



CHRIST
JUNIOR COLLEGE
BENGALURU - 29

Epiphanies

2017

An Anthology of
Student Expressions

A Department of English Initiative

Introduction:

Robert Frost once defined poetry as when an emotion finds thought and that thought finds words. Poetry differs in many ways from prose and is often characterised by how it communicates rather than what. The linguistic elements go beyond the standard sentence structure as a poem tells a tale, describes an object/situation, narrates an event, or simply expresses one's feelings. In celebration of International Poetry Month, Christ Junior College is proud to present 'Epiphanies'; an anthology of poetry written and compiled by students of all streams. It is a collection of different styles and stories, all in their original form.

Foreword:

Poetry is the crown of literature. It is the art of uniting pleasure with reality. It is a dance in which each word; chosen in precision, is a movement. Most importantly, poetry is language at its most distilled and powerful. As for poets, they are those, who before anything are passionately in love with the idiosyncrasy of the language.

The Department of English has created a wonderful opportunity for young poets and aspirants to excel in this realm. Epiphanies is a collection of poems written by the students of Christ Junior College regarding anything they fancy their muse.

At this marvellous outset, I congratulate the faculty as well as the students for taking this initiative forward. Furthermore, I'd like to appreciate the students for showcasing their innate talent and way with words on this platform. I'm sure this enriching experience will kindle the aptitude to rejoice poetic expressions and share more in the days to come.

I wish the readers the very best.

A Cry For Help

Why do we humans define our lives,
By such small trivial things?
Friends, money, grades or flings?

What happened to those days,
When our parents meant the world?
And the only phone a ten-year-old had was paper mache?
Those days, when our grandparents were never too old for us;
And failing was not a trend?
The days when the only beer we would drink was root beer;
And thrive on licorice candy instead of cigarettes?
When a girl and a boy could stay friends?
What happened to our innocent hearts,
Somewhere between childhood and adolescence?

They're all personal decisions.
I have no right to judge.
But ask yourself, whether you wanted this,
Or whether it was all just a cry for help.

Tejaswini Srihari
(I PPES O)

A Dalliance

The gallant knight that speaks,
To the uncaring ears of boundless stars;
A myriad of soloists each to seek,
A single tune to catch their heart.

Wild were they, but so was I,
My devotion to them could tell you why,
The connection was dust, the stardust;
That bound us under the common sky.

They were of fire, fiery knights,
Who spilled their light into the sea.
On which afloat a forgotten moon,
The fire, was all I could see.

O'er the heart of the moon,
Fell a shadow; ever still,
Uncaring for the burning fire,
Embracing us with the will to kill.

The shadow stood, head up high;
Calling to the alluring sky,
The call unraveled through the night;
First susurrous, then alive!

Opulent stars, they did respond,
A welcome, to the paradise.
But to me they denied yet again,
A chance to be one with the sky.

A chance to conflate with the fire;
In me, lay dormant the burning desire;
I stood up and called for them to see,
That even I could admire!

But I heard not my voice, nor the sound,
Of my laments; for a world beyond,
They had reached, and I stood and watched
The strange dalliance of their hearts.

And just like that I begged the night,
To hold on, just to stay;
But I was dust and the stars were fire,
And dawn arrived anyway.

Sumedha Muralidhar
(I CAME L)

A Forgotten Sun

The sun set in the horizon, its rays, the only light in a sea of black.
The children gathered their sticks and stones, walked homeward;
Basking in the day's foils, their sweat stroked dark skins,
Reflecting the light of the setting sun, stomachs growling.
And when they reached home, their hands washed,
A plate of happiness awaited their plunder,
And when darkness crept in, and mother tucked them in,
The nightmares resided, dreams awakened.
They laughed, then ran, they cried, then lay
In a beautiful bed of grass until it dawned,
A nightmare so terrible, they were forced to return
To a world so organized, yet lacking in passion.
And now, they sit, behind huge machines,
Complicated numbers flowing out of trained heads,
Reading off huge books, and heart yearning again,
For the happiness they had found in the grass bed terrain.
And now, we sit, our arms folded,
Muscles pained from the fairy lights,
Fake and consuming, the power which drives a country.
Filled with haunting ghosts of jealousy, greed, and overcome weakness.
The time has gone for small streams to excite us,
Of merry go rounds and candy sticks at the carnival.
Now, we struggle under a cruel eye, earning a meager day's meal.
Hearts tearing with misery, for love from a motherly hand.
Days have gone, worlds have changed.
Lights too have gone numb, the sun forgotten in its horizon.
Drowning in the pretty seas of the west, while we work
Under white tubes of electricity, night forging into day.

Let's live, a whisper, never heard, from deep within the heart.
Let's not, the mind controls. and dawn turns to dusk again.

Kruthi Nagaraj
(II PPES O)

A Price Not Bargained

Awoke lost in a desolate maze,
The murky grey sky aloft I gaze;
All and sundry set ablaze,
I push ahead in a dwam daze.

Enwreathed with the slain,
In clothes soaked in bloodstain;
Exquisite artistry paints the plain,
Incendiaries the Allies pilot, rain.

A sanctuary beneath a film of ashen snow,
Empyrean burning snowflakes do indeed glow;
Hiemal raindrops of crimson past the meadows flow,
My brethren frozen forever, to be a mere shadow.

