



Voices: Amplified



Dear Poets (because everybody is one),


The poetry appreciation society was brought into existence in school by three SCs of the 2019-20 batch under the guidance of Mrs. Mamta Gautam.

And since then, the society has come a long way holding meetings after dinner and discussing poetry and blogs. We listened to the stories of others and made it our own, immersing ourselves in every word that was spoken.

Through our first issue we wish to bring out the unsaid words of the Welhamites through poetry. We hope that it encourages many more to write their hearts out. Here, their soul speaks in verses and their mind speaks in thoughts. We learn to be one in the symphony of echoes created by our voices which shall resonate in our hearts forever.

Happy Reading!

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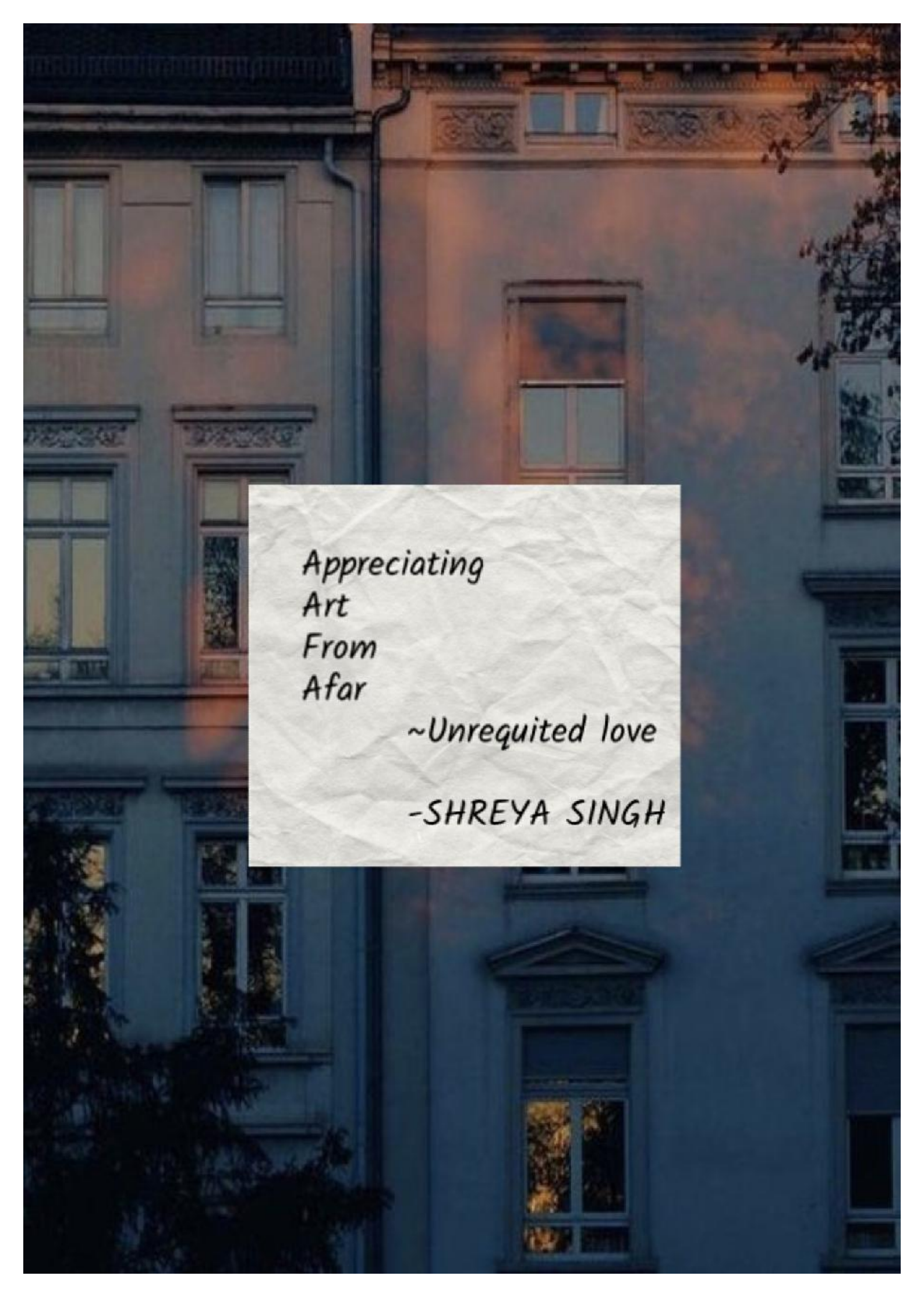


