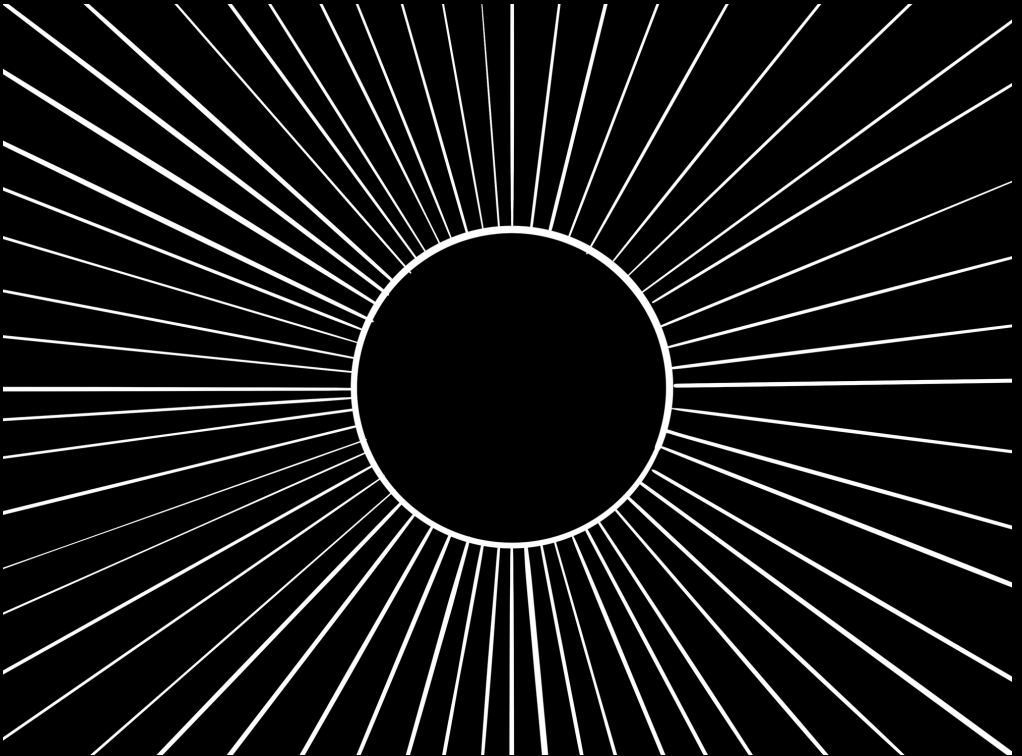


CREDITS

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Ira Satpathy

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MANZONI

Free Verse
Founder's Edition



Poetry Appreciation Society

توقف عن التصرف بشكل صغير
جدًا. أنت الكون في حركة النشوة.

Stop acting so small.
You are the universe
in ecstatic motion.

-Jalāl al-Dīn
Muḥammad Rūmī

Editor's Note

A flower stays fresh for about a week before it starts to wilt. Immerse it in water, and it will remain for longer. Press it between a book, and it is engraved in time, forever.

I wonder if it is the same with words. I wonder if it is the same with people.

This small pamphlet is a product of a few dozen scribbled parchments, each reminiscing memories, words, and people. I hope it gives you some reason to hold on to all you have to let go.

-Editor-in-Chief,
Ira Satpathy



Words Against Intent

Do promises come with an expiry
date?

As do most things in life

The ones we made are corpses now
The ones we didn't are breathing fine

Like a mirage it exists
To lure us

Into the obligatory trap

A prison constructed with words
Or sometimes written blood notes

Those who fulfill it
Swear it was worth it
Others, like us, who culled it
Dismiss it

Perhaps
A promise is nothing but a
promiscuous Pastor
That prays to a god
But preys on boys
Or, perhaps it is
the umbilical cord
between two people
that nurtures and nourishes
and is true to life

We make

We break

We keep

We partake of

We ponder

We wonder

We play it under

And as I weave this poetic narrative
I shuffle through the promises I made
or the ones that were made to me
And I ask myself
Since when did words carry so much
weight?

