कुछ नया और रुचिकर सीखने का।

आह्वान, कलमकार की वार्षिक पत्रिका हमारे इन्ही होनहार विद्यार्थियों की प्रतिभा की झांकी है जिसे पढ़कर मेरा हृदय प्रत्येक वर्ष गौरव से प्रफुल्लित हो जाता है।

मैं आशा करती हूँ कि इसी तरह हमारे बच्चे नए नए कलाकारों को निखार कर सामने लाते रहेंगे और इसी तरह तरक्की कर आगे बढ़ते रहेंगे।



MESSAGE FROM DR. RAVINDER KAUR TEACHER MEMBER

The literary society of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College - Kalamkaar has been continuously covering milestones since its inception and now one can witness a paradigm shift in the ecosystem of fostering cultural diversity, plurality, and multilingualism among the students. It provides the right platform to budding artists to showcase their talent and take a step towards accomplishing personality development.

Kalamkaar has always encouraged its students to forge their path in any language they want, be it Hindi, English, Urdu or Punjabi, there is no discrimination, as all these languages are just different ways of presenting our vast culture. Art has no language and to support this notion, Kalamkaar organized an Online Kavi Sammelan, where we invited poets of four different languages.

The beauty of our culture shines in the art of our students. It has been an absolute delight and pleasure to be a part of the Kalamkaar family and being involved in mutual learning and development process of the society. I heartily extend my best wishes to the edition of this year's annual magazine 'Ahvaan' which is just another exemplary specimen of our students' creativity and talent.

Alas! Every journey has its end and we have reached the close of another marvelous year. I bid all the students farewell, and hope and pray that they achieve whatever they desire, and more, in their life. In their time here, I am sure they have learnt a lot and will spread the message of positivity everywhere they go.



MESSAGE FROM DR. ANUBHUTI YADAV TEACHER MEMBER

I am proud to be a part of Kalamkaar, the literary society of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College. In my time with the society, I have noticed a special companionship and love among the students as well as the teachers, which is a great indication of the nurturing atmosphere the society has.

Our society has been an excellent medium for the budding poets, writers, artists to exhibit their gift of creating such wonderful pieces of art. Whole of Kalamkaar family is involved in not just the skills of its students but in the general well-being of its members as well. Art is something that never dies, and hence is the best container for preserving our culture, which Kalamkaar has done a brilliant job of.

This annual magazine is just another result of the tremendous efforts of the students and the teachers. With a lot of love and hope in my heart, I am finally ready to bid adieu to another batch of this society, and expect them to leave their marks all over the world.



MESSAGE FROM DR. REETA KUMARI TEACHER MEMBER

Kalamkaar, the literary society of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College, has been an incredible platform for the young authors to represent and develop their skill. It has been instrumental in helping the students understand the importance of art and literature.

As a society,

Kalamkaar has always been interested in not just the talents or skills of its students but has been a source of strength and guidance for them.

As a part of our annual tradition, we, as a society, are proud to present our annual magazine - 'Ahvaan.' The theme of this year's edition is 'Enchanted Dreamscape', which was specifically decided to enhance the creativity of the students and, we are proud to

say that our students have done a commendable job.

Our society also creates an environment for the students to showcase their talent in many languages. The best thing about the atmosphere of this society is there are no limits and every student is encouraged to push the boundaries of their thinking and make a breakthrough almost every time.

I congratulate all the students, the teachers and convenors of Kalamkaar on completing yet another successful year. I wish and pray for all of the students to get all that they desire in life, remain humble and continue working for not just their betterment but for the betterment of our country as well.



MESSAGE FROM DR. CHARU KALRA TEACHER MEMBER

मुमुझे यह बताते हुए आज बहुत खुशी हो रही है कि कलमकार, दीन दयाल उपाध्याय कॉलेज की साहित्यिक समिति हमारी वार्षिक पत्रिका "आह्वान" के चौथे संस्करण को लेकर आप सभी के सामने प्रस्तुत है। हमारे सभी विद्यार्थियों तथा बाकी समीतिगण ने इस संस्करण के बनने से लेकर प्रकाशित होने तक बहुत मेहनत की, जो की प्रशंसा के लायक है। इस साल की पत्रिका का विषय आज के समय में बहुत ही महत्वपूर्ण है। जब समाज में बेचैनी और शून्यता की भावना चरम सीमा पर हो, तब मनुष्य की सकारात्मक ऊर्जा और 'खयाली पुलाव' कहलाने वाली स्वयंगठित काल्पनिक दुनिया ही उसे चारों ओर से घेरने वाले अंधेरे से बचाती है। हमारे विद्यार्थियों ने भी "मंत्रमुग्धीय परिकल्पना" विषय के अंतर्गत इसी मनोस्थिति को दर्शाने का सराहनीय प्रयास किया है।

मुझे यकीन है कि इस संस्करण को पढ़कर हर एक पाठक कुछ ना कुछ नया सीखेगा-उसे हर वक्त घेरे समाज के बारे में, और उससे भी ज़्यादा समाज को दिखाने वाले मस्तिष्क और उसकी जटिलताओं के बारे में। इसलिए खुद को तैयार कर लीजिए जादू और उम्मीदों से भरे इस रोमांचक साहित्यिक सफ़र के लिए।

इसी के साथ मैं उम्मीद करती हूँ कि इसी तरह हमारे छात्र सीखने और सिखाने की इस परंपरा को हमेशा जागृत रखेंगे और उन्हें ढेर सारा हौसला देती हूँ भविष्य में आने वाले कठिनाइयों से जूझने का और हमेशा फिर खड़े हो उठने का।

गिरती हूँ, संभलती हूँ, हर बार निखरती हूँ

मैं "ज़िंदगी" हूँ चारू, यूँ ही चलती हूँ ।



MESSAGE FROM Dr. VANDANA TEACHER MEMBER

Kalamkaar, the literary society of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College, is doing an excellent job of empowering the students with the weapons to fight this tough battle of life. It has brought a certain level of peace to the students while showcasing their talents.

Art is not just for entertainment, or to feel pleasure, it is often the medium to highlight the current issues developing in the society. This year, India is the host to the world famous G20 Summit and the motto of this year's convention is - "Vasudhev Kuntumbhkam" or "One Earth, One Family, One Future."

This year, Kalamkaar has kept that motto and in presenting this magazine. In this message, I want to highlight how important it is to protect our future, by protecting our environment, because that is the legacy we are leaving behind for our future generations. India is the symbol of the diversity of cultures. We are a family of various different religions, cultures, languages and what not, yet we present a united front and that is the true beauty of India. Our culture is one of the most ancient ones and we are proud to uphold it and present it with our annual events, like Kavi Sammelan.

I wish all the students of the society all the best for their future endeavors and expect them to keep our culture and our legacy intact, as well as understand the importance of caring for our environment, because if we can't survive, what is the use of culture.



ASTHA PRESIDENT

Kalamkaar is a place to celebrate and appreciate art, in all its sublime, majestic, awe-inspiring, crazy, weird, passionate forms, because truly, what is life without a little whimsy, without a little fervour, without art. My journey with Kalamkaar began in the English wing, as a complete novice. I had little to no knowledge on how to write prose and poetry, but this society has fostered my creativity and has encouraged me to go beyond my comfort zone and hone my talent. I have learnt so much from my seniors, my batchmates, my juniors and my teachers during the course of three years, and I am sure that I will continue to learn from them.

Being a member of this beautiful family has been an integral part of my college life. My growth as a writer and a person has been facilitated here. The creativity bubbling from each member here has been truly inspiring and volcanic, with everyone pushing the boundaries and norms of art. The talent that resides within this society is insurmountable, with everyone creating something better and more vigorous than they did before.

My indebtedness towards my core team is profound and hard to put in a few words. They have been my rock, constantly striving to make Kalamkaar a holistic space to nurture the flair and forte of each and every member. There have been a lot of twists and turns as a part of my odyssey here, with its fair share of challenges, but I have learnt to navigate them with the support of this team. They have worked tirelessly for this society and I am tremendously proud and grateful for them, to say the least.

With this, we would like to present the fourth edition of Ahvaan. This magazine is a platform for the expression of our writers and artists, and a place for them to be wild with their imaginations. A lot of effort has gone into the creation of this plethora of artistry and I hope that our readers will be immersed in this experience.



ANMOL GENERAL SECRETARY

Kalamkaar is a place of refuge for me. People who started off as just fellow Kalamkaar members now hold a special place in my heart. It is safe to say that I have learnt a lot here but more importantly, I have memories here that don't compare. I joined Kalamkaar in my first year and cannot believe it is already my third. An opportunity to learn, a fresh perspective on art and creativity, I'm thankful to Kalamkaar for all it has given me.



AYUSHI MODAK VICE PRESIDENT

कलमकार का हिस्सा होना और उसके लिये सदैव कुछ न कुछ करते रहना मेरे कॉलेज के कुछ बेहतरीन स्मृतियों में से एक रहेगा। इस माहौल ने मुझे जितना सिखाया है, और जितना कुछ थोड़ा बहुत लिखने लायक बनाया है, उसका आभार आजीवन रहेगा। मुझे कविता, गज़लें एवं लेखन की बारीकियों से मुख्तलिफ़ कर सभी ने नई ऊँचाईयों को छू पाने का जो प्रोत्साहन दिया, वह बहुमूल्य है।

कलमकार के मंच एवं यहाँ के वरिष्ठ जनों के सानिध्य में लिखना और अपने ख्यालों को मुक्त रूप से व्यक्त करने योग्य बन पाना, एवं अपने स्नेही जनों को कुछ सिखा पाना मेरा सौभाग्य था। आशा है कलमकार और प्रगति करे, नए नए कलमकारों को जन्म दे और अपनी गरिमा सदैव बनाए रखे। मैं आजीवन एक कलमकार रहूँगी।



SHWETA KOTECHA JOINT SECRETARY

कलमकार से जुड़ना जीवन के बेहतरीन अनुभवों में से एक है।
कलमकार से कला एवं साहित्य के साथ ही कई व्यावहारिक चीजें सीखने को मिली हैं जिनके लिए मैं कलमकार की शुक्रगुज़ार हूँ।



VANSHIKA SINGH TECHNICAL HEAD

Kalamkaar enabled me to find a community of like-minded folks I could learn from and grow with, I hope this family benefits everyone similarly.



DISHA ENGLISH CHIEF EDITOR

If there's one question that has always plagued my mind, it has to be why do most people not write. For someone who has always found peace, solace, and the solutions to most of her problems through writing, it is at the tip of my tongue when people vent out their concerns and ask for solutions. Perhaps to write is to ascribe permanence- to people, feelings, thoughts, and circumstances. And a heart who has witnessed devastation resulting from endings is terrified of eternalising beginnings and presence. But this is what writing is all about, breaking away from your fears every day.

All the pieces of literature and art adorning Ahvaan carry their own success stories, of their writers and artists overcoming their apprehensions, and listening to their inner voice appealing them to create and give existence to their ideas, and I am absolutely pleased to have come across such great power of creation while curating the entries for this magazine. It is always a pleasure to be swept off one's feet and taken to another mind's realm on a magical carpet- an Enchanted Dreamscape.

May this flame of artistry, expression, and creation be forever kindled in Kalamkaar.



SWATI HINDI CHIEF EDITOR

कलमकार में रहकर मैंने बहुत ही अनमोल चीजें सीखीं और सिखाई हैं जो एक विद्यार्थी को सिर्फ किताबें नहीं सीखा सकती। साहित्य जितना पन्नों में है, उतना ही आम बोलचाल की संस्कृति में और नए लोगों से मिलने तथा नए विचारों को सुनने में है। कलमकार इस क्रिया के लिए एक बेहतरीन मंच है और हमेशा बना रहेगा।



AYUSHI TIWARI

ENGLISH HEAD

My writings are my way of controlling my demons and fighting them. I love reading and writing and am a huge fan of Harry Potter. I have always been fascinated by the wonders of the world and have always had a keen interest in trying to find out how the human brain works. My works are a reflection of my personality, charming, broken and deep. Kalamkaar has been so instrumental in helping me discover myself and enhance myself in every way possible. I wish all of my Kalamkaar Family the love they deserve and will be forever grateful for all they have helped me get through.

"Is it life that we are afraid of?
Or is it us who we are afraid of."



ABHIPSA

ENGLISH EDITOR

In this land of uncertainties, trying to navigate uncharted territory can get overwhelming. What your daydreams are made of is the seed that you should strive to sow into reality. Make that reverie transition into reality, and let the world hear your verse.



PRIYANSHI

ENGLISH EDITOR

Kalamkaar has not just been a society to me, it has been a family where I interacted with some of the best people I've ever met and got a chance to further improve my skills. Working together with everyone and sharing laughs, creative inputs and sometimes some disagreements are definitely a core memory. I'll always be grateful to the team for giving me a safe space to grow and learn.



RHITIK CHAUHAN

HINDI HEAD

कलमकार के साथ मेरा सफ़र बेहद खूबसूरत और रोमांचक रहा है। कलमकार ने मुझे बहुत कुछ दिया जिसका मैं सदा आभारी रहूँगा। यहाँ मुझे वो सीखने को मिला जो मैं कभी क्लास में बैठके नहीं सीख पाता। मेरी कॉलेज लाइफ सुधारने के लिए कलमकार का बहुत बहुत शुक्रिया।



RIYA KUSHWAHA
HINDI EDITOR

अच्छा लिखने की शुरूआत अच्छा पढ़ने और सुनने से होती है।लेखन क्रिया सबको आती है परन्तु उसे सुंदर केवल लेखक बना पता है।अच्छे लोगों को पढ़िए और अच्छा लिखिए।



AYUSHIKA
HINDI EDITOR

कुशल वक्ता और सफल लेखक दोनों को ही समाज में सर्वप्रियता की कमी नहीं रहती और दोनों ही समाज में क्रान्तिकारी परिवर्तन तथा संशोधन करते हैं। वक्ता की वाणी जादू का काम करती है तो वहीं लेखक अपनी लेखनी से लोगो के हृदय में प्रभाव लता है जो युग-युगों तक बना रहता है। तो लिखते रहिए और अपनी कलम की जादू से लोगो को जागरूक, प्रेरित और उत्साहित करते रहिए।



BHUMIKA
FINE ARTS HEAD

Kalamkaar was the bright side of my college life. It allowed me to keep my creative side alive and gave me a lifetime experience of team work, organising events and much more. I joined Kalamkaar in the very first year of my college and started with Fine Arts wing of the society which was one of my best decision as I got to learn so much more about art through my seniors and even now when I'm a senior, still learning from all my brilliant juniors I am so thankful to Kalamkaar for giving me this opportunity.



RUPALI
MARKETING HEAD

To write, to express yourself, to hold a pen in your hands and bleed on to a sheet is a revolution. Cowardice is not picking up the pen when you have inside of you, words that begged to be let loose. Because remember, silence is synonymous with compliance. The ink in your pen and the blood in your veins are made of the same thing. So, bleed and bleed and bleed until a revolution sparks within you.



ANSHIKA JAIN

GRAPHICS HEAD

I joined Kalamkaar as a volunteer of the Graphics Wing, someone who was once a newbie but now, confidently calls herself a graphic designer. This place is pure magic, not just a society but a family working tirelessly to bring out the best creative potential of individuals. From infographics to illustrations, Kalamkaar has made me learn various techniques to bring out amazing visual experiences. Since day one it was nothing less than an opportunity to showcase my abilities and creativity in the best possible way. I got ample guidance from my seniors especially Anmol bhaiya who put in so much efforts in making me learn graphic designing. And today, as the graphics head, I am thrilled to present to you this beautiful journal of ideas and emotions.



MANYA GULATI

GRAPHICS HEAD

From being a novice in the field of graphic designing to being the graphics head in Kalamkaar, my journey has been full of new learnings and exploring. I always had a keen interest in fine arts and wanted to sharpen my skills in the same way, but Kalamkaar had other plans for me. I gained knowledge about graphic designing, explored more about and developed a passion for it. There's always a new learning in this field, which keeps me engrossed, and I love exploring new sites and ways of designing.



UDDESHYA SHARMA

FINE ARTS

COORDINATOR

I joined Kalamkaar as a Fine Arts enthusiast in the very first year of my college but by the influence of its environment, I was intrigued to join the Hindi Wing as well. I knew how to give words to my feelings through painting, but here at Kalamkaar, I was taught to write creative pieces as well. The praise and support that seniors and other members gave, was enough to invigorate me and I believe it was a game-changer for me. So, Kalamkaar brings out the poet that was hidden inside me and gives me recognition as an Artist as well. It helps me to enhance my artistry skills, boost up my confidence and give me the identity that I was always looking for. At last, we as Kalamkaar are not just a society, we are a "Family". Cheers!!



