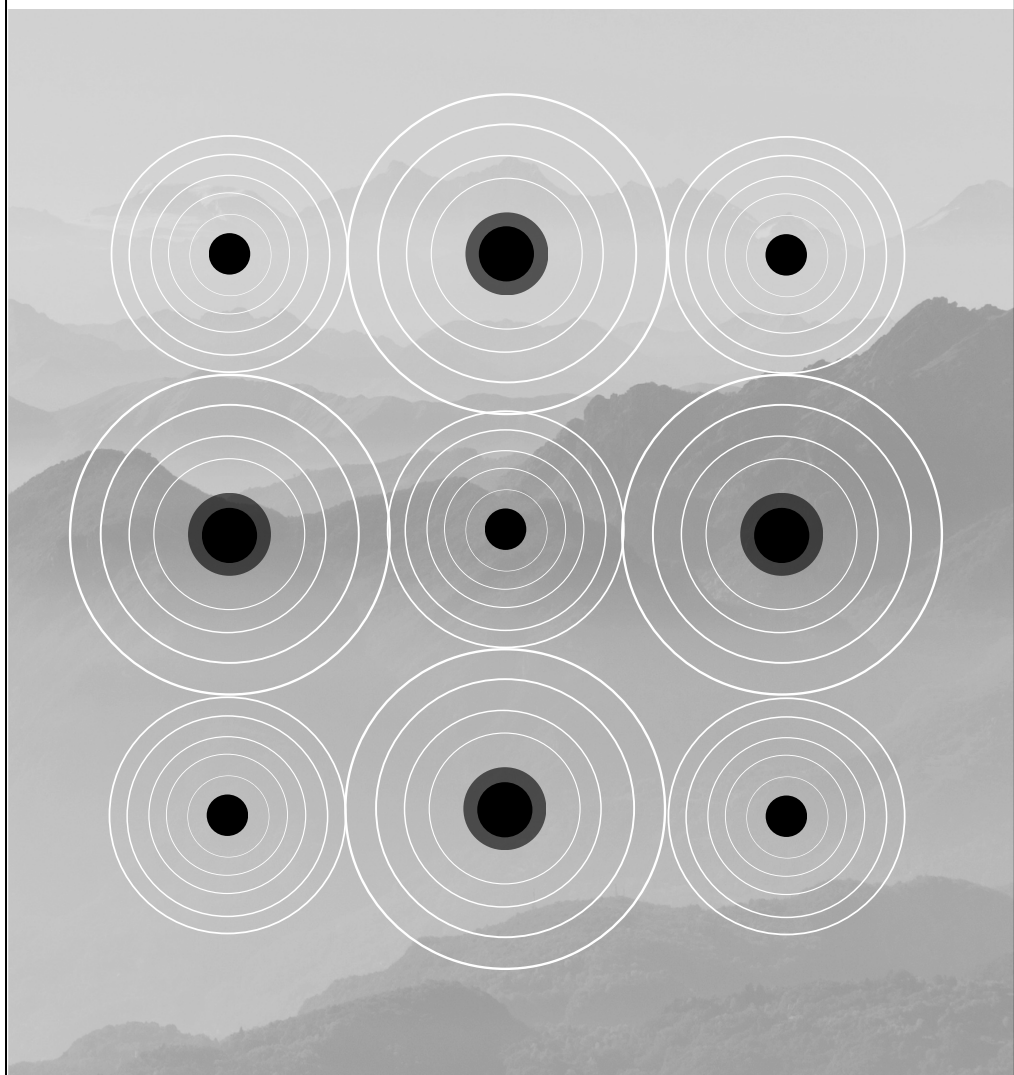


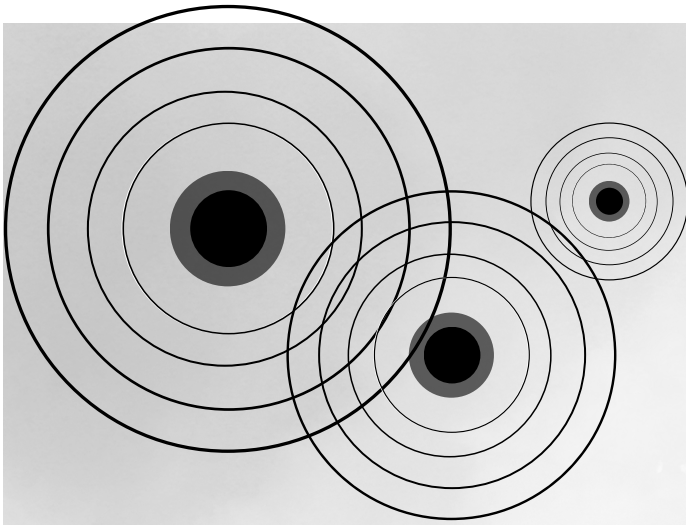
FREE VERSE

POETRY APPRECIATION SOCIETY

फ्री
वर्स

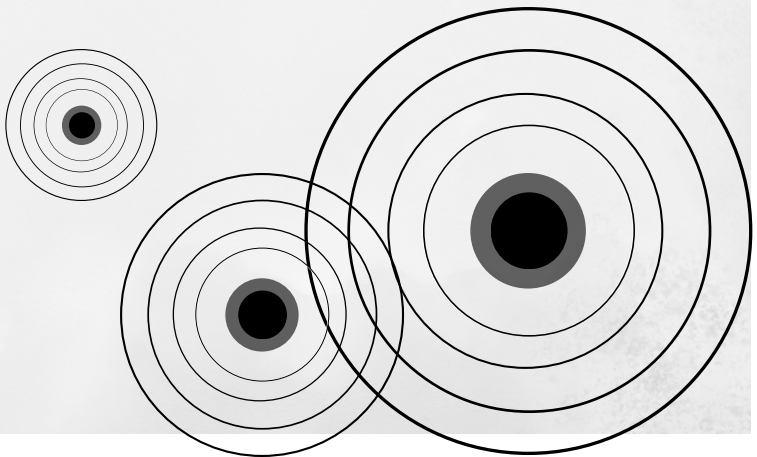
पोएट्री
अप्प्रेसिएशन
सोसाइटी

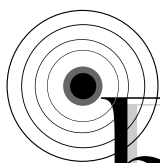




*"She didn't want the little prince
to see her crying. She was such a
proud little flower."*

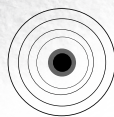
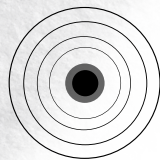
From 'The Little Prince'
by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry





Editors', Note

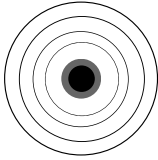
White candles lit,
Floating on a dried flower strewn path,
A trail I leave behind.
On step forward—
A million more to follow.





DAILY DEAL OF AN UNDERDOG

I lug my bag and tiffin box home
After a long day at work
Entered mindless numbers on the screen
Spoke about perishable things with colleagues
On the bus I mentally calculated
My bank balance
Thought of a few investments
And then dinner
The end of the day was non cinematic
But in my head.
I was a warrior princess
Back in the den
To lick the wounds of the battle
Vowing to win the kingdom back
And before turning off the night lamp
I let out a muted battle cry
Lest the neighbours hear.
The next morning, I am ready again
To be a nobody.