Received a price I did not bargain,
From one to another, remain shackles of a chain;
Stuck in exclusion, in a clime inhumane,
I trudge onward, bearing my own Mark of Caine.

Neeharika Saravana
(II PPES O)

A Thought

When you're old and weak,
And your bones feel fatigue,
What will bring you joy?
When death is near, And just to live you fear.
What will matter then?
That kid, in school you beat,
Or your college degree?
The one hanging so well on your wall.
Or the huge house you built,
To live in, with your guilt,
From being unable to make a good call?
Or that fancy car, The one you hoped would take you far,
Now lying as dead as you are.
Will these petty things bring a smile on your face?
When you're sitting around counting days?
Or will it be the people, who love and care,
Through thick and thin, the ones who were there?
Isn't it those delightful memories that will last,
And all those good doings of your past?
If those are the things that'll matter most then,
Shouldn't they be the things that matter most now?
Think about it for a second,
Give it a thought.
Shouldn't we live life by our will
If death truly is our final resort?

Meghana V
(II PPES O)

An Encounter

I met this boy who shared my love for Jeff Buckley.
And his gentle fingertips and knuckles,
Made sweet love to a worn out guitar.
The very first time I met him in an amateur night's bar,
I could see it in his eyes; the passion.
The insatiable thirst to want to unsheathe the realms of music entirely.
The eyes of a cub watching its father tear down flesh,
And wanting to do the same after blossoming.
It was maddening to look at someone so very charismatic.
I knew that this boy would greet excellence with his chin up
And fingers placed on the mahogany neck of his Taylor's.

I could not help but question as
We took sips of tap water, I asked
"Why do they say that musicians are broken?"
He was a mad man;
Confined in the world of unknown sanity.
With a subtle smile of a cringing man
Who had been given a few tools to play with,
But ended up building a city, he said,
"Ah, yes of course. you sing what hurts.
You sing what stings.

You sing what your soul cries.
And if pouring your sadness,
Out to the world hurts too much,
And if it hurts too much, and turns,
Into pure art, so be it."

After a couple of drinks,
I shook his hand and left.
He sat by the bar all night writing music,
And counting the number of times,
He sold opinions.
The idea of art has never scared me like this before.
It felt like I was birthed out of a new womb.
Almost as though I were to die and wake up a new being.

Soorya Praveen
(II HEPP N)

Appendix

Searching for a place to sit,
Under a street light,
Completely ignoring,
That fact that it's a moonlit night;

Ears hooked to music,
Boredom hushed by the symphony,
Deaf to the talk;
And people's company;

Dependent on floaters,
Stopping you from sinking,
When it's been in you all along,
To swim and keep on swimming.

Blocks in our mind,
Conditions we create,
Too afraid to take a chance,
Trying to control fate.

Confined by infinite wires,
Apparently keeping us alive,
Unnecessary support systems,
Without which we will survive.

Aakanksha Srisha
(II CAME L)

Blood Ballads

Over the rim of my glass,
I watched her as she slipped in-
To every inkling of my being,
She had led me to sin.

A sin worthy of ballads,
A sin worthy of blood,
A sin as ferocious as fire,
As consuming as flood.

Yet I'd sin,
If hell was my resting stone,
Her words would form my abyss,
To which I would atone.

And there I sat,
Drunk, for my beating heart,
Revived the fire of the lake,
Torment; it tore me apart.

Her eyes the color of the bourbon,
That lay in my hands that night.
Could have saved me from my deadly sin,
As they were my only guiding light.

For again, I watched the fire,
Through the eyes of a sinner; it sparked ablaze,
In love I sinned, that night,
And in hell I'd spend all my days.

Sumedha Muralidhar
(I CAME L)

Cerulean Blue Moon

I keep telling myself,
That the ground is only temporary.
Always convinced,
That our massless hearts were meant to overcome gravity.
That there's a little bit of me,
A little splinter of you,
Lining the dark side of the moon.
I wish I could teach you what
The moon so diligently taught me.
I wish I could tell you about borrowed luminescence,
And deriving your own smile

From the smile of someone else.
I wish you would see that it's okay to ask for help when you falter.
You will fumble.
You will fall.
You will follow galactic trails.
You will desire some things,
Like the young child desires the opal moon,
Night after night, seeing it dangling in the fluid Blackness of a space we
call the sky.
I wish you all the courage and moonbeam to get there.
I wish you light,
And love. Repeat this,
You're a cerulean blue moon in a greying sky.
With as many phases
As the love,
You keep harboured cautiously within.
Each day is your gestation,
And each day is your rebirth.

Thanisha Santhosh
(I PCMB D)

Childhood

Falling back to those days,
Doing all we wanted.
Life, worth living,
Getting all we wanted.

Childhood, we termed,
Innocence filled.
Walks through the woods,
Preferred over lazing at home.

A wish, still left
Castles in the air.
Magic of life,
Childhood, it was.

Sharon Christopher
(II PPES O)

Come Back, Young Fella

Come back, young fella.
How ironical that statement is to me!
Do you remember, young fella,
How we used to chase each other round the almond tree?

Those nights that went cold,
You draped a blanket over me.
And sang me a lullaby,
As I cried myself to sleep.
Do you remember, young fella,
How you would always defend me?
Behaving like a knight in shining armour,
And glaring at the boys you thought were interested in me.