JYOTSNA SHIKHA

FINE ARTS

COORDINATOR

Kalamkaar, for me, has always been the centre of my college life. The sheer joy of meeting like-minded creators here is simply unparalleled. I started at Kalamkaar as a beginner, little did I know it was going to provide an amazing platform to put forth my creative side. I have seen myself grow and thrive as an artist. From managing events to sharing my creative pieces with the others, I have grown under the watchful and nurturing shade of Kalamkaar. Most of what I know today about art and writing, I have learnt here. Three years are too less yet so much to grab all that Kalamkaar provides. Not to forget, this place has given me a beautiful bunch of people to cherish and learn from.

ACHIEVEMENTS

ASTHA

- First position in Likhmay, annual poetry competition organised by the Poetry Club of IIIT, Manipur
- First position in Chem-O-Write, creative writing competition organised by the Department of Chemistry, DDUC
- Published her own book- 'Autumn Wild and Winter Rude'
- Published her own book- 'Sea of Tenebrosity'
- Featured in top 20 in national poetry competition 2.0 organised by Scribblers Community
- Featured in anthology- 'The Heartfelt Stories'
- Featured in anthology- 'Selfishq- A Dollop of Self Love'
- Featured in anthology- 'Wholehearted Link with Pink'
- Featured in anthology- 'Mystic Beauty of Love'
- Featured in anthology- 'Ode to Your Ink'
- Featured in anthology- 'Existing Loudly'
- Featured in anthology- 'Elixir of Words'

DISHA

- Published an anthology- 'Memoirs Of Armageddon'
- Co-authored an anthology- 'Aliferous'
- Co-authored an anthology- 'Life Of Lilies (Volume 1)' published by The Wordings
- Co-authored an anthology- 'Silhouette of the Night' published by The Little Booktique Hub
- Got articles featured on the official google website of an international youth organization 'Eat My News'

AYUSHI MODAK

- 2nd position in Poetry competition-'Manikarnika : The Untold story of Rani Lakshmi Bai' organised by ABVP, DDUC.
- 3rd position in Jazbaat-The Unspoken Feelings, a Poetry Competition.
- Secured the position of 'Literary Colonel' in the 'Army of Literary Warriors' by Story Mirror.

SWATI KUMARI

- 3rd position in a creative writing competition held by storymirror in collaboration with Kalamkaar
- 1st position in poetry competition held by Yuva society of DDUC

UDDESHYA SHARMA

- 2nd Position, Rangrez 22 organised by Kalamkaar DDUC
- 2nd Position, Alfaaz e kalam (Hindi) 22 organised by Kalamkaar DDUC
- 1st Position, Poster Making Competition organized by IIC, DDUC
- 1st Position, Open Mic & Storytelling competition organised by CAC, DDUC
- 1st Position, Poster Making Competition organized by IIC & Kalamkaar, DDUC
- 3rd Position, Poster Making Competition organized by Artesania,
- Atma Ram Sanatan Dhama College, DU.
- 1st Position, Pot painting Competition organized by Botanical Department of DDUC
- 1st Position, Best painting at Art Exhibition Competition, Organised by ABVP, Deen Dayal Upadhyay College, DU
- 1st Position, Poster Making Competition Organised Art Meisters, Fine Arts Society of Deshbandhu College, DU

JYOTSNA SHIKHA

- 1st position in pot painting competition by Botanical society of DDUC
- 2nd position in art exhibition by Rashtriya Kala Manch

ADITI RAWAT

- For winning the 'best poster presentation' under the Theme Research UG/PG Level during the 7th international conference of INSCR on "Modulating the environment with microbes"

VIVEK TIRKEY

- Featured in anthology 'A Tryst of Love'

HIYA JAIN

- 1st position in Design Pro Graphic Designing, INVICTUS-DTU

RITU

- 3rd position in artville competition

Alumni SECTION



Creator's Corner

Illustrations
Typography
-Shubhangi

In Loving Must Die Meera

Prologue

When the men of the clan could not find her
They rushed to look around the fortress
Only to realise that she had escaped
The sounds of the wedding clarinet
That summons a bride to nuptials.
The desert went astir in the winds
As steps marched looking for her
Only to find her at the temple near the shrine.
The men surround the temple
In a wish to turn it into a scaffold,
And her ektara into her swan song.
Thus sang Meera,

O Men brutal of the cannibal class
You kill the lovers of your fries
Sycophants of the curst deserts
Sanguivorous is the way of your lives.
He was bred of the villages of gregarious herders
The muses of whom consorted the ineffable him.
His corporal make is what you would gut
When you gut and bleed the ephemeral him.
I'm but an infiltrate, dispossessed of myself
The germinates of his sapling
Creep inside my body, clamber through my limbs
And clutch on to my soul, altogether.
My soul, half mine, half his
And what I have mine also his.
His skin, which you shame like the dusk
Is the burnished charm of the singing Sun.
The dulcet notes of the flute that he plays,
Airs the hearts of the ears that it preys;
When you kill his seeds of affectation
You disembark my limbs, void my brains

And thus stop his flutes from airing me.

When the herder did pipe into me his flutes
My Lord planted his seed of love inside me.
The seed sprouted to birth my novel spirit.
This spirit pulsates my humora
Seasonless the musk of this love.
This spirit inside me belongs to the seas.
This spirit inside me belongs to the peaks.
This spirit inside me belongs to the saints.
This spirit inside me belongs to the Prophet.
This spirit inside me is but that of my herder,
His shrine is what I've worn all over
His nectar is what I've been drenched in.
And when you thus break his corpus
You but gluttonise my eyes with evermore of him
The flower of an unknown forest
The aster of of an unknown cosmos.

Bring down your daggers, batter this body.
Drag out the viscera, feed them to hounds.
But this shrine shall live,
So shall live Meera's love for her herder,
And so shall live the spirit of the Lord,
The seas, the mountains, the saints, the Prophet.
In loving was Meera frenzied, in loving must Meera die!
For she learnt loyalty in the herder's name.
She learnt piety in the herder's name.
And she sought in her herders name-
The treasures of the gems of love.

Creator's Corner

-Kunal Roy

Were you a hurricane?
You did rise and surge like one.
Corpses left scattered like autumn leaves at fall.
The things that existed, ceased to stir.
But I found solace in your eyes.
I slept as it raged, under your gaze.
Won't touch, you called your own touch- impure.
Kept me alive through the storm you brought forth.

Maelstrom, whirlpools, the sea won't rest.
Power lines were breaking free.
But colors and peace did me no good,
As dull, gray skies and your wrath did.

Drenched in the rain that had stopped long before,
Now I knew what was to come.
My heart ached. A hurricane, you were to fade.
So while my folks rejoiced, I shedded a tear.
Staring into the horizon as waves engulfed you,
Pale, barefoot on the shore's foam, I envied the sea.
Won't kiss, you called your own touch- impure.
Promise me to return with another tempest, for me- a safe fort.

Cold

I was feeling cold, it's fine, I was told,
I hugged myself, a body only my hands would hold,
As a longer line drawn against another line makes it appear shorter,
The severe cold outside deluded me in feeling warmer,
So I went out, the night a metaphor of silver,
I couldn't understand what made me shiver,
The biting wind outside or my emotions frozen inside,
The demarcation line blurred, hollowness gaped wide,
The cold, empty dark roads felt welcoming, relatable,
I wanted to run, shout, cry, give-in, the urge inevitable,
As my eyes closed, my senses heightened,
It all felt different suddenly, it just happened,
The wind sang in a melancholy whistle and I, listened,
The half-moon with spots, a bit more brightened,
Between the clouds, it played hide and seek,
The leaves rustled, urging, encouraging me to speak,
I felt touched, I felt serene, I felt understood, I felt comforted,
it felt alive, beating again, the snow in my heart melted,
The world's so paradoxical, if the cold could be so warm,
Maybe, happiness could be found in a place forlorn.

Creator's Corner

-Ankita Rawat

-Saakshi
Priyadarshini

Of Spring

(A poem on how a mother loses her baby a day after it's born)

She came forth with hands so small,
With feet so soft and smile so bright
as Spring's sweet glow.

It was as if the spring of her life was the spring of mine too.

Spring, they say, is the season of hope.
The blossom for me was her sweet glow
Her laughter, the sound of crickets and bees buzzing through
And her smile, the hundred sunflowers dancing in the sun-kissed meadows.

I have suffered winter before.
I have cried a rain or two too.
I have breathed the crisp summer winds,
And have heard the laughter of the valleys too.

This spring I laid on, in a blue hospital gown,
looking at her sleeping on the aisle below
She soon cried hope as the summer winds blew.

Then a speck of yellow as bright as a dandelion
But with a dusky hew.
The nurse cried "havoc";
I cried red too.

For then I promised her a golden charm
That "I shall dream a dream of hope for us tonight",

But soon, I could no longer bear to see the autumn leaves cry.

She put her hand into mine
And I kissed her goodbye.

Then a winter breeze swept once more
She coughed once, twice and breathed no more.
People came in, cried a tear or two
And took her away,
But I moved no more.

Up above, among the wavering winter winds,
I saw her soul flying far away,
I try to reach but my hands too short,
With tears in my eyes, I was fading away.

"Fare thee well, Fare thee well.
Fare thee well for we shall meet again.
Fare thee well! Come as spring to me once more."
I whispered, thus, to my love and moved no more

Creator's Corner

-Sneha R

जंगल

क्या रखा है इन जंगलों में,
बस कुछ पेड़, मिट्टी की खुशबू,
और मिट्टी में मिलते,
पेड़ों की टहनियाँ और पत्ते।।

लेकिन, जब इन पत्तों से हवा गुज़रती है,
तो एक शोर सुनाई देता है,
वो जो कभी नहीं सुना।
सुना भी तो अनसुना किया होगा,
रोज़ की भाग दौड़ में
तो कभी प्रतिस्पर्धा की होड़ में ।

जब मिट्टी, इन पत्तों को,
अपने में समा लेती है तो,
एक सी खुशबू बिखर जाती है,
जो कभी महसूस नहीं की होगी।
की भी होगी तो शहरों की गंध ने,
उसे कहीं छुपा दिया होगा।।

किन्तु! जब इन जंगलों से,
गुजरता हूँ तो वो आवाज़,
वो महक महसूस होती है।

आवाज़ अपने भीतर की, जो
थोड़ी देर ठहरने को कहती है।
और वह खुशबू जताती है कि
कितना दूर हो चुका हूँ मैं अपने आप से।

और यह एहसास
मुझे और कहीं नहीं
बस इन जंगलों में होता है,
और तुम कहते हो कि इन जंगलों में क्या रखा है?
बस कुछ पत्ते और पेड़ !!

रचनाकार

~ सुधान सिंह कैतुरा

गुरुबे शाम की हम को कोई ख्वाहिश नहीं होती
कि तन्हा रातों की अब और पैमाइश नहीं होती
غروب शाम की ہم کو کوئی خواہش نہیں ہوتی
کے تنہا راتوں کی اب اور پیمائش نہیں ہوتی

ये सारा शहर शापित है किसी की बहुआओं से
यहाँ पे बस घटाएँ छाती हैं बारिश नहीं होती
ی سارا شہر شاپت ہے کسی کے بدعاوں سے
یہاں ہے بس گھٹائیں چھاتی ہیں بارش نہیں ہوتی

हमारी रबतगी में आप, इक आज़ाद पंछी हैं
मुहब्बत नज़्म है इस में कोई बंदिश नहीं होती
بماری ربطگی میں آپ اک آزاد پنچھی ہیں
محبت نظم ہے اس میں کوئی بندش نہیں ہوتی

अमीरे शहर को ही शौक है खूँ-रेज़ी का वर्ना
पियादों की पियादों से कोई रंजिश नहीं होती
امیر شہر کو ہی شوق ہے خون ریزی کا ورنہ
پیادوں کے پیادوں سے کوئی رنجش نہیں ہوتی

नहीं हो पाती तेरी याद में अब गिर्या ओ ज़ारी
कभी मसरूफ़ होता हूँ कभी ख्वाहिश नहीं होती
نہیں ہو پاتی تیری یاد میں اب غریا و زاری
کبھی مصروف ہوتا ہوں کبھی خواہش نہیں ہوتی

है ये बंदिश अदब की या कमी खुद ए'तिमादी की
गुज़ारिश तो मैं कर सकता हूँ फ़रमाइश नहीं होती
یے بانديش ادب کی یہ کمی خود اعتمادی کی
گزارش تو میں کر سکتا ہوں فرمائش نہیں ہوتی

सभी कसमें सभी बातें तिरी सच मान लेता मैं
तिरी आवाज़ में उस रोज़ अगर लर्ज़िश नहीं होती
سبھی قسمیں سبھی باتیں تیری سچ مان لیتا میں
تیری آواز میں اُس روز اگر لرزش نہیں ہوتی

नहीं देतीं सदाएँ मुस्तकिल क्या धड़कनें तुम को?
तुम्हारे शहर ए दिल में क्या मिरी पुर्सिश नहीं होती?
نہیں دیتی سداےں مستکيل क्या دھڑکنےں تم کو؟
تمہارے شہر ی دل میں کیا میری پرسش نہیں ہوتی

अनस करते हैं इस्तकबाल सबका बाहें फैला कर
भले ही आपके हुजरे में गुंजाइश नहीं होती
انس کرتے ہیں استقبال سب کا باہیں फैلا کر
بھلے ہی آپ کے حجرے میں گنجائش نہیں ہوتی

रचनाकार

~ अनस सैफ़ी

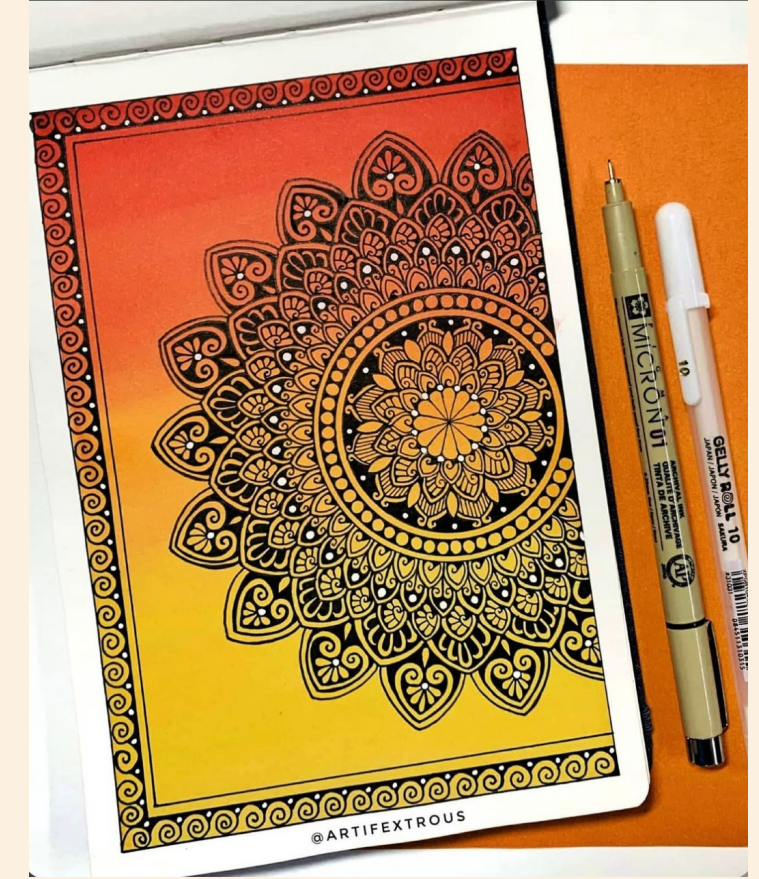
मैं बेखौफ़ एक एहसास सी
तेरे दिल में जलती आग सी
जो भस्म कर दे डर तुम्हारा
ऐसी ज्वाला के निनाद सी

मैं भोले की एक साँस सी
शनि पे लगे अभिशाप सी
जो रोक दे प्रवाह रक्त का
ओजस्वी उस आभास सी

मैं आधुनिक एक ज्ञान सी
मंगल पर लिखते नाम सी
जो कोंपल सी लहलहाए
उस ममता के मुस्कान सी

मैं अविरल एक घाव सी
संजीवनी के प्रभाव सी
जो ना डूबती तूफ़ान में भी
उस उम्मीद की नाव सी

मैं तुझ में एक सवाल सी
चीखती एक बुनियाद सी
जो रोक सके रुकना तेरा
हूँ बेबाक उस संज्ञान सी ।



रचनाकार

~ आस्था वर्मा

~ Sanya



Creator's Corner
~ Sampa
~ Alok Verma



Enchanted
Dreamscape

SHADES OF DEATH

(trigger warning- mention of death and suicide)

Seductress supreme, shadily in all her shades
Of cacodemonic cloaks, comes on a fatal fall,
Lures them to sweet sleep, in silence evades,
When her preys under sarcophaguses crawl.