-Ms Shefali Thapliyal,

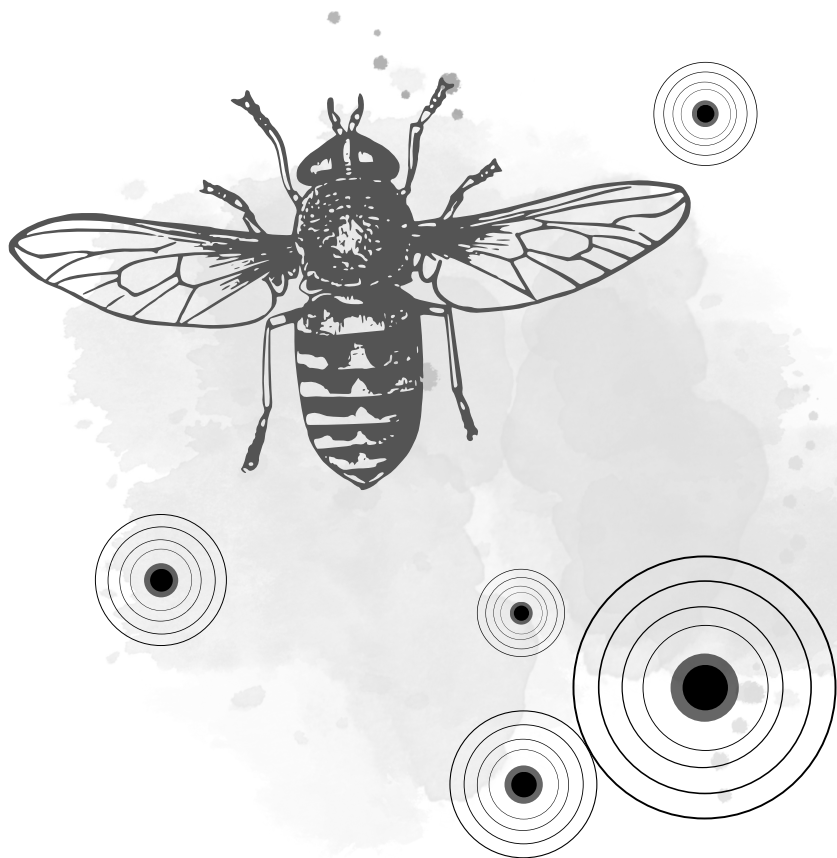
Poem from her book titled 'Conversation on Cue'.



FIREFLIES

love is in the dusty stack of old boxes
half torn and mostly in pieces
of papers and hearts in jars
full of promises kept safe
dipped in warm colours
on cold nights
with us

-Avika Lohia



FIRST LOVE AND WHAT NOT

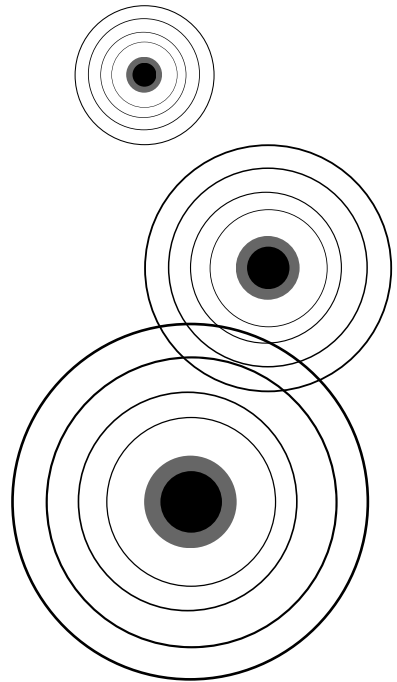
The rose petals you gave me,
I keep them close to my heart even today.
Bright red dimmed to a delicate orange.
Just the way you faded away.