*For an attainer of bravery
another battle you fought today
and there isn't triumph for you
but fatigue, sorrow
scars glistening with beads of
sweat*

*i bring you to sit
and look at you
with pride,
and utter gentle words
to soothe your aching soul*

*there is little left to say
but you must know
a battle is worth for some,
but does your peace say so?*

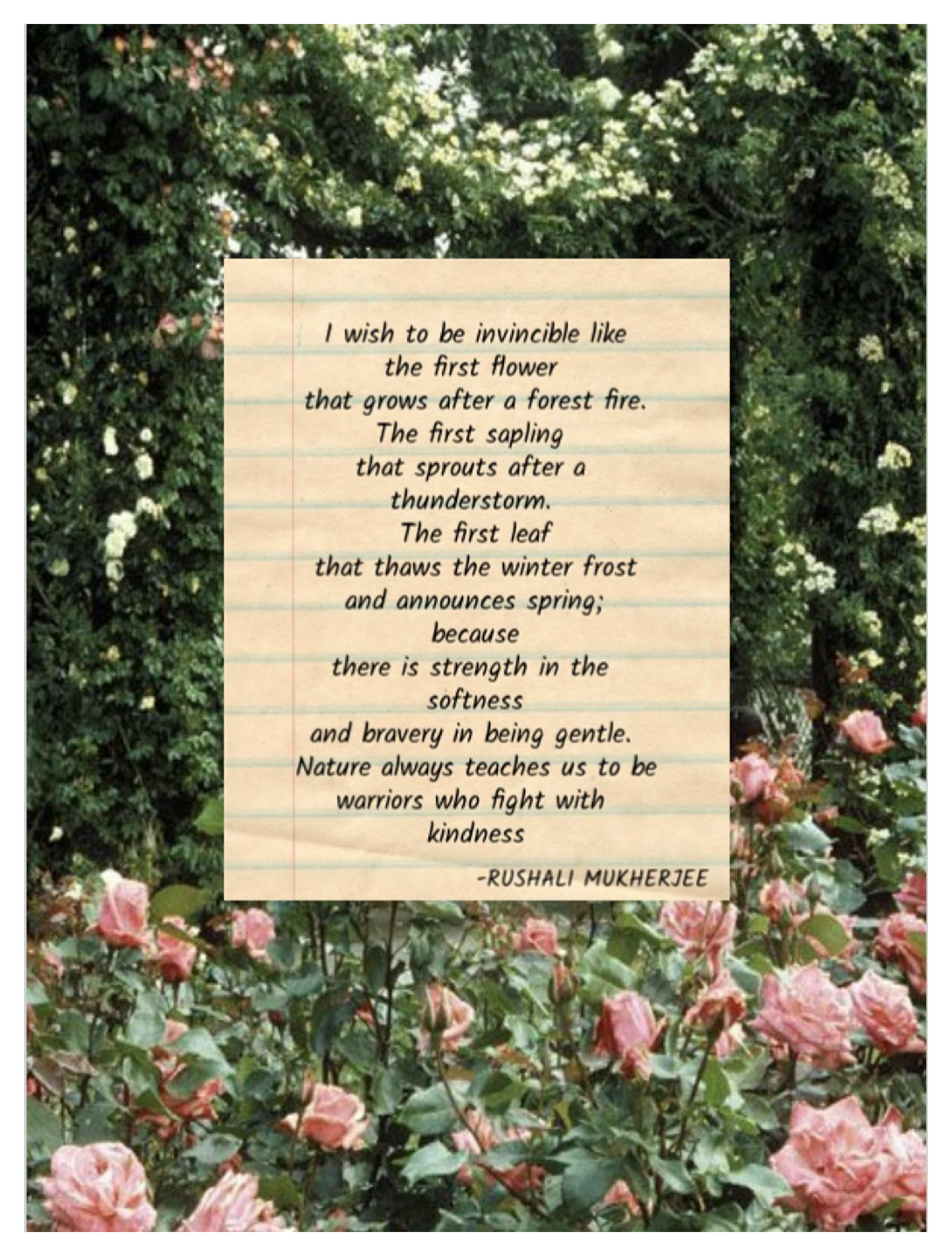
-SANRIK CHANU



*Appreciating