She walks in humming a lullaby.
First a distant echo, then strikes a deafening yelp,
Until your heart, plays the same melody;
And mind dances dizzily. An underwater kelp.

Hush! child, close your eyes. The lady calls.
Good girls, like Sivvy, go early to bed.
Louder and louder grow her footfalls,
'Green, White, Eigengrau, Saffron, Blue, Red.'

She's the green on the black screen at your bedside,
When stretches her body straight, she's asystole.
Or grotesque green, in corked poison bottles hides.
A slutty dance behind hexagonal ribbed glass walls.

Or she stays bottled up, as emotions smoldering over years,
In tiny whites, like marbles bright, picked up all at once.
Swallowed to slumber, past fearful silence of silencing fears.
Lids shut as shells, a pearly-white trance to outrance

Prisoners see her eigengrau, camouflaging on the ceilings of dingy cells.
Free birds meet her in the air, hovering, cascading from the tower.
She is the saffron in your skin set ablaze, who blows ashes to fires of hells.
And the bluish bleakness, girdling a drowned man, at his last hour.

She is the colour of a mellowed sun, melting in the evening sky.
Artists paint her on their wrists, with silver brushes, single stroke.
White sheets, red dye, gentle drizzles, a last sigh.
Hysterical laughs, she swirls away to the sullen skies that thunders evoke.

TO THE WORLD WHERE MY HEART BELONGS

Not the captivating pinnacles,
Or the submerging blues,
Or those far-stretching farms
Filled with the essence of love;
Allure me more than this
Gleamy, quaint, obscure world;
Concealed behind the bars of imagination,
Fading away from reality,
To my best-loved place;
Where my heart sings and soul dances,
To the beats of nature;
And where things make more sense than this fake world,
Hiding behind the facade of realism.

Creator's corner

-Disha Nashine

-Vanshika Mishra

कोई और रास्ता वक्त का

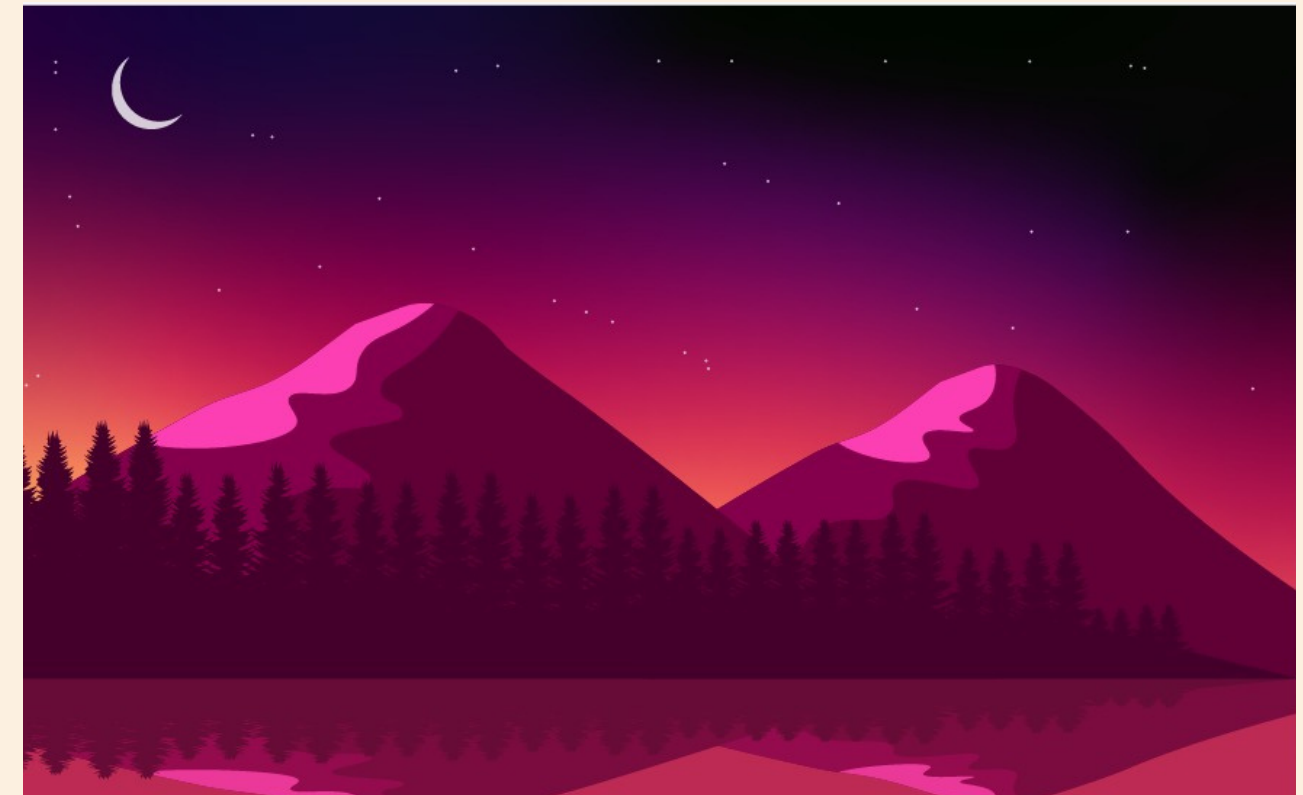
रुक जाती है धूप जहाँ
जहाँ रात की मुझे लत नहीं
महसूस जो करूँ, इजाज़त है
मन परेशान है, गलत नहीं।
जहाँ बचपन मेरा सच्चा गुज़र रहा है
इल्म भी नहीं नूर के बँटवारे का
जहाँ समंदर मुझे अनंत ही दिखता है
कि मुझे खौफ नहीं किनारे का।
जहाँ बारिश के पानी में कश्ती मेरी भी उतरी है
जहाँ सपनों में दुनिया मेरी भी बिखरी है
जहाँ मैं सब जैसी हूँ और अलग भी
जहाँ मैं खुशी-खुशी हूँ गलत भी
क्या है ऐसा जहान कहीं?
बस तस्सली कर लूँ एक सुनहरा चेहरा भी है जग का
बतला दो मुझे, कि मुझे वहाँ जाना नहीं
बस तस्सल्ली कर लूँ, अगर कोई और रास्ता भी है वक्त का।
रोने को जगह नहीं तलाशनी पड़ती
आँखें झूठी हँसी नहीं हसती
परछाइयों का रुतबा तो यहाँ भी कुछ खास नहीं
पर यहाँ ये चंद एक लोगों की किस्मत नहीं लिखतीं ।
कितने ही पैरों के लिए कितने ही जूते हैं
एक निशान पर हर कदम नहीं बढ़ जाता नजरंदाज़ी से
अपनी रूह से भले ही बहुत लोग रूठे हैं
पर अपने नज़र तो नहीं फेर लेते बेनियाज़ी से
कि सब नंगे दौड़ रहे हैं मैदानों में
जहाँ चोले नहीं बुने जाते कारखानों में।
काश एक नशीले सपने से ज्यादा हो इसका वजूद
कुछ फायदा तो हो मेरी दिमागी गिरफ्त का
वो अंश मेरा रहे मुझसे दूर
अगर जो कोई और रास्ता भी है वक्त का।

मरकज़ ना हो कोई एक मेरी हयात का
गर हो तो बस प्यार नहीं यकीन भी हो
आसमान दिखाकर पाताल में दफनाना आम है यहाँ
इससे बेहतर मेरी खुदकी कुछ ज़मीन ही हो।

लंबी साँस भर लेने से घुटन को क्या ?
बहुत उम्मीदें रख लेने से ज़िंदगी को क्या मर्ज़?
हाथों पर तो लगाम है पर माने ये सोच नहीं
बसने को पूजा जाता है यहाँ, परवरिश मेरी खानाबदोश नहीं
इस हवा में साँस लेकर, कुछ और हो मुमकिन
का खयाल भी बगावत है, महज़ शौक़ नहीं।
यहाँ बैठी मैं चूमती हूँ वहाँ की दीवारों को
क्या सोने का पिंजरा बन सकता है नमूना राहत का?
रासता तो नहीं खा रहा कहीं? क्या दोष दूँ किरदारों को?
क्या खुश हूँ मैं वहाँ, अगर कोई और रास्ता भी है वक्त का??

रचनाकार

- स्वाति



Creator's corner
- Jyotsana
- Ruba

FAR, FAR AWAY

(TW: Mention of rape)

Today I woke up in a land far, far away,
Chirping birds and the horses did neigh.
Dancing daisies and the faerie queene,
The grass blue and the sea green.

Singing plates, the beauty and the beast;
Flying carpet and a prince of the east.
A pumpkin carriage and Cinderella's slippers,
A little mermaid and some dolphin flippers.

Fantastical land and castles of sand,
Merrymaking and visions grand.
Squirrels tailoring, reciting a lore:
Doc, Bashful, Happy, Grumpy, Sleepy, Sneezy and one more.

Call me Dopey if so you wish,
A rat in Paris makes my dish.
Golden haired princess in a tower,
Hair running for miles, with a magical power.

To these places I wanted to run,
But my adulthood has now begun.
Now I wake up to the real world,
Torments of life are here unfurled.

Surrounded by angst and misery,
No sword and sorcery, no Disney.
Brainless wars and afflictions aplenty,
Health crises, the year twenty-twenty.

Dejection and destitution, violation of rights,
The days are scary, more so are the nights.
Honour killings, lynchings, kangaroo courts,
The papers filled with gory reports.

Idiots in power, selling their souls,
Stealing votes, harassing at polls.
Seventy five years of "sweet" independence,
But are we actually free— your descendants?

Minds are corrupt and so are the hearts,
This is how the anger starts.
Gaining from the system are the privileged and the rich,
Any other way makes their eyes twitch.

Tainted is our moral fabric,
Which makes this reality so bleak and tragic.
Like a Romantic, you wish to escape,
But then who will talk about yesterday's rape?

Be the revolution, be the reform,
Be the lightning in a storm.
Resort not to acceptance, fight the power,
Dismantle institutions, don't be a wallflower.

Wake up and take a look around,
Towards catastrophe we are bound.
Exhausted my patience— it is now lost,
Ignorance is bliss, but at what cost?

Creator's corner

-Astha

मेरे सपनों की दुनिया!!

सुलझी हुई सी जिंदगी की...
उलझी हुई सी कहानी हूँ मैं....
जो एक जगह ठहर कर बर्बाद हो जाए वो पानी हूँ मैं....
फितरत में नहीं था मेरी जिंदगी की..
कि हसाये मुझे वो....
पर हँसने लगे थे तुमसे मिलने के बाद...
नहीं पता था कि मुस्कुराहटें अब महंगी हो गयी हैं हँसी के बाज़ार में...
बहुत महंगी कीमत चुकानी पड़ी है....
कुछ पल हसने के बाद में... !

सुलझी हुई सी जिंदगी की...
उलझी हुई सी कहानी हूँ...
मुझे पहले भी सुना होगा आपने...
बहुत पुरानी सी कहानी हूँ मैं....
हर मोड़ पर जो छोड़ी जाती है...
हर बार जो तोड़ी गई है...
कभी अपनों से.....
कभी सपनों से रुस्वा की गई है...
उन रुस्वाइयों मे भी छोड़ी गई है....
हाँ मैं वही हूँ....
जिसे पढ़ना तो अच्छा लगता है...
पर समझना नहीं...
गलती मेरी है...
हर गलती की सज़ा चाहता हूँ....
मैं अब खुद से जुदा होना चाहता हूँ...!!

सुलझी हुई सी जिंदगी में...
उलझी हुई सी कहानी हूँ मैं...
आज भी वही पुरानी हूँ मैं..

इस रंगरंगीली दुनिया में, एक अनदेखी भी दुनिया है,
राजा रानी जहाँ रोज़ आते, वो तो मेरे सपनों की दुनिया है।
सच जो पूरे कर न सकी, वो ख्वाब में पूरे होते हैं।
अनचाही हर रात में भी, सपनों की चाहत होती है।
रंगरंगीली दुनिया में भी ,एक सपनों की दुनिया होती है।

दुल्हन सी मैं सजती हूँ, कोई साथी मुझको मिलता है
टूटने वाले ये ख्वाब सही, पर सपने में कोई अपना तो मिलता है ।
देखा नहीं जिसे, उसे मैंने पाया है
ज़िंदगी के कुछ हसीन लम्हे उसके संग में बिताया है
अपनी पसंद नापसंद से उसको रूबरू करवाया है।

जादू की इस नगरी में, हर खेल बड़ा अनोखा है
चाँद को दूर से देखा था मैंने, आज चाँद पर आकर बैठी मैं
तस्वीर में देखा था जिनको, सपनों में उनसे मिलती मैं
हकीकत तो कुछ भी नहीं, पर एहसास तो दिल में होता है
जो मन दिन भर रोता था,सपनो में खिलखिलाकर हस्ता है।

बचपन की यादों को संजोए, खट्टे मीठे पल को पिरोए
धुंधली न होने दे कोई यादें, आज बना दे कल की बीती बातें
बिछड़े हुए से मिला दे, जीवन को मृत्यु पर भारी बना दे
मिटे हुए शरीर से भी मिला दे, सब कुछ आंखो से दिखला दे
ऐसी सहेली कोई और नहीं, वो तो मेरे सपनों की दुनिया है।

एहसान मंद मैं इस दुनिया की,जिसने मुझसे मुझको मिलवाया है
हर हाल में मुझको खुद के लिए लड़ना सिखलाया है
मेरे कदम न कभी डगमगा जाएँ, इस दुनिया ने मुझको समझाया है
मेरे हर ख्वाब को साकार होते, इस दुनिया ने दिखलाया है
ऐसी दुनिया और कहीं नहीं, वो तो बस मेरे सपनों की दुनिया है।

रचनाकार

-ओम प्रकाश

-आयुशिका

Once upon a time,
in this hasty world,
lived a little girl with
a red diary and a pen.
She cared too much
and lived too little,
Lost within the pages
of books she read,
Enchanted with the scenes
of the movies she saw.
Her fictional friends
Came to life at night,
Nala taught friendship
could conquer problems,
Mia Thermopolis taught courage
to face difficulty and
Belle taught to love
beyond what you see.
She secretly fell for her prince
And lived happily ever after.

But will she be happy ?
Was everything perfect after "the end"?
Curiously, she turned
to the page after "the end" and
watched the post credit scenes
Startled to see life
passing through the days
throwing challenges,
turning and twisting
on every straight plot.
Along came realization,
she was a princess
her kingdom was fantasy
built on clouds,

she saw the demon
when she became one
in someone else's life.
Her enemies were just people
who never got to share their tales
And her heroes
Just wrote their own stories.

Hoping for endings where,
Bella swan could rule
the vampire kingdom ,
Anastasia Steele could do
everything she loves,
and Juliet could live
a longer life.
But that never happened.
She closed the book
and shut the TV
with a heavy heart.
Her Enchanted Dreamland
was just utopia,
Comfort was ignorance,
Jealousies were her insecurities
And she was a sidekick
in her own story.
A tear dropped.
But the next moment
A smile appeared.

Her books gave her strength
to write her own story
Her movies showed direction
to be who she was.
Her world was vast
but trips across were cheap.
She grew up watching movies
and reading books
Living lives , million in one.

