

FREE VERSE

BY THE POETRY APPRECIATION SOCIETY

4th Edition



“May I write words more naked than flesh,
stronger than bone, more resilient than
sinew, sensitive than nerve.”

— Sappho



EDITORS' NOTE

A new birth, between these pages -

Of unspoken words, emotions and thoughts.

We hope you find your reflection, solace or a piece of
a broken heart.

With no boundaries holding back these raw whispers,

We present to you - Free Verse, the Fourth Edition.



FEVEROUS NIGHTS

A delicate painting

I could look at you for hours.

Admire the strokes and the spots,

Your eyes smell of petrichor.

A standing masterpiece in a crowd,

Incoherent murmur surrounds me.

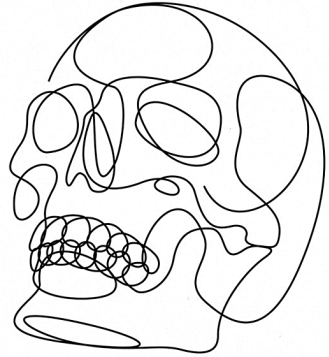
A single sight could not fathom to capture it all-
a butterfly lands on your hair and flies away soon.

How naïve of her to think

You aren't a whole garden of my love.

Shreya Singh

DEAR DARLING DEATH



Under the moonless sky in a blackened sheath
A scythe in a hand and a hand for me
Seeing him the townspeople say-
The Grim Reaper is on his way!

Hearing knocks at my door
I'll jump and squeal!
Dying poppies'll bleed and sheen
A swish of his sceptre
taking my breath away
Death - my Darling is on his way!

Ira Satpathy

[7:28 pm] Avika Lohia

you're that one star in the sky
I would look for every night to wish upon
without which
countless nights would feel incomplete
and incapable
of all the art
it moves us to create

[1:17 am] Bidisha Dam

It is a mystery to me
how the things I cherish most in life,
often have a habit of combusting in themselves
in an unusual cosmic surge of energy-
unnoticed and away from the eyes of anyone

[9:57 am] Shreya Singh

daisies in my heart
blooming at your sight
there is a garden in my soul
which dances to your lies



suspicious. Was I a changing, inhuman? He crawled at me, watching. My hand shook, feeling his gaze. And there was my mother, dribbling wine on herself.

It is five when it is my father's turn to host the games. Men gather from as far as Thebes and Sparta, and our street houses grow rich with their gold. A hundred servants work for twenty days beating out the racing track and clearing it of stones. My father is determined to have the finest games of his generation.

I remember the runners best, nut-brown bodies slicked with oil, stretching on the track beneath the sun. They mix together, broad-shouldered husbands, beardless youths and boys, their muscles all thickly carved with

The bull has been killed, eating the best of the

a good omen for the games to come.

The father and I sit, surrounded by prizes we will give to the winners. There are golden mixing bowls for mixing, beaten

But the real prize is in my hands:

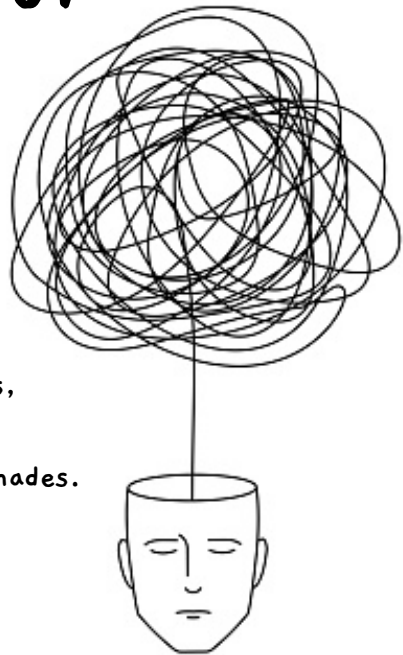
rubbed to a shine by my thumb.

all I have to do is hold it.

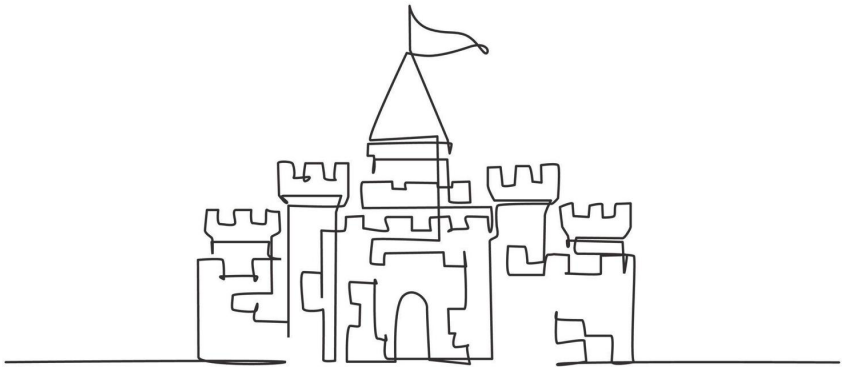
Two youngest, they wait, shuffling their feet in the sand for the nod from the priest. They're in their first flush of growth, bones sharp and spindly, poking against taut skin. My eye catches on a night-hood among dozens of dark, bearded crowns. I lean forward to see. Hair lit like honey in the sun, and within it glints of gold - the rictus of a prince.

SHADES OF WHITE

You cloud my head,
The shades of black.
The flat line numbed,
A colour, a gentle touch.
You trickle into my veins,
Giving Eve my hand,
The prism lighting my shades.
A clouded head,
Doused with grey.



Reet Miglani



SUGAR WALLS

Do you dare to look beyond

The glistening white sugar walls of your castle, dear darling?

Are you wise enough to understand and appreciate

The perfectly imperfect beauty of the imperfect world outside
your perfect castle?

Are you brave enough to bow down and kneel before,

Without your nose in the air and dazzling princess smile,
These warriors of life?

Do you dare to shed your veil of ignorance

And look beyond the sugar walls of your castle to see the
Prison to be? Do you dare to look beyond the sugar walls?


Prarthana Goenka

IS THIS ALL?

I slip my hand
to the other side of the bed
looking for what I wish to call mine
snippets and scraps that when put together
make whole of who I had been
pieces that when ripped apart
brought to life the demons I've yet to hide
I try to bring them all together
while my fingers clumsily continue
to look for what I've always wished to call mine
the feeling of being home

Avika Lohia

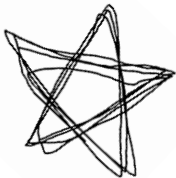




I AM THE ASTERISK

I am the footnote
To something important
Yet, nothing is complete without me
I am a shape shifter in sans serif
Someplace I am the zero

I am the asterisk
And the world may now call me that
But I hope that for just one
I am the star that I am.



Ms Shefali Thapliyal

(extract from 'Unwoven')

CREDITS

TEACHER-IN-CHARGE

Ms Shefali Thapliyal

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Shreya Singh

Nivedita Gupta

ART EDITOR

Anushka Prakash

SPECIAL THANKS

Teista Dwivedi