It has a been a long time, young fella,
And I wonder how much you've grown.
Are you the same lanky boy, young fella,
And have you reaped from the seeds you've sown?
Come back, young fella,
I need you more than ever.
Distance has sure done us apart, young fella,
In presence and in heart.
The silence, young fella,
The silence is haunting.
Talk to me, young fella,
Your sister is waiting.

Ramola Varghese
(I PPES O)

Dancing in the rain

Saved me from the storm.
Drowned me in the ocean.
Made my soul feel calm.
Filled my mind with commotion.
Taught me to survive.
Put on a brave facade.
Made me feel alive.
Kept up the masquerade.
Wiped my tears away.
Let my heart bleed out.
Promised me you'd stay.
Left, a warning, without.
Watched from a distance.
As I dealt with every pain.
No storm scares me now.
I've learnt to dance in the rain.

Meghana V
(II PPES O)

Diamond Dust

I've forgotten the good things about me,
I've let it all slip away;
I'm a prisoner to my addiction;
Rescue me from Inferno, a mental jailbreak.
Plunged in darkness, she brought me light;
Kissed my scars, mended my wings;
Painted an indelible mark, to confine;
Only to use me till my enigma is obsolete.
I've got my issues, my demons claw within;
Yet, I fell in love with the subject of sin;
I keep carving a masterpiece till I can no more;
Not across the stream but down the river I must go.
It's been too long, I've succumbed to what I've become;
Gifted with nonchalance, no one taught me to feel;
Numb to loving; it hurts to breathe;
I'm dead inside, I'm lifeless too.
Even diamonds have imperfections,
But I'm the Diamond Dust that illuminates gelid nights;
I belong in the fleeting moments of sopor,
For real life is stranger than my dreams.
Embracing the dark times, that is my destiny;
I can only wait for a miracle;
Like a fallen angel, plummeting like lightning;
The Morning Star will rise, a phantom of the Sun.

Neeharika Saravana
(II PPES O)

Fading Polaroids

If life was all about one person,
You've got to make sure it's about you.
But then, it actually is all about you, lonely hero,
Nobody is ever going to stay.
If you had a choice to choose the people
Whom you'd want to be there for you always,
Well, they're all the wrong ones anyway because
Nobody is ever going to stay.
If you're good from the heart, and nobody can see that,
Well, they're not blind, hon.
Quit anticipating for the things you don't do for the eyes but for the soul
because
Nobody is ever going to stay.
Actions do actually speak louder than words,
Because people are deaf when it comes to see the beating of a broken heart.
They call it 'fate', they call it 'phase', but dear,
Nobody is ever going to stay.

Ananya Shankar
(II PPES O)

Farmer

I want to be a farmer;
For then I can sing praise.
To my Father up in heaven,
Who blesses me with rains.

I will sing when I am tilling,
Till the time I sow.
I'll praise Him when I'm sowing,
And hope my plants will grow.

I know there can be losses,
And profits there shall be.
Whatever be the results,
My hope will always be;

On the day of reaping,
I'll praise His holy name.
He's master of all the world,
Lift him to his fame.

Aleena Elizabeth
(II PCMB C)

Fighting Flame

That mighty flame that can't be put out;
Not bothering to light up the sky;
Instead, helping those who pass by.
That mighty flame that burns so bright,
That not even the wind can put it out;
It burns, trusting itself, no doubt;

It burns with a metaphorical fire,
That makes you want to try,
That makes you believe,
That when a star dies, you may take its place,
This flame, stands out from the rest;
Always aspiring to be the best;
Lighting up the dark,
With just its small spark,
The flame, having still lasted long,
Singing and dancing to its own song;
A song of light, of burnings bright;
A song that spoke of its might.

But finally with one mighty blow,
The little flame died down...
And its remains were ash,
Black like the dark
But It ignited my heart-
This little spark

Yeshaswini Srihari
(I PPES O)

Frozen

The laughter and smiles,
Were so real.
As the fingers pressed the shutter button,
The moment it clicked.
Everyone relaxed from their positions,
Crowding around to take a look,
Beaming at the result.
Back in time when photos were a reality,
The silence is deafening.
Looking back,
Scrolling through each picture;
The joy frozen with one touch,
Trapped in time.
A universe that only exists now,
Inside that photo.

Sharon Christopher
(II PPES O)

Her Veils of Glee

I see the fire in you go out,
As you suffer your greatest loss yet.
I see you try to hide it, conceal it,
From passers-by.
I see you succeed.
I watch in wonder as you face,
The world, with courage that befalls humanity;
The society, with composure that befalls the serene;
The group of friends with affability that befalls the amiable.
You walk as you walked before,
Before a part of your heart withered.
You talk as you spoke before,
Before a part of your mind was lost.
You behave as you did before,
Before your entire world changed.
And I sit here,
Waiting,
Watching,
Gathering courage to walk up to you and ask how you are.
But I just sit here,
Waiting,
Watching,
And wondering how you face the world with courage beyond quotidian
capability.

Akshaya Mohan
(I HESP M)

Homesickness

There's nothing more provocative,
Than a chain dropping with,
The societal grease of ignorance and,
Prejudice, as it grips you by the neck,
Whispering in your innocent ears,
"You're not going anywhere,
Young boy. not on my watch."
I'm not homeless, dear wide eyes.
Believe me when I say that,
You and I have very different,
Definitions of home.

