



CHRIST
JUNIOR COLLEGE
BENGALURU - 29

epiphanies

An insight into the highway of life...

EPIPHANIES 2017

EPIPHANIES

An Anthology of Student Expressions

A Department of English Initiative

Forward

Somerset Maugham once said, “If you can tell stories, create characters, devise incidents, and have sincerity and passion, it doesn’t matter how you write”. Literature is the only subject and arena which gives us that liberty to think as deep as we can, imagine as wide as we can and write as freely as we can. It could be the saddest experience of one and the happiest moment of another. This piece of writing may take the form of a story, a poem, an article, an essay and so on. ‘Epiphanies’ is the best platform initiated by the Department of English that provides an opportunity for the students to express their creative writing. I acknowledge the hard work and effort put in by the department to bring out this issue of Epiphanies.

Wish you all the best in your future endeavours.

Fr. Sebastian Mathai
Principal
Christ Junior College

Editorial

“Everybody is talented because everybody who is human has something to express” -Brenda Uela

Epiphanies is a platform where the students of Christ Junior College express their creative writings. It is a collection of different styles and stories, all in their original form. Students exhibit their literary works such as poems, short stories, plays, essays etc. Charles Dickens once said the Sun himself is weak when he first rises and gathers strength and courage as the day gets on. We are proud to present Epiphanies; an anthology of poetry written and compiled by our students.

Epiphanies is an opportunity for the budding poets and authors of our College and they have rightly used this opportunity. The Department of English extends sincere gratitude to our Principal Rev. Fr. Sebastian Mathai and our Vice Principal Rev. Dr. Fr. Biju K Chacko for their constant support and appreciation in bringing out the innate hidden talents in our students. I am very thankful to Ms. Vinutha Silvia Pinto who coordinated the effort and all the members of my Department for their support. I appreciate the hard work of Ms Arathi Dilish of II HEPP N and Ms Salma Ilyas of I HEPP N who assisted in editing.

As George Luis Borges appropriately said a poetic act happens only when a writer writes it and a reader reads it, so I hope that the poetic act takes place in the Epiphanies.

Renimol Thomas

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LIGHT

Candle gives light to all,
Removes the stress from minds of all.
Shows the hurdles in our way,
To remove them from our way.
Lights the happiness within us,
To spread the joy to others.
Removes the darkness from our minds,
To allow us to proceed in our lives.

You are like this candle,
And you have lighted many lives.
You have always stood up bright,
And shown your light to many whom you have met in your life.
I am one of them to whom you have shown your light,
And you have lit up my life.

Shresta. B. Suyog
I PCMB G

COLOURS OF FREEDOM

As free as a bird flapping it's wings
Flying high in the sky with the colours of wind
As free as a kite that floats in air
Let the walls of restriction fall
As the colours of freedom flow
Let your dreams take flight
Let the fire in your heart ignite
There's no stopping
There's no holding back
Do as your heart desires
Let the colours of freedom flow.

Kshithi

II HEPP N

GRANDPA

You've taught me how to build a fire
You've given me hope and desire.
You've bought me ice cream
And you've listened to my every dream
You've got an awesome look
And you're the world's best cook!
You've watched my every silly game
And you've encouraged me to fame.
Every day I wonder why?
You were taken high up into the sky.
I didn't get a chance to say goodbye!
Without you I don't know who I'd be
But one thing is certain, I wouldn't be me!

C. R. Keerthitha

I HEPP N

SILENCE

Behind everyone who speaks,
Is a silence that slowly creeps.
Upon us, as we stand helplessly
This silence eats away at us, endlessly.

The words regretted or taken back,
Fill this silence, they make it black.
Those sights unseen, our worst mistakes
Haunt us until our will breaks.

This silence, it puts us in a chest
Six feet below, or burning with zest.
One by one, we each fall down,
Laid to rest, in our best suits and gowns.

Slowly, faintly, this silence reigns,
Reminds us of our grief and pains.
It conquers us, it steals our breath.
This silence, well, we call it death.

Parvathi Warriier
II PCMB C

ONE DAY

Do you know what I'm most afraid of?

I'm terrified that maybe one day I won't notice things like I do.

That the small things around me will become smaller and I won't be able to see them anymore. That one day the sky won't make me cry and that the moon won't fill the void in my heart.

What if one day I'm unable to appreciate the glaring sunlight, and the birds soaring high, and the leaves inevitably falling in mass numbers?

What if one day the small flowers littering the road on the way home from the bus stop don't make me stop and stare and what if one day I lose the urge to capture them all in my precious little escape?

What if one day I give into the little, persistent, know it all monster inside of me and I stop learning and I stop trying. What if one day I won't be able to talk about all these little things that make me so happy and painfully overwhelmed, endlessly?

What if one day I just forget?

Smruthi Jagannathan

II HEPP N

TEARS

Tears of joy, tears of sorrow,
Through which you wait for tomorrow.
Tears of love, tears of life,
Through which you live your life.
These are through which you say,
What life really meant to be in your way.
Feelings are expressed through every tiny drop you shed.
Those tiny drops speak out what you really wanted to say.
Filled with emotions are these tears.
Need someone to wipe these tears
Or your speech is gone with your emotions
And no one heard your explanation.
Then you are left alone with your dried tears,
With no feelings and emotions.
Then you wonder why you are here,
And you want to leave this world forever.