Art
From
Afar*


~Unrequited love

-SHREYA SINGH



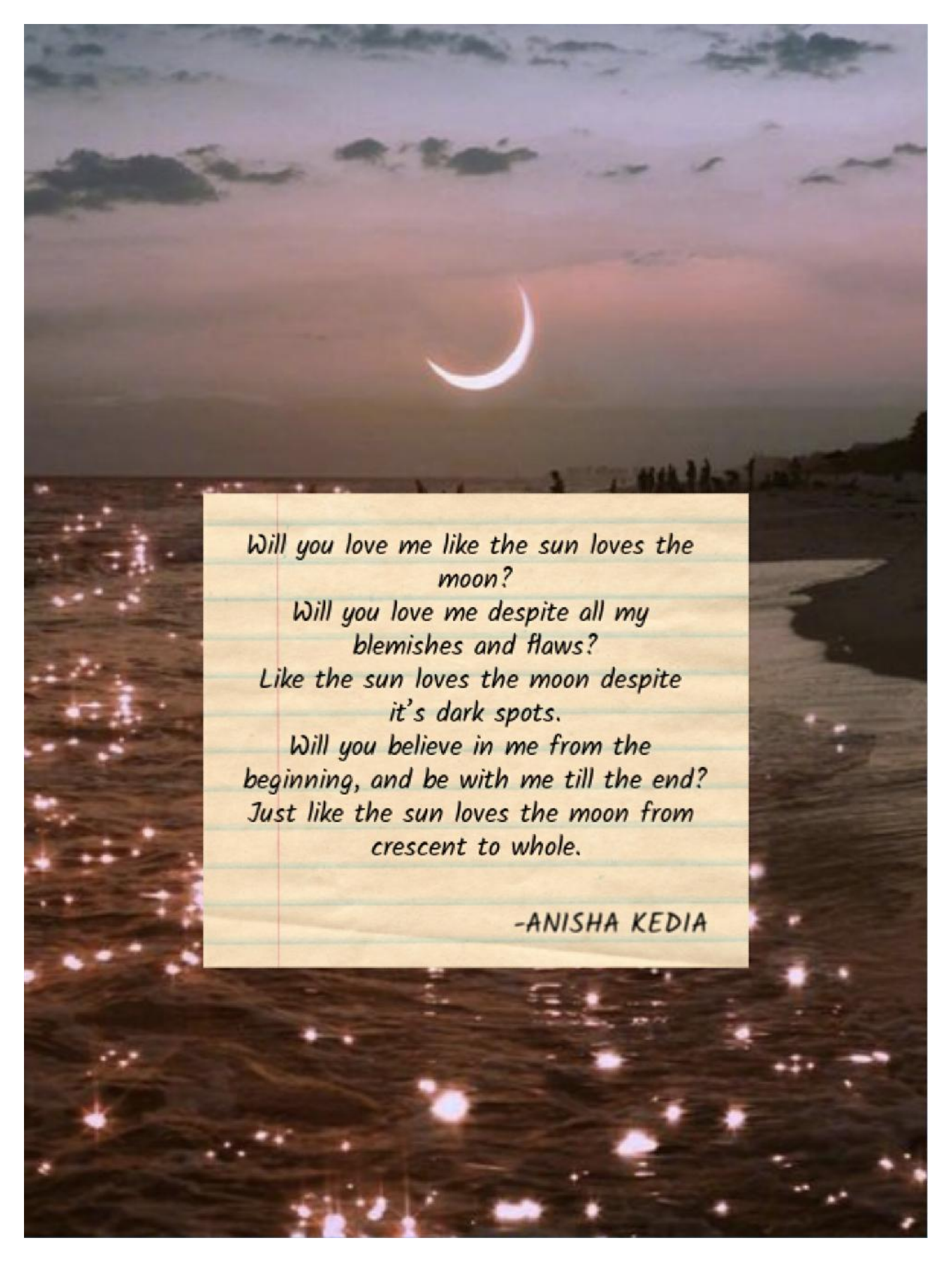
*I wish to be invincible like
the first flower
that grows after a forest fire.
The first sapling
that sprouts after a
thunderstorm.
The first leaf
that thaws the winter frost
and announces spring;
because
there is strength in the
softness
and bravery in being gentle.
Nature always teaches us to be
warriors who fight with
kindness*

