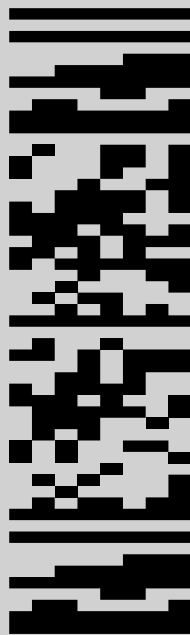
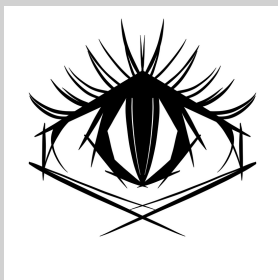
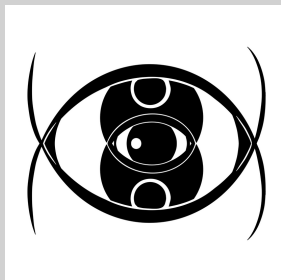
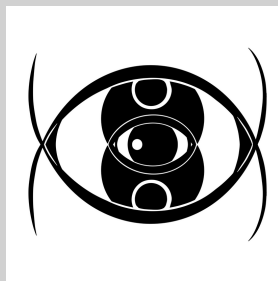
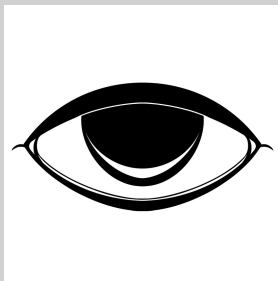
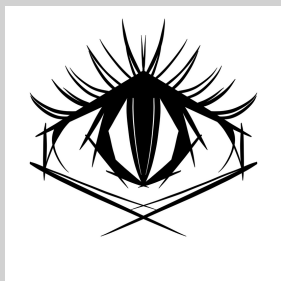
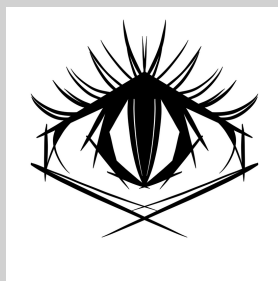
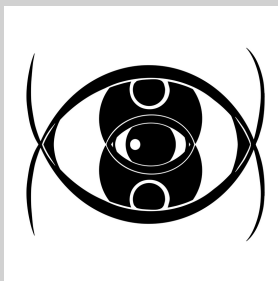
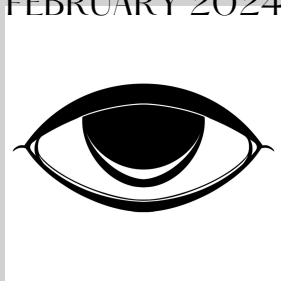


FEBRUARY 2024



Poetry Appreciation Society



FRANGI PANI

FREE
VERSE

INVESTITURE EDITION

Perhaps it isn't love when I
say you are what I love the
most — you are the knife I
turn inside myself, this is love.
This, my dear, is love.”

Franz Kafka

EDITOR'S NOTE

Observe, perceive, express.

Human experiences
Have never been singular.

Speak, etch or write.

We are creatures
Of great divergence.

A coin has two sides.

A dice has six faces.

The next few pages
have a million.

I hope we continue to
Cherish our varying
perspectives.

Kaleidoscope.

Editor-in-Chief
Ira Satpathy

Wings that will Cover the Sky

I have an enormous desire
To have a mouthful of poison
Gargle and then swallow it
And see if the wings I never had
Start growing
Because someone once told me
I'd have to die before I can fly.
But then
Why would I want to die first
To be able to fly?
I want to live a hundred years
On wings I curate
From each little victory
Every day battle
I may have come from earth
But I am meant to soar among the eagles
And anything that comes between the earth and universe
Will be a step to climb on
I will grow to be a hundred-year-old witch
That has vials of exotic poison
Who collected it from those
Who told her she can choose to swallow
And end the misery
Now, they lay under the dry earth
While I rise and become the daughter of Ares
Fighting battles
Wearing a warrior headgear
Soaring
Until my wings expand and cover the entire sky.



–Shefali Thapliyal

Accord

You are your mother's child,
You shall be left untouched.
When the weapons come,
Quietly shut your senses.
Bear witness to blood trails
And the corpses in dust.
Stand stiff like a bystander,
You will never be harmed.
All and more, as long as you
Comply.