Shresta. B. Suyog
I PCMB G

IF ONLY IT WAS WITHIN MY REACH

I am so ruined
I am so done
Such loneliness
And to share with none.

It's like being unaware
Of the beautiful things around
you
It's like your heart being bare
And yet have love to give to

Such confusion
I am suffocating in
Living it up outside
Dying within

You don't know what to do
anymore
It's a huge frenzy, maybe
Being stranded in an unknown
shore
And feel so much freer

So many people around
Feeling like being bound
Scares me so much, I'm
screaming

Feeling like hitting the ground

With a hopelessness inside me
I attended the classes of life
Myself, which I can't be
Someone's killing me with a
knife

I am crying and dying
No one's there to save
I am trying and trying
Someone's placing me in my
grave

Breathing heavily
On the ground there, I lied
Slowly and painfully
I finally died

"Life is hard. Death is easy"
She said so comfortingly
I lay there, eyes closed
Leaving this wretched world,
peacefully.

Siri Shekar
I HEPP N

INDIVIDUALITY

You aren't a puppet which is to be controlled by others; you are an amazing creation of God, capable of deciphering between right and wrong. Throughout the journey of life we meet countless number of people, a few build us up and a few try to put us down. But one should be determined enough and must learn to ignore all such negativity. Learn to stand up for yourself and fight against those who try to put you down because if you don't fight for yourself, no one is interested to spoil their peace of mind for your sake. Be bold, courageous and strong enough to face all the odds and emerge triumphant in life. People are busy passing comments on your choices and criticizing them but their opinion shouldn't affect you as long as you're in the righteous path. Haters can't see you bursting out with mirth and gaiety, so all

you have to do is to prove it to yourself and them that you are thick skinned to negativity and can grow up in life in spite all odds. Recently I came across an instance where two people ganged up against a girl to criticize her choices in life and she was sitting just like a dumb doll with no reaction probably just feeling offended. So what would I do if I'm in this situation? I have two options at that juncture, either to be bold enough to get them to be quiet or be oblivious to their stupidity. It all depends on how you see the situation and prepare yourself to face it with tons of confidence. Finally, you're a priceless and invaluable possession to yourself so don't let someone hurt you easily and don't stoop to their standards defending yourself.

Koushal.D.R
1 CAMS K

THE BEAUTY

Just look at her,
How wonderful is the sight of
her.
Her smile, her laughter, her eyes,
Have enchanted my life.
It is reality,
That she has a wonderful
personality.
I would like to stare, till my life
ends.
But before it ended,
My mother shouted,
“You are late,
The bus is there,
Remove the comb from your
hair.
Don’t be a dreamer,
Or you will regret later.
Come to reality,
Or you will lose your personality.
Get away from the mirror,
Or you will be late forever.”

Shresta. B. Suyog
I PCMB G

MY MOTHER

You are my mother,
For me you bother.
You are the woman,
Because of whom I’m human.
You gave me life,
By giving away a part of your
own life.
You have spent your life for my
wellness,
So I wish I can repay your
goodness.
You do your best effort,
To provide me the best comfort.
You fight for me against
everyone,
So that I stay away from the
stress of everyone.
I thank you for everything,
You have done to keep me
laughing.
I’m sure with your support,
I’ll never let you down
throughout.

Vmitra. J. Reddy
I PCMB F

FRIENDS

World was so different then,
Than I ever thought.
I never realized,
That it could be so.
Only a group of friends would matter a lot
And a few moments with them would be cherished a lot.
"Oh! These adolescents." many may say.
But what they don't understand, the essence of friends,
As sometimes they become close to us than our parents.
The thought of losing our friend makes us all cry
And the worst part is to bid them goodbye.
But moving on, is what life is all about, right?
So capture those memories in your minds
And don't let them go till the end of your life.
If you do you will forget the best part of your life.

Shresta. B. Suyog
I PCMB G

MY GOLDEN LIFE

I was born as a baby,
With a condition maybe,
That I should grow six years old,
To start my school life of gold.
As I grew by age,
I had to change my image.
Step by step as my age grew,
Simultaneously my knowledge also grew.
After I finished four years of primary,
I entered to a new world of elementary.
Here I had new challenges to face,
And I had to increase my pace.
This time of life was very precious,
As I met friends and teachers very gracious.
The stage to experience and express,
The beautiful feeling of friendship I press.
Then comes life with full of stress,
Where leisure had no place I guess.
Importance to studies gains,
And most likely friendship detains.
Here is the real threat to innocence,
As I reach the age of adolescence.
One spoilt spoils the whole class,
Which breaks most hearts like fragile glass.
The real difficulty starts here,
With the pressure of my peers,

To concentrate more on my education,
Leaving aside all my fascination.
Every year stress and pressure increases,
And interest towards recreation decreases.
In this era of globalization,
The only thing matters is competition.
Giving up all my pleasure,
I do my best to gain marks which is treasure.
Only this treasure would let my progress,
To the last stage of my distress.
At last I reached tenth,
Where teachers gave me strength.
From me the only thing they wanted,
Was to get more marks than they expected.
Every teacher worked very hard,
Whom I will always regard.
Who without thinking about their leisure,
Put their full effort to teach us with pleasure.
And now, here I stand,
In this last meet so grand,
To thank all my teachers and friends,
With lots of love, care and respect.

