

credits

TEACHER-IN-CHARGE

Ms Shefali Thapliyal

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Shreya Singh
Nivedita Gupta

DESIGN EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Anushka Prakash

free verse

THE POETRY
APPRECIATION
SOCIETY

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*"If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off,
I know that is poetry"*

-Emily Dickinson



*I met Rapunzel a few days back
She showed me her pixie haircut
How will the prince climb up, I laughed and asked
She said she likes princesses
And has a ladder she can throw down
Which she made from scratch
Ariel told me she will come check out my shoe collection
The fins were too narrow
I told her the story expects her to rule the seaworld
She said she can do that in pencil heels
Sitting inside the submarine
That she is currently studying how to make*

*The context has changed
And the times have changed
So why do little girls still have to swoon over
A prince or knight in shining armour
Give us our horses
And our choices
And we will live happily ever after.*

-Ms Shefali Thapliyal

Editor's Note



*Every shingle beneath your step
Hides twenty-three stories and beyond;
Our fingerprints hidden beneath layers of paint,
Brushstrokes that will never fade.
With glass shards in our feet,
We are tracing a path for you to follow.
You are here –
You are home.*

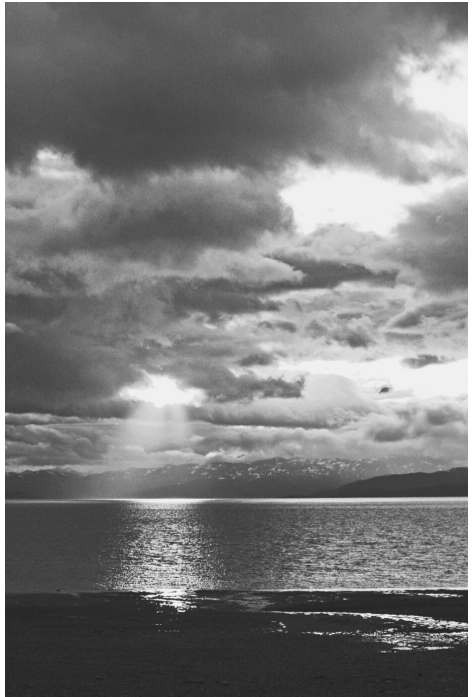
*It's beyond midnight
And I am supposed to be back in the attic
The pumpkin carriage has disappeared
And so have my loyal mice
My dress is now in tatters
And the shoes obviously are gone
But I think I will stay a little longer
Finish my seventh flute of wine
dance to the music
And care a damn about any prince.*

*I may go fetch Snow White after this
She badly needs a break
Toiling after her minion army
She would rather go meet the wicked mother
Than wait eternally for the prince
Her shooting skills are to the T
She is ready to take on the army.*



*it's just the way I look at myself
when the sun goes down
and i find myself calling each sunset
my absolute favourite
it's just the way I look at the clouds
make eye contact with people
who play with their colours
to bring out the child in them
it's just the way I look at the night sky
when the moon has more stories to tell
than I thought I'd hear
or when the stars and I
exchange verses that we thought
we would only ever keep to ourselves
it's just the way I look at you
when you let me in
and share with me your idea of love
it's just the way I look me in the eye
and make myself want to hold on a little longer
for in all ways of all
it's just the little things*

-Avika Lobia





*pull down your pants
give them to me, i'll fold them
there, doesn't that feel better?
does it feel good?
do you feel good?*

*a person is a poem
and is made up of verses
each one of the tips of your toes
is a rhyming couplet
my favorite song, let me sing it to you*

*when i get flowers i forget to put them in vases
i hold them in my hands instead
and when they die they die as part of me
i don't want you to die as part of me
you are not part of me*

*i press my ear against the wet ground
fists clench the soil, listen to all good things rumble
the sun does not glare harshly here
and the weather is a breeze
that kisses your face like you are someone good*

-Vidushi Mohan

*You have cocooned me;
Spun a delicate thread around me,
Wrapped me in a fuzzy blanket of warmth and
security.
Fed moths to my fireflies,
Watered my drooping leaves,
Wrapped a band aid around my cuts,
Leaving a small kiss on its right afterwards.
I have grown with you,
Just like this.
But now-
Now, it adds fuel to the fire of my angst,
As the thread has turned
Into a rope, and me - a prisoner.
The blanket suffocates me,
The light of the flies has diminished,
Poisoned it to death,
My plants have dried and
My cuts are now too deep to be healed.
I'm left as a granite statue,
Shattered into millions of miniscule shards,
And your grace of love,
Cannot save me from my inevitable state of ruin.*

-Prisha Jain



*Cover my eyes and lead me home.
Buy me flowers to put in the pots by the
window pane-
Tulips and daisies.
I'll show you the pictures
Of my lovers and loss,
shed tears on your woollen shawls.
Mother, oh maa,
Please feed me with your finger-
push the food down till the end,
And let it live in me.
Wash my back,
scrub my hair,
pull out the weed
And make me a garden of your love.
Water me and bury me in my bed.
Soiled in my tears,
I'll show you my letter to God.
Love- I asked him to bathe me in love.*



