



THE FREE VERSE

BY THE POETRY APPRECIATION SOCIETY

*“A poem begins as a lump in the throat, a sense of
wrong, a homesickness, a lovesickness.”*

— Robert Frost



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Dear readers,

It is safe to say that poetry is intertwined with the very fabric of our lives in ways known or unknown. From the way the moon shines at night to the dew on the grass, a poet would argue (and probably win) is poetry.

As we bring out the first issue of the free verse, let's take a moment to know its namesake. Free verse refers to poetry that does not rhyme or have a regular rhythm - like the poems in this issue.

With this issue, we hope to bring to you a wide array of emotions from how Welham has become synonymous with home for some to the abstract objects of midnight and fading hues of the sunlight.

And when you have read it cover to cover, let it inspire you to appreciate poetry with no reservations, and perhaps even write your own.

Happy reading!

Lots of love,
Nimrat and Anushka

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a morning in Welham

today as my face was snuggled into my blanket
my eyes slowly opened
my lashes felt heavy and with half shut eyes I checked the time
7.49

the light came through a slit in the curtains
and it snuck through the metal beams of the window
cut into lines of golden
i shut my eyes slowly
and breathed in the morning
trying to memorise it
trying to memorise how it feels
to wake up with the sun kissing you lightly

i suddenly missed you
snuggled into my blanket
a sun soaked hug
the morning didn't want to give me up just yet
so it lulled me back into sleep
as I fell asleep
i knew my lashes were reflecting light
and my face was glowing a warm caramel

i stirred awake with my blanket on the floor
it seemed like my body had grown jealous of the light kissing my face
and wanted to soak in and memorise what a morning in Welham feels like
my lashes felt heavy and with half shut eyes I checked the time
8.32

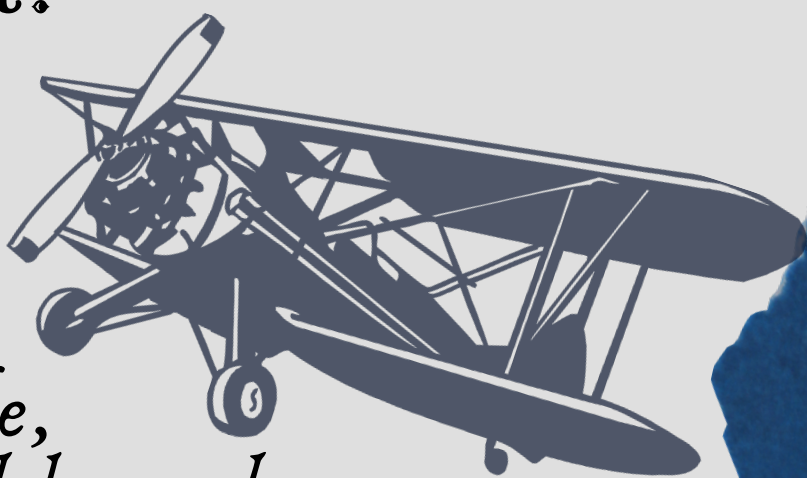
warmth surrounded me
i suddenly missed you
i breathed in the morning
it let me go
i woke up
content

a morning in Welham
nothing in this world shines brighter
than a few girls with the light kissing their faces.

- ryka ali

when the plane crashes,
all the love leaks out.

even before death,
love visits me again.



on the last flight of my life,
she waves at me from an old couple.
when they announce the drop in cabin pressure,
they look at each other and grin,
promptly ignoring their oxygen masks.
their fingers intertwine, and they close their eyes.
their smiles never leave.

i feel her glance at me,
from a young mother,
who ties the mask on her daughter,
just before slumping on the ground,
lifeless now.
she had heard the hostess before, hadn't she?

she dances around me,
in the seat to my left,
where a frantic boy
whips out the picture of a dog from his back pocket,
and presses it against his chest.
a single tear stains the photograph.
his mask remains suspended,
forgotten.

before the plane crashes,
and death takes us away,
love visits us again.

-ananya makker

Love Among Words

vidya jhamb

All writers are restless thinkers,
They look for peace in the words
they write.

Their soul is made of fire,
And the burns are often too much to
bear.

So,

They smear ink across the pages,
Letting the pain flow through the
words.