Vmitra. J. Reddy

I PCMB F

LORD

When all hopes are dead,
When there is no path ahead,
When darkness seems to be everywhere
And things don't turn out very well.
You look up at the sky and ask, "WHY?"
You question the Lord but with what right?
When you don't pray every day.
Why do you question the Lord when troubles are faced?
But still the Lord helps,
And you don't even thank Him for His grace.
And the process repeats all over again.

Shresta. B. Suyog

I PCMB G

MY LOVE, MY BROTHER

It's been two years since you've gone
Things just haven't been the same,

This just does not seem real,
And who is to be blamed?

Do not question God, that's what they say,
But who can explain why He took my big brother away?

I miss you so much; I have so much to say,
Every time I go somewhere they always mention your name.

Such a good person,
A caring man,
a son,
A big brother,
And a great friend.

You are in a much better place now,
All your problems have gone away,
But remember, we will meet
On the other side one sweet day!

Sindhu Reddy
I PCMB C

STORY OF LAKES

The lakes are drying up,
As the earth is heating up.
For all that humans are doing,
The earth is bearing
All the pain without complaint.
Question yourself,
Are we not cursing ourselves?
If the lakes have no presence,
We all will have no existence.
Life without water is impossible.

Vmitra. J. Reddy

I PCMB F

ONE DAY THERE'LL BE LIGHT

It's the moonless dead of night.
And the heart is indulged in fight.
The mind says there won't be light.
But the former is surer despite
The undying gloomy sight.
When the soul takes a flight
And the intuitions invite.
The whole vicinity, sun highlights.
The heart was quite right.
No matter if it's dark tonight.
The coming day will surely be bright.

Sindhu Reddy

I PCMB C

CANCER

My fresh tree of blossoms, my life:
Filled with flowers and nectar of happiness and love,
Surrounded with flocks of doves,
Symbolizing peace, love, and freedom,
Having a beautiful bright time.
Until the day I discovered,
This fresh blossomed tree is infected by a worm,
Eating up all the nectar and sweetest of memories,
Destroying all the flowers and leaves,
Killing all my doves of happiness, love, peace, and joy.
This worm that has all the mighty power
To destroy my strong branches spread across that future of wonder,
It is a nightmare.
I wish, I wish I had known this powerful thing earlier,
Before it ate up all my life and destructed me
The only ray of hope is from the quote:
"Miracles do happen" and my strong but weak roots' support.

Supporting the fighters,
Admiring the survivors and
Honoring the taken.

Fathimathul Fidha A. K.
II PCMB B

MUMBLE FUTURE

Horizon falls and so do the stars,
Who are you to tell me, that it is me,
Who is stuck?
The canopy of stars, that surrounds me,
They remind, so harshly, that you are,
Just as much, lost out here,
As the stars around us.
The sky falls, how can I not?
The ocean whispers, how are you deaf?
Who are you to tell me, I am stuck,
You pull me to the ground, each with
Your fallace worlds.
My family is of the abyss,
The one you call space.
Where my family's abode,
I call home.
On strange land,
Made stranger yet,
By own hand.
Stuck are you, with your riches,
Riches that burn.
What we are, what I am,
Rich with embers eternal,
For they end with us,
If monuments forget,
To etch us among them.
Remember me, for today,

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Because it is all we have.
A moment, only, one, we live,
The one you strive for.
The horizon falls in a moment,
And so do the stars,
Because, to us
They are in love and to you,
They remind of tomorrow,
How I wish that you could see,
It is not us,
Who live on the clouds,
That are stuck.
It is you,
Grounded to the things, ground provides,
It is you,
Who are stuck.

Syed Umer
II PCMB B

TELL ME

Tell me more about all the skies that I missed and all the birds I couldn't see. About the sun that set without me and the clouds that wept in agony.

But mostly tell me about all the skies that you painted and painful sunrises that kept you awake, the rains that got you sick, and the moon that drove you home to me.

Smruthi Jagannathan

II HEPP N

LETTERS FROM TIME

Tragic as it may sound, faithful fear
Guides you and takes you hellbound,
Brings you no closer as the counter goes on.
Tick tick tick, ticking on, but who's listening,
And who's counting as you fall,
The crowded noise of yours supposed to be,
Subtly blinding who you are,
Slowly you shall bury the dead in yards,
For cemetery can only hold,
Those meant to die, not every broken heart.
Here where the blue is supposed to rain,
Is nowhere to be found, burning skin,
Sulfur pours and bombs come down,
As you sleep blessed with soothing nightmares,
Some live it, what is to dream is surely alive.
And love for monsters has created far worse.
Little angel calls, "I'll tell God everything."