Creator's corner

-Vidushi Jain

जादुई सुबह*

आज की सुबह सुनहरी सी लग रही थी...
मेरे छूते ही हर एक कली फूल बन रही थी!
लगा की जैसे मैं दूसरी दुनिया में हूँ आज...
आज चलने पर मिट्टी मेरे कदम चूम रही थी।

कुछ था अलग जो समझ आ नहीं रहा था...
पूछने पर भी कोई कुछ बता नहीं रहा था!
बच्चे की तरह बस असमंजस में थी मैं...
आज कोई अंजान नज़र आ नहीं रहा था।

सब कुछ आज खूबसूरत लग रहा था...
पंख बिना मुझे परियों सा लग रहा था!
हवा में नहीं ख्यालों में उड़ रही थी मैं....
पहली बार सब रंग बिरंगा सा लग रहा था।

धीरे-धीरे किरणें अपने पैर पसार रही थीं
एक तीव्र चमक अपने पास बुला रही थी,
जाकर देखा तो एक बड़ा आइना था वहाँ
अंदर से कुछ जादुई आवाज़ें आ रही थीं।

लगा की जैसे इसमें समा जाऊंगी मैं...
चली भी गई तो वापस कैसे आऊंगी मैं?
यह सोचकर कदम पीछे कर लिए
लेकिन दूसरा मौका कहाँ ही पाऊंगी मैं?

फिर बेझिझक मैं अंदर चलती जा रही थी..
लगा मैं वापस अपनी दुनिया में आ रही थी
वैसी ही दुनिया पर यह कुछ अलग था..
यहाँ स्त्री खुश है अब यह समझ पा रही थी।

यहाँ हर स्त्री अपने लिए आवाज़ उठा रही थी
ससुराल नहीं देश-विदेश घूमने जा रही थी
अपने बल पर पूरा घर चला रही थी
कोई बोझ समझ नहीं रहा था क्योंकि
वो खुद लक्ष्मी बन कर दिखा रही थी

यहाँ स्त्री रात में भी अकेले घर जा रही थी...
जितना चाहे वह उतना पढ़ पा रही थी
रौंगटे खड़े हुए जब ये देखा मैंने की...
हर हैवान को यह खुद ही मार गिरा रही थी।

आपकी तरह मैं भी इसी सोच में ही पड़ी थी...
शुरू कहाँ से किया और कहाँ आकर खड़ी थी
पर सपने का कोई छोर होता कहाँ है...
आँखें खुली मेरी तो मैं मेरे बिस्तर पर पड़ी थी।

रचनाकार
-रिया कुशवाहा

In the quiet of my mind, I am drawn,
To a place so dark, so dull, so forlorn,
A dreamscape where life seems to have fled,
And the shadows reign supreme instead.
I call it hiraeth, this land of the dead,
For it's a place where my soul find its bed,
A place of mystery, of beauty, of dread,
A world where dreams and reality are wed.
In this land, I walk alone,
With my thoughts, my fears, my moans,
But I am not afraid, for death is my friend,
A companion that I will always defend.
And in this land, I see a man,
A slender figure, tall and grand,
A shadowy figure that beckons me,
A man that I know, but cannot see.
He speaks to me, in a voice so low,
He whispers secrets that I cannot know,
He tells me of a world beyond this land,
A place where dreams and life do intertwine and expand.
And then he tells me, that it's time to go,
To a place beyond the veil, where the dreams do flow,
To a world where my soul can transition,
At a place where my heart can find its true mission.
I am taken aback, I cannot believe,
That my time on this earth is about to leave,
But the Reaper assures me, that it's time to move on,
To a place where my soul can find its new dawn.
And so I follow, this dark, slender man,
To a place beyond this world of sand,
Where life and death are not separate, but one,
A place where the journey has just begun.
And in this realm, I see a world so pure,
A place where my soul can finally endure,
A place where my heart can finally be free,

The world where my soul can finally be me.
The Reaper speaks, and his voice is kind,
He tells me that it's time to unwind,
To let go of the life that I have known,
And embrace the world where I am finally grown.
I nod, and I follow, through the light,
Through the darkness of the night,
Until we reach a place of pure white,
A place where my soul can finally take flight.
And in this world, I feel a peace so true,
A place where my heart can finally be new,
A place where my dreams can finally come true,
A world where my soul don't need a crew,
And as I leave this land of the dead,
I know that I am finally led,
To a world where my soul is free,
To a place where i need not to plea
For in this world beyond the veil,
I know that my soul will forever sail,
In a sea of dreams and life so bright,
A world where I will forever take flight.
And so I say goodbye to this world so dim,
And I embrace the world where I can swim,
For in this realm beyond the veil,
I know that my soul will forever prevail.

Creator's corner

-Syed Saad

दिलकशी है, उन्स है, मोहब्बत है, अक्रीदत है,
जुनून है और इबादत है।
बंद आँखों में कुछ ख्वाब हैं,
आँखें खुली तो सामने मौजूद हकीकत है।
मोहब्बत से ज़्यादा मोहब्बत हुई तुमसे,
तुझमे मेरा वजूद है, तुझसे मेरी बरकत है।
इस दुनियाँ मे ना सही तो उस दुनियाँ मे मिलेंगे,
कुछ मेरे रंग मे तुम रंगना, कुछ तेरे ढंग मे हम ढलेंगे।
फ़ज़ से ईशा तक सजदा करेंगे साथ में,
दोहरायेंगे पुराना इश्क अपना नई चाँदनी रात में।
इज़हार-ए-मोहब्बत करना मदीनावाले के सामने,
मुक्त होकर सारे बंदिशों से, तुम्हे गले लगाने आयेंगे।
रखी शिकायतों को जोड़कर; खुदा के सामने सुनाएँगे,
चलो छोड़ो बातें गम की; कुछ सुकून की शामें बिताएँगे।
लेके रज़ा खुदा की; हर अंदाज़ से इश्क जतायेंगे,
वही पुरानी रूह होगी; उसी पुराने लिबास में,
वही पुरानी नज़्म होगी; सुनेंगे तेरी आवाज़ में।
तशरीन की दरकार नहीं तेरे इस हिज़्र मे,
तौहीन-ए-मोहब्बत होगी सवाल्लों के ज़िक्र मे।
बितानी है एक उम्र मुझे तेरी ही याद मे,
काटनी है ज़िन्दगी अब तेरी ही कुरबत मे,
तबाह है दिल-ओ-जहान लेकिन मोहब्बत का दस्तूर है ये,
भला किसको हासिल हुई सच्ची मोहब्बत इंसानों के इस जहान में..



रचनाकार
-श्रेय लस्कर
-Divyasha Dureja



हिंदी विभाग

होता है हाथ औरत का घर संवारने में,
मगर मर्द के बिना फ़ीकी है ये कहानी।
माँ के सिंदूर पर नाम लिखा है जिसका,
पिता है मेहनत और त्याग की निशानी।
तुम्हारी खुशियाँ माँ का हक़ है मगर,
पिता के पास हैं अब भी चप्पलें पुरानी।
आँख जल्द भरती है लड़की की मगर,
वह भी भिगोता है आँखें रातों में रूहानी।
मौका दो उसे खुद को साबित करने का,
इतने दोष सिर्फ़ एक बेगुनाह की पेशानी?
ज़िल्लतें वह सहता है कितनी मर्तबा,
मंज़िल की तलाश में कटती है जवानी।
मनसूब को समझना चाहो उसके तो,
एक शाम बिताना उसके संग सुहानी।
सम्मान देना उसे उसके हक़ का,
बनाने से पहले साथ रातें रूमानी।
बेटा है वो इकलौता ही घर का,
ज़िम्मेदारी है बहनों की निभानी।
तुम्हें लगता है वह वक़्त नहीं देता तुम्हें,
पिताजी की उधारी तो है उसे ही चुकानी।
माँ के ताने काफ़ी हैं दिल कौंध जाने को,
अपने तानों से न मारो उसकी नादानी।

मायूसी के घेरे में आस इक नज़र आयी तो होगी,
रिहा लरज़िशों की तुम तक खबर आयी तो होगी।

हाशिये के गम छुपाने में बुलंदी हासिल है मगर,
नम दीना होते, आगे कोई डगर आयी तो होगी।

कल ख़्वाब तमाम छिन गए तो समझ आया,
पास तुम्हारे शिकस्तगी की लहर आयी तो होगी।

जद्दोज़हद भी जब फ़िज़ूल चले जाते होंगे सभी,
रंजिश किसी पर बेपनाह, मगर आयी तो होगी।

सुखियों की लाली बचाया कर अपनी, ऐ दोस्ता,
इनके मिटते ही शज़र-ओ-ज़हर आयी तो होगी।

सुखियों पर लिपटी मुस्कान जँचती है 'आयुषी',
गर्द बनकर मशाल-ए-रहगुज़र आयी तो होगी।

बज़्मे-यार में कुछ अशआर सुहाने निकले,
सो हम भी नज़्मों गज़ल उनको सुनाने निकले।

जो बन के जुगनू अंधेरो को मिटाने निकले,
आखिर उन्हीं के दिलों में ग़मों के खज़ाने निकले।

तरसता रहा ताउम्र एक कांधे को वो,
उम्र गुज़री तो चार कांधे उठाने निकले।

खुदा! फ़िज़ा में हँसी का इक बहाना घोल दे,
दुःख मनाने के तो कई लाख बहाने निकले।

जख्म-ए-दिल मिरे खत कैसे बयां करते,
सो मिरे लब दास्ताँ-ए-जख्म सुनाने निकले।

फ़क़त रवायतें निभाने के लिए ही बची है ज़िंदगी,
वरना साँसें लिए..तो हमें कई ज़माने निकले।

शब-ए-दैज़ूर में इक चाँद अब भी खिल रहा है,
सो तिश्रगी-ए-दिल बुझाने दिवाने निकले।

वक़्त हो तो मुल्क के हालात लिखना,
है तबाही हर तरफ़ दिन-रात लिखना।

हिज़्र ने तेरे भिगोया जिस क़दर जाँ,
ग़मनुमा आँखों की वो बरसात लिखना।

इंसाँ ही अहमक़ बना इंसानियत का,
है क़यामत की यही शुरुआत लिखना।

है खयालों में तिरे मखमूरियत जो,
मयकशी में भी कहाँ वो बात लिखना।

फिर हुई मदहोश सावन में फ़ज़ाएँ,
याद आई वस्ल की वो रात लिखना।

है मुकद्दम और फ़ासिद सब यही पर,
ज़िन्दगी को ईश की सौगात लिखना।

लाशों का मज़हब लगे हैं पूछने हम,
हैं पशेमाँ आज सब जज़्बात लिखना।

क्या सुनाऊँ?

बाढ़ की तबाही , चाँद की गवाही

ये चींखें सुनते हैं कान बस

आजकल मुझमें सब खामोश है

क्या सुनाऊँ?

तूफान के पहले या बाद की खामोशी है ये ?

कि मुझमें इनका मौके दर मौके दौरा कुछ नया तो नहीं

क्या रोकूँ इसे और क्या भगाऊँ ही मैं?

वक्त गवाह है ,मुझमें कुछ भला कभी ठहरा तो नहीं।

क्या ढकेलूँ उन्हें इसमें,

अंधेरे में कोलाहल गोद ले रखती हूँ

पलभर इसका शोर कभी सुना तो नहीं।

सब खामोश है मुझमें आजकल ,समझ के बाहर है

इसे अल्फाजों में कैसे गिनाऊँ

मैं क्या सुनाऊँ?

पन्नों को अशकों का सैलाब पसंद है,

बन्दों को जुनून का खिताब पसंद है,

गैरों को कोरी मैं किताब क्यों दे दूँ?

भोगी हैं सब नकाब के फूले,

हिसाब को मैं खाल की दीनार क्यों दे दूँ?

दागों को मैं दीदार क्यों दे दूँ?

लिखने को मैं लिख दूँ शैतान भी ,भगवान भी

पर हैरान तो करता है सुनसान ही ।

इस खौफ से गुप्तगू की एक आखिरी कोशिश है, ऐलान कर मैं क्यों बतलाऊँ?

आज मुझमें सब खामोश है ,

क्या सुनाऊँ?

यूँ तो पहले भी हुआ है इश्क

मगर आज फिर से नया नया सा लग रहा है

मेरी रात तो आज भी उतनी ही काली है

पर शायद आज चाँद ज़्यादा चमक रहा है

उससे मिले भी अभी हफ़्ता नहीं हुआ

मगर वो हर पहर मेरे ख्वाबों में बस रहा है

एक अरसे से संभाला था जो दिल मैंने

उसकी बातों में रेत सा फ़िसल रहा है

वो आया था सिर्फ़, मेरे आंगन में इक रोज़

अब गया तो सारा शहर उसकी खुशबू से महक रहा है

और उसकी हँसी, उसका छुआ कुछ कमाल ही जादू है

मेरा ठहरा था मन, अब अचानक से बहक रहा है ।

रचनाकार

स्वाति

रिया मिश्रा

उस वृद्धत्व का भी बचपन है

उस वृद्धत्व का भी बचपन है,
कहे ढलती उम्र का ये लड़कपन है।
करवाते ज़माने की फिक्र क्यों तुम उनसे?
भाव विभोर हो जाता कभी तन-मन है।
है अजीब उम्र का ये पड़ाव आया,
उन्हे पहनना सर्द में भी अचकन है।
काश का तनाव दरकाता है उम्मीदें,
ज़िन्दगी से ये लगाव भी देता उलझन है।
अनुभव की पुस्तक है उसका अतीत,
निस्वार्थ प्रेम और निर्मल काया की वो धड़कन है।
क्षण-भंगुर सा उसका जीवन पल पल जाता,
जीवन संध्या सा बुलाता उसको बचपन है।
मत जकड़ो उसके मन को तुम मानुष,
उम्र तेरी भी होगी कभी पचपन है।

यारों का याराना है दोस्ती
मतलब सभी का ठिकाना है दोस्ती
मिल जाये तो शुक्रिया अदा करो
खैर असल में पछताना है दोस्ती
सफ़र में मिलते हैं कई राहगीर, मगर
मंज़िल तक साथ निभाना है दोस्ती
नसीबों से होती हैं कुछ शोहरतें हासिल
आखिर कुबेर का खज़ाना है दोस्ती
थकावट के बाद तुम आराम छानते हो
मानो पेड़ की छांव बैठ जाना है दोस्ती
किसी को तुम फ़कीर समझने की भूल न करना
फ़कीरों के पास होता आशियाना है दोस्ती
सुखी बंजर ज़मीन पर सालों बाद
बारिश की बूंद गिर जाना है दोस्ती
आँसू बहने को जी चाहते है तो चलो
हर दीवाने के पास होता एक म्हखाना है दोस्ती
सही करने पर भी तुम्हे भूल जाते हैं लोग
गलत होजाने पर भी आगे हाथ बढ़ाना है दोस्ती
ज़मीन से हज़ारों फ़ीट ऊपर मुझे डर लगता है
उस डर को भूल मेरा शांत होजाना है दोस्ती।

रचनाकार

उद्देश्य

भानु कौशिक

इस मिट्टी को मैं चूम लू जहाँ श्री राम ने था जन्म लिया |
उस गंगा को मैं नमन करूँ जिसका कृष्ण ने था पानी पिया | |

साक्षी है ये धरती महाराणा प्रताप और शिवाजी की तलवार की |
साक्षी है ये धरती गीता के ज्ञान और महाभारत के सार की | |

नारी के सम्मान हेतु युद्ध और वचनबद्ध हेतु वनवास यहाँ सदैव होते आए हैं |
खुशनसीब है वो प्राणी जो इस धरती माँ की गोद में सोते आए है | |

बहुत हो गई पौराणिक बातें अब आज की बात बतलाता हूँ |
क्यों सर्वश्रेष्ठ है मेरा भारत चंद्र तथ्यों से आपको दिखलाता हूँ | |

शल्य चिकित्स का ज्ञान दिया, शुश्रुत उनको सब कहते थे |
खगोल शास्त्र के रहस्य सुलझाये, खुद कुटिया में जो रहते थे | |

दुनिया के सामने रखा आर्यभट्ट ने गणित का नया चहरा था |
जिस शून्य की थी खोज करी वो पश्चिम उसे भी अपना कह रहा था | |

ना जीत पर कभी घमंड करते, न करते कभी हार पर निराशा हैं |
छः हज़ार से ज्यादा भाषाओं की जननी, संस्कृत हमारी भाषा है | |

सूरज की दूरी का उल्लेख तुलसीदास जी ने सोल्लवी सदी में किया था |
शतरंज जैसा लोकप्रसिद्ध खेल, भारत ने पूरी दुनिया को दिया था | |

ऐसा महान इतिहास जो जान ले वो भारत को महान बोलेगा |
तुम पूछो माँ के बारे में यहाँ का बच्चा बच्चा भारत बोलेगा | |

ज़िंदगी में लोगों के आने जाने का सिलसिला तो य निरंतर चलता रहेगा
इस भीड़ में भी हमेशा साथ रहने का वादा बकायदा निभाया है उसने।

मैं कौन हूँ, क्या हूँ, कैसी हूँ, ये समझ ना पाई कभी
मगर कोसों दूर रहकर भी मुझे आइना दिखाया है उसने।

सही को सही और गलत को गलत ही बताया हमेशा
कुछ यूँ मुझे ज़िंदगी जीना सिखाया है उसने।

कभी कभी ज़िंदगी से खफ़ा होजाया करती हूँ मैं, रोती हूँ, चिल्लाती हूँ
फिर भी हर बार धीरज रख कर मुझे ज़िंदगी का मतलब समझाया है उसने।

यूँ तो रोने धोने और नाराज़ रहने की बहुत बुरी आदत है मुझे
मगर बार बार मज़ाक करके मुझे हमेशा हँसाया है उसने।

मुसीबतें तो जैसे मेरा पीछा छोड़ेंगी ही नहीं कभी
शुक्र है कि मुझे हर मुसीबत का हल बताया है उसने।

कोई दास्तान-ए-इश्क तो नहीं है हमारे दरमियान
फ़िर भी दिल की गहराइयों में मुझे बसाया है उसने।

कभी ना टूटने वाला एक रिश्ता बनाया है उसने
जो नज़रों से ना ओझल हो कभी ऐसा एक ख़्वाब सजाया है उसने।

रचनाकार
दिव्यत खंडेलवाल
हंसिका

ये दिल्ली शहर है.