-RUSHALI MUKHERJEE

A photograph of four women walking away from the camera on a sandy beach at sunset. The sky is a mix of purple, pink, and blue. The ocean waves are breaking in the background. The women are dressed in casual, layered clothing like plaid shirts and sweaters.

*We were told to accept all the pain with a
smile,
We even did so for all these years.
The nights you came home drunk, were the
worst
Because your drunk and angry state turned
Into our beaten and humiliated one.
But we aren't going to bear with this
anymore
Now the world will listen to us,
Loud and clear,
WE WILL NOT STOP!
Not now, not ever.*

-ANUSHKA KHETAWAT

A romantic sunset scene with a crescent moon and shimmering water. The sky is a mix of soft pinks, purples, and blues, with scattered clouds. A bright crescent moon hangs in the center. Below, the water is dark with numerous bright, shimmering reflections of light, creating a sparkling effect. The overall mood is serene and romantic.

*Will you love me like the sun loves the
moon?*

*Will you love me despite all my
blemishes and flaws?*

*Like the sun loves the moon despite
it's dark spots.*

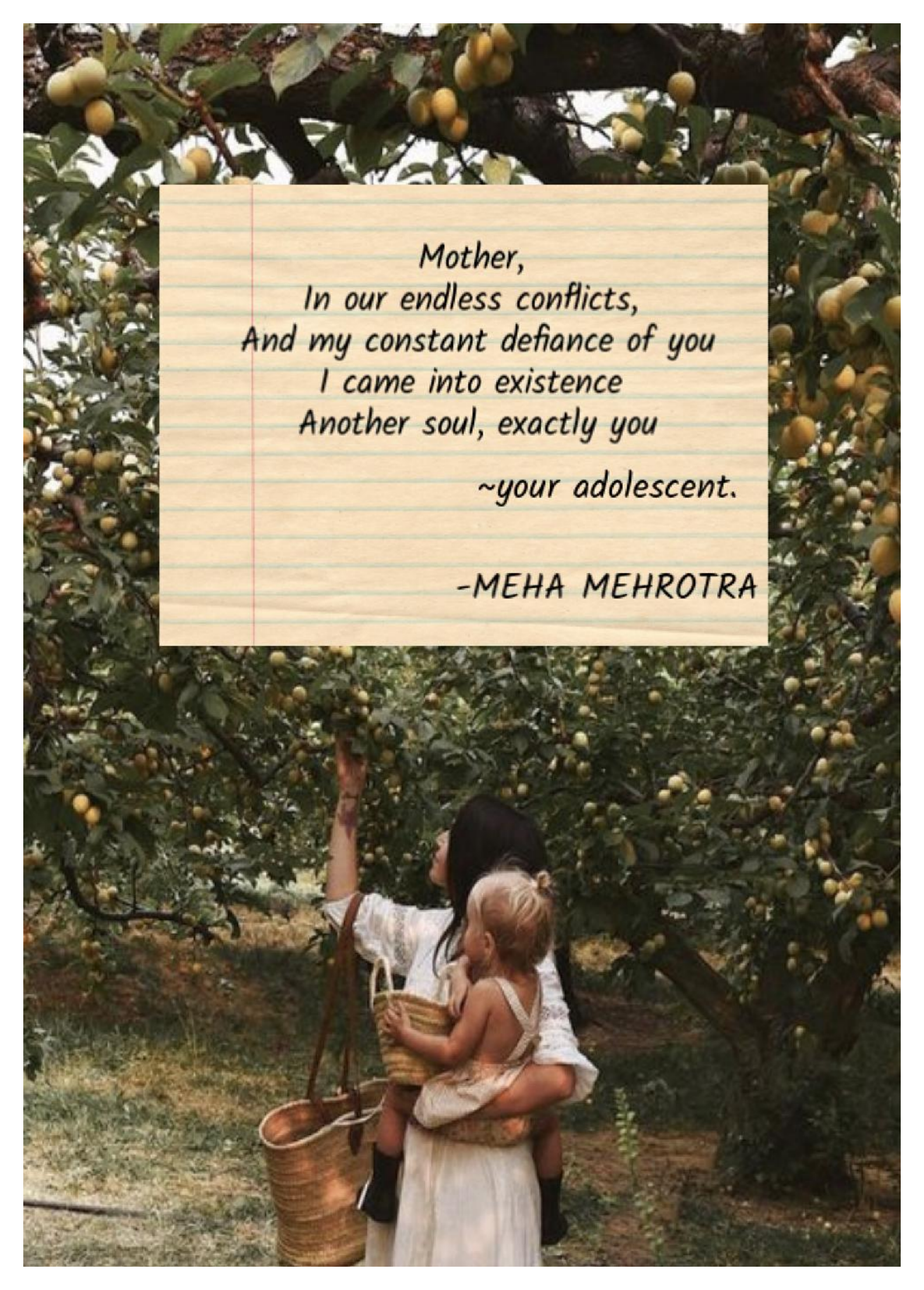
*Will you believe in me from the
beginning, and be with me till the end?
Just like the sun loves the moon from
crescent to whole.*