For me, my lost meander is home.
The wet ground that smells,
Of untamed freedom that my naked feet makes,
Love to, is my one and only home.
Do not think of me as unmarried,
Dear ignorant commonality.
It's just that I take the delight,
In marrying the Sun's horizon,
And lustful universe and its wild relief,
Merely to strip its clothing and,
Embrace its true significance.

Let me let you in on an electrifying secret.
I'm homesick; I've been so,
Ever since I planned to pack my bag,
With ideologies of a vagabond.
But this isn't your everyday,

Homesickness. this is my very drive.
It's a mad sickness louder than winter.
It is a great affair of feeling;
Homesick for places I have,
Never had the absolute honor of discerning.

Soorya Praveen
(II HEPP N)

I Could

I could travel to the ends of the earth,
And yet not find anything worthwhile;
But thinking of you I can feel the mirth,
Into paradise I fly at the sight of your smile.

I could look down from the sky so blue,
And yet not find for love as true,
As the unending love I have for you.
To search for the greatest treasure,
I could go to the depths of the sea.
And yet it's value would not measure,
As much as you mean to me.

I could go into space and see,
Into every corner of the Galaxy.
But in realizing does my mind converse,
That you are my entire Universe.

Meldon D'souza
(I PCMB A)

I Tried

I tried.
To stay away from you.
I'd heard how hopeless love was.
I knew.
It only breaks your heart.
Leaves you shattered, torn apart.
Those who'd been in this labyrinth,
Looked at me with grimace.
Don't you ever, they said.
It is traumatizing, doleful,
While there's time, look away.
So,
I tried.
To ignore you with all my might.
I tried.
But yet,
Every time you spoke,
There was a different energy in me.
The way you looked at me,
My heart would skip a beat.
Your smile had become my drug.
And your voice,
Lullaby.
I tried.
Why then,
Did your laugh cause my joy?
Did your tears make me cry?
Did your presence give me life?
I tried.

I swear I tried.
I never should've crossed paths with you.
Never should've seen those angelic eyes.
Never should've tried to know you.
It intrigues me now.
How'd I make this mistake?
Leave my heart hanging open,
So you'd come and make it yours?
I tried. So hard. Yet,
Your love enraptured me.
There was no way out.
It was like a cage.
Yet I felt like a bird,
Freer to fly than ever before.
I tried.
To resist your temptation.
Yet, I succumbed to it.
You consumed my soul.
I was encompassed in your love.
Encompassed,
With no way out.
I had fallen too deep.
To even see the surface above.
Too deeply in love with you.
Even though,
I tried.

Muskaan Sancheti
(II CAME L)

I'm All Yours

I have a lot to learn,
In this realm of love.
But in my heart does a little fire burn,
Wanting to fly like a dove.
And this little dove,
Wanted to traverse the ends.
And on its long way,
It's had to make amends.
Until it stumbled upon something;
And assumed it was nothing.
But later did he realize that one thing
That it's been hunting.
"Graceful, different." said the dove;
As in my head the heavens opened above.
I could feel paradise, the bliss,
Those beautiful eyes I could never miss.
And then it came to thought.
Is she similar to the lot?
With my questioning mind I fought,
And her smile had my tensions caught.
"She's the one." I said.
To her had my heart led.
And if I had to lose her,
I'd be as good as dead.

Meldon D'souza
(I PCMB A)

In Remembrance of Love

It's about looking into someone's eyes,
And seeing your future there.
It's about a feeling in your heart,
That's almost too much to bear.
It's about joining your body and soul,
With another's spirit and form;
And it's about the hope that one day soon,
A new life will be born.
It's about entrusting your most precious dreams,
Into another's hands.
And it's about finally finding someone,
Who completely understands,
The way you feel today.
As you stand side by side,
Cocooned in a bubble of love,
The groom and the bride.

Sanobar Seher
(I PCMB G)

It Never Is Easy

It never is easy,
Acquiring again what you have lost;
The defiant trust you harnessed in people,
Untarnished innocence,
But something changed along the way.

Left you hanging on a thread;
Shattered your belief in good.
You questioned the essence of humanity,
But it never really is their fault.
Humans are not meant to be,
Trusted or predicted or studied;
They will always,
Flicker, Waver, Leave.
For no fault of yours,
But no fault of theirs,
Not everyone is meant to stay in your orbit;
Some are passing meteorites;
And the others are shooting stars;
That you wish upon,
And watch as they disappear,
Into the chasm we call the sky.
But don't lose hope.
There are people who will stay for you,
Despite your blemishes,
Despite your freckled flaws.
Humanity will fail you not.
But it is never easy...

Thanisha Santhosh
(I PCMB D)

Karma

Scars chase my past away,
But they are forever going to stay.
Reminding me why I ran in the first place,
When whispers of tomorrow was bringing me good fat.

Maybe that's why I am afraid,
To accept the good that comes my way.
I'm afraid of what I'll have to lose again,
To see myself happy again.

But before these scars begin to ache,
I need to put myself back together in place;
And before the past decides what the future has to say,
I shall embrace the world in grey.

Ananya Shankar
(II PPES O)

Limoncello

Her eyes seemed to hint,
At an instinct young and wild; had a glint
Like dusk light off silver Tuscan trees.
All that I knew of the promise of adventure,
I saw in those hazel-rimmed windows to her soul.