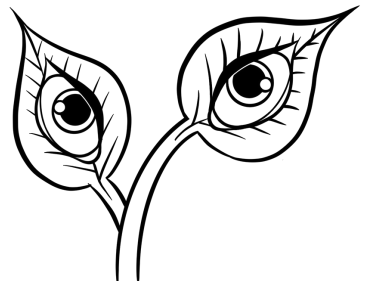
Comply, not.
You are your mother's child.
Remember how she said
To take care of all her children?
Look up to those pillars
They still stand their ground.
You better stand your ground.
Those wrought iron fists
shall crumble to ashes like
those they had once crumbled.
While you shall rise,
In a world of your making.
All and more, as long as you
Choose well.

—Ira Satpathy

Saviour

In that sound lay his heart
No more galloping, thumping, beating, sobbing of that
life,
In silence were we, in solitude was he,
In unknown lands with perhaps more noise .
A land of so many lives as him, for so many more homes lay
in that silence,
The silence of a spirit, that broke bread with them,
And silence of the spirits who mourn,
And the silence of the saviors who awaits a soul,
As he weighs fates of many more,
For silence is a color without others– not white not black
not pink,
It is not a monochromatic state– nor is it a complete
absence thereof.
Silence is the way of communication with those so far
that they can't hear your sound.
For those who understand it, Silence is the absolute
peace,
And for those who don't silence is more sound that could
ever be.

–Keya Aggarwal



First Wildflower of Summer

She's pretty like the wildflowers and honey
Like the beaming sun reflecting upon the
Transient blue waves
And the glimmering stars that outshine even
on the murkiest of skies
The kind of pretty only a verse could express.

–Jivisha Kalra

Drowning In Her

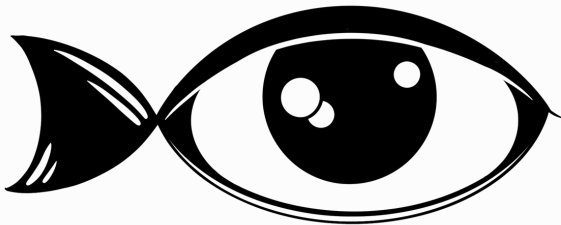
It's the way you are
When you are caught in between strings of imperfection.
It's the careless kisses
ink leaves on your skin,
The bed curls you forgot to brush out,
The wrinkles on the kameez
You fell asleep in,
Its the mud splattered
At the bottom of your salwar,
The thread coming out
from your seams.
It's the bandaid wrapped around your finger,
Your smile when it is sleepy,
Its the days small flowers are stuck in your hair,
When your nails are unevenly cut.
It is when you are the most beautiful mess,
I find myself drowning in you even more.

–Aahana Gupta

To: Icarus

Its midnight and I can't think straight
so I think of you.
Its thoughts of us, really
of our smiles shy, gazes awry.
Its all just a fantasy of course,
In this thick skull of mine
It remains prisoner.
How could I let it run wild when
I look the way I do
And your smile with its ends falling just
Below the mark for affection.
Because I've longed for you for too long
And you've been oblivious all along.
Icarus,
I hope you still my heart's soaring waves
And swallow my sun whole
Before they clip your wings
Before my feelings reach you
From me to you.

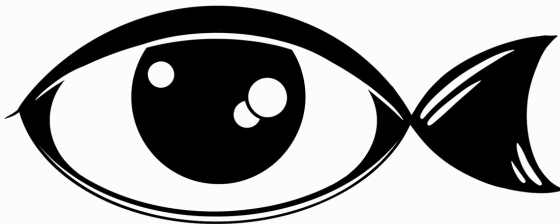
—Paridhi Saboo



Full

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 your life
and share with me your own 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 Lohia



Misfortunes

Behind her fallacy of abullience
lay her ashen past
A misfortunate abandonment
from her fancied one
The erlebniss of a lifetime
had faded away
What a rame she lived through
Indeed a desolation of its own breed, twas'

–Tamanna Baid

Winter has Come

The clouds knit a cardigan in the empyrean,
The winds rustle through the trees,
Leaving them bare.
The sun hazy behind the film of gloom,
The chilly breeze run across our shoulders.
The sun shifts towards the south,
Letting the moon cover larger range.
And now everyone knows winter is coming.
The white crystals fell from the sky,
Slowly weaving a quilt of silver.
And slowly winter's magic painted the ground,
Nature's canvas had a new palette.
The tress adorned in silver lace,
The winds carved out different shapes.
And now everyone knows winter has come.