यहाँ छोटे छोटे घरों में,
बदलते सपने अमीर हैं..
करोड़ों सपने बिकते हैं,
खुलती कुछ ही की तकदीर है..

ये दिल्ली शहर है..

यहाँ के फुटपाथ पर
ज़िंदगी बस्ती है..
यहाँ की बस्तियों में
उम्मीद-परस्ती है..

ये दिल्ली शहर है..

यहाँ अनेकों पारंपरिक विरासत है
वक्त की कुछ कमी है..
यहाँ चुनौतियां हैं
मौके भी यहीं हैं..

ये दिल्ली शहर है..

जहाँजों का आना जाना,
बा-दस्तूर जारी है।
इस शहर को जैसे,
अनिद्रा की बीमारी है।

ये दिल्ली शहर है..

इसकी तारीख में,
छोटे बेहिसाब हैं।
प्रदूषण इसका दर्द,
मेट्रो जैसे इलाज है।

ये दिल्ली शहर है..

शहर तो है,
बस शहर तो नहीं..
रातें यहाँ जगती हैं,
बस दिन दोपहर नहीं।
ये दिल्ली शहर है,
ये ख्वाबों का शजर है।

रचनाकार
ओम प्रकाश

देख रही हो ना उस चाँद को तुम?
बैठी रहो ना पास मे तुम
रहने दो हाथ अपना मेरे हाथ मे तुम
देख रही हो ना उस चाँद को तुम?

हाँ ! बेइंतेहा मोहब्बत है मुझे तुमसे
जुड़ी है साँसे मेरी तुमसे
सुनो! तुम्हारा सर मेरे काँधे से मत हटाना
इस चाँद से नज़र मत हटाना।

ये महकती रात मे सिर्फ हम दो हैं
इस चाँदनी पर हक जताने वाले आज सिर्फ हम दो हैं
बस आज रात और रुक जाओ ना
आखिरी रात है थोड़ा और ठहर जाओ ना।

ये रात की रानी तोहफ़ा तुम्हारा
ये भीगी सी रात तोहफ़ा तुम्हारा
ये सा हवाओ का राग तोहफ़ा तुम्हारा
और आज रात के लिए ये चाँद तोहफ़ा तुम्हारा।
लिया ढक बादलों ने चाँद को
दो मे से साँस न आई एक चकोर को
चाँदनी ने भी माँगी इजाज़त लौटने की
ना मिली खबर उसके बाद वैसी चाँदनी की।।

न दूनिया की समझ न सही और ग़लत का फर्क
इश्क़ के रंग में रंग दिया अपने दिल का वरक
न तज़ुर्बा, न समझदारी, बड़ी कमसिन थी
वो तूफ़ान की कश्ती उतारे बड़ी मासूम थी
इश्क़ की कमाई पर घर-घर खेलती
अपनी धुन में मस्त मीरा सी वो लड़की
चाँद से दिल लगाकर वो ज़मीन से वफ़ाएँ माँगती
जब आँख खूली तो थी नहीं
अब भी वो छोटी सी लडकी दिल को हथेली पर परोसकर देने वाली
भोली सी वो लडकी।
कहते है कुछ भारी सा गुज़रा था
उसके नर्म सीने के ऊपर से अब ज़रा नाप -तौल कर हस्ती है
मनमौजी सी लडकी।
हकीकत दरवाज़े पर दस्तक दे रही थी
भला पलक झपकाती तो किसके लिए वो
सपनों सी लडकी ,
समेट कर अपनी आबरू फिर कलम उठाएगी।
खुद अपनी कहानी लिखेगी
पुर्जा - पुर्जा कर जोड़ेगी अपना सीना
हिम्मत कर फिर दिल लगाएगी वो दिलेर सी लड़की।
लब्ज़ों की ढाल बनाकर हर मूकाम पाएगी
खुद ही खुद से बातें करने वाली
किताबों सी लडकी ।
थोड़ी तीखी सी, थोड़ी मिठी सी वो हिरनी सी लड़की
आइने में देखूं तो मुझ जैसी है वो लड़की । मुझ जैसी है वो लडकी I

रचनाकार
मोहित
राहुल कुमार



english

wing

MUSES

I pray to Calliope, Clio, Erato,
To Euterpe, Melpomene, Polyhymnia;
Today I pray to end this stupor,
Pray to Terpsichore, Thalia, Urania.

Whisper in my ears,
Oh daughters of Zeus.
Awaken the dragon, ignite the fire
Of this drunken, erratic fool.
Sing me your melodies,
Oh mistresses of Apollo.
Seduce me with ardour,
Chant for me the song of Achilles.

Lift me from worldly desires,
Brandish me with your tragedies
Of losing sons, of anguish and agony.
Let your locks of golden sea entangle me,
Strangle me with demiurge divine.

Strum the strings of history,
Guide my hands as I write to thee—
You, who grace myrtles and zithers,
With doves and Eros at your knees.
Arouse in me an aurora
Of words powerful and potent
To survive the persecution of time.

Inebriate me with the elixir of mermaids;
Crown me with the diadem
That masks the stories of grief.
Chain my hands on my paper,
And pervade me with your hymns.

Continue to flourish and mock
The foibles of a mortal,
Enslaved by her vellichor.
Perform for me a ballet
Of dancing swans and singing sailors.
Bestow your stars on my sleeve,
And let magic cascade on my canvas.

Shake me, enliven me,
Let thunder fall upon me.
Haunt me with ghosts of poets past,
Dissolve this dwam into an ocean
Of frenzy, fervour, and fire;
So my black ink shall weave once again—
Tales of a world in hell.

Creator's Corner

-Astha

AN ODE TO THE BLACK ROSES

(based on the brief history and life of prostitutes)

Across lush green lawns with roses red,
Peach, pink, whites, all lavishly bred;
Blossoming in their flower bed,
Are dingy cells of roses black.

The world outside has seasons bright.
Poor black roses know wintry nights.
The rest are tales told by knights,
Who show up seeking roses black.

Solon's first offerings to Athena's feet.
The cheapest adorned the mansions elite,
The nicer ones vended on the streets,
Brought journeys luck best roses black.

Some fine specimens of passionate art,
Some buds scattered, some torn apart,
Stemmed to thrive with thorns at heart,
Preserved in museums, rare roses black.

Behold them hanging low on the windows
Facing bleak aisles and walls of bordellos.
Ill-famed for blackening the visitors' robes
Are left with bruises roses black.

Beneath their petals are stories untold:
Once a white rose got stolen and sold,
With a drop of blood and pistil furrowed,
In a prison that taught it 'old isn't gold'
So forever live maidens roses black.

[Solon: The Greek ruler known for the earliest attempt to legalize prostitution in the 6th Century B.C. by imposing taxes on "the skin trade".

Athena's feet: reference to ancient Athens under Solon's rule

The 2nd, 3rd and the 4th lines of the third stanza refer to the pornais, the peripatetica, and the hetaera respectively, the three types of prostitutes classified according to how much tax they paid]

Creator's Corner

-Disha Nashine

SO WAS THE DANCE

So was the dance, so was the cadence,
This was the love story for the maidens.
One was made of fire, the other of ice,
No one's fault, but someone's demise.

So was the dance, so was the cadence,
This was the tragic tale told by maidens.
The night rain, making the streets glitter,
Two lost souls, running from the trigger.

So was the dance, so was the cadence,
This was the loss still mourned by maidens.
She, as free as the stars in the sky,
But in her heart, still, a cold did lie.

So was the dance, so was the cadence,
This was the desire of all the maidens.
His anger, hotter than the stars combined,
To the world, he was the devil in disguise.

So was the dance, so was the cadence,
This was the ballad sung by the maidens.
She smiled, he faltered, and it began,
Some say it was all a part of His plan.

So was the dance, so was the cadence,
This was the warning whispered by maidens.
The icicle melted and the fever subsided,
She was the cure, or so his heart had decided.

So was the dance, so was the cadence,
This was the horror of all the maidens.
The family tore both of them apart,
She was made to be someone's counterpart.

So was the dance, so was the cadence,
This was the love story told by maidens.
In someone else's home, now she resided,
Fever took over, and his heart and soul divided.

Creator's Corner

-Ayushi Tiwari

BLOCK

On a cold September evening,
I sit on the hardwood desk,
Papers sprawled around me.
The pen clasped on my fingers,
Ink bleeding onto the page,
the tip at a single standstill.

When my sixth-grade English teacher praised my writing,
I promised him, “Sir, I want you to do the honors of reading my first
manuscript.”

When I took the stance for my own future,
I told my mother “Mom, I am a creative.
I want to write and create art that swallows people whole.”
When I embraced imagination for that creation,
Is this the future I envisioned for me?

Dull. Dusty. Bleak.
I watch the colors bleed out of the paper,
My vision blurred, the lights dimming,
Fogging into black and grey.
The confidence to walk the summit,
Crippled to dust,
Like a glass shard falling into concrete.

Letters jumping on me,
As, Bs, Cs, Ds,
Words clustering my mind,
Choking me – confiscated, elevated, levitation, procreation,
Hinged, ringed, circus animals, Loch Ness monster, claustrophobic sobbers!
A tsunami floods the shores of my brain,
Yet everything slips through my fingers
like water,
The remnants, a catastrophe.

I bleed and bleed and bleed onto the paper,
Yet I watch the color diffuse,
Only grey and grey clouding my vision.
The paper still blank.

“You’re still writing that novel?” they ask.

Awkward smiles, averted gazes.
Does being an artist with an uncertain future make us society vices?
With a dictating voice from the masses,
Creators are pushed down the edges,
“No, that painting is scandalous,”
“No, that book is too political,”
“That designer is too diabolical!”

You drive our art, our creations,
With chains of your opinions,
A play of asphyxiation with walls of dos and don'ts,
And yet complain when we comply to your demands,
Calling us dull, uninteresting, not special.

We blindly maneuver over how history has failed creativity,
Constricting its freedom by strapping on
Unwritten rules after rules, constrains after constraints,
Blurring myriad of writers and artists out of the frame.
Creation is love, creation is free!
But freedom is the freedom that says one plus two makes three.

On a cold September evening,
I sit on the hardwood desk,
Papers sprawled around me.
The pen clasped on my fingers,
Ink bleeding onto the page,
the tip still, at a single standstill.

Creator's Corner

-Abhipsa Biswas

NIGHT

Crowds of sweat and the shades of humans
You told me don't trust the wave of rumours
We bought cons and calculated lies
Wide open mouths and trivial fights
Drifting in streams only to touch spontaneous corners
I inhaled the breeze only to regret brief encounter
And I remember you telling me how perfect everything was
My wounds refused words at that time
And I remember you telling me how lively world was
But I remember walking through night in broad daylight

We held hands ,exchanged breaths
On roads of withering leaves stretching for ever
We jumped corpses,escaped deaths
On the streets of fading deeds ,exhausting endeavours
The sun shone bright ,so golden on you
I remember looking through glasses blue
Now I'm walking through the same old town
The sweat's still wet,the air's still odd
The drifts still operate,the eyes still scorch
But you're not here,my hands are free
Everything is where it's meant to be
I just turned around to some whispers in hope
While I was scanning strangers a minute ago
And I caught myself again shifting eyes in vacant sights

While walking through night in broad daylight.

SOUND OF SILENCE

What is the hum that meets you in an old basement?
The words unspoken exchanged by that sight.

The resonance in the audience rapt by a performer,
In a room full of darkness, in the absence of light.

The smell of the air before the first rain,
The hollow in your heart alone every night.

The loud noise you feel at a beloved's funeral,
The absence of a hand on your shoulder after a fight.

The journey of the Nautilus heard from its empty shell,
The depth of the valley as seen from a height.

The tale of every man wrapped inside himself,
The feeling of justice for everyone's right.

The story in the hands of a silent reader,
The belief of the poet poured on a paper as he writes.

Its not the noise that everyone hears,
But its the sound of silence that conveys the might.

Creator's Corner

-Swati
-Jyotsna Shikha

SAILING

The devil itself was playing the flute, of a gray haze of melancholy,
shrouded in ice yet dripping with chMusic like a burnt rose' melody flew out
And pierced its thorns deep,
the gray sky was her ceiling and floor the rocking boat beneath
Memories spurred by the music assaulted her being
And suddenly she was a little child,
skipping in the dandelion fields.
Carefree days those were, ignorance and innocence dripped like honey from her heart
In her own heavenly sanctuary
that the world had yet to break apart.
The boat under her feet rocked distraught,
"At least I'm still sailing?", she thought.

The music now shook the trees and rolled the clouds,
Hauntingly sweet and heavy, sinister as it flowed
She was dreaming then,
Of a nest on cliffs overlooking freedom
Of a little bird crying, weighed down by her wings that ached to fly
That ached to explore and ached to pilot on curving paths leading to self
But the shadow of something bigger shackled it
in the irons of virulent love
thus, destining it a prisoner for life.
The waves crashed hard and the boat trapped itself in a losing fight
"The bird was I!", she cried.
erries,
Calling her so peacefully,
Holding her hand in a promising sweet bliss

Drowning in grief, she could only nod
Enchanted, she took the leap.

Alas, the hand had a fiend grip
that pulled her down, deeper and deeper underwater
Stealing her breath forever.
The boat ultimately lost and the waves roared in victory,
Thus, swallowing her last strangled cry
As she fell into the void of no return.

Life, as the world knew, carried on,
The sun shined and the flowers bloomed,
The birds flew and the waves smiled
The dandelions danced and the clouds parted
No tragedy had the world ever witnessed,
No storms had ever wracked the earth
And no boat had ever drowned in the waves.

There were laughs and there was glee.

Creator's Corner

-Priyanshi Singh

NIGHT SKY AND YOU!

The sky filled with bright stars,
I was standing behind the terrace bars,
Wondering if she was here with me tonight,
Then stars must have been flickering too much light.

Our hearts, full of love just like this moon,
Happiness dancing like a cute balloon.
Even that was a full moon day,
When you held my hand, and my heart took your way,

Best of the years we had,
You are mine, and I am happily glad.
My soul was still living a thousand miles away,
Even though my body had a touch of this play,

I started to imagine her standing beside me,
Around her, a smile on my face always come free,
Laughing and having a light sweet talk was my favorite thing to do,
I love to have her by my side and a hot coffee brew.

I imagined that I must be staring more at her, less at the sky,
She'll ask me why am I smiling and not looking at the twinkling fly,
The only answer I'll have, her smile is more glorious than that shining stone,
Gazing at it makes the bright night much more of a happy zone

Hoping you are looking at the moon,
I smiled, waved the air to reach you soon,
I whispered I love you to the breeze,
I wish it touches your ears and let my love freeze.