-Ms. Shefali Thapliyal

Summer of '22

When you're around, it feels like acts of unprecedented kindness
In a hard-boiled world -- eggs or candies, you choose.

Like sparrows swooping into makeshift birdhouses
To escape the sweltering heat: you are the heat
And yet, I let summer settle onto my skin in a layer of
Light sweat pooling at the back of my knees,
In the ridges of my palms,
At the base of my neck.

-Oshin Likha

Painted Verses

In my head, each detail is a verse
From dirty rags in the sink, to the freckles
That line my arm
But somehow you've always been
Brushstrokes, flecks of paint across my hand
The rainbow- with reds, yellows and greens against
A backdrop of blue
A palette- you paint my soul.

And maybe that's why you fill my
Mouth with the taste of iron,
Words crushed between my molars
That just don't suffice
You're something I can't describe
An elusive enigma-
That's never happened before.

I've always hated yellow- I still do
But somehow it still finds a place inside you
You're a poem I can't decipher
But somehow I know you
In a language I don't understand.

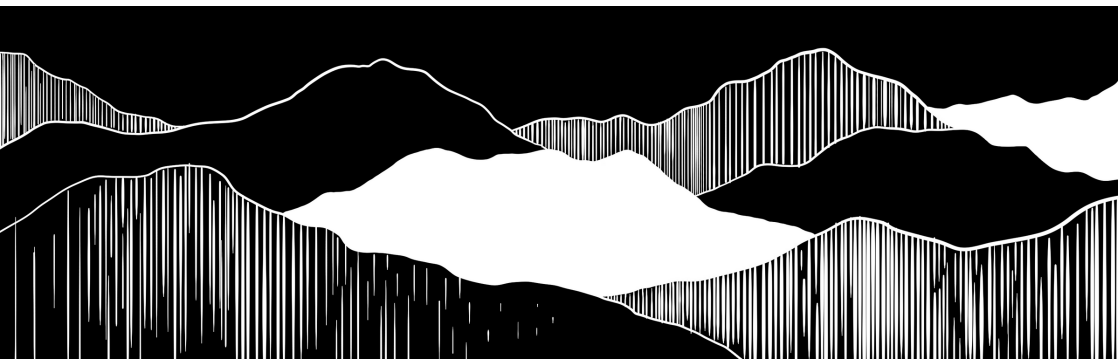
-Aarisha Jain

From the Valleys to the Hills
From Me to You

Do you think the valley thinks of the hills,
As often as I think of you?
Do you think the winds of the hills
Sing the valley to sleep,
And the mist carries messages between the two?
Does the Bindal coming from the hills
Await the moment it trespasses valley land,
And every leaf that falls,
Wishes to get caught by valley hands?
The wildflowers growing under my window,
Are they gifts the hills sent?
Does the valley look at the hills,
The way I look at you?
Like every tragedy will go away,
And every pain will cease to exist,
If i keep talking to you,
Is their love surreptitious like ours,
That only the enamored can read into?

Every time a flower blooms,
Every time a dew drop forms,
Every time a bulbul sings
And every time rain falls,
So do the valleys for the hills,
And so do I, for you.