So you fix a date for him sooner than supposed to.
Angel calls, she doesn't remember her name,
How could she, her mother resting in a grave.
Humans so called, beasts with forgiveness,
Forgotten mercy and thine name,
Humanity dead, cared not for,
Mercilessly flushed down the drain.
Come closer, so you feel their skin,
Similar it feels to your loves' and brethren.
Deserts are but ocean of sand
And so are your hearts, dry and lifeless.
Nothing you may feel till yours is ripped apart,
Prayers can only reach ears, not lives.
Are you really human, whisper to me the proof,
For tonight I sit in wonder for who you chose,
Life love laughter or their evil other,
The blood of my blood, the breath of my breath
Ripped to shreds, rest in graves, by the same;
Where you stand might bring you gold,
But when you dig, do you remember,
That's where one day you'll rest
With your brothers that you laid down,
Tell me again, who you are.
Under plastic stars,
As you hide in tower of cards,
I've been watching for far too long,
As rivers of blood have flown,
As mountains of corpses grown
Time shall come for all to end,

As you wish to welcome;
Soon, shall I come,
Much sooner than imagined,
For what I am, is age,
And there is far greater pride in my name,
Than humanity found these days.

Syed Umer
II PCMB B

INCANDESCENCE

She hugged the notes to her chest
as comfort trickled in,
drop by drop;
It seared her entire being
like the fire of an old song,
played bar by bar;
Riddled with euphony
ringing in her ears,
all after a nippy evening
synced with the city
and her knells;
The concert played the stars
and they frisked the night
woven with nothing but,
the heavens above and
the flaring embers
in her eyes.

Sreya Kanugula
II HEPP N

MAD MEN RAMBLE, THEY DO NOT TALK

Listen,
I am constantly rambling about you.
To the ears hidden among shy stars.
The dust and vapor that caresses the sky,
They whisper too.
A child's mind painting the night sky.
I ramble like a maniac.
The river rambles before it surrenders to
the ocean and the sky bleeds before it
loves the night.
Listen, you can hear my rambling in the wind and your picture in the
clouds.
I close my ears and my eyes and my mind,
I hear your name,
It echoes in my chest.
The skies whisper eternally in every part of the night,
About their love for the almighty.
And so do I,
Worship him and plead,
To be around your chest,
When all my cells call for yours.
Listen,
Every part of me constantly rambles on about you,
To myself.

Syed Umer
II PCMB B.

MY LOVE

Don't go, my love
for I don't have it in me
to watch you leave.
I feel a sharp pain
in my chest,
it feels like being stabbed,
repeatedly;
by the sharpest of the sharp knives
but only worse.
Oh so much worse.
Don't leave me, my love
for I have waited all my life,
to feel the way I feel when
you're around me
And oh your smile,
when you smile with your eyes;
the same eyes that make me
cry at night just by the mere thought
of them staring back at me, smiling.
Please stay, my love
for I see in you
a reflection
of the best version of myself.
For I have found in you,
the soul of a small boy,
waiting to be set free.
Wait, my love
listen to me when I say

that I know it's getting tough,
I know we're fighting to pull through;
trust me when I say
that I won't be able to
without you.
For I believe that, without you here,
my legs will no longer
have the strength to hold me up, and
as I sink to the floor,
so will my heart, and
my sanity.

Smruthi Jagannathan
II HEPP N

REMINISCENCE

There used to be this quiet place, I mean, it's still there, in my old apartment in between the children's park and a building. It was meant to be a skating rink, but I didn't really see a lot of people skating there. The path that lead up to it was fresh and unexpected in an apartment like that. I loved it. Back when I didn't feel the need to hide away in my home, I would go down and take a walk and just sit down in that skating rink area. I did that a lot, for so long. But I don't remember what I did there. Of what I do remember, I don't think I did anything actually. I just sat there. Was I thinking? Was I singing? I don't know. I don't think I did anything. I was just there. Just there. Now that I think about it, it frustrates me because I'm there right now. No, I'm not really there, but I am and that's it. There isn't more to that story and there isn't anything interesting about this one. I

guess what I'm trying to say is that, even though I moved away and even though I haven't been there for ages, I'm still sitting there. I'm sitting there every day, and I know it's time to get up and go back home, but I don't want to, I know I should if I want to avoid those kids who make me nervous, but I can't just leave like that. It's like the trees are holding me back. Yes, the trees, that's what it is. And besides, I'm too caught up in the freshness of that pathway to even remember the way back home.

Smruthi Jagannathan

II HEPP N

WAYWARD

The wind brushes my hair,
My back drenches in sweat
and the ocean splashes joyously,
every time I think about you.

That sunset orange you'll see by
tomorrow, with wisps of salmon and
white stipples; is all I can see
underneath these eyes,
every time I think about you.

Shimmering sea glass,
cracked sea shells cast across that turf;
is all I feel underneath these feet,
every time I think about you.

Can I ever remember the ocean,
With all its rage and calm, that
Seethes the turbulence and solace
laced inside me;
without thinking about you and I,
ever again?

Sreya Kanugula
II HEPP N

OH FRIEND, MY FRIEND

Far from the east
is the sunrise.
Those rays of our reflecting souls,
Defies belief of our everlasting love.

The friends of me and,
Me of them,
Rent in my heart,
and pays love.

Oh, my fading days
Calls your memories.
The memories of my friends,
And friends of mine.

Our love of bond and,
Our bond of friend,
Endures forever in my heart.
Oh friend, my friend.

Vaishali. C
II PCMB G

LAUGHTER

When I was six,
it was the first time I wondered about the dichotomy between adults
and children.

Adults, with their wisps of frowns and upstanding jobs;
never seem too happy to wake from their sleep.

But children?
A child believes in the magic of life.

In the possibility of Neverland
and flocking away
with Peter Pan,
in their stride.

They wake up early because they still believe in the excitement of
life.