-ANISHA KEDIA

Why are we trying to fulfil
the pending promises
the happily ever afters
the tingling sensation at
each other's touch into
reality?

When we both know our
soul, mind and bones
belong somewhere else.

-ANUSHKA KUMAR



Mother,
In our endless conflicts,
And my constant defiance of you
I came into existence
Another soul, exactly you

~your adolescent.

-MEHA MEHROTRA

Dont fall because you
think there's someone
down there to catch you.
Fall, because you know
You were born with The
strength To rise.

-SHIVIKA ANAND

*a remembrance of feet
that pranced and leaped on rhythm
how her feet used to dance
gliding across the floor;
evenings spent with laughter
holed up in a warm
pocket of the world;
the contact of a lover's hand
leading you to the unknown
willing you in
simple, tender ways;
an enamel to cover
those hushed, purple and
grey stains
the black ugliness
and the marked, twisted parts;
the shrill laughter of
a child's play;
a shield to show
your renewed armour;
or maybe a whisper
a shade, of what
we could be.
~on red chipped nail paint.*

-TIESTA DWIVEDI



An untranslatable shade of blue,
Pastel cotton candy with pink and purple
clouds

Flaming with streaks of orange and red

Stormy grey with slivers of black

Pale brown with invisible clouds

Inky purple with a background of aquamarine

The sky is unshakeable,

And I am taking notes.

-TARA GOVIL

Ya khuda yeh kaisi aazmaish
hai?

Jab meri rooh kaanpti hai
Aur meri imtehan ki inteha
aa gayi hai

jahannum ki aag si mujhe
cheerti ja rahi hai

kya yahi teri aazmaish hai?

Ya mere zindagi bhar ke
gunahon ki saza
jo meri har saans ko aazaab
sa bana rahi hai.