-Aahana Gupta



Lost Promises Found in Her Garden

In those fragile galaxies,
Forged from glass,
The most shattering sound
Is a single call,
a message straight from her eyes.
The raven sleeps in her soft nest, woven from thorns,
As she ceases to cry, there is only a distant bark.
All her blooms, wilt away,
The daisies she planted, dance away in despair
Her sunflowers fly away into the expanding night sky,
Every single golden dandelion, every single wish of mine,
Reaches the stars, her final home.
Still, her precious poppies remain preserved,
In that cage of bones, that once contained a beating heart.
Every petal of her sweet white lilies
Fall like the tears on my cheeks.
I see her fragments, blow away in the wind
Drown in the oceans
Of her deluding bluebells;
She's gone, taking every ray of sunshine with her,
Leaving only, a trove of shadows, and a faint smell of musky jasmine.
A garden watered only by our tear drops;
A garden of her Chloris, that haunt me, as if they were
Broken promises;
That only grew from all her untruths
Now bare, one single black rose
Sways, to the lost lullaby of her lavenders,
Ready to fall into everlasting slumber,
Just like she did;
The flowers of her,
Their seed, the deepest lie of all,
"Forever"

-Rudrani Rajya Lakshmi

Madness and Memories

A Thousand Suns make up your form.
My being is burnt and beaten,
But after every burn, I rise up,
Like a phoenix. Mamma says
It's madness, madness.

Trace fingers on my skin,
Or etch scars. Even if my blood
Gushes out, I will pour it into goblets,
To cheer your name. Mamma says
It's madness, madness.

You serpent- tongued liar, you have
Done me so much harm. Yet,
Like a moth, I still dance
To your flames. Mamma says
It's madness, madness.

Marks stay, and so do memories.
Even if my skin remains charred, I
Will not hide it. It has become a
Part of me. Mamma says
It's madness, madness.

I have cried extensively, and I have loved
The same. If dying embers are
To fade away, what is love, then?
Mamma says it's madness, madness.

-Ira Satpathy





Swollen Heart

Wind bells chimed as the gentle breeze blew.
Heaven sung hymns for the broken one.
Cupid struck an arrow a little too soon.
Hearts a bit swollen,
For it was refused.

-Evva

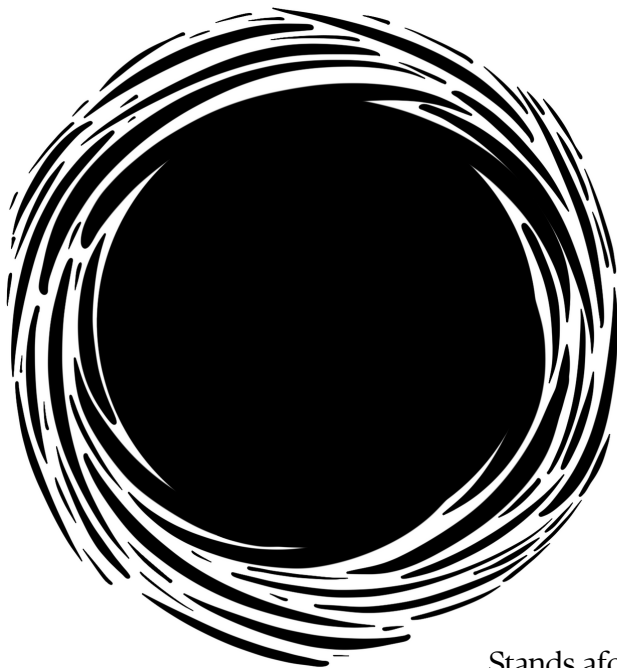
Threads

We are fragments unbroken,
But made to be so,
Carrying light to sustain our soul.
Given choice, not circumstance,
To bloom into colour
And to chase blurred love of spiritual desire,
To not a place but land unknown,
We may seek this perception in each-

Or,
Lie in desolation and with dimming of self,
Undead,
Add to this darkness that counters all life.
But still in this shines brighter candescence.

And by circumstance now, not on one choice,
Shifts the tapestry,
That our intermingled threads weave,
Of unending, changing life.

-Keya Aggarwal



Metamorphosis

At the brink of twilight
Stands afoot the master of darkness
Wings that keep foes at bay
Never ceasing to seek its prey
Divine wings which can ease fears
Have no might yet seek no flaws
Fragile beauty that seize the day
A wonderous balance, it does embrace
Though alike in no manner
But strength and beauty can co-exist.

