

Tears are the words the mouth can't
say nor the heart bear
But when the sky cries, the world
is afresh.

Grief is the price we pay for love,
But what is life without love?

Every masked smile with sadness
beneath,

is a sign of determination
and resolve underneath

No, the world is not
black and white,

But it is full of contrast
as old as history

The innocent apple and
the cursed bit.

The vibrant day and
the silent night.

The cocoon into the
butterfly

A contrast in nature,
of creation and of
life.

-Amaya Maswah

Samaira

Chrysalis



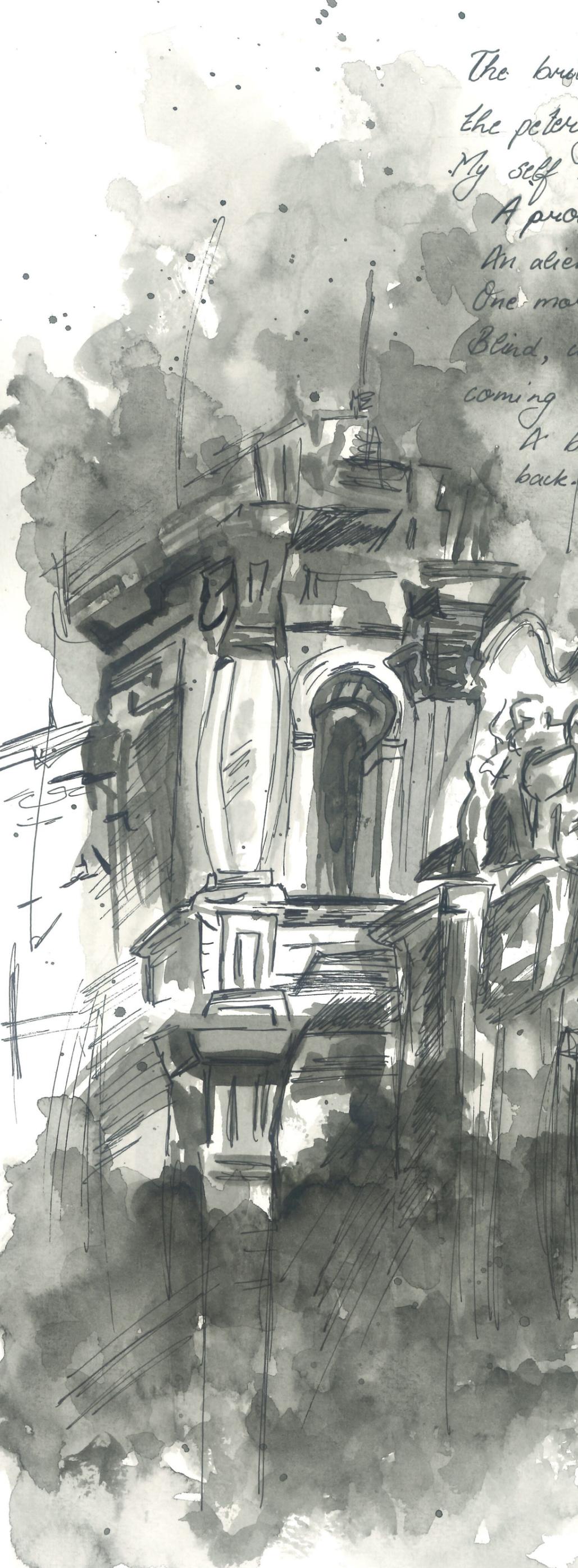
The bricks, the mortar, the cement, the finality,
the petering hope, the last light sneaking in
My self made wall complete.

A protection, A saviour, A convince.

An alienation, A mistake, I regret. One more try,
One more attempt; I go back.

Blind, unable to see the light but I feel it
coming close. A sudden crack. Is it light?

A beacon of hope, the warmth coming
back.



Like fuel to a car, wax to
a candle, The birds to the
sky, The love to a heart.
To be complete, they need each
other.

It's nowisking,
rejuvenating, reminding of the
way it used to be destroying
the walls from my memory.