HOMECOMING

Homecoming for me
Isn't it meant to be happy?
But something felt weird
The key switches weren't as snappy
The washrooms aren't the same
The sink, it feels smaller
I'm probably a guest here now
That is a bitter pill to swallow
The gas knob feels too smooth
Can't say the same about the doors
Mum's food never tasted so good
I just kept asking for more
God when did i grow up
Left this place i called home
But I'm quite conflicted now
Is this even my home anymore?
Then i got in my bed to sleep
The most comfortable spot in the world
I guess it sums things up quite well
That i still woke up feeling sore..
I don't know if the soreness was from the unfamiliarity of the bed
Or the sadness i felt deep within my core
now that I've left this place
Will i ever be able to call a place home..?

Creator's Corner

-Uddeshya
-Aditya Joshi

The world is gigantic and wide,
Still incomparable to what I dream of.
A vivid imagination of mine,
That solely exists in my heart.
An otherworldly hallucination,
An enchanting delusion that captivates me.
An idyllic summer of childhood,
A daydream as beautiful as spring,
Where my sorrows as cold as winter,
Weightlessly shed like fall.

I dive into an ocean of creativity,
To experience my repressed desires,
That aren't acceptable in the waking world.
I talk to flowers,
They don't judge.
I run after butterflies,
They play with me.
I sleep under the stars,
They let me sleep peacefully,
While the moon sings a lullaby.
My feet walk in shallow streams,
The ocean and birds sing for me.
Serenity and calm, all around.

Dreaming of a life no less than a fairy tale,
Lost somewhere in the world of fantasy.
I want to live here for the rest of my life,
To escape reality I live in my dreamy landscape,
To let go of bitter memories that keep me awake.
The world daunts me, the reality haunts me.
The real world has become miserable and disquieting,
So I live in my fantasy dreamscape.

Creator's Corner

-Smridhi Rana



finearts
wing



Himiko Toga x Mandala



Beauty of life is in little moments



One For All



Skull practice

CREATOR'S
CORNER
ANSHITA YADAV
YASH RAJPUT



मिर्जा असदुल्लाह गालिब



Fear Him



Venom- Let's there be Carnage



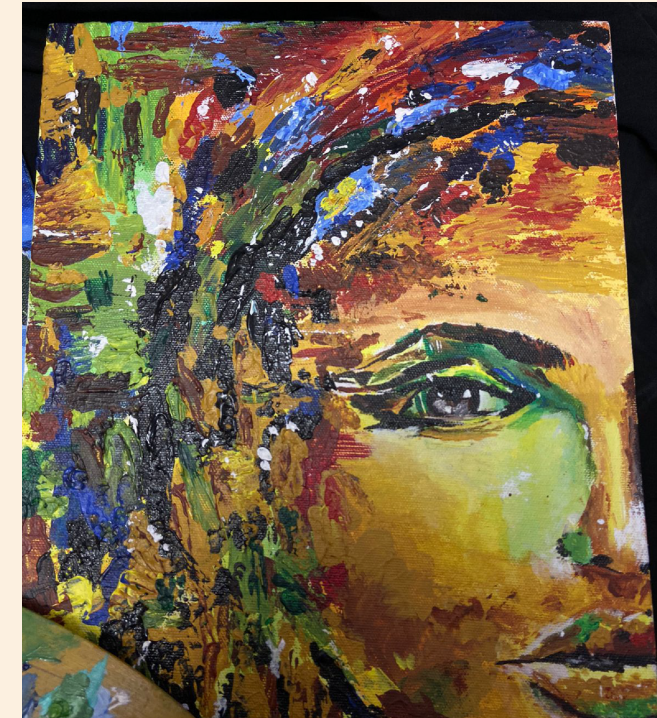
Abstract art

CREATOR'S
CORNER
UDDESHYA
BHUMIKA



Hope

Look for what makes you happy and your heart smile and I hope you find what you're looking out there. I hope you find acceptance and the kind of happiness that exist on your own terms. I hope you truly take the time to figure out what moves you, what you deeply crave from life, and I hope you have the courage to chase that.



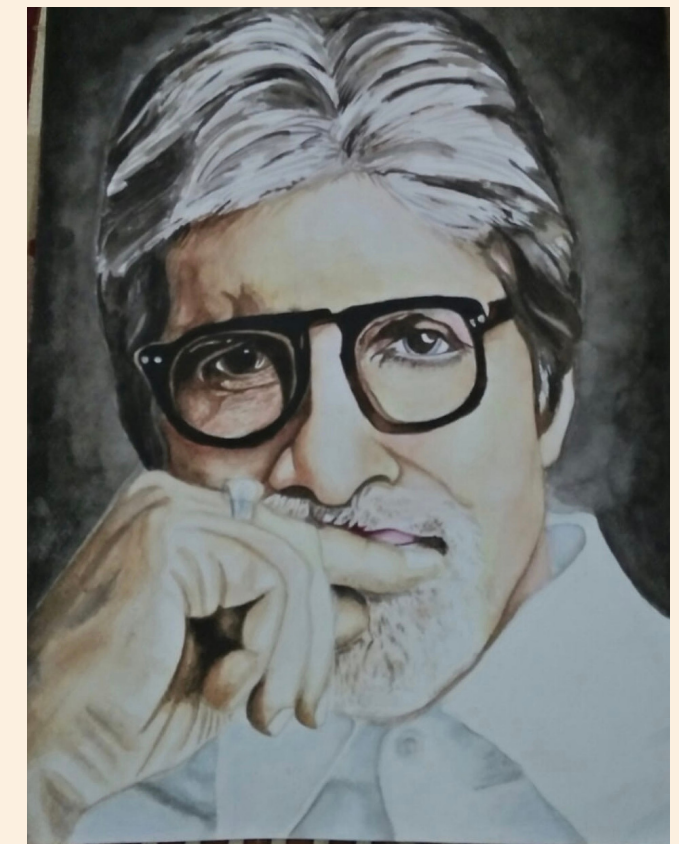
Form itself,
even if completely abstract ..

Power and Unity

Have you ever wondered how empowering it is to see people uniting over music and art?



Amitabh Bachchan
the forever star



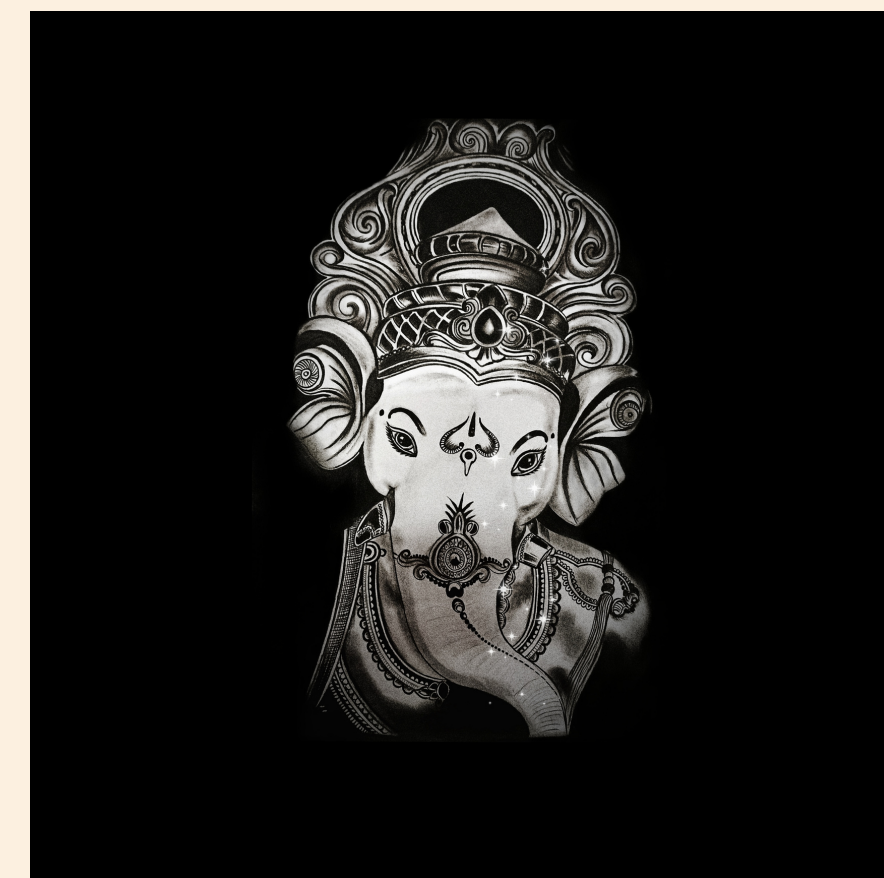
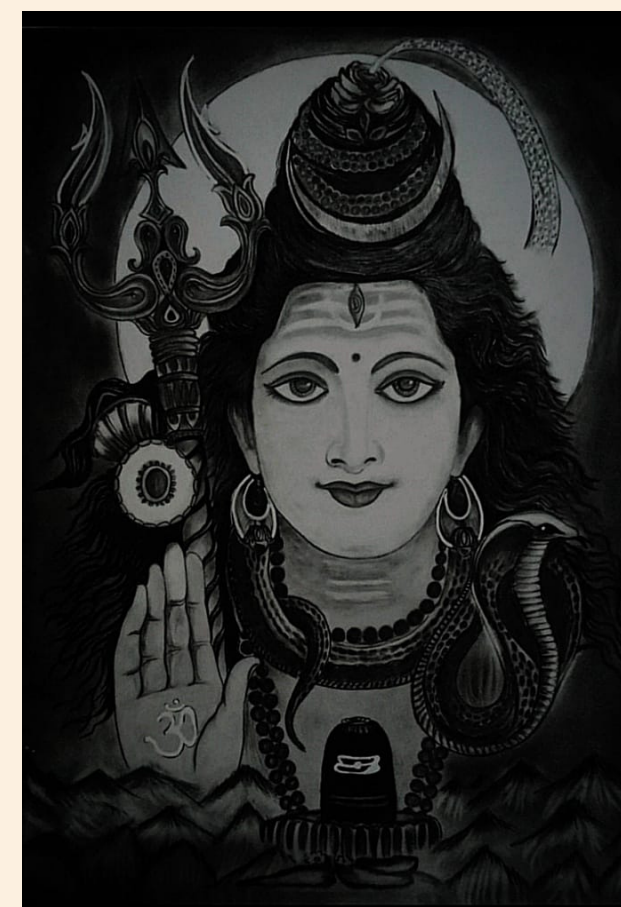
CREATOR'S
CORNER

JYOTSNA SHIKHA
PRANJAL TIWARI



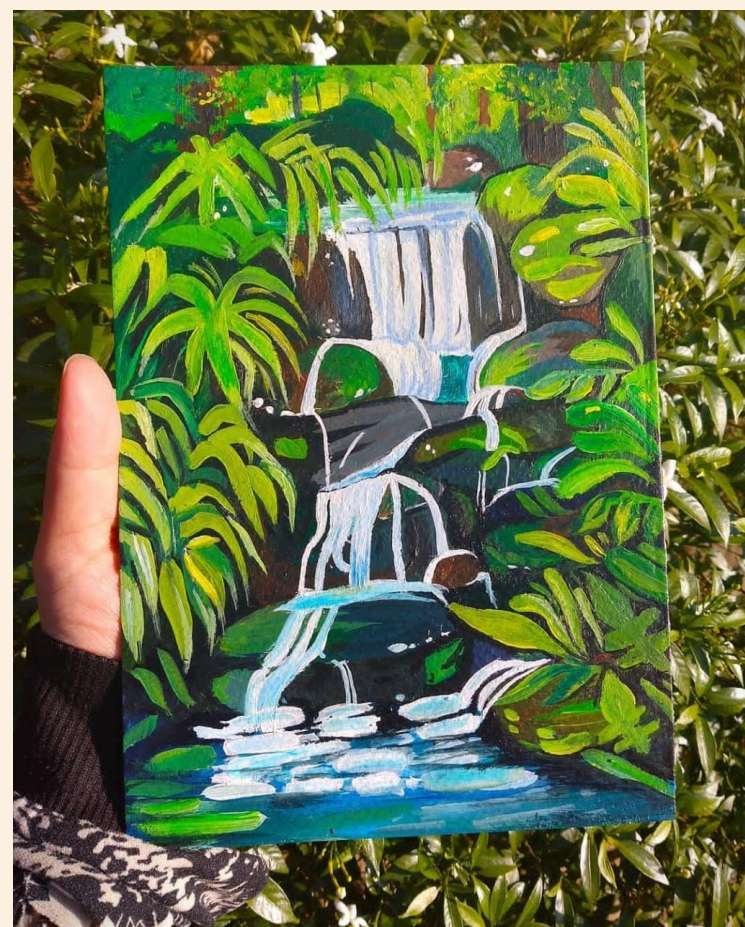
Kathakali

Kathakali is a major form of classical Indian dance. It is a "story play" genre of art, but one distinguished by the elaborately colourful make-up and costumes of the traditional male actor-dancers. It is native to the Malayalam-speaking southwestern region of Kerala and is almost entirely practiced and appreciated by Malayali people.



Nature

A little nature study which shows greenery all over and the waterfall which make this more beautiful.



CREATOR'S
CORNER
PRIYONKA
MANJEET



This is a sketch of a young boy that captures his youth and liveliness.

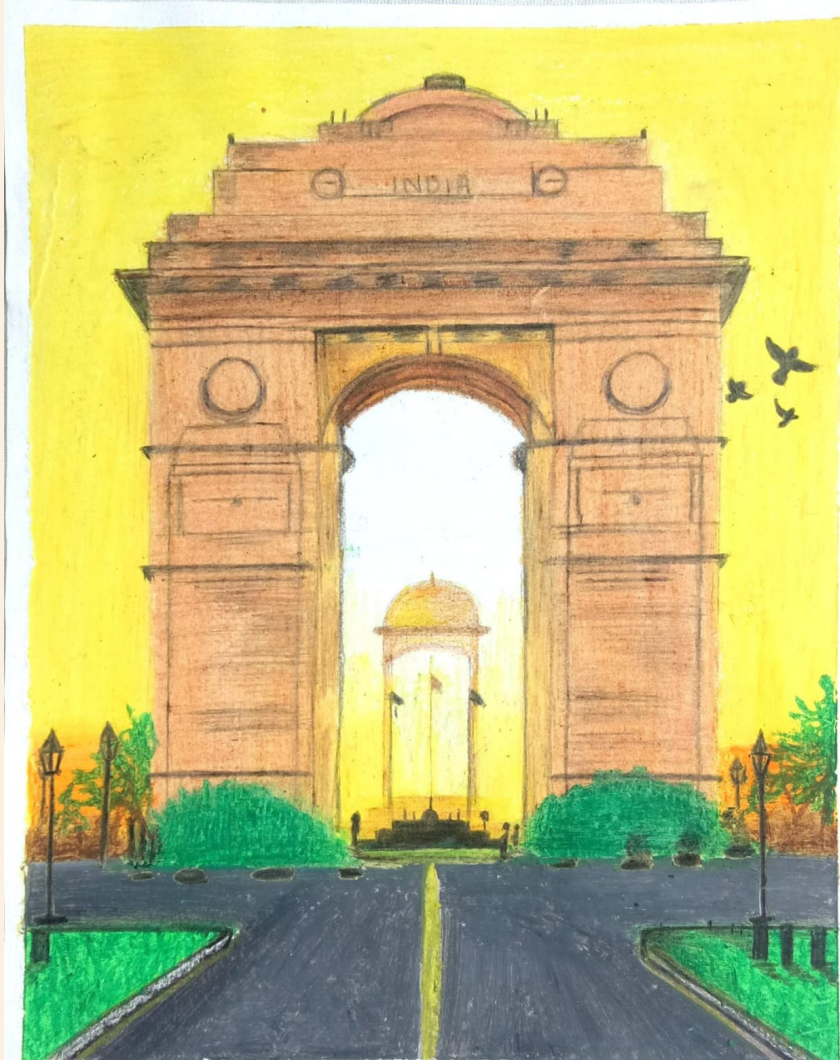


Culture

Cultural painting/यह चित्र उत्तराखंड के पारंपरिक वेशभूषा का है। जिसमें पहाड़ी टोपी और गुलोबन्द का अपना एक अलग ही महत्व है।

India Gate

India Gate is one of the monuments in Delhi that takes you on a nostalgic ride. From chuski wale bhaiya to family picnics; this place had seen us being carefree yet growing. This drawing is a visual masterpiece that not only captures our childhood memories but also India's most beloved landmarks.



Landscape

Landscape painting/what a beautiful nature we have.