Perhaps it was naive to believe
I could withstand the lashes

Of her acid tongue.
But when she turned sweet,
Her yellow hair, falling across my gaze,
Blinded me to her sting.

She reminded me of every journey I'd taken, every insane impulse
awakened.
In my head, I whisked her away to my favourite places.
We strolled down the narrow Positano streets and watched the sun paint the
sky at Capri.

But when finally, her bitter rind got the best of me,
I wondered if there had been anything within to begin,
All I had left was memories of a voyage that never arrived.
And the bittersweet aftertaste of limoncello,
I drank alone at a table,
Looking out at sunset hues that had long since faded to a starless black
night.

Devi Shastry
(II HEPP N)

Lullabies

If my echoes were visual,
They would be blurred.
My screams will turn faint,
But, my love, that I cannot paint.

I maybe lonely, but I'm not lost;
I live in my version of reality, and no
It ain't as chaotic as yours.

I am waiting for the day,
When these ink of sorrows wash away;
And when these pages can be filled,
With meaningful words that forever say,
That life is worth living.
Not for him, not for her,
But for yourself.

Those monsters under our beds,
That we feared have finally crawled up into our heads.
And for as long we fear who we are,
We need to wake up and get rid of them.

Ananya Shankar
(II PPES O)

Lunacy

We're all so used to,
Romanticizing about perfection,
That we don't acknowledge,
We aren't just machinery,
Plugged into a centroidal plant,
Changing into a placement of bones,
And a bed of flesh,
But more so, the source,
Of blooming lunacy.
Sooner or later, We will know,
That we are the centerpiece,
On a table warmed by the crazies.
I can say with confidence,
And think as the skyline;
That you, him, her and we,
Are a forceful vehemence,
Are weird in ways,
We cannot scream.
There's just something,
About the eyes of the crazies.
Colour, unknown.
Irises, constructing dreams
And tearing down pavements,
Of normalcy.
If the world needs something,
It is this.

Soorya Praveen
(II HEPP N)

Mindful of thoughts

That moment when you
Sit back and think, Realize that life,
Changes in every blink.
Ships which once used to sail,
Oceans have now sunked,
I'm just with a pen in hand,
And a mindful of thoughts, which
unfortunately can't be inked.

Taiyab Mahmood
(I PCME I)

Monotony

Awaken. Cleanse.
Morning says hello, as she teaches me to face
the fresh hell of a new day.
Dead eyes resting upon a million barren smiles,
Tempting fate, Drawing the blinds.
Night comes by, immersing me farther into my own
mind than I'd ever care to venture.
Unsure of whether I'm hopeful or fearful of seeing your face writ across
my tomorrow. Awaken. Cleanse.
The only thing that shatters this mundane dance with death, Is us.
Screaming our dreams out onto the deafened ears of a world that forgot to
care.

Devi Shastry
(II HEPP N)

Move Ahead and Take A Leap

When it's hard to breathe,
When it pains to move,
When it hurts to laugh.
That's when your awake.
That's when you see your inner self and know,
What you mean to the world.
What the world means to you.
That's when the vast chasms of hate and love don't obscure you.
Now when you move, the world will move with you.
When you breathe, the world will breathe with you.
Now, insanity and sanity would just be words.
Feelings and emotions, just stories on your fingertips.
You're awake, a different human. A different you.
A you, who is susceptible to the world
And acceptable to society.
A you, who satisfies your inner thirst
And pacifies your exasperation. So awake. Move.
And every time you want to give up,
Transcend that impulse.
Move. Move ahead and take a leap.

Akshaya Mohan
(I HESP M)

Nature's Metamorphosis

I was sitting outside on a bench,
The drizzling of the rain,
Cleansing the ground;
Washing away the pain.

I saw the clouds passing by;
The sun trying to be seen;
Everything was so peaceful,
I thought I was in a dream.

The wind caressed my face;
Silently calling me to play,
Showing outward, their happiness;
The trees would slowly sway.

I sat there for a long long time,
Lost in a world so far,
The last thing I remember,
Was the sky full of stars...

When the sun gave way to the moon,
And the clouds were at rest,
This was what I was waiting for;
Nature at it's best.

That harmony, now, no more,
Be it night or day.
Those white clouds cease to be.
They've become a dull gray.

The trees have lost,
Many of their kind.
The breeze, it's urge to play,
For I'm too hard to find.

Sometimes I go outside,
Hoping for that peaceful pause,
Where nature takes you away,
From reality without a specific cause.

It vanished with our creations;
The skyscrapers and the endless concrete;
Things could have been different,
Had we made the two ends meet.

But instead we personified our qualities;
Jealousy, greed and hate.
And now we can't get it back;
We have caused our own fate.

Yeshaswini Srihari
(I PPES O)

No capes

Back to the flashback, back to square one,
She was young; she just wanted to have some fun.
And him, in his jacket and boots; he was trouble she knew,
With all that mystery, she couldn't handle it, butterflies flew.

To all the secrets kept hidden, to all the love she held back,
Poured out of her when he poured her the wine; he was what she lacked,
Slowly as the dawn changed to dusk, their tangled hands couldn't stay
away.
Their hearts beat as one, in sickness and health, forever they as they may.