I am not phoenix
rising from the ashes,

Because I refused to let them let
me burn. I am not Icarus who went
too close to the sun, because I did
not fall, I tripped. And I am back.
And there is no need for a wall
When the house is stronger than
them all.

- Amaya Marwah

Mayhem

He thinks to himself - "This could be heaven or this could be hell"
Because no perfume ever tortured him more than this
He thinks to himself, "Where were from there's no sun and no one"
Even though those summers seemed to last forever.

In the dark dungeons of paradise, he wonders, "Is this real life
or this just fantasy?"; Even when the rain sets in
His dancing feet spell out the tune, "Annie, are you okay?"
But he's lost his grip on the dreams of the past.

In the forest where the mockingbirds sing
She sees far across the distance
And breaks into a song for
"young and sweet," Melodious
whispering, believing heart.
Prarthana Goenka

Nelomanis Reverie

I stood still in the lonely forest,
Perched on weary feet, watching the sun sink low.
Oh, how I would miss those amber flecks of light.

Then, melodies came rushing to me -
Catching my fall, weaving a bed of sound.
My ears, starved for life,
Found their savior in the symphony.

The ^{soft} alto wrapped me in the warmest embrace,
guitar rhymes seeped into my mind,
while the piano's cadence cleared
Unveiling dawn behind my
Until I knew - Music, my kindred
spirit, had bound itself to
my soul.
Riddhi
Agarwal

Ashna
the fog-
closed eyes.
my kindred
itself to

Once, these walls held whispers of kings, marble gleamed beneath gilded skies
pillars kissed by the breath of gods, each arch a hymn to time's design.

Velvet laughter danced through corridors,
gold-threaded tapestries caught the sun,
steps wove symphonies into the stone
where power reigned, where fate begins.

Now my climbs where banners fell,
roots embrace the hollow throne,
wind hums hymns through fractured
halls, a kingdom claimed by earth alone.

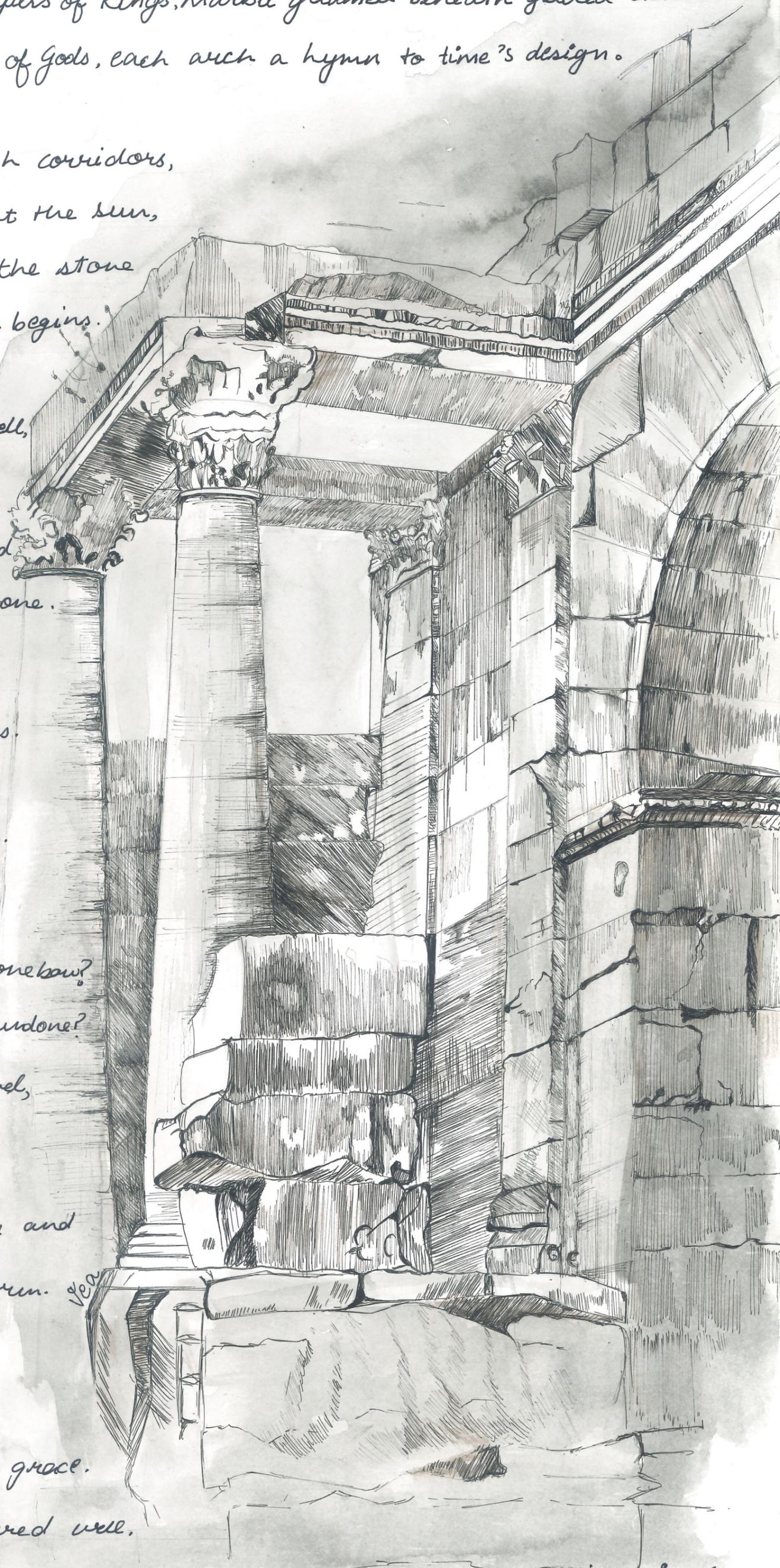
For grandeur is not in what remains,
but in how it yields, in how it fades.
A ruin does not weep for time
it wears its ghosts like fine brocade.