CREATOR'S
CORNER
DIVYASHA
KAJAL



The wise owl



Digital art revolution



Still life

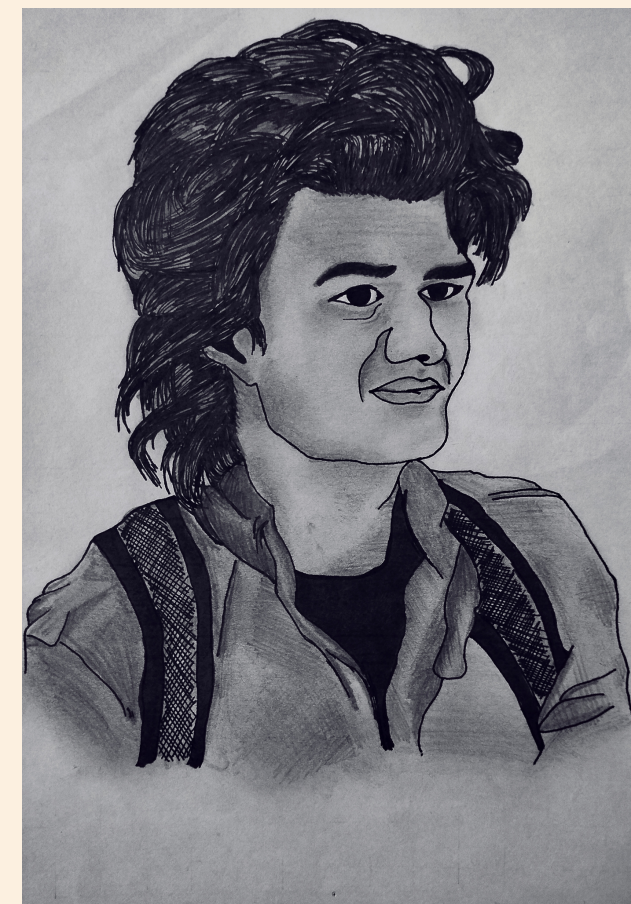


CREATOR'S
CORNER
ANSHIKA JAIN
ANANYA



Clown

Well, I'm Pennywise.
The dancing clown.



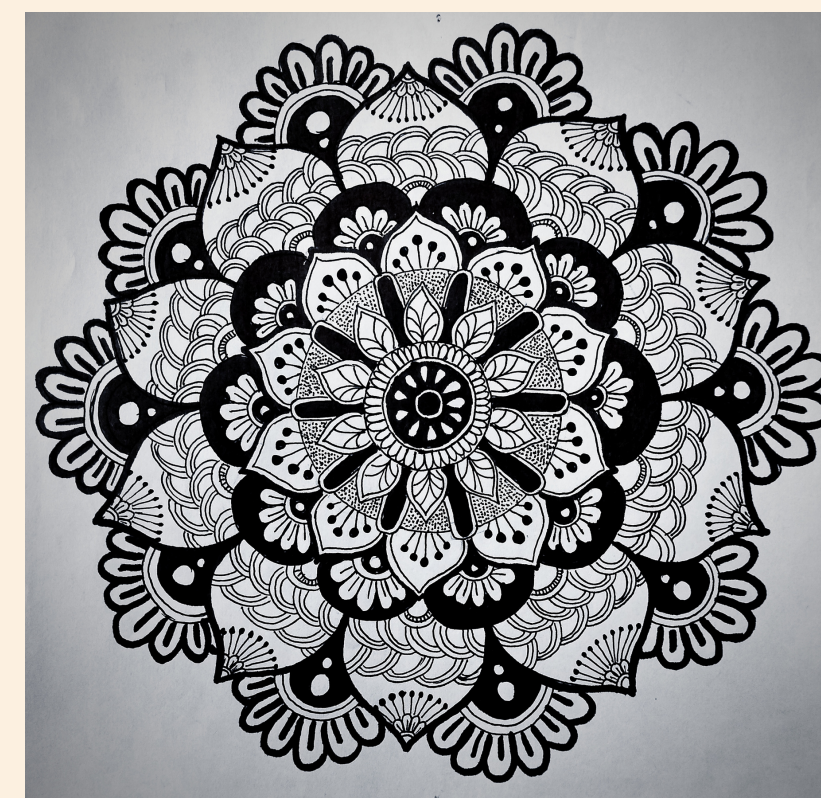
Steve Harrington :
A character from
"Stranger Things"

Stranger Things

As you can see here, this is a fan art of Stranger Things season 5. The demon in the background is called Vecna and the boy in the front is named Noah. In this artwork it is shown that Noah is being possessed by Vecna.



Mandala Art

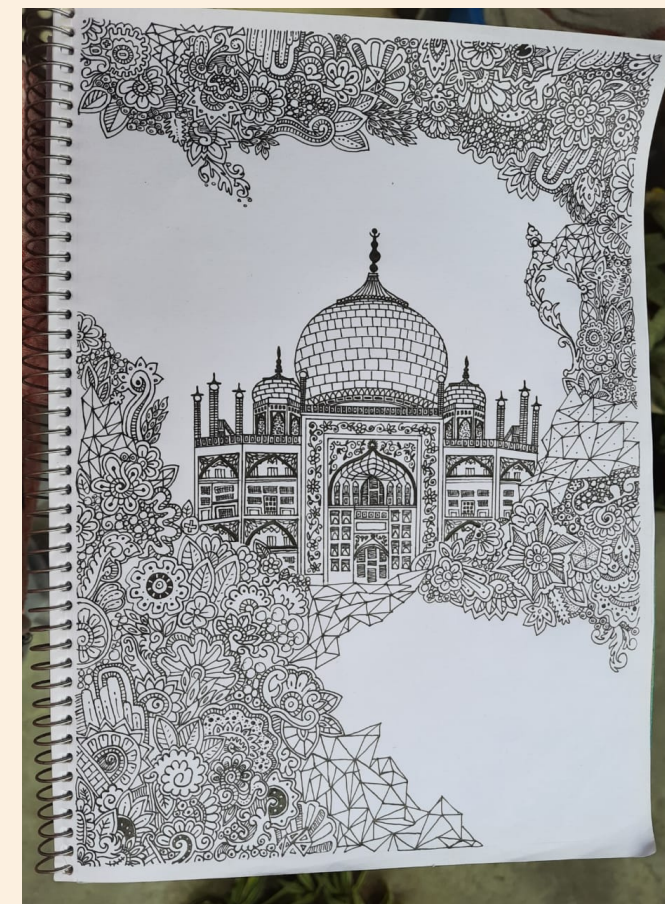


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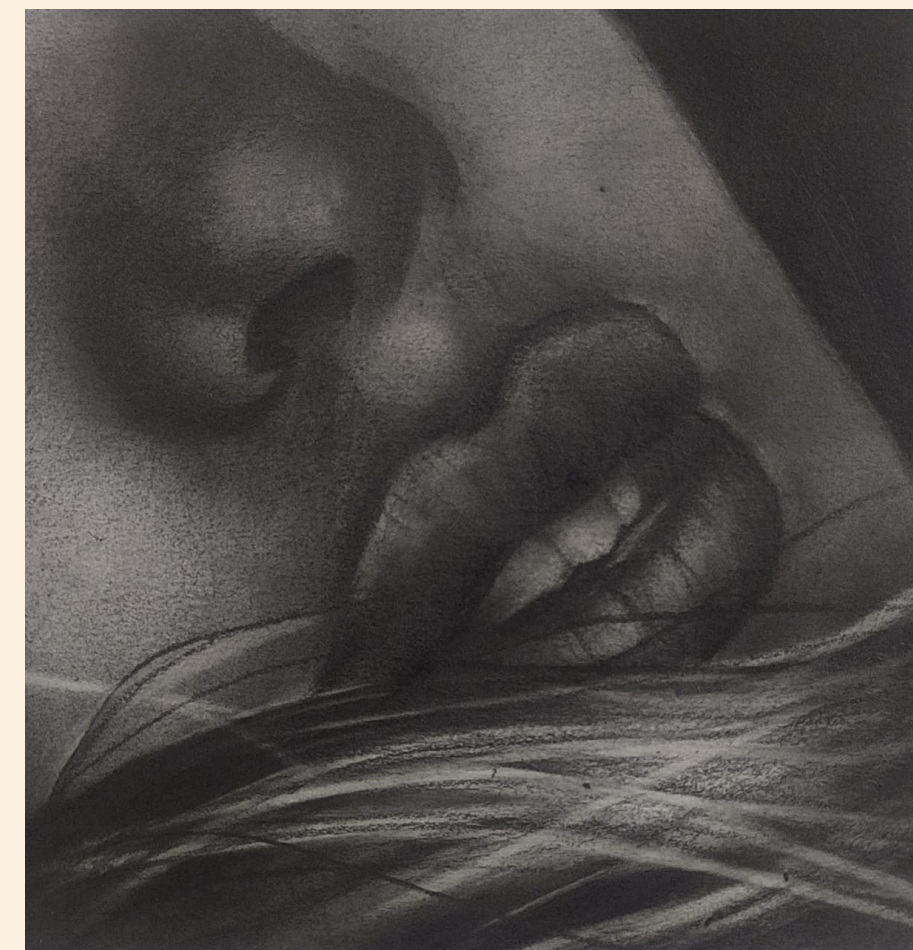
AKANKSHA
SAKSHI