-ZARAH CHAUDHARY

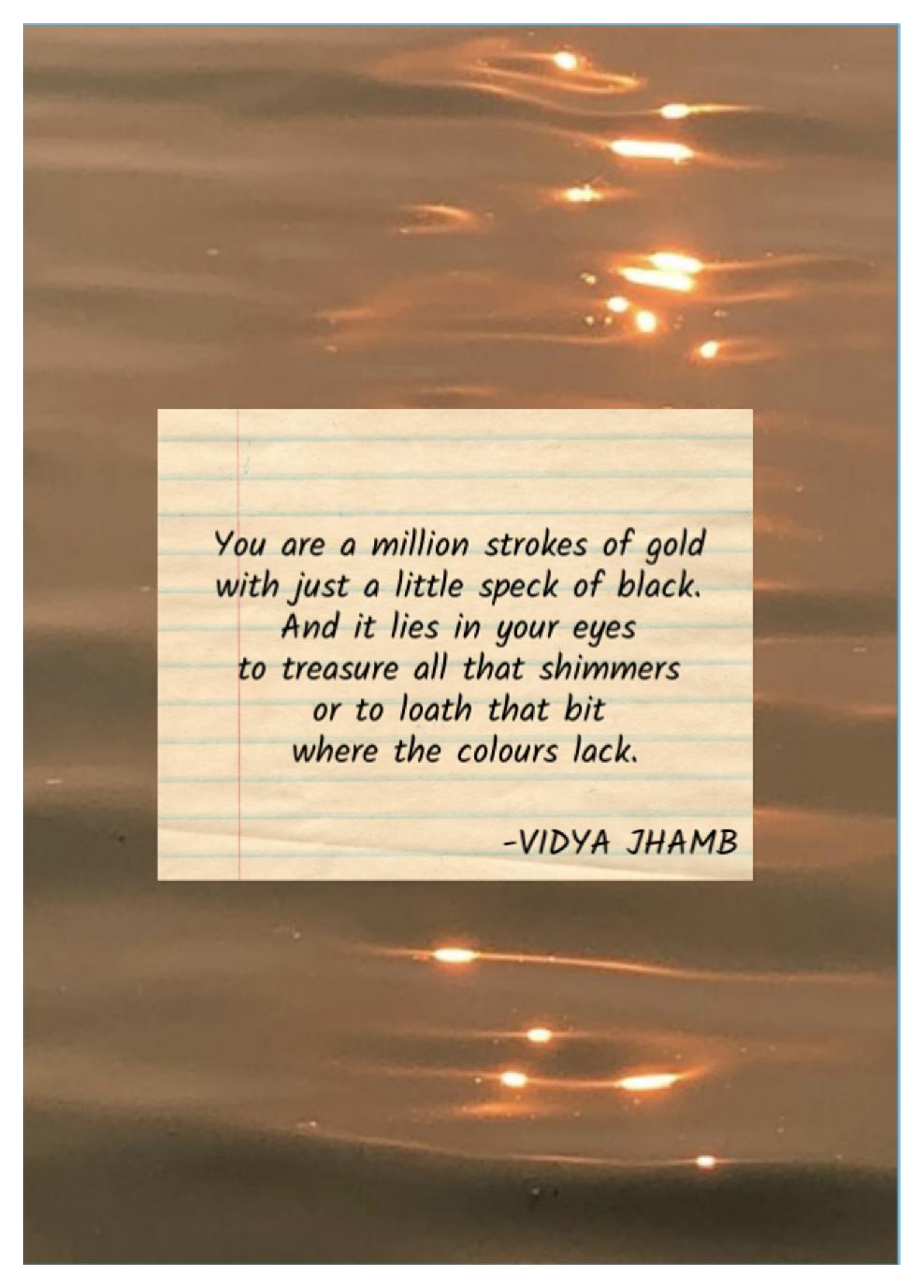
*Remains of a romance
Bottles of liquor,
to drown out the misery.
Dancing till midnight,
To hide ghosts of our memories.
Came home,
Sober and drained.*

*flowers at the doorstep.
The hint of a goodbye.
The hint of a forever gone,
With just the blink of an eye.*

*No way to get you back,
Except those long forgotten
Summer days and winter nights,
Autumn leaves and spring joys.
The time of our lives.*