So when you're six,
all you understand is that your dad is the one who makes the perfect
dosas and loves you with troublesome tickles and sugary hugs.

You understand that
your mum is the one who gives you a quick peck upon your forehead
and rushes you to school.

You understand that you love them.
And you think that that kind of love is forever. Is forever and ever,
the never ending kind.

One can never imagine that the yelling and screaming will start
within no time.

That the chuckles, grins, quick hugs and warm things;
that once painted
the walls of your house,
would wash away within awhile. That dismays and blues
would take
the warm things,
far far away, from you.

One day, Dad explained
that he had to leave.
That he and mum cannot
hug me at the
same time anymore.
And when he left,
he took the sugary hugs
and tickles along with him, you see?

That's when
the aches of sadness
came and hit us.
Ma and her affection
left to work everyday
without looking at me,
much to my dismay.

It seemed like
you banned
muffled giggles
altogether;
when he left,
didn't you Ma?

I finally recovered from the pain when I was given
chortles and snickers,
in the form of my best friend;
who later turned out to be my forever partner-in-crime.

I was in love, you know?
You know how it is
when you're in love.
The titters, the sputters,
the mirth produced;
seems to be those
of the clouds.

When we tied
our lives together,
all I could think about
was you, my mother.

I couldn't repeat history again,
I would not put my children
through that.
Those aches of sadness,
would not touch them,
as long as I'm alive.
I will not let the bliss,
the glee leave their hearts
as it had mine.

When my mother visited
her dear grandchildren
last week; she saw them
running around,
spreading shrieks.

Their peals of babbles
tingled something,
in the gardens of her memory
and all these years later, she apologized;
when she saw the chuckles, grins, quick hugs and warm things,
paint the walls of our house,
once again.

Sreya Kanugula
II HEPP N

Harassment of Women

The present day situation is quite contradicting to what has been written in the Vedas. Women who were once treated like goddesses and who were the symbol of dignity and pride have now been oppressed, tortured and flogged and are subjected to various humiliations, atrocities and restrictions. There are thousands of cases of female foeticide, rapes and molestations where innocent women are subjected to psychological, physical and emotional trauma. Thousands of girls all over the world are deprived of the basic rights of education. People consider women to be a burden for the family but their primitive minds do not realise that, if a woman is educated she would not be a burden instead would be a blessing. In the recent times there have been many incidents where women have been abducted, raped and killed. It's high time that we rise up, take stern action against rapists. At the same time put in all our efforts to educate men on how to treat women. It's also a responsibility to help the victim overcome psychological and emotional trauma. I just want

to convey that women aren't mere dolls to be played with but they are humans like men who have feelings and emotions. Men should try to understand that No always means know whether it is your wife, sister, a sex worker or any other girl.

Koushal.D.R

I CAMS K

TRAVEL

You are born, not to stay caged,
But to go out and explore – the boundaries of the ocean.
Appreciate the beauty of landscape and concrete,
And acknowledge different culture and notion.

Some travel to create their travel diary
With experiences on each page,
And tell their tales of great voyages
To those who remain in their cage.

Some travel to see and to know.
Some travel to answer their questions,
Others to question their answers,
Some to make and some to change, their conclusions.

Every soul has to travel for a quest of his own,
For we are born not to stay in the womb
But to live outside, with a different darkness;
For no man wants to sleep, story-less in his tomb.

Hriday Munoth

II CAMS J

HUMILITY AND MODESTY

"In the vastness of the cosmic space you're like a grain of sand"-
Sadhguru

The above quote by Sadhguru emphasizes on the importance of being modest and humble. Whatever heights one might reach in life, but he shouldn't forget his roots that supported and showed him the path to success. One must always be proud of one's achievements which in return build our self respect and confidence. But on the other hand our pride should not reach such an extent that one starts insulting or humiliating others. One should realise that there are many people on the earth who lack basic necessities and amenities but have achieved incredible things due to their hard work and determination. When one compares their achievement to his, it might appear that his achievement is quite small. This helps an individual grow intellectually as he realises to be modest, humble and would prevent him from shining with pride. A visit to an orphanage or a school for deaf and dumb kids would make one realise that he is gifted with so many blessings by God and his problems are just like a morsel of rice compared to their problems. Thus, one should neither shine with pride due to his achievements nor ponder and cry about his problems. One should put in more efforts, pray God, help others to achieve great heights as it's not only one's hard work that matters but others blessings also definitely matter. So stop boasting about yourself and start improving yourself as a human being.

Koushal.D.R
1 CAMS K

THE PAIN OF LOSING HER

Oh, my lovable heart loved me
Her love of care,
Healed me,
Those moments with my mother endure forever;
But those moments now,
Disappeared in a second.

Oh, my lovable Mother
Loved me,
Her path of love,
Drove me to her,
She showed me everything in this world;
But she never taught me,
How to let her go.

My memories are what I am
Left with,
That love, care and,
Her path of love,
Which healed me once;
Gives me now my,
Painful existence.