He gave her a ring, she gave him all that she had, she gave him her life,
He was overjoyed, overwhelmed; words unspoken, his eyes called her his
wife.
But this fairytale story does not have a happy end,
To his country, to his motherland, his life did he lend.

Yes, he was a hero, her hero and their son's,
He entered hell, he knew his fate as he saw hundreds with mighty guns.
Warriors fight for countries but couldn't he surrender for his family?
She fell on her knees, no sound escaped as he was carried on, her body
trembling.

What about those promises? They were not meant to be broken,
She was an unfixable soul, her eyes red with deep sorrow, she asked her
God, choking,
"I prayed to you day and night, to keep him safe, to give him might..
Now he is called a hero, but what about our life? No more can I do this, no
more can I fight."

Not a word escaped from her dry, lifeless lips,
Her eyes lowered as she she saw her son hold her hips,
He was ours and now he is mine, tears welled up as she thought about his
lies,
As he looked up, she could see the same love she saw in her husband's
eyes.

He was a hero, a savior and her son will be one too,
He will save her from dying, the four year old, too good to be true,
God had given her a death blow, it was a massive billow,
She was left with no choice, she replaced her love's shoulders with one of
her pillows.

Subhiksha V.S
(II CAMS J)

Paper World

The other night, fallen asleep,
I dreamt of a paper world.
With different kinds of paper people,
And paper animals and paper birds.

The sky a faint ink black,
Origami birds flying back to their nests.
And the slight breeze rustling paper leaves,
This paper world was at it's best.

And there was my family, all sitting together,
Watching TV, the Paper Back View.
Laughing, enjoying, just having a good time,
The moon lighting the world up, bright and new.

But all was not as it appeared,
In this world of paper times.
There was still pollution and corruption,
And people committing many a crime.

And of course there was still paper money,
Fueling these paper people's greed.
And even in this world of paper people,
This paper money never met ever growing needs.

Confetti cannons leading the way,
In wars being fought for no reason.
Burning holes through the paper armies,
While the helpless paper people run.

Smoke burning the paper atmosphere,
Paper trees being shredded down.
And pollution from paper factories and cars,
Turning paper white buildings brown.

All was not a fairytale in this paper world,
But these paper people had hope and belief.
That someday they would write the fairytale ending,
And could turn the page, and start over a new leaf.

Tejaswini Srihari
(I PPES O)

Phantom of the Old

When she was little,
Her eyes saw beyond those fangs,
Her mind swam through the riddles,
She could grasp her dreams with her tiny hands.

She would try to catch butterflies,
Glide across the her sky,
Little did she know of the arrows and cries,
What it is to be afraid and shy.

When she was innocent no more,
When was her world not idyllic;
Her wings became gore,
By the knives of her own cynic.

Too terrified to believe;
Too pragmatic to stargaze,
How could she ever perceive?
What it would be like to set her fears ablaze.

It was then that she learned,
That her childhood ignorance, her whiteness;
Was now, what she yearned
In trade for her cognizance and prowess;

-Aakanksha Srisha
(II CAME L)

Smile

A million smiles might be a hyperbole,
But a single one is not you see?
A single smile lights up lives,
And changes men without the use of knives.
A smile straight from the soul,
Whitens even the blackest of coal.
Akin to the bright rays of the sun,
That helps people overcome sadness,
Is a smile filled with elation,
To show the ones not so glad,
That nothing in this world is so bad!

Syeda Shaista Naz
(II PCMB B)

Sorry

To the friendships I've let go of.
To the conversations I've stopped replying to.
To the times I've walked away.
To the boys I've hurt because I just could not stay.
To the times I've cried over getting my heart broken but all I did was break yours.

I am sorry.
I'm sorry for I've made you feel the way I do almost every day.
I'm sorry that you're lighting that cigarette and pressing it to your lips, hoping that it's me, while I'm crushing it into an ash tray.
I'm sorry that you're trying to forget the pain, the pain that I caused you.
I'm sorry I'm stuck with someone else while you, you're stuck with me.
I'm sorry I'm breaking your heart, while I'm complaining about getting mine broken.
I'm a victim to this cruel cycle, but so are you.

I hope you'll forgive me.
That someday, you'll understand.
I hope you understand that change is constant. That it's inevitable.

And I hope that someday, I understand too.

Larissa Al-Oraibi
(II HESP M)

Stained

That's when it happened.
There I was,
Sitting at the table where we first met, waiting for you.
And you walked in,
With my heart in your palm and her,
In another.
There was nothing but a glass of wine against my lips.
Oh, how I wish it was you.
It slipped through my grip,
Shattered and stained my turquoise dress while you did the same to my
heart.
You didn't notice me,
But I was there.
Watching. Observing.
I saw how you looked at her.
It was a look I was all too familiar with.
A look I had grown to call home.
I'd call you wine, my love.
For as of that day, you have stained me.

Larissa Al-Oraibi
(II HEPP N)

Tarnished bliss

And through these nights,
I ask you to linger within my soul.
To touch my lips,
My throat, My lungs, My heart.

I ask you to take away the loneliness.
With every sip,
Every peg, Every shot, Every taste.

I ask you to clean my dirty soul.
Slither through it,
Make it happy, Make it laugh, Make it escape reality.

I ask you to speak as the best of me.
To speak the truth,
The brutal honesty, The mystery, The hidden parts of me.

I ask you to take away my pain.
Stop my tears, Stop the voices, Stop my heart,
Stop my mind.