*Now only remnants,
In the mist of our goodbye.*

-VIDHI THAPLIYAL



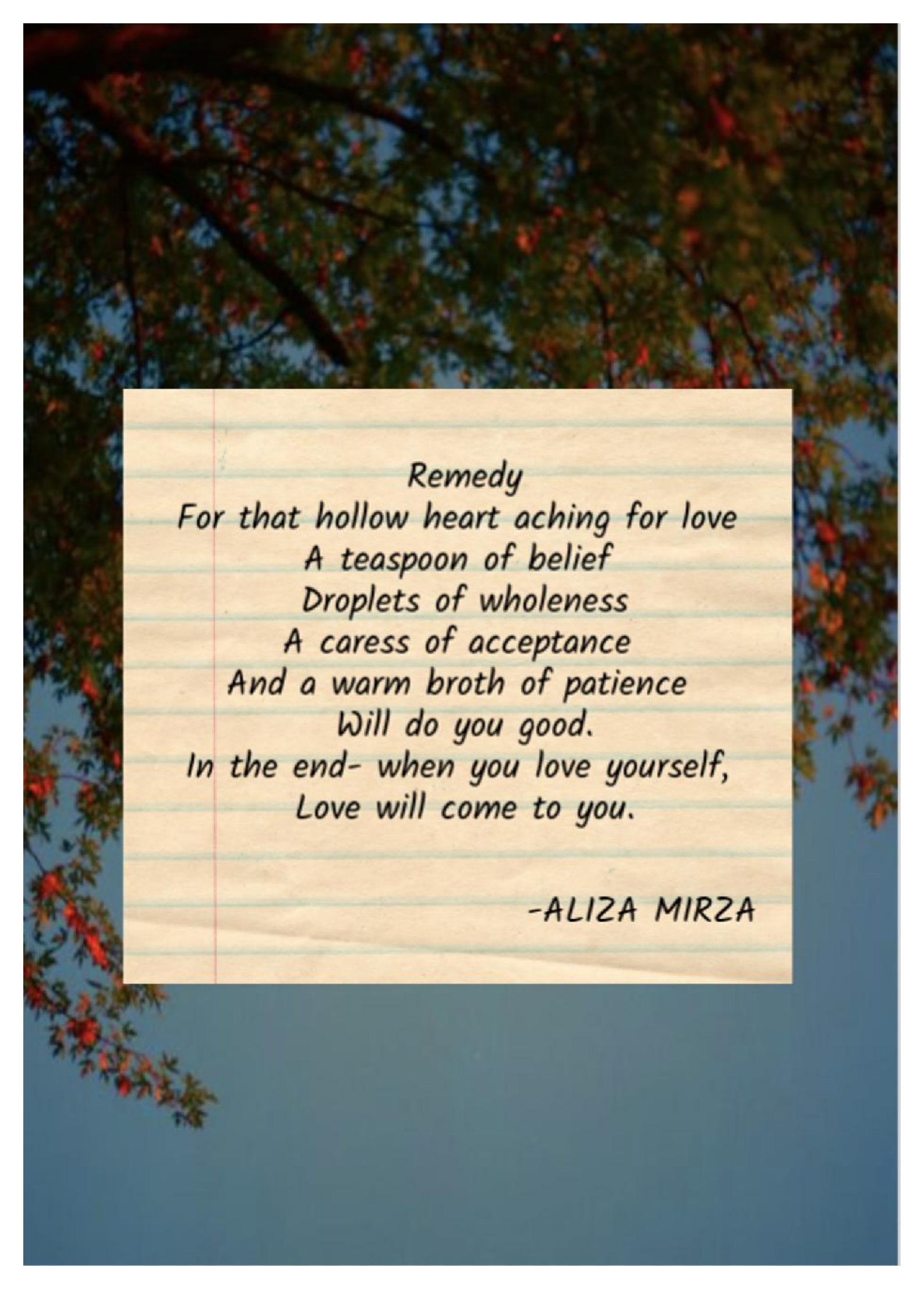
*You are a million strokes of gold
with just a little speck of black.
And it lies in your eyes
to treasure all that shimmers
or to loath that bit
where the colours lack.*