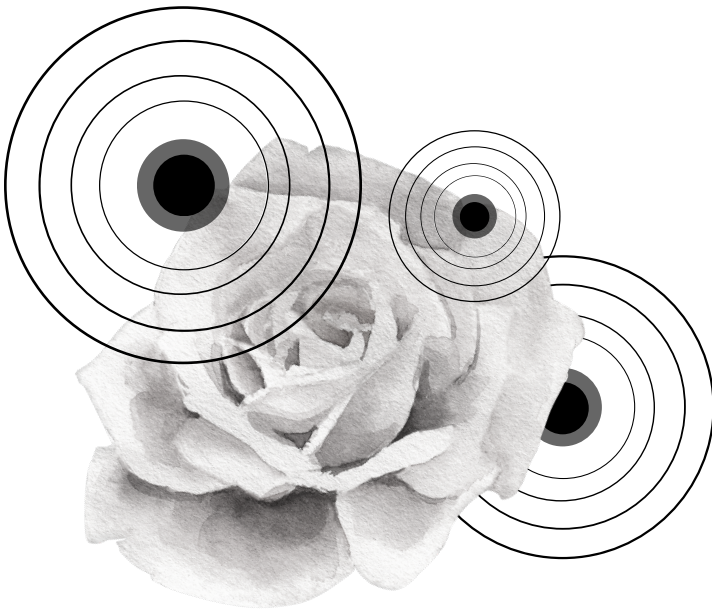
First love and what not,
You stitched daisies over every scar.
I would breathe through your breath,
And beat through your heart.

Flower crowns in your hair,
That you braided into mine.
Jasmine and nectar in your air,
And I lose my mind.

But first love and what not,
Its the most innocent of them all.
You love like you'll never love again,
A leap of faith; a fall.

-Aahana Gupta





STYGIAN ROSE

Kept on the edge of a window sill
Was a broken fragile glass that shaded a rose
A rose that made the hollow nights appear scintillate
It knew not to shed nor to grow
But only to stand still

While The winters are on their brink
the glass has shivered and frozen
And that is when it was the most alluring
Conspicuous amongst the whitest snow
A beauty of this darkness cannot be pure?

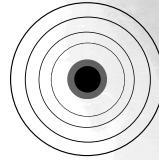
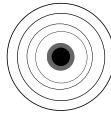
The silence made its chasmic desire obvious
Waiting for its time to come
To seek freedom from this torment
To fly away from this world of judgment
Longing to be reunited with its kind.
That Stygian rose that is keeping still in the fragile glass.

-Riddhi Agarwal

HAIRCLIP

The hairclip, like that conversation
Spoken in the strokes of our pens,
Of thoughts flying with our
Crushed-paper-planes,
An elixir to blues and mundane wanderings,
Water to the waves of senseless ponderings,
Akin to a way of stunning piece
Of cloudless turquoise skies with stars-
Pink and purple in colour,
Settled in tangled locks of
Unkept hair!