Does a throne hold meaning when none bow?
Does a crown still glisten when it's undone?
Oh is it in the fall, the slow unravel,
where true magnificence is spun?

Perhaps all splendour must fracture and
fade, so its echoes may outline the form.

Perhaps we are not meant to last
only to vanish, beautifully worn.

For what is eternity if not the grace
of vanishing, yet being remembered well.



- Lakshita Mittal

I breathe care free in life's spring
I paint each naked canvas with hues of heaven
I often wonder how earth can bear such a beautiful peace of heaven

The ocean breathes life into me

I eagerly await each dawn to see my true free.

Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring

Each season weaves its own rare beauty to bring

But wait!

In a faraway distance, I hear strange noises
Do you hear it too? They sound like muffled voices

~ Rajni Banik



Soft voices drift from realms unknown,
where silence weaves its licken threads,
No shadow lingers, not do fears -
Just quiet peace where self has fled.



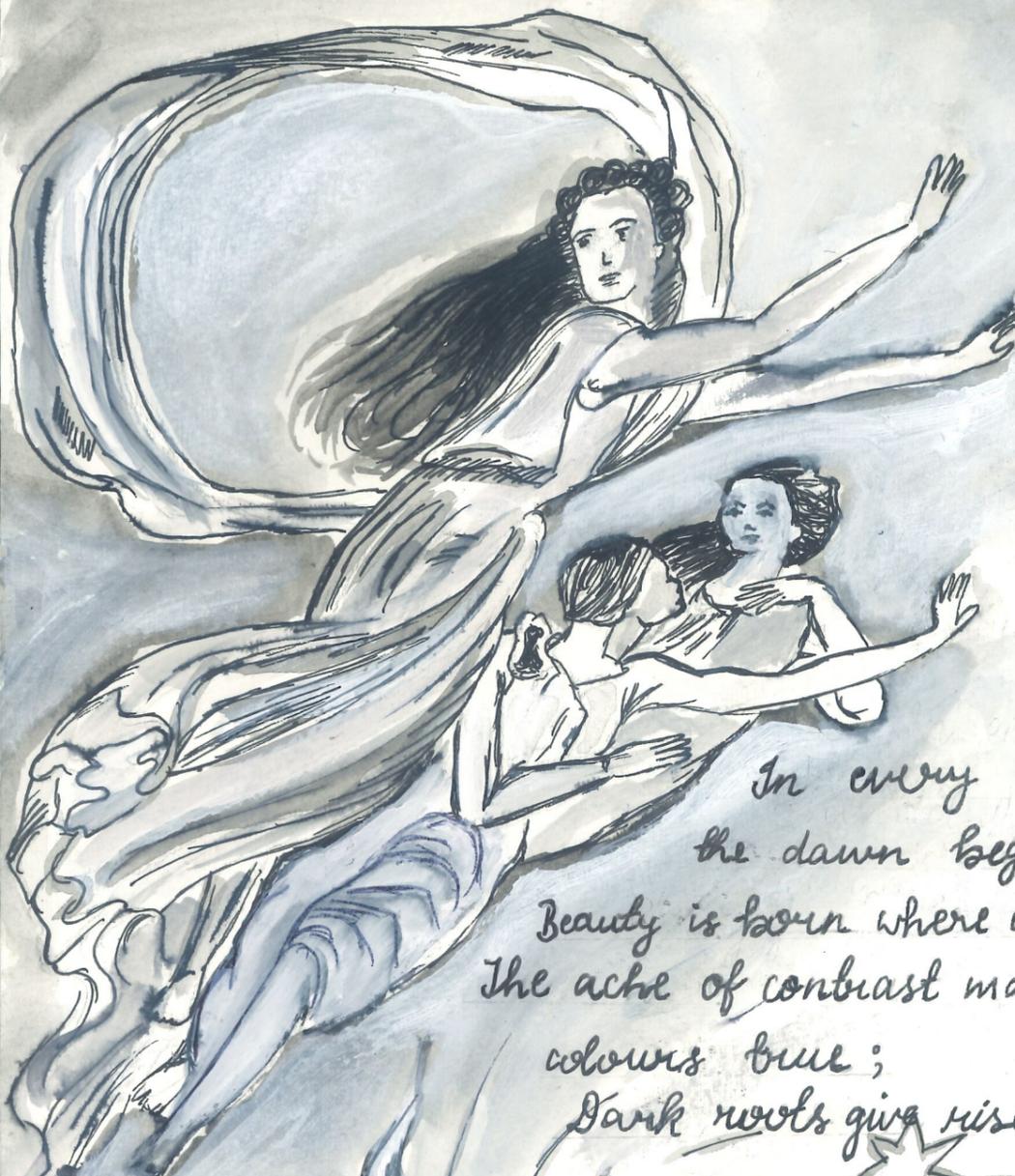
No golden light nor aeth, nor pain,
No chance to bind, no walls to break,
Just endless calm, a boundless space,
A gentle hush with no heartache. The past
dissolves a whispered breeze, No weight to bear.
No need to strive, A tranquil stream that softly flows,