Vaishali. C
II PCMB G

SKY

She ran her stubby fingers down the sideburns of her face, instantly feeling the wetness from all the tears. She pushed the comforter off of her body harshly and sat up straight, running her fingers down her hair and in one swift motion, she gathered them in her hands, and tied it into a bun. She sighed out loud as traitor tears continued to stream down her face to her neck. She just sat there staring out at the empty, starless sky. She couldn't get over how incredibly beautiful the sky was, she just wanted to hug the sky. "How does one hug the sky," she thought to herself as more tears welled up in her eyes, clouding her vision. "How are you so beautiful, sky? How are you so beautiful? Stop it, it's hurting me," she whisper-yelled to the sky. For an almost adult, this should've been an extremely childish gesture, but she didn't care, she loved the sky way too much to care about anything else at that moment. She couldn't bring herself to care about that leaky tap in the bathroom that annoyed her to the point where she would sometimes scream at the furniture, complaining about the leaky tap, and even though she could hear the steady dripping of the leaky tap, she didn't care. She truly didn't care about anything, not even the fact that there were no tea bags left and she would have the hardest time surviving the day that was to follow. She couldn't even bring herself to look away from the sky. It just drew her in, so much so that she would often spend days just lying under the sky, not gazing at the stars, no, but at the nothingness in between. It was painfully overwhelming, but the sky invoked so many different emotions in her, she couldn't even begin to explain. She didn't need to explain, she just loved the sky, it was art to her. The sky was above everything, literally. To her the sky was a combination of all the fairy lights and socks and tea in the world, all

in one. She felt whole again. She felt. She felt so much, it choked her, it really did, she was choking, but it was still so beautiful and she loved it. She loved the sky, and she hoped that one day, she would stumble across somebody who'd make her feel like she was hugging the sky.

Smruthi Jagannathan

II HEPP N

TO YOU

I hear laughter
I hear cries
In the deep dark waters
Of your twinkling eyes

There's so much more
Than just being with you
Being stranded in a shore
But know the right thing to do

Dreams, oh yes, those I have a lot
But the fear never leaves me
It's like being bound
And yet be able to fly, freely

Why is it so difficult?
Why is it so easy?
To end a long friendship
To start a new relationship?

Such miserable uncertainty

I am suffocating in
Unable to make a decision
All dying within

Only if there was a way
That I could say
"Please don't ever be
At bay"

I love you
With all my heart and soul
Just don't say no
Burning it like coal

No, that's selfish
Asking for a permanent smile
Oh yes, I promise
Not too many times, I'll revile

But the tears
I won't be able to stop
The memories
I won't be able to crop

But I know
I'll somehow be fine
Even if everything's falling apart
With all my heart
I'll align
I will try
I will always love you

Siri Shekar
I HEPP N

JOURNEY TO AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION

Born to unknown, yet I clenched their fingers tight and struck my first sight like an arrow. Clueless about everything around me, I blinked like an innocent sparrow. Being nurtured with love, trust, care and strength I never worried about the time that just went by. Making small paper boats and sailing them in puddles during rainy days, made me realize that happiness can be felt in many small ways. Building my own sand castle, painting a picture and joyfully dancing to songs were some small accomplishments appreciated by my parents. Now, I don't have to be perfect when nobody is! And that does not even matter when the love that you get from your loved ones is absolutely perfect. I discovered through my interests and learned from my experiences. Laughed when I felt like and cried out loud not because I was weak, but strong enough to tell myself that it was okay to not feel okay I travelled like a solitary soul, held few hands and left few behind. Cherished few memories and let time mend few. On my way to that unknown destination I found a Mirage. I was lucky enough to know that it was all an illusion.

Money, envy, lust and anger looked into my eyes and smiled for a while. But I remained ignorant like a huge rock in a violent silvery stream. Absolutely uninfluenced, because there will come a time when everything you touch and see will merge into the dust. And all you have is yourself. There is no destination as such, but when you surrender yourself to that ultimate power above you, And submit your soul to him then you have already reached that mysterious destination.

Veeksha Dechamma

II HEPP N

THE GIRL WHO CRIED FOR WOLF

The wolf she had fallen in love with had run away to pursue Moon. Although it was wholly her fault for talking about Moon day in, day out, she couldn't have ever predicted that her slight obsession would turn on her like it had. Fate himself was surprised out of his mind as he slowly materialized into the beautiful man he was, with eyes greyer than the crumbling walls of her soul. He looked at her, sighing to himself, running his hand through his hair for what seemed like the millionth time that day. She sat on the floor, barely breathing, barely moving, barely anything. If Fate had a beating heart like her own, he would've felt it sink to his stomach by the mere sight of her, the girl who still haunted his dreams every once in a while, but he didn't and at this point, she wished she didn't either. She finally looked up at Fate, quietly pleading for answers with her glassy eyes, to which Fate only hung his head down in shame, unable to even hold her gaze. There was a point in time when he would've willingly given up all his powers just to keep this girl safe and happy, but it wasn't like that anymore and there was nothing he could do.

She still couldn't quite wrap her head around anything, as she mindlessly gazed out the window. Thoughts of her mate fresh in her mind, consuming all her senses. Her small home felt empty as ever, his scent still very evident all throughout, in every nook and corner, even the darkest ones. Especially the darkest ones. She knew it would stick. She wouldn't be able to rid anything of him. Ever. If only it were as easy as washing hands. In this case, even if she scrubbed herself till she bled; she would still smell like him. Just like everything else.