-Ahana Gupta

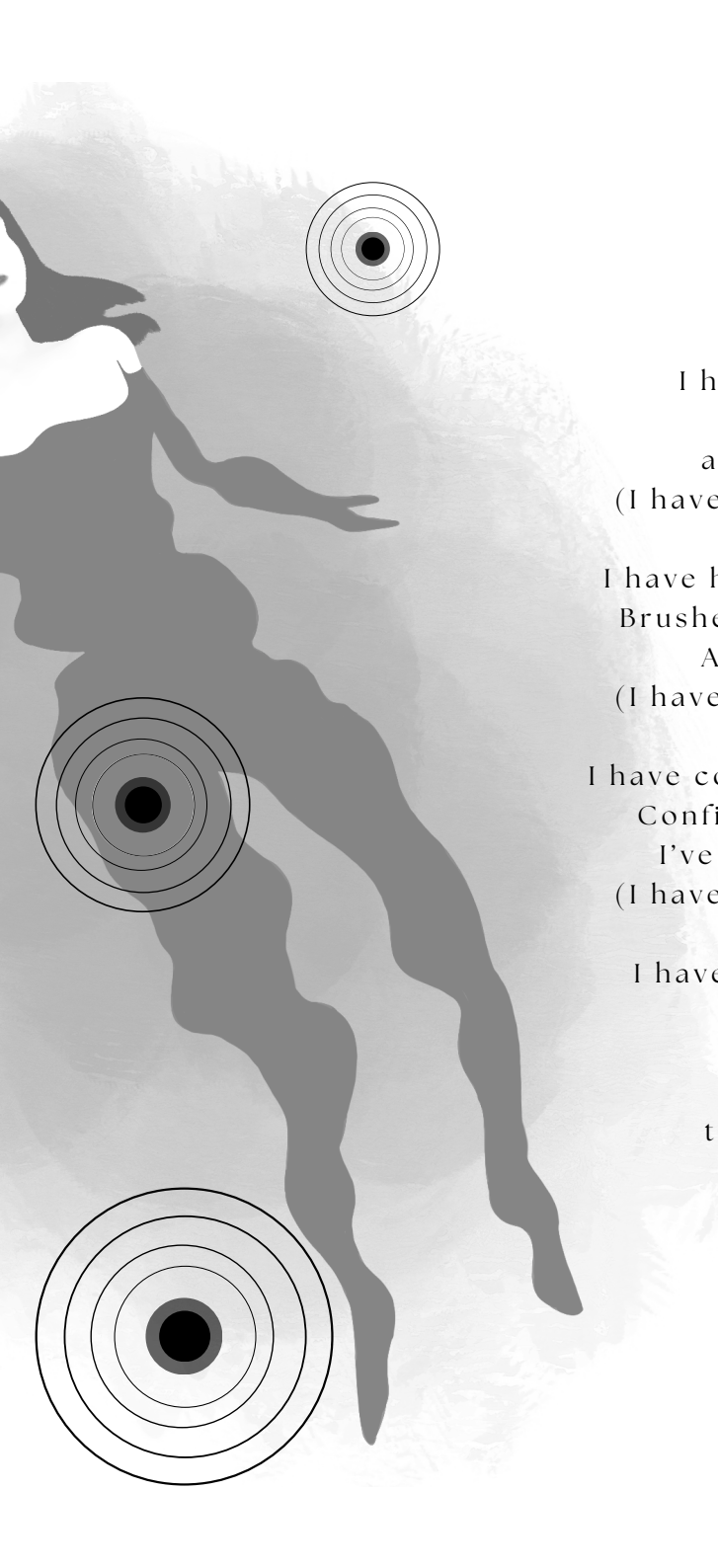


THE BASK

I give myself to the bask of the sun-
To see the heart, the palm, the lip.
Like dawn it lights, rips, bleeds,
For you are bold to see only the light.
For I am bolder to see no other-
no other than the pink of your
beloved heart and all that is to see

-Sharanya Goel





IS THIS IT?

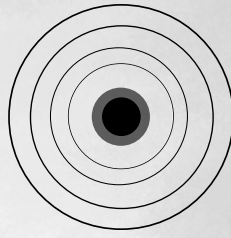
I have taped my eyes,
Stitched my lips,
and spared my ears.
(I have become a woman)

I have hidden my wounds,
Brushed off the beatings,
And wiped my tears.
(I have become a woman)

I have cooked and cleaned,
Confined to these walls,
I've lived but stoically.
(I have become a woman)

I have become a woman,
(And just like me
a million others
will surrender
to this womanhood)

-Ira Satpathy



WOOD OF FLAMES

I was a passer-by,
Until I crossed the Wood of Flames.
Where instead of leaves and creepers,
Were solitary flames and strings of coal.
It was then I became a wayfarer.
And then it occurred to me,
How the silent, tranquil leaves
Were replaced by livid flames!
The outlook was an open book
The once sober creation with many a clear brook
Is intoxicated on the goblets of discord
Can humanity rebuild the pillars of peace?
Or will it walk on a Wood of Flames,
For all of Eternity

• - Tamanna Baid



THE GHOST OF ME

Caught in the eclipse

The moon of blood shines down
upon she who screams out of
never ending non existence

To she who seems to but has
ceased to exist, leaving behind
strings of colour which had been
hers

Entwined with the black and white
which are only now hers and hers
alone;

Who cannot help but shed a single
silver tear which falls on her cold
soulless body.