–Vaanya Thapliyal

Mother of My Heart

Lost in the seamless tapestry of efferent colours,
I walked through the confines of the labyrinth
into the homely chamber

I called my own—

Before the scent of her tube rose perfume could engulf me,
the sight of her cashmere stole sprawled over the fan
pierced my eyes—

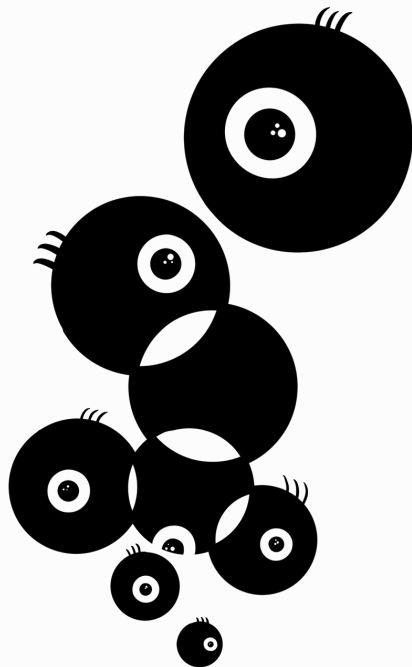
I ran the streets through the night,
not knowing that death answered each door I knocked on
until I caught her lying limp on those cold pavements;
we once walked hand in hand—

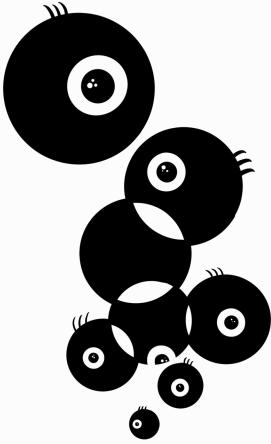
I took her unmoving head into my own trembling hands;
An angel flew out of her mouth that night,

As I muttered the words—

“Mom, please don’t go.”

– Prarthana Goenka





Parasitic

A parasite crawling about my insides.
Moving aimlessly until it knows its time
Free space, empty head.
Oh but it must fill it. It's entitled that way.

The speed of light turns on the radio signal
The first wave is manageable of course.
Grab a surf board and let the ocean move you
But it passed by, the benefit of a calm demeanour

The second, a broken parachute.
“Don't let me crash. I can't afford the ambulance.”
Scream at it. Scream at it until it goes.
It'll go.

The last is dirt pouring down, suffocating.
Making the picking of skin on fingers ravenous,
As it screams louder than you could fathom.
Either suffer, or suffer from refraining from suffering.

To choose.

–Shambhavi Priya

The Unfading Iris

In this haunted old city
Where shadows lurk the streets,
In this cold, cloudy night
When lifeless creatures roam the Earth,
On this still, windy land
Where all the myths come alive,
Under the empty, hollow tree
Where the horrors of our childhood live boundless and free,
A tiny flower of Iris still blooms,
Unaware of the danger that looms,
Unperturbed by the encircling gloom
And blossoms flawlessly as if it was never doomed.

– Arinjayya Saraogi

Breaking Sunflowers

Sunlight through the torn leaves,
To stitch back threading souls.
I'll be crying behind the closed doors,
The clocks stopped striking my midnight.
Where wallflowers lost all their petals,
And cling to their thorns.
And my flowers wilt away
Surrendering to the sunsets,
All my butterflies have nothing
But broken wings.

–Rudrani Rajya Laxmi

Paranoia

The storm growled at the deepest corner of the street
The fire crackling and blazing stupendously
As I chewed nervously on my already loose sleeves
The constant clicking of my pen,
And the rhythmic tapping of my foot,
And the spiraling images of daunting and grotesque swamps of
ripe wickedness
on a loop in my head;
All stop when I see them take forward a step.
They sit next to me; handing me a sandwich
For it was four in the evening
And I was worried sick all day.
Their words, a garbled mess of laughs and coos, echo in my head
Their arms envelope mine;
Bringing with them, a halo of security and freedom.
Not for a brief moment,
Not for eternity
But for however long I need them to be.
Thunder and consequent lightning proceed
“That’s us” they’d say
And the storm quietened down
And the fire turned to ash.

Prisha Jain



Celestial Serenade

Amidst the hills
That touch the heart of the nights
A story unfolds that makes me swoon
The unfinished story of the Sun and the Moon.

Every night they would play this game
But the outcome was always the same
Every day, the Sun would chase the Moon
Yet never on time or maybe too soon

The hills stood witness, silent and still
Watching the lovers fail to link.
Each time the sun spread its fiery wings
The moon burnt, denying them spring.
Looking at the scars, it gave to the moon
Tears flood its eyes and make monsoon.

Despite all the obstacles, they try to fight.
When the sun shows up, they are forced to divide.
In twilight hours, they almost touch
A love so true but fate is such.

The Sun's love for the moon was divine
Every night it would die
To let it's lover shine.

–Shreena Gulati



CREDITS

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SPECIAL THANKS
Shambhavi Priya
Prisha Jain

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