-VIDYA JHAMB



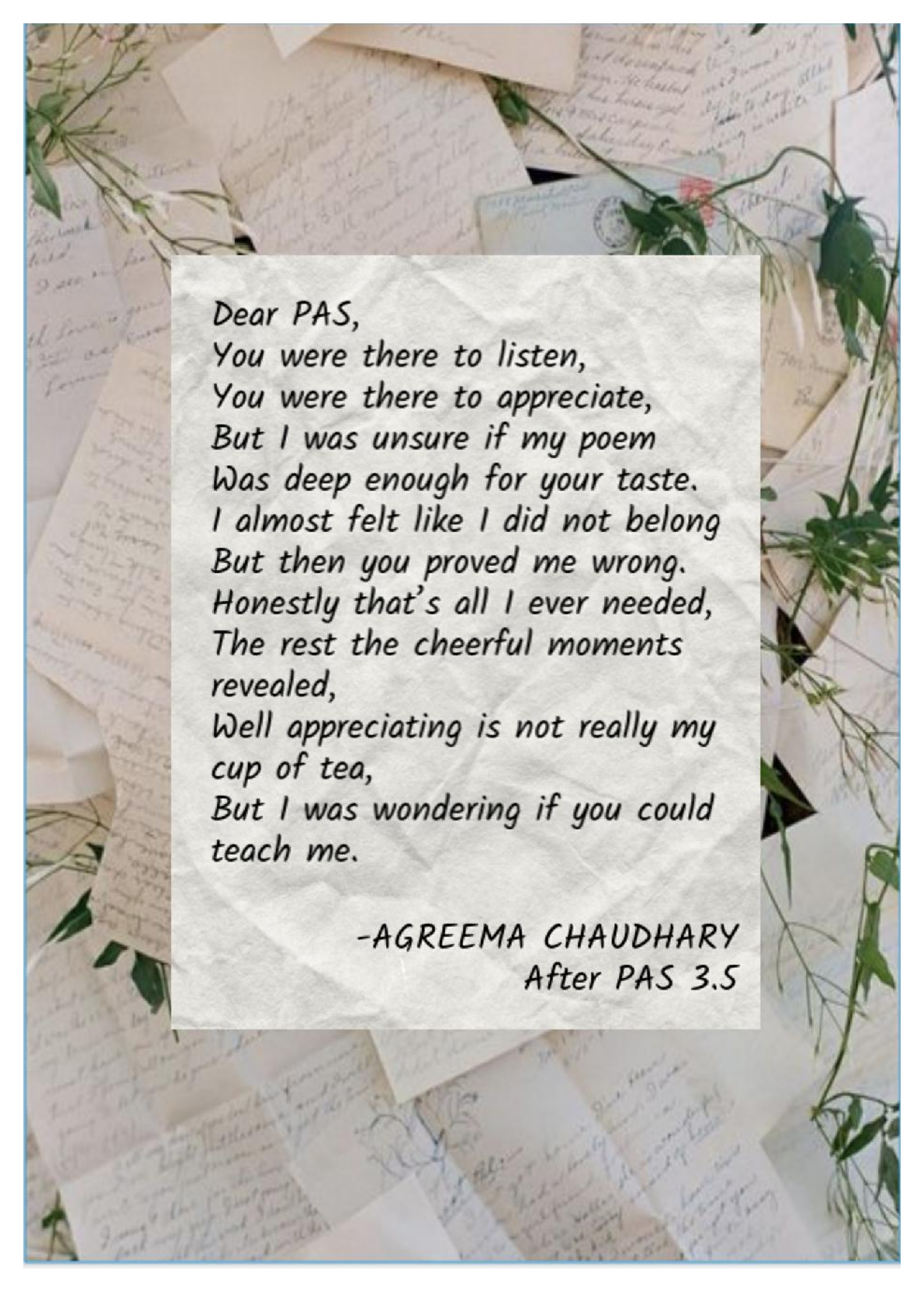
*I will throw our
memories,
up and up they will go
for people to wonder
the reason behind the
rainbow.*

-MEHAK AGARWAL



Remedy
For that hollow heart aching for love
A teaspoon of belief
Droplets of wholeness
A caress of acceptance
And a warm broth of patience
Will do you good.
In the end- when you love yourself,
Love will come to you.

-ALIZA MIRZA

The background of the image is a collage of various vintage letters and envelopes, some with handwritten text and others with stamps. Green foliage, including leaves and thin branches, is scattered throughout the collage, adding a natural and organic feel to the composition. The overall color palette is warm and muted, dominated by the browns and yellows of the aged paper and the greens of the plants.

Dear PAS,
You were there to listen,
You were there to appreciate,
But I was unsure if my poem
Was deep enough for your taste.
I almost felt like I did not belong
But then you proved me wrong.
Honestly that's all I ever needed,
The rest the cheerful moments
revealed,
Well appreciating is not really my
cup of tea,
But I was wondering if you could
teach me.

-AGREEMA CHAUDHARY
After PAS 3.5

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