*But love doesn't grow;
The flowers rot and stain
Cupid's clothes.
Set fire to my fire and I'll burn in your angst of absence.
The house rages in flames of orange,
but I write this poem to water down my emotions
with a potted plant's dew drops.*

-Shreya Singh



*The colour melts off my skin into the rainbow of
your creation,
A plain canvas waits for time itself to paint.
It's dull and plain,
Of browns, blacks and a little grey.*

*For it now eternity is too short a time span,
Time merges now, into a tesseract.
The clock ticks slower,
As every sense becomes a little duller.*

*It's so drunk in your iridescence,
That it realises not what it has lost of its own.
This poison of your candescence,
Seeped through my existence.*

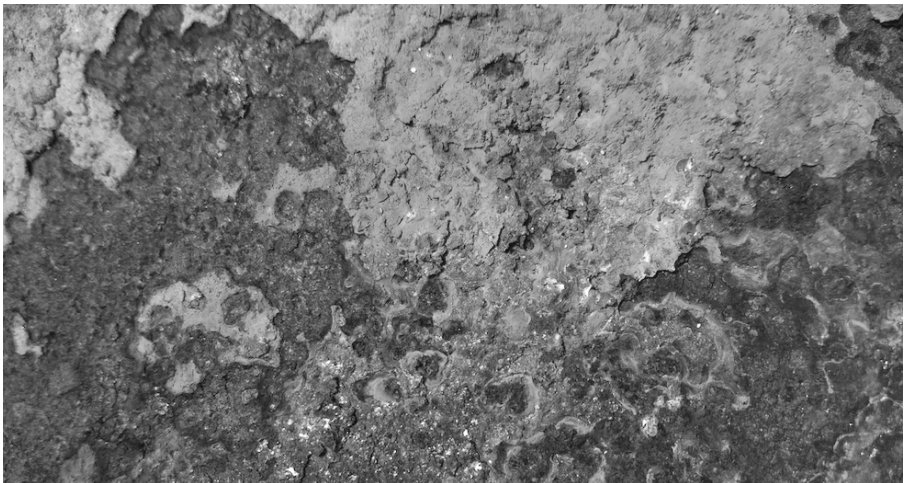
*Soon when the mirror reflected my feeble reality,
Time passed too early I thought.
I merged and became a fragment,
Of the many sorrowful souls that I never saw.*

-Keya Aggarwal



*We fell apart
Your vice became my art
Butterflies on your skin
Wasps fly within
Every crevice filled with dust
Odd square tiles filled with rust
Naked hands leave a mark
A mark on yours;
A mark on rust*

-Sharanya Goel



*I'll meet you there,
Where the waves rush in pink as your blush.
Where stars grow on trees,
And the ground is made of cotton.
We fight with cotton balls,
I stuff some in your old t shirt-
It's my pillow now.*

*I'll meet you there, where we lay in the forest naked
And every falling fruit- a shooting star.
I pick the daisies from a blood red bush,
A drop of my heart,
Tucked behind your ear.*

*I'll meet you there
Where the winds shy away
From the touch of your skin
And the sun sleeps
While you dance with the fireflies
And i look
And look and look
Till you cover my eyes*

-Vidya Jhamb



*I must bleed- bleed it all out.
On naked canvases and parchments,
I must scribble, scream and shout.*

I want to bleed.

*For when I swoop down to the wooden chair,
Heaven pauses and deities stare.
Euphoric on the smell of lingering lead,
My reckless youth at its best.*

I will bleed.

*My breath at hold as my thoughts collide,
Dew-like sparkles, they sprinkle and shine,
Together they form the mighty sea,
The throbbing urge to spill my mind.*

I now bleed.

-Ira Satpathy



*Sparkling water and champagne laced tears,
That never touched my own skin,
You caught and bottled them in crystal bottles,
I can hear the hopeless kind of calm you design.*

*I sleep with the lullaby of your silence playing from the stereo
on the bathroom shelf.
You can't hide the breaking of the sky from me anymore,
It's as clear as the widow's broken vow.
I see it when your gaze battles mine.*

*We lie beside each other now,
Lost in tired bedroom sheets.
Staring out the balcony,
At the flowers that have long ceased to bloom.*

-Nivedita Gupta





*There is soil in my nail beds
Pebbles running under the rips of my fingers:
Flat and coarse (of a friend)
Mama says you have to find friends
What is a friend?
What is a friend, if not the book I never finished
Yet still carry in my arms for meals?
What is a friend, if not the lone bench I favour
Over the rest?
What is a friend, if not the spider lilies I watch
Die on my phone screen every day?
What is a friend, if not the padlock on our tree
Reflecting my heart?*

-Oshin Likha