She continued to peer out the window, as she watched the clouds clear and Moon come into view. That was when she lost full control of her composure. She painfully dropped onto the window sill as she screamed, and cried, and begged for her mate to return. She cried and cried until all she could do was choke. As she gasped for breath, Fate sat next to her, faithfully, rubbing her back.

Unfortunately for her, her mate never really did hear her cries that night. What was worse was that she continued to wait for him, right there, by the same window. What was even worse was that despite all that had happened, and with Fate right by her side, Moon was still her only solace.

Smruthi J.
II HEPP N

MYSELF

I came from an unknown world,
To my mother and father.
Making the world a better place,
Through my fervor and vigor.
Facing the cruel world,
And fighting the challenges.
With willpower and determination,
That lasts savages.
In the journey of truth,
And foundation of peace.
Time teaches me lessons,
More than any street.
My parents are gems to me,
More than Ruby and Sapphire.

And sister is like Sun to me,
Who brightens my hopes forever.
Movies are the ones,
Which entertain me the most.
I want to become a Chartered Accountant,
And serve my country the most.
Sometimes I'm angry,
Sometimes I'm rude.
But that's not my real self,
I'm like a coconut,
Hard from outside ,
But soft from inside.

Saatvik Gupta

II CAMS K

WHEN MY SOUL SHALL PERISH

When I am gone, my soul shall perish.
I might be reduced to ash or dust or
Buried within the tears of the loved and dead.
Shut my memories, my good deeds and bad.
The skin felt and happiness to be glad.
Carry back home the little of mine from me,
Ask yourself did we mean anything to be.
If I do remember but the smell of your soul,
I shall pull out myself from the soil through a hole.
Live in the immortals to come back to you.
But will I be that important,
Or am I too now a stranger and long forgotten?

But I want you to carry back things of mine from me,
So that they shall be with you
From me to you.

Sahana Ramesh Shettigar
I PCMB E

WHEN SILENCE SPEAKS

The spaces between us,
Are filled with words.
Coming down the hundred guts,
And dying on tongue.
Getting up every day,
With hopes of talks.
Knowing not it's the ability,
Only few have tossed.
Waiting for the right time,
With hopes in heart.
Killing them every time,
With knives and darts.
The days fall apart,
And the night arrives.
Bringing in the death of hope,
And breathe of good-byes.
The heart to mind,
And mind responds.
Both have a good conversation,
And silence expands.

Saatvik Gupta
II CAMS K

Respect and understanding

"Conflict in the world is not about good versus bad, but one man's belief versus another man's belief"-Sadhguru. All of us are born free; with time as we grow all of us develop our own beliefs and principles. We imbibe various values and virtues from people around especially family and peers. But, in this process most of us fail to understand that the value system we have developed is our lifestyle but we can't impose it on others and belittle their style of living. Every successful relationship is a divine mixture of several elements but overshadowed by RESPECT. Respect is something everyone deserves irrespective of his status. Every relationship be it friendship, love, parent -child can be peaceful only when both the parties are ready to respect each other's opinions leaving behind their ego and pride. Conflicts mainly arise due to differences in opinion, which can be solved by only a peaceful mind which is ready to accept change and truth and not by a sadistic soul which longs to win not deciphering right from wrong. Mirth and gaiety would all around us when we value the person more than our egoistic opinions. A small moment of understanding and adjustment with your loved ones will save you from a disastrous argument on who's right and who's wrong. It is important that we learn to live life sacrificing a few things in order to enjoy a jocund company with your loved ones.

Koushal.D.R
I CAMS K

THE CHOICE

Sitting down to write a poem,
Don't know what comes to mind.
Let it be trending thoughts of home
Or be it flying experiences of mind.

Things happen to make a mark,
Or give an experience worthwhile.
Don't know what makes them happen,
Be it the truth or the lies.

Can't decide what to do,
Complete the poem or earn the bread.
Wish I had the wisdom to choose,
Between the good and the cred.

Knowing not what fate encounters me,
Be it good or bad.
Hope I get whatever I want,
Despite so far whatever I had.

Saatvik Gupta
II CAMS K

OPPORTUNITIES

Opportunities knock your door only once, so make the best use of it. Everyone isn't born with the same level caliber and talent. Each of us is gifted with dynamic and zestful talents, so why not use it to its full potential? Not everyone is privileged enough to get various opportunities though they have all the qualities to emerge triumphant. So, when you are given an opportunity to prove yourself, make the best use of it. It's not that you'll always emerge triumphant but giving it a try will fill you with wide range of experience as to interact with people, to respect other's opinions, to imbibe a few beneficial characteristics. You can make use of this experience and emerge successful in your other venture and that's why it is said "Failure is the stepping stone to success". Whatever you do, do it with complete determination, dedication and concentration. Be it playing a piano or dancing pop or studying for exams, everything requires strategies and efforts to succeed. So if you're dancing, dance like there is no tomorrow because who knows if you would be alive or not. As there is nothing in human's control, in this short span of life, let's exhibit our talents, experiment new things and create resplendent memories that last forever.

Koushal.D.R

1 CAMS K

MY LOST SMILE

From a mile,
He brought me smile
For me he cared,
this gave me my lost bear
He wiped up my tears,
when I was sad.
He cared for the girl,
who was mad

The tears I had,
A second it vanished
with a smile he garnished
and with his love and care.