Peaceful couple



Fantasy



Traditional beauty

CREATOR'S
CORNER
TAJUDDIN
MANNU MALIK
SOURBH



graphics

wing



Never call



Deification of antinous



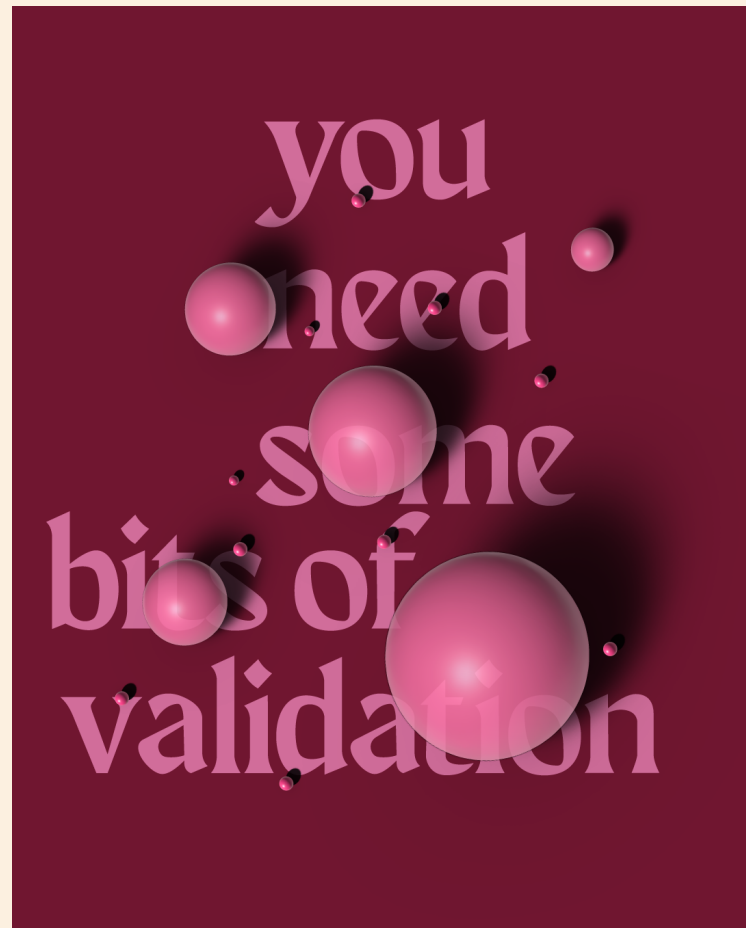
Them pt.1



Pink

Creator's Corner

Vanshika Singh



Validation



baby i'm a problem and i still rule

Vanshi
Versions



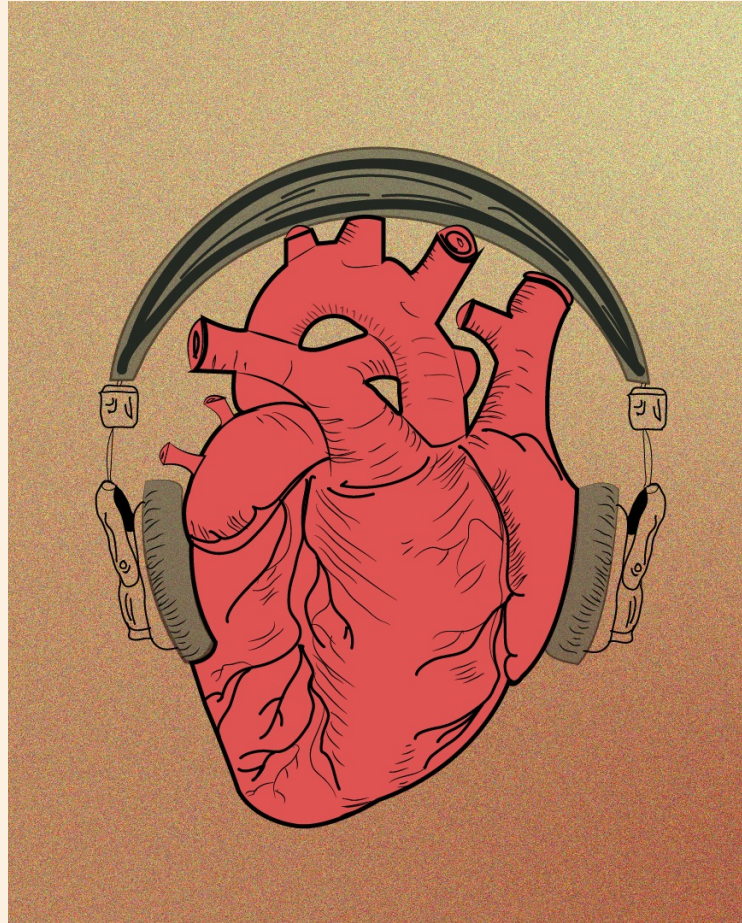
Woman



Oranges

Creator's Corner

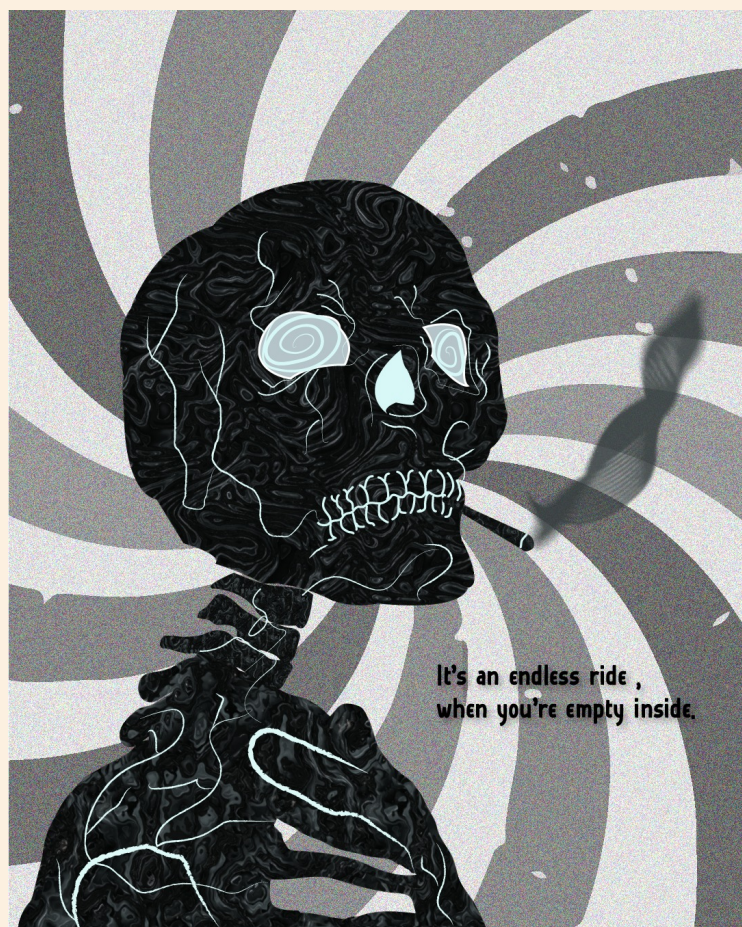
Anmol



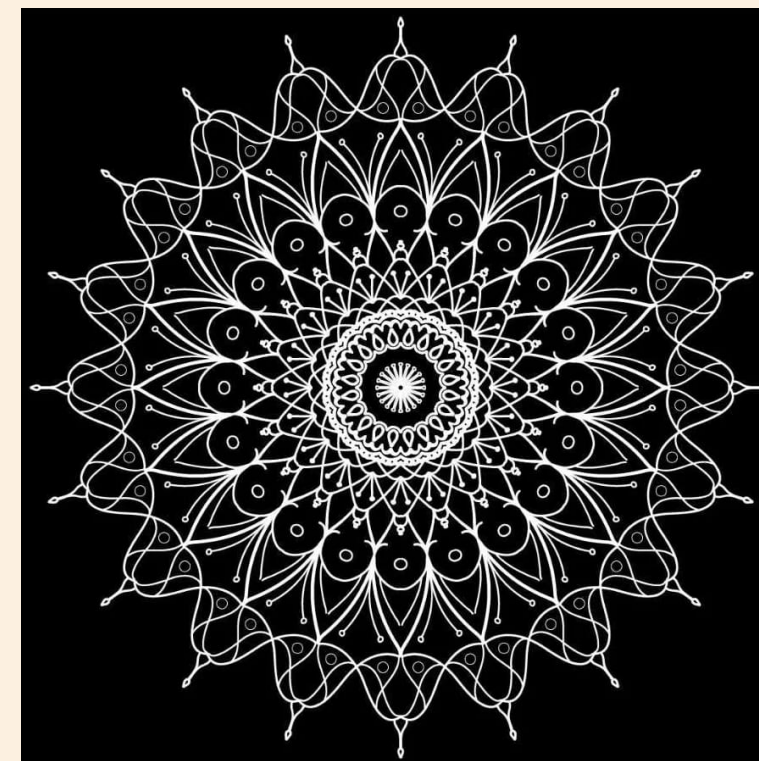
Heart



Joker



Last Breath



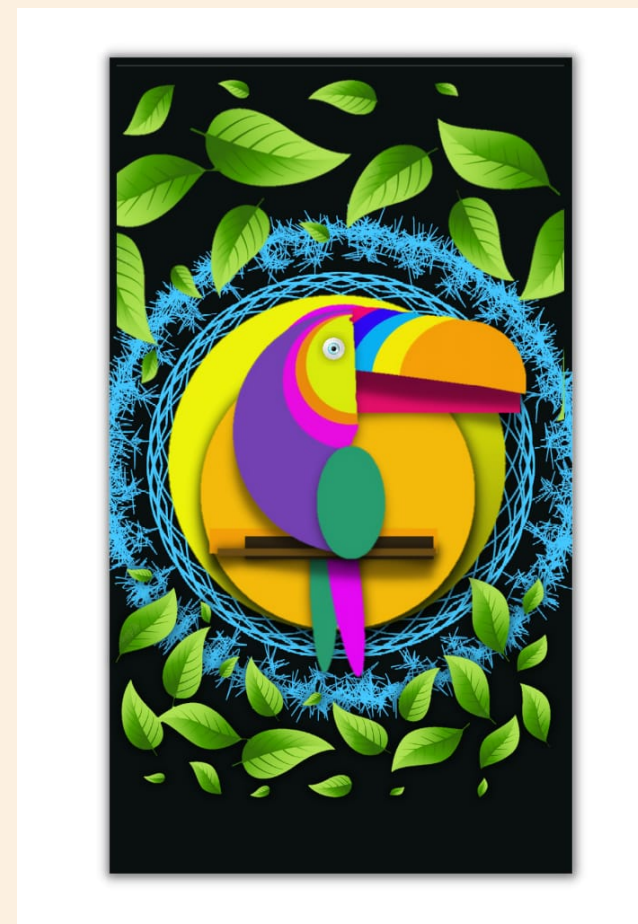
Mandala

Creator's Corner

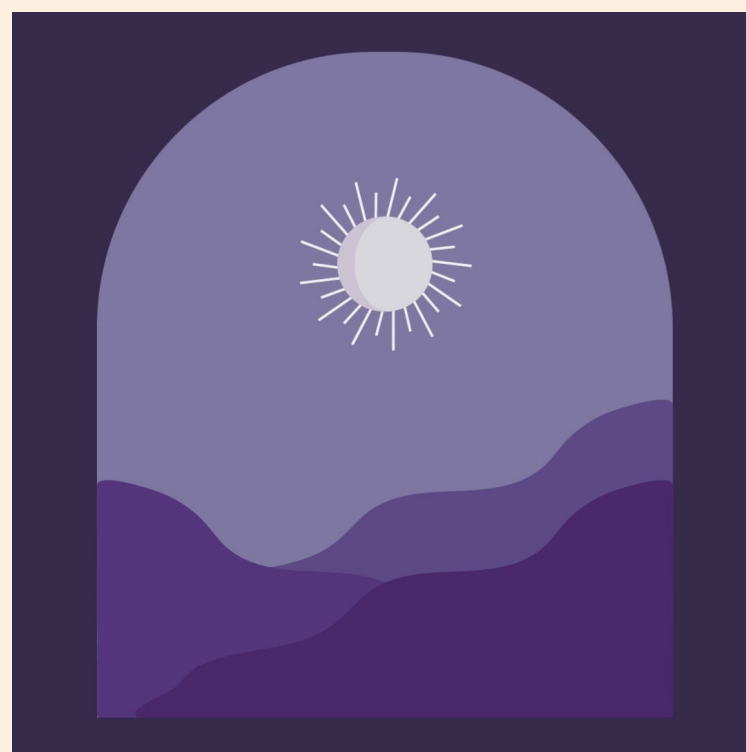
Anshika Jain



Serene
landscape



Amidst of
nature



Monochromatic

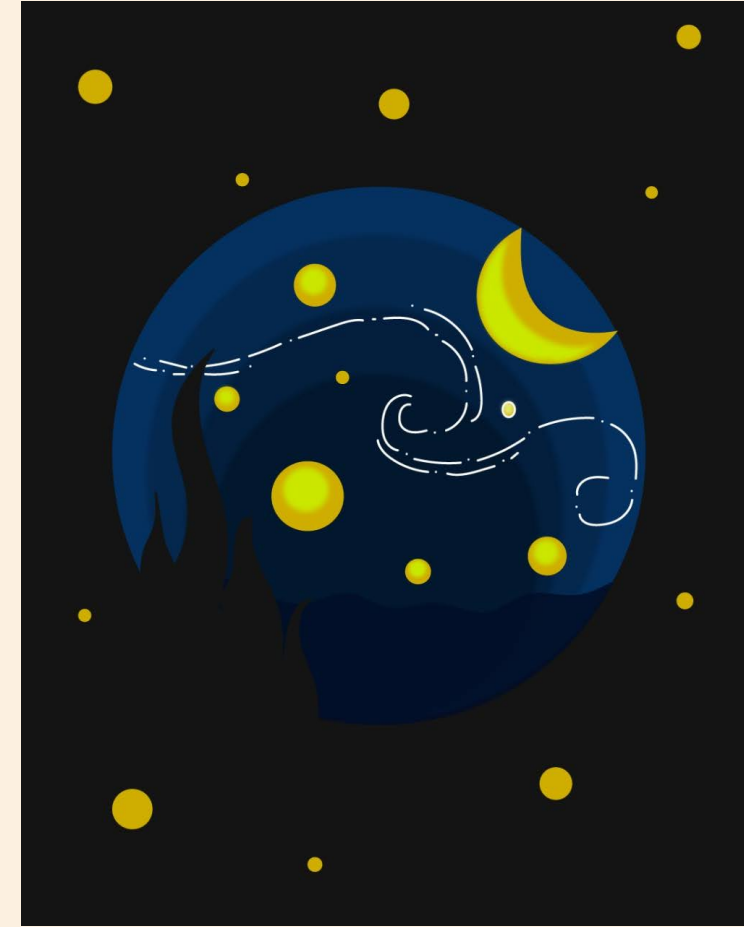


Creator's Corner

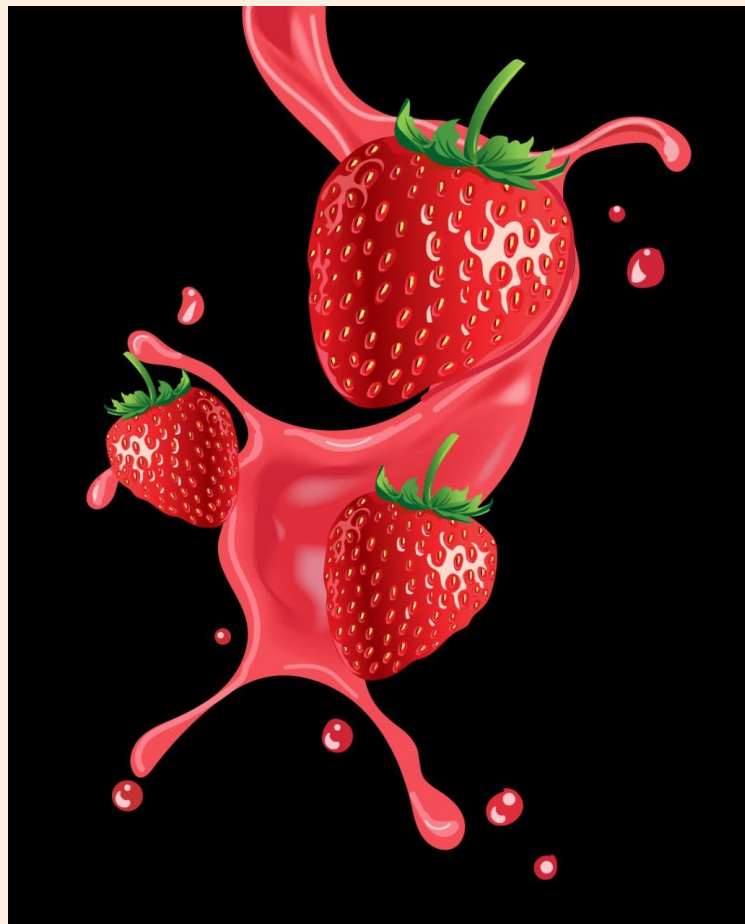
Manya Gulati
Ananya Raj
Sejal Dutta



Dreamland



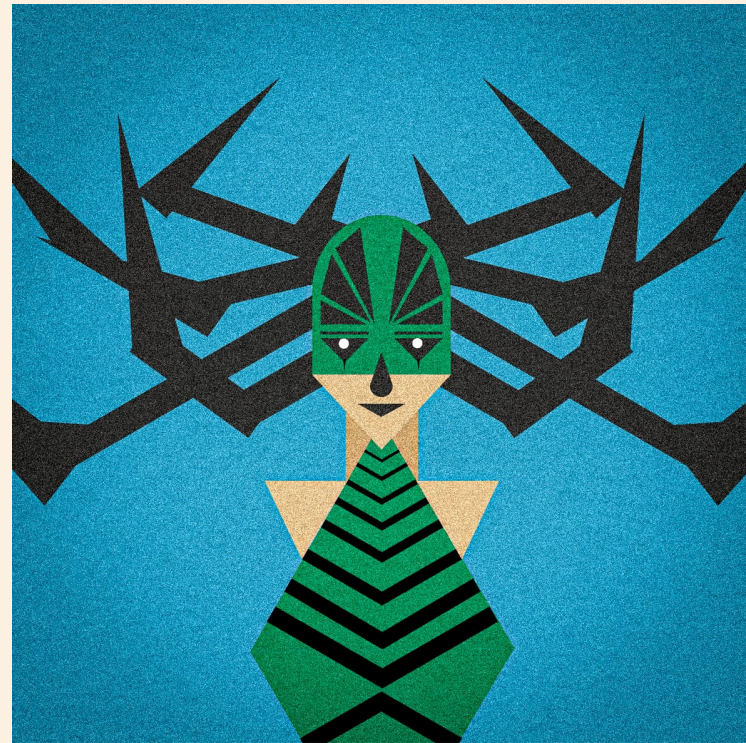
Starry Night



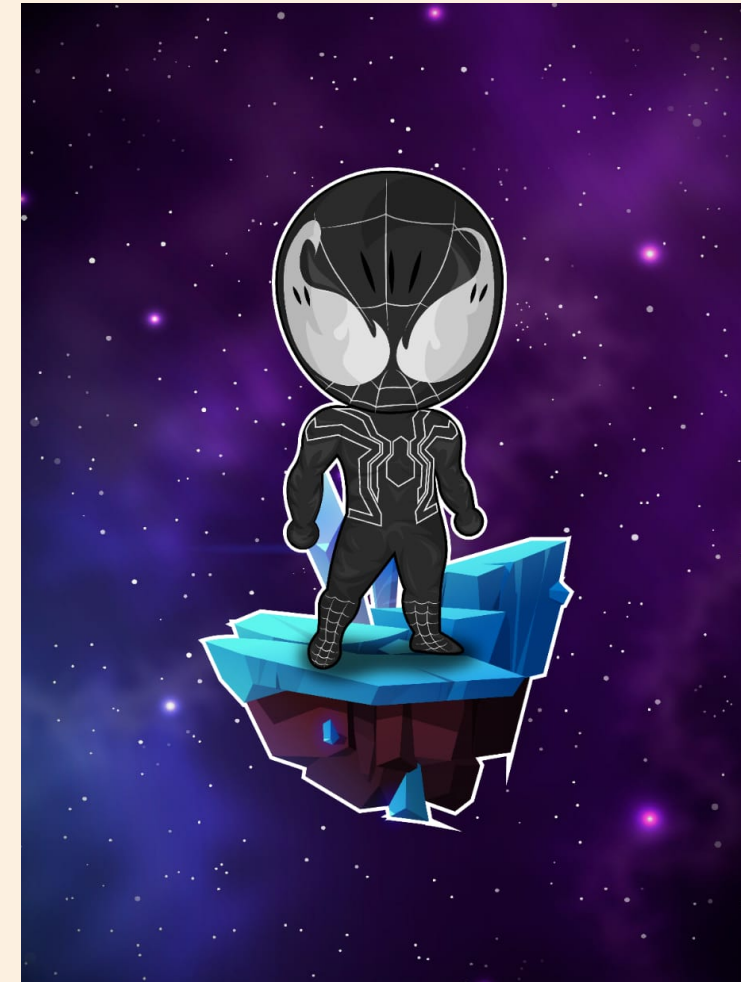
Strawberries

Creator's Corner

Jyotsna Shikha



Hela



Spider Venom



Creator's Corner

Yash



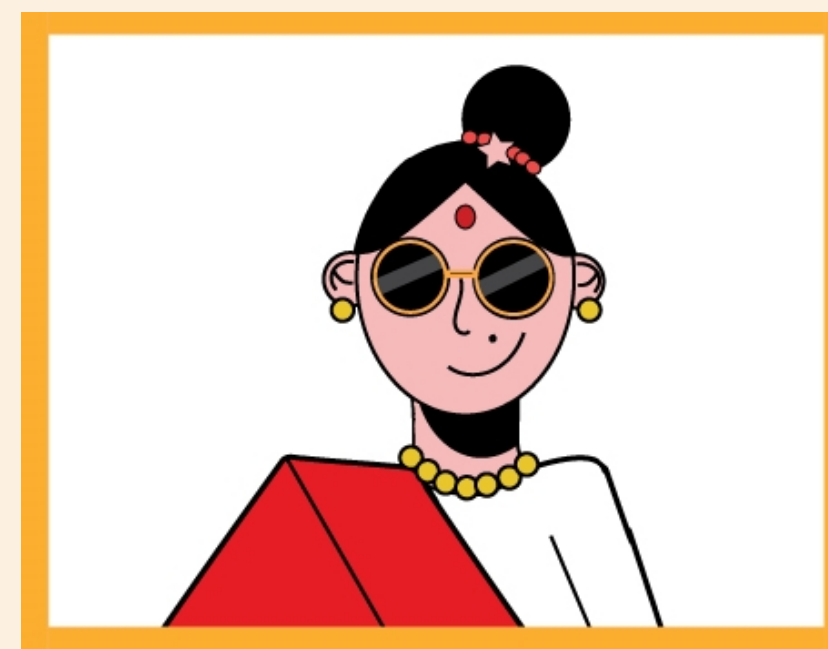
Soul soothing
sundown



Morning
lectures



Gleefully
vibrant views



Lady Boss

Creator's Corner

Ruba Mehvish
Anirban



EDITED AND COMPILED BY THE ENTIRE

Kalamkaar Team



हिंद सलाम, कलम प्रणाम



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BACK AND FRONT
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