And slowly but steadily the fire
consumes them whole,
Making art as beautiful as the stars,
And words as silent as the night.

wo**r**d**s**

pink and i,
we were childhood sweethearts.
my whole world knew about our relationship:
my dollhouse,
my favorite soft-toy,
my birthday cakes,
my room,
they were all in pink.
the match was made in heaven.

but then,
I overheard the children in my class
talking about pink.
they said,
'pink is such a girly color.'
'only weak barbies wear pink.'
'if you like pink then you are very sensitive.'
'do you think a strong person likes pink? No.'
just like that the seeds of doubt were planted.
there were times we didn't talk for days,
I realized I had stopped loving pink.
soon, we broke up.
slowly,
I stopped playing with my dollhouse,
my favorite soft toy was now yellow,
my birthday cakes became lavender,
and my room had white, brown, black and blue,
but not pink.

I got an assignment for my grade 10 art class:
draw your childhood bedroom.
I sat down and started painting
a little girl in pigtails sitting
in her sanctuary of pink.
and I realized, how wrong I was
to abandon my safe space
because of what people said.
so, I wrote a poem for my first love: pink, and I

anushka khetawat

YOU

*I hope I didn't pry upon
Your unforgiving past
But then again it hurts
When your silent sob turns into a cry*

*My heart aches
When I look at you
Strong yet broken
Into a million pieces*

*It breaks me from within
When you pretend like everything's fine,
To see you so distant
And like an old friend greet death and time.*

*I feel my soul shatter
Every time you collapse
Into my arms
Not knowing what to do*

*I feel me
My guilt and uneven breaths
I'm stuck in a loop on the thought
Why I couldn't be better*

*Before I can go numb
And cut ties from this world
You save me and reassure me
That we're in this together*

*And like that
All the cracks and gaps are filled
Including your pain and mine
Just with your bright smile.....*

-mridula

at midnight

at midnight

the moon recollects its pieces

and finds a way back to itself

at 4

when the sun starts to rise

it is invincible for it

but to protect her

at 7

i'm dreaming of you

and how i want to keep you safe

for when the day begins

and you forget how you're worth all of it

i want you to gaze at the sky

remembering that every time

the stars lie to your eyes

i'd be there to bring you back

i promise i'd be there

to align your crooked heart

and never let it wander alone

ever again

- avika lohia

The feeling of getting lost in a book

SAANVI KAPILA

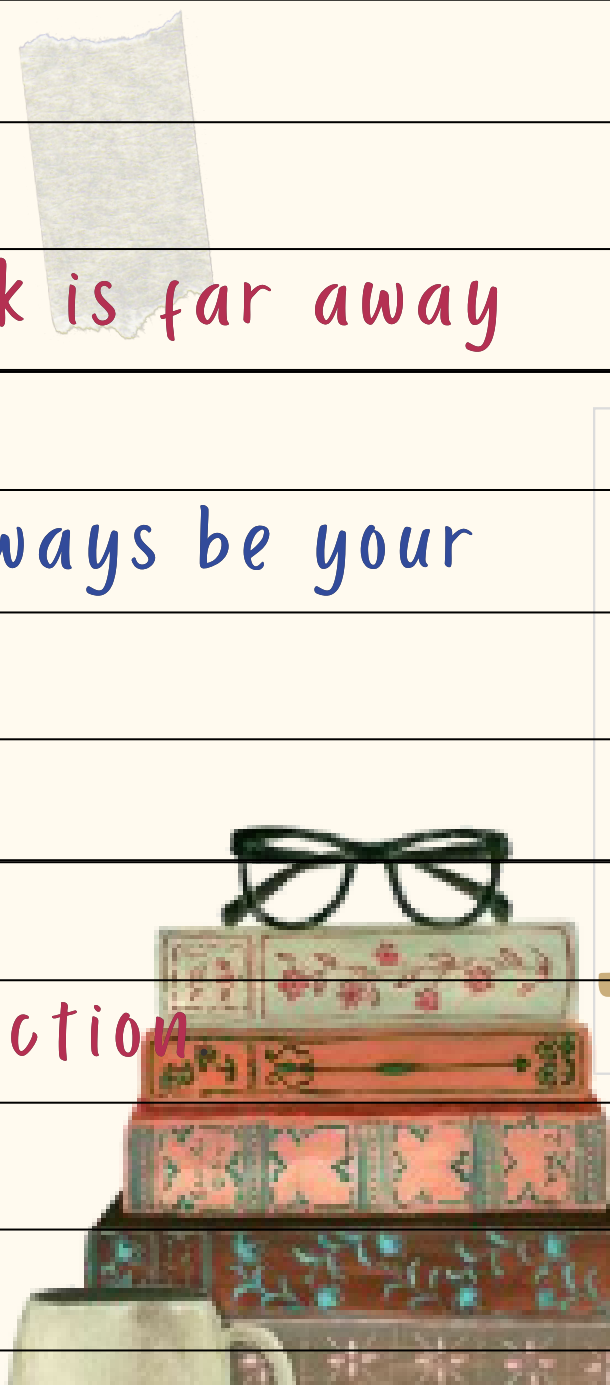
The doors of the library are open for you,
Whenever you feel extremely blue.