Mansi Agarwal
I CAMS J

WHEN SLEEP DISAPPEARS

Thinking past rule of
midnight,
Of things you can't explain.
Neither to yourself nor to
others,

Making them grab your
brain.

Sitting here to write a poem,
Knowing not if it will help.
Scratching your head
amongst the prisms,
Sending your sleep to hell.

Crying deep within your soul,
With hopes all you got.
Blaming yourself for your
role,
Without giving a second
thought.

A happy ending is all you
want,
Both for poem and your
woes.
Knowing not it will haunt,
Until and unless you are pro.

Saatvik Gupta
II CAMS K

IF I COULD

If I could lend my hand
To the flightless birds Emu and Kiwi,
Flight could have made their life easy.
If I could guide an unknown in a quandary,
The world would see me slightly kind
And adhere to all that I say as a blind,
With seldom thoughts of ambiguity in its mind.
If I could train a noob
And mark an end to his oblivion state,
Thus it would help him dodge from anyone's bait.
If I could bear a numpty person
It would prove my quality of patience
And the multitude would cherish this fragrance.

If I could enrich a person with education,
To work hard with determination,
To deal a situation,
To gratify everyone's expectations, And this,
With all my dedication, Without any hesitation,
Without any thought of cruel temptation!
I would become thy inspiration,
In any strenuous situation. And finally!
If I could say "God! Thank you!
For making me myself!, For making myself me!
It would make me one unique among all the children of thee!
With a complete sensation
Of His beautiful imagination!
Of His beautiful creation!

Priya S
I CAMS K

A BLUE DIVIDE

I saw a blue line between two skies.
Well it was one sky I suppose, but there were two parts.

One, with plump, white, elegant clouds.
The other, thin, dark, almost sad clouds.
And between them, a thin blue line. Almost indistinguishable.

On the white side of chastity, a lady, walking with poise, caressing
the mountains.
Mirroring her path a reflection of a dame, sagging under the burden
of society.
And between them a line, a thin blue line, living up to its name.

It was this line that intrigued me most.
It was innocent but clear.
It was bright but blue.

It intrigued me because it stood there firm,
Making two halves of one whole, as if it belonged there.
It stood there comfortably, as if it had been there for ages.

Well, I guess it has.
After all, what is human society without its thin but blue line.

- A reflection on racism/ caste system/ any form of social
hierarchy

Akshaya Mohan
II HESP M

LIGHT

When my mother draws the curtains open
and the reluctance to wake up surges through my body,
that, to me, is light.

When my father hands me a wrench
and my brother, a ladle,
that, to me, is light.

When my sister comes home crying and knocks for me,
mumbling about someone
who knew nothing about the way she was celebrated at home,
that, to me, is light.

When my grandfather lies on the sterile hospital bed
with sheets the colour of rotten pistachios, he smiles like he's twenty,
like he's achieved the impossible.

That, to me, is light.

When my grandmother chases me with an Ayurvedic concoction,
her old knees creaking like the abandoned swings from my childhood,
that, to me, is light.

When you read this poem
and think that maybe I do have a point to prove,
that maybe I'm not just one of those kids on the Internet romanticizing
things that don't need worthless words,
that, to me, is light.

Samyukta Iyer
I P P E S O

SILHOUETTE

Sometimes, all I want to be is a silhouette.
A shadow.
Something that's there but also,
never explicitly noticed.
A witness silently watching the pandemonium.
Sometimes,
I'd wonder why we ever spent hours fleshing out a world so fragile.
With skies the shade of past tense
and seas the perfect shade of imperfects.
How I was everything you weren't,
limbs stacked up so high,
like subjunctive clauses,
that I stood almost a foot above you.
Where you were eloquence,
I was the halting question of punctuation in the run on stream that was
your life.
With you,
my days were no longer conditional,
seeped in imperative; instead they were progressive,
going on and on.
Sometimes, all I want to be is a silhouette.
A shadow.
Someone who watches, or rather watches the world smudge around
you.

Samyukta Iyer
I P P E S O

IF I COULD BLEED PAIN

If I could bleed pain,
Instead of blood,
How slow my pain would heal
Would it ever heal?
If my emotions would drop as blood,
Tip tip tip...
Would it sound like that?
Or like those of lion's roar?
If hate, tears, misery, pang would be constituents of my blood,
Instead of wbc's , rbc's and plasma.
How slow would my heart beat?
What would be the sound of my heart beat?
Lub dub, lub dub , lub dub?
Or would it be the sound of hoar, growls and wail?
If I could bleed pain,
My emotions could be stored in a bottle,
Would someone ever accept that donation?
If I could bleed pain
How would that blood clot?
Maybe with the bandaid of kindness, hope and gratitude.
If I could bleed pain,
Instead of blood,
Would I find someone to understand my heart's ache?

Akshita Mehta
1 PPES O

THE BLANK SEA

The sea as I know it, is different here.
It's filled with black, yet feels so void, this feeling I fear.
I see boundless space
Limits not described
Adventures yet to be chased,
Beauty willing to hide.
Its subtle waves unseen
Into mystery I lean.
The cold breeze leaves me to freeze
But my mind has yet to be pleased,
For it seeks answers and things that appear to be
But aren't, Lost in the blank sea.
Motionless and still, it lay
But its beauty unravels by day.

Nimmy Pious
II PCMB C



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