I ask you to make me, me.

Larissa Al-Oraibi
(II HEPP N)

The Legacy of Planet Earth

I came as fire, blazing fire;
Churning and burning, the flaming tongues leaped higher.
I came as the beginning,
Of our little blue marble, everlasting.
I came with life, the very first flicker;
Endowed it upon barren rocks and splinters.
I came thus, as the beginning;
Everlasting, we believed, with aeons combining.
I came as the wonder of evolution,
And in that Kingdom, I crowned Man in exultation.
I came as development.
My race advanced royally, engulfing every resonance I sent.
I came to my people lonely, lost and burnt out. Time had raced past.
My reign over my little blue marble, grey with doubts.
Millennia had rolled by, decades rushing.
Fast and furious, as the bolts of lightning that streak the sky.
I came as rage!
Wrecking havoc, tearing from the history of my creation, each page.
I came as destruction.
Shattering the very core of my little blue marble.
I came, still as an ocean, after the storm.
But, bring forth arrogance and impending doom awaits.
In the history of cosmos, our chapter ends mid-page.
Least suspecting that what lay beyond change was paradise,
Oblivion is inevitable and destruction awaits...
One change dictates our legacy...

Akhila Thomas
(II PCMB E)

The Light of the World

It was dark, it was cold,
She was sad, but she was bold.
To take the steps forward,
Against all odds;
She spoke up.

She spoke into the dark,
The night was but young.
She held her head up high,
Looked into the perilous sky,
And spoke,

"Freedom", she said.
To be free to walk and not look back.
To be free to fly and not look down.
To be free to speak and not take it back.

She spoke into the night.
It was cold and it was dark.
But she was the spark the world needed,
She was LIGHT.

Aaron Thomas
(II PPES O)

The Mind of a Psychopath

Welcoming the caress of thorns;
Like a black rose,
Painting myself red.
Willingly lost in night's abyss;
Dirty magic,
Paves my way instead.

Satisfied by this bloodshed;
With a sweet tooth,
Especially for my own.
A crafty gaze and lethal touch,
With skin debauched-
Rotten to the bone.
To my ears, the sounds of war,
Are whimsical;
A soothing lullaby.
Haunted by bittersweet words;
The devil himself,
Is my catcher in the rye.

Investing in my cold soul,
The darkness,
Becomes my lone identity.
A wolf hiding in sheep's skin;
Warm but poisonous-
Mastering the art of trickery.

Breaking kindred spirits and hearts,
Perfectly satiates,
The demonic compulsion within me.
Eluding bars and guillotines;
Flaunting my crimes-
Remorseless, I roam free.

Sanjana N
(II PPES O)

The Mystic Myth

Dipped in the hues of the rising sun,
Scarlet and profound; second to none;
With grace it takes off into the sky
The Phoenix is born with fire in its eyes.
A symbol of strength, an idol of hope,

With fury inside, like a kaleidoscope.
A keeper of secrets from aeons ago,
Playing the role of Helios's prow.
Agile and active, it flies about
Till time comes for its inner rout.

To be reborn from its own ashes
And come forth, discarding its rashes.
We too need to learn from this bird,
And resurrect ourselves to this changing world.

To be immortal and rise again,
Immune to deceit and disdain.
This remarkable mark of ecstasy
Is the Phoenix born in a legacy!

Pallavi N
(II PPES O)

The Social Order

I see pieces of your puzzle;
You are forced to bare your pain;
To me as I artfully piece,
My poison past your barricade.

Your cover from my acidic touch;
But you have no place to hide.
My darkness chases your shadow;
I am law and you are a renegade.

I give meaning to your speech;
Rephrasing and rewording.
To abide by my rigid rules,
Else I pass judgement- exile.

I can bring you to your knees,
Like the puppet-master;
Working behind the scenes;
An endless trend, always in style.

I will accept your perspective;
Shape it according to my views.
I will let you live and grow,
Moulding you into what I prefer.

Throughout your life I will criticise,
And in the end, pretend to lament.
I will pave out your path, such that;
You'd rather die than deter.

You can choose to fight,
I guarantee you will not win;
Try as you will, my child,
There is no escape from me.

Yours cries are futile,
Your screams will remain unheard;
I am a vast and greedy abyss,
You are trapped for eternity.

Sanjana N
(II PPES O)

The Sun and The Moon

In the darkness of the night,
The moon danced by the stars,
Counting the hours till he saw the sun,
It always seemed so far.

For when the night did come,
Every night without fail.
He was kissed by gentle sunlight,
Eliminating his look so pale.

But he never saw this maiden,
Who carelessly breathed life into him.
For the when the night would disappear,
Along with it, would go him.

He continued to love her,
Blind or not, he didn't care.
For though he never saw her,
He knew of her flair.

And so every night he died for her,
Enclosed in an opaque sheath.
In order to allow his beautiful maiden,
Another chance to breathe.

Tejaswini Srihari
(I PPES O)

Though...