Feuillemort

-Tamanna Baid

Lilies silvered with dews
Shying away from the sun
Hiding in their nectar
Came a wave of mellow fragrance
But it didn't last long
Those dews turned to tears
The mellow fragrance to the stench of blood
The shyness to a hiding
Carrying the pieces of my broken heart

-Riddhi Agarwal

Is This It?

I wake up to hues of yellow in my feelings
and try to blame them on the sun-
the creator of our insecurities
I lie down on the bed for another hour
for if grey wasn't my favourite colour-
the in-between
I try to walk around forgetting
the pink of the cotton candies that we never shared-
the memories
which you'd like me to call my dreams
I push him away
and turn to the moon-
the feelings I've been most afraid of

-Avika Lohia

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely
and more temperate: Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
May, / Summer's lease hath all too short a date: / Sometime
/ hot / eye of heaven shines, / And often / his golden
/ complexion dimm'd; / Every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd; But / thy
eternal / shall not fade, / Nor lose possession of / fair
/ , / Nor shall death / wander'st in / shade,
/ in eternal lines / : So long as men can
breathe / So long lives this, / gives life to
/

-Bhavya Sangal

Blackout Poetry from Shakespeare's 'Sonnet 18'

The Starry Night

The star skies above our head,
The wet and soft grass below us.
The luminous grey ball,
Looking closer with every look we exchange.
The breeze made our bodies cold,
But my heart remained warm.
The dahlias fragrance fresher
than the moist soil after rains.
She was a basket of fresh peaches,
A pit of burning flames.
She was a collection of my sketches,
A night of endless games.
My heart skipped beats
It danced to her voice.
she looked at the stars above
And I looked at mine.

-Vaanya Thapliyal

काँच

कैसे रोकूँ पलकों से गिर रही उन झिल्लड़ बूंदों को,
मेरी काँच सी बूँदें तुझे मुझसे वाकिफ करवाती है,
यह तुझे मेरे खुले जख्म दिखाती है,
मुझे मिल रही क्षति की खबरें यह दौड़ कर तुझे पहुँचाती है।

यह मासूम काँच की बूँदें मेरी कलाइयों में गहरे गड्ढे खोद रही है,
शायद यह उनका पेशा है,
यह मेरी मर्ज़ी से मेरे दिल की देहलीज़ पार करके अंदर आगयी,
लेकिन यह मेरे कहने पर जाने से मना करती है।

पर अब इनकी बचकानी ज़िद्द की आदत होने लगी है।
शायद अब इनकी शिकायत की गुंजाईश भी खतम होने लगी है,
क्योंकि अब कलाइयों में काँच की आदत सी होगयी है।