Love, warmth, life and herself, it
attempts to restore there

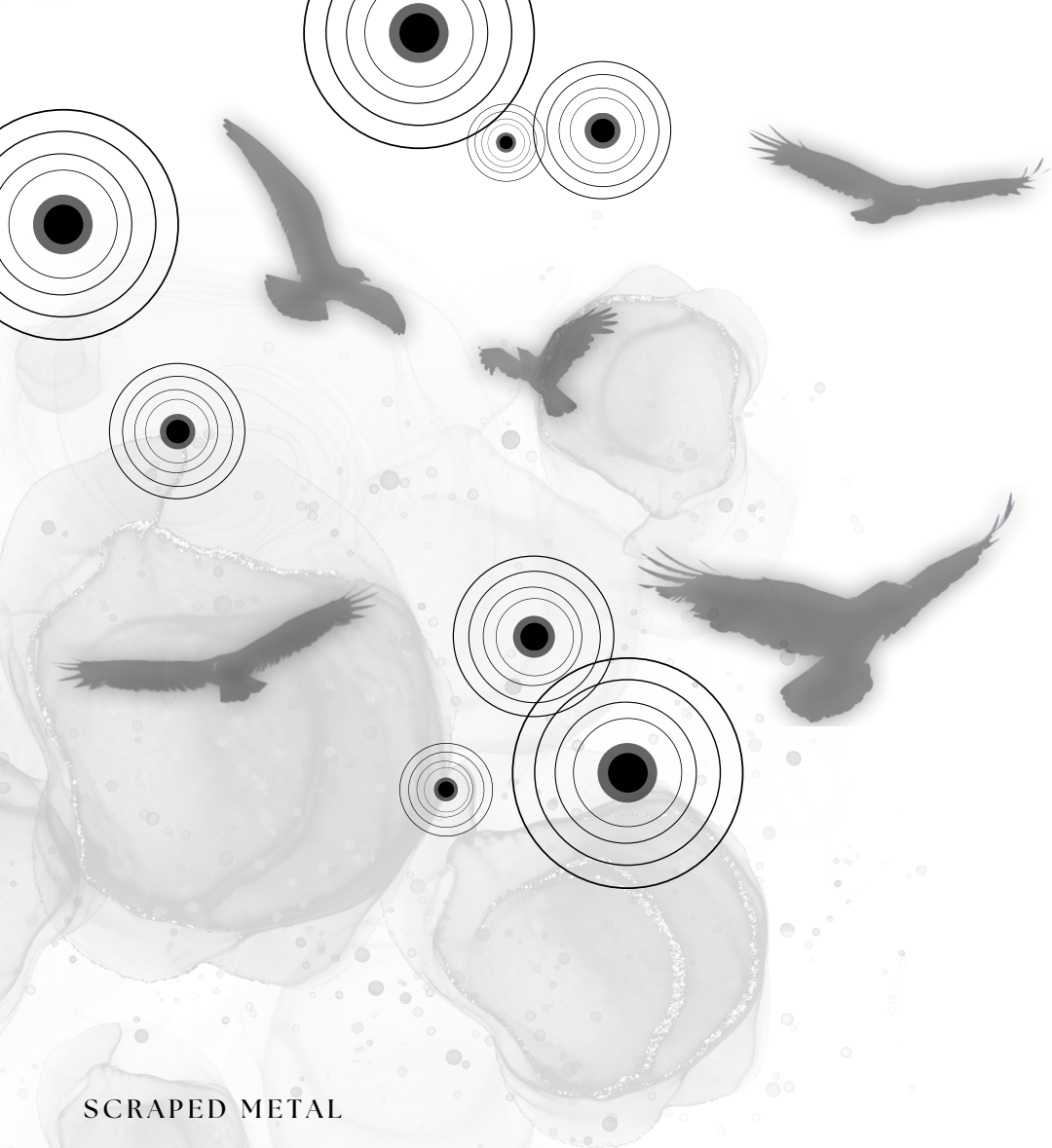
Failing, for now,

Even hell and heaven cannot seem
to bring back

The forever forgotten angel to
replace the Ghost of me.