Though you say you fall in love with her every time you see her;
Though your day starts and ends with her smile;
Though you hug her like your heart would stop beating,
If it did not sense the presence of her heart beat;
Though you tell her you love her more than anybody ever would;
Though you satiate all her cravings and wants;
Though you would do anything to keep her yours and happy;
She will not love you, the way you love her.
She will not see new galaxies everytime you kiss her;
She will not feel revival every time you touch her;
She will never be truly your's, body and soul;
She will never be satiated, Because, she is not ME;
The one who loves you more than self;
The one who loves you enough to let go.
The one who loves you to put you first always.
The one who could reciprocate the intensity of your love;
The one who is satisfied with a mere glance of your face;
Whose heart beats only in your presence;
Whose life starts with you...
She is not me. Never will be.
Though, you will never realize,
Though, you will never be mine,
No one will ever love you more than me.
She cannot love you the most,
For I already do, and will, always.
Forever.

Aishwarya Singh
(PCMB G)

To Be Distracted

All I asked for was to be distracted.
Instead you left me with thoughts I didn't want to visit.
With feelings I didn't want to acknowledge,
With ideas that had occurred to me long ago,
But the same ideas that never became anything.

All I asked was for you to talk.
About who you like, what you hate,
How annoying this is, about how nice that song is,
About the first thought that came to your mind and a reaction to my latest
reply.

All I asked for was a moment of peace,
So I didn't have these same thoughts going through my head.
So that I wouldn't be here, sulking in bed.
So I wouldn't be angry with myself, over something I couldn't even help.

All I asked for was to be distracted. So my existence wouldn't bother me.
All I asked was to be distracted, so the blades wouldn't have to cut this
deep.
All I asked was to be distracted, and not having to feel.
Or should I have asked, don't let me be attentive?
So I wouldn't need to cry. So I wouldn't need to sob, and lose my will to
survive.

Should I have said, direct my attention elsewhere, so you wouldn't bring it
up,
So you wouldn't say "Listen, you're pretty messed up"
Did I have to say "I'm sorry, I do need some help"?

And agree that I needed someone to remind me, I couldn't just sit here and wail.

Was it important for you, to not distract me when you said you would?

Sure you didn't promise me, next time I'd make sure you would.

I needed distraction, not redirection back to my problems.

I needed you to say "Forget that and listen" and not "Listen and don't forget".

I needed you, because for that one moment I had no one else.

I needed you because I let myself believe you could help.

But my delusional beliefs have led me to understand.

The one thing you cannot do, is distract.

Saandra Manoj

(II PPES O)

Tourniquet

When each word,
Is a fighting battle,
And each breath is braving a war;
When each step is bound by shackles,
The burn of the manacle,
One is forced to endure...

I find my release,
In a parchment of 5 feet;
With a quill drenched,
In dark vermilion.
Simple and lingering,
Strokes and contours,
Slowly lead me to my oblivion...

The profound depth,
Of the shallow routes,
Etched in a barren canvas;
Time cannot heal.
The rosy fire paves,
It's way further;
Scars as they remain,
Hide the way I feel...

Am I too lost,
To be saved?
Too far gone,
To be revived?

The darkness is my light,
As I search for an abyss;
A reward; for I,
In vain, have survived...
Now, will I be denied,
My tourniquet?
Will I be denied
My suicide?

Sanjana N
(II PPES O)

Truth and Poetry

As a writer of predominantly prose,
I envied the poet's innate ability,
To compose their thoughts so accurately into ink;
Invoking emotions so profound-
They could not be anything but truth.
Then, I was hurt; my so called inspiration,
My soul bled forth through my lips and fingers,
Onto pages and pages of typewritten text until the truth;
From between the lines, emerged.
I looked into his cold, unforgiving eyes;
He urged me to abandon the imitation game in which we all partook.
I'd like to think that someday, I may heed his advice.
As for poets, I envy them no longer,
But I am unsure whether this is due to my recent welcome to their ranks.

Devi Shastry
(II HEPP N)

Will I?

This night, I lay, crying my heart out.
Tears everywhere, without bounds.
My heart hurting and aching beyond reason.
Wounded over and over again.
Mocked by smiles, yet again.

Now... Devoid of love... Devoid of safety.
I wish I could run to them both.
But I know not a soul to whom I can go.
Happy souls, people say.
We are happy, I make myself say.
But, souls weep and cry as moments fly away.
With tears that could fill an ocean, if gathered;

I want to fight. I want to hope.
I want to. I want to, I truly do... But I am helpless,
I am but a poor mortal who can bear only so much.
I have suffered.
My tears have washed my wounds,
The salt deepening my scars.

Now..
Devoid of love. Devoid of safety.
I wish I could run to them both.
But I know not a soul to whom I can go.
Will I ever be safe and loved? Will I? Will I ever?
Will I ever love and protected? Will I? Will I ever?

Aishwarya Singh
(II PCMB G)

Written in the stars

Your eyes exuded immeasurable joy,
When I first saw the light of day,
The warmth of your touch stopped my tears,
As in your loving arms, my fragile body lay.
Everyday you celebrated my advent.
In your own subtle, baffling ways.
And I perplexed, didn't understand your love,
So oblivious and preoccupied in my own maze.
Now I do but too little, too late,
For time goes not backward nor waits,
But if there's a heaven and if there is hope,
Then know that the bond of souls, not even
divine intervention, separates.
Not a day will go by when I don't reminisce
Of our time together, a happy family we were.
Now my tears fall to the ground,
As the pain makes the truth of reality blur.
Different roads our journey saw,
Amid the struggle, will grow strength.
The sound of your absence resonates now,
But our hearts will learn to heal at length.

Meghana V
(II PPES O)



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