-Shreem Miglani



Love and Light

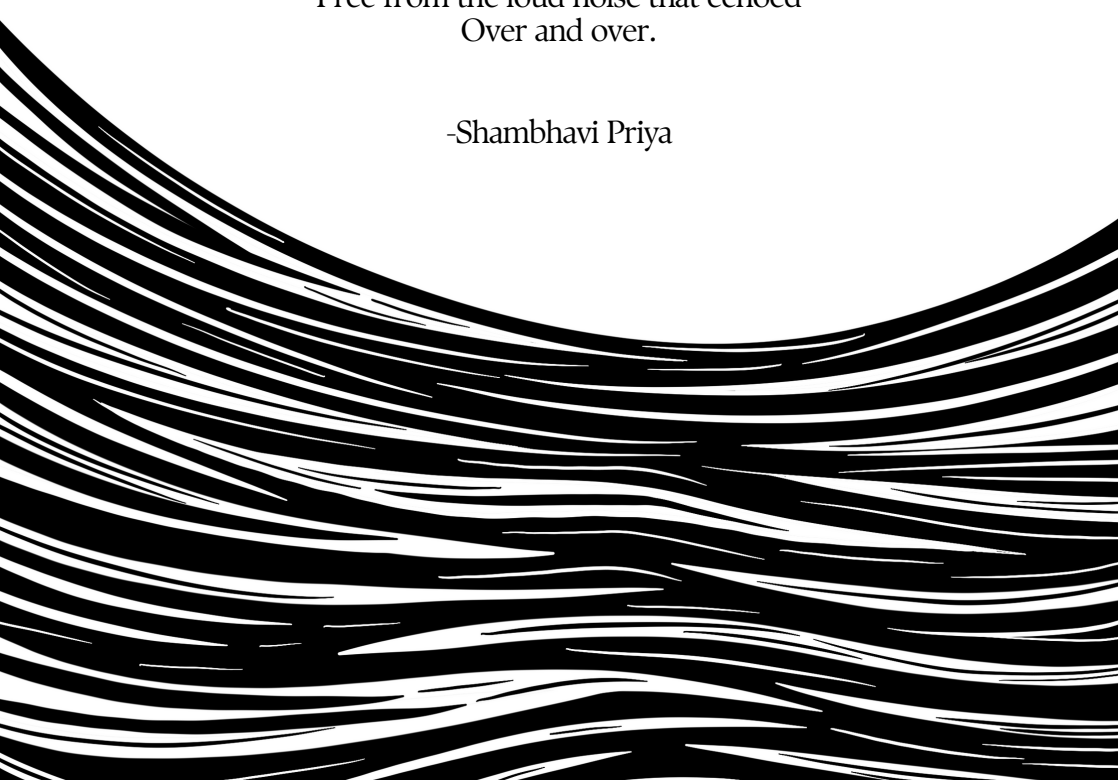
I have lately been told I wake up everyday with light in my
Eyes and love in my hair,
And you're the only reason why.
You make my subconscious manifest into
Countless blaming fingers, all pointing accusingly,
Angrily at you.
They See the way you fill me up at night with yourself,
But abandon them in the morning,
When light sheds clarity within.
I emerge from my plunging slumber,
With traces of you still in me,
And pass the days with Fumes of your essence inside of me.
For you must live,
Vicariously through me.
Whatever Version of you I keep,
Doesn't make a Difference to me
Because through me,
You live,
The part of you that I allow to.
But as the sun fades away,
And night falls, I'm all that accounts for
As the remains of the day.
But then I fall asleep
Because with you in my dreams, the world becomes
An endless stretch of the beach,
Each wave of you hitting
Back harder and harder.
And I wake up, remembering vividly
Something that was long gone, but yet always with me.
Perhaps that's why,
I wake up everyday with light in my eyes and love in my hair.
But my feeble heart is too fragile for the fall,
Just look at how it leaves confessions,
To a silhouette of the past.

-Paridhi Saboo

A Sigh of Relief

What has happened
Has been engraved in time
Despite the cruelty of its recollection
The ashes are not to be forgotten
The hours have flown
The joy has ended
What is left are tears of longing ness
As he buried the cache
Slowly, gently;
As if it were his own flesh
Now he is free
Free from the shackles
That dangled at his feet
Free from the loud noise that echoed
Over and over.

-Shambhavi Priya



The Relevant Incoming

Murmuring crowds of questions and doubts fleet past my eyes,
The clock has stopped working but
I hear the haunted ticking of every second,
As I stand here alone.
The lights above my head flicker,
I see the warning signs flash,
Yet my heart and head ignore the ringing bells,
As if it's a Sunday morning,
And I am near the Chapel.

The train station is suddenly empty,
The ride has left with all passengers;
Some with their names on leather bounded seats,
And some staggering on their two feet.
The empty passage taunts me, daringly calling out to me
The train incoming next, goes the other way
And everyone has different obscene things to say
I am no bound to step in,
For it feel that way.

All while this happens, I stand here,
Waiting for that one train with a seat reserved just for me;
To come today.

-Prisha jain