-Prarthana Goenka



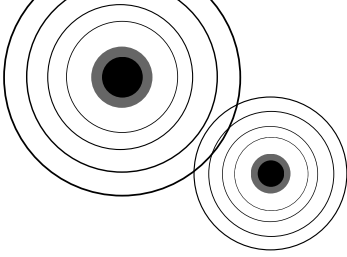


SCRAPED METAL

Blew the ghosts of kisses to the atmosphere
knowing they'd slip right through & we sang like croaking
siren.

Scratch throats are the best instruments for heartache.
He said that. Always did.

-Bidisha Dam



FALLACY

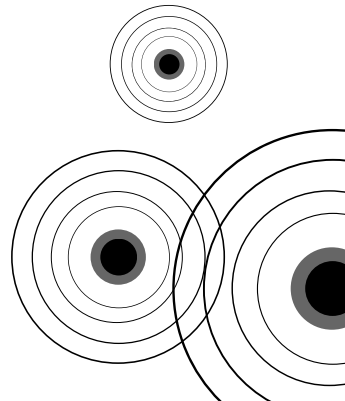
I know truth as the bloodied noose,
That choked out whimpers
Upon the altar of sacrifice--
--But sorrow lives better than joy.

These fallacious grins are from beyond this land;
An ephemeral show from where shines a thriving soul.
But here- festering are deep grimy cobwebs in
Shallows and swamp, so decadent in gore.

Many rotting infested hands,
That hold shut your nose.
And in quiet struggling,
You quit your hold
Over a life

That you only pretended to own

-Keya Agarwal





GARDEN OF SEEDLESS SOULS

Swinging on this mango tree

I promise you a story;

A fantasy.

I will trap my childhood

And put it in your palms.

Keep it safe, keep it safe –

Promise to keep it warm

And not make

The same mistakes.

There will be summer rain;

There will be winter sun;

And I'll be there by your side

In this frivolous game of life

We play for fun.

I sow the seeds from

My past tears,


In the soil beneath

Your feet.

Water them with yours now –

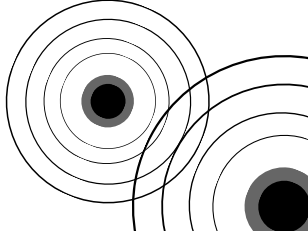
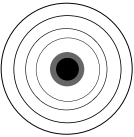
Won't you help them grow, please?

-Shreya Singh



All my aunts and uncles talked it over as if they were choosing a prep school for me and finally said, 'Why yes' with very grave, hesitant faces. Father agreed to finance me for a year and after various delays I came east, permanently. I thought, in the spring of twenty two. The practical thing was to find rooms in the city but it was a warm season and I had just left a country of wide lawns and friendly trees, so when a young man at the office suggested that we take a house together in a commuting town it sounded like a great idea. He found the house, a weather-beaten cardboard bungalow at eighty a month, but at the last minute the firm ordered him to Washington and I went out to the country alone. I had a dog, at least I had him for a few days until he ran away, and an old Dodge and a Finnish woman who made my bed and cooked breakfast and muttered Finnish wisdom to herself over the electric stove. It was lonely for a day or so until one morning some man, more recently arrived than I, stopped me on the road. 'How do you get to West Egg village?' he asked helplessly. I told him. And as I walked on I was lonely no longer. I was a guide, a pathfinder, an original settler. He had casually conferred on me the freedom of the neighborhood. And so with the sunshine and the great bursts of leaves growing on the trees—just as things grow in fast movies—I had that familiar conviction that life was beginning over again with the summer.

-Nivedita Gupta



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