To escape the old boring world,
To get into a place full of magical words.

Lying wrapped in a cozy throw;
Reading for hours in an uninterrupted flow,
With not a care in the world,
With my spot reserved.

Happiness is the smell of new books,
Which some people never understood.
Happiness is when you know that your book is far away
from the end,
It is when you know that your book will always be your
friend.

Getting lost in a book is when;
You get carried away into a universe of fiction
It is when you cannot stop,
It is like having an addiction.



The Hue

It flowers in the distance
The first hue I perceive
I see you here
The red flowing away
The grey seeping in
And yet
I am the one on the other side

I see you there too
A full smile
A fading bloodstream
The spaces between the stars
Gather you up
Bundle and adorn you
With the sequins of constellations

The blossoms drip down the road
You take each one
leave it where the red
Ceased to follow you
And the gray seeped in
And then the hue
Melts away

-nimrat kaur

the house of nobody

in a house where once lived nobody,
now live warmth and happiness,
maybe for a week or two,
or a day or even none.
but it's there, i know it's there.
behind the lady of the house's thin lips,
underneath the unwashed sheets of the
mister,
it is present.
sometimes it comes in muffled laughs,
sometimes in candle's sparks.
whichever way it comes,
it lightens up the whole heart,
and warms the old,
lonely souls that reside in that household.

-shreya singh

do you feel like fresh roses on a misty rainy morning, or like daisies in a vast verdant field? do you feel every bit worthy of the sunshine coming your way or tenderly look up at the sky begging for rain.? do you skip to the melody of your own heartbeat or sing the thoughts in your head. do you feel like the summer breeze blowing away the cotton threads or the winter flakes skimming the milk of your skin?

maybe you feel the love of the stars shining every night or the touch of the wind caressing your body. and maybe just maybe someday these feelings become your own poetry and you learn to smile just because you're happy.

- tvisha kochhar



To the place I've called home,
for six years now,
and the people,
family,
this is the revelation,
of the truth,
that stares us in the face,
but we are blinded by the promises,
of forever,
and always,
and happily-ever-afters.

In another six months,
or so,
we'll be miles apart.
Separated this time,
by states,
miles of land stretched in between,
oceans,
and not only the narrow corridor,
that separated your classroom from mine,
or the twenty steps I had to walk across the cobbled path to reach you,
or the one flight of stairs I had to climb,
and the pair of eyes staring me down,
that I had to escape,
to reach your dorm.

In another six months,
or so,
letters won't be addressed to
12 Municipal Road,
Numbers won't be limited to,
B-510,
boarding passes won't read,
Dehradun,
and introductions will no longer include,
Welham Girls' School.

in another six months,
or so,
pain won't be just a petty fight with a
friend,
stress won't be for just
Board exams,
pressure won't be to perform
at a tournament,
disappointment won't only come from,
not winning the first prize,
and goodbyes won't only last,
two months.

This is to tell you that,
not all fairy tales,
and stories of a perfect world,
with an ideal ending,
have to have beautiful princesses,
flowing gowns,
a handsome Prince Charming,
an exquisite castle,
or a happily ever after.
Some of them have,
scrawny teenagers,
wearing scraps of white,
with a dash of blue,
laughing with friends,
whom they've sworn to stand by,
over cold Maggi,
and peels of oranges.
Some of them have,
lose gravel,
over-grown grass,
puddles that never dried up
and fallen leaves that were never picked up.
Some fairy tales can be perfect even without ending in happily ever after,
or lasting for ever.
Because some of us,
write out our stories.
-to the batch of 2022
[i hope you write your own]

Taarini Saharan



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