where nothing ends and never arrives.

No laughter, lost, no sorrow found.

Just stillness in the vast expanse
A tender touch, serene and pure -

In nonexistence, rest, may dance ~ Jannana Baid

Maanya



In every dusk,
the dawn begins to gleam
Beauty is born where opposites dream
The ache of contrast makes the
colours true;
Dark roots give rise to skies of
deeper blue
-Laksita



Every leaf
Every flower
Every tree
Every sun
But that does
you stop
stop putting leaves
pages of
stop climbing
getting up
to watch the
it's in loving that
and it's in letting
know you



falls
wither
gets out
sets
not mean
smelling flowers
between the
your book
trees or
early
sun rise
you let go
go that you
loved

- Anadhya

Until the tide ebbs & flows
Until the moon hides to
let the sun shine
until the cocoon turns into
the butterfly
Until the rain falls
to go back again
I shall love you.

- Amaya

Samaira



Dear Dawn,
you bring the warmth that cold nights hold,
silence is broken with the rooster's call.
the birds lull the mourners of night,
knitting the rays into their melodies.

Spring blooms in each house,
the memories of myriad memories lie thick in the air.
The birth of dawn, the death of aged lam-
the cycle continues

from the case of a cocoon to the snap of a wing,
each glorious day melts in colours of sunlight.
The butterfly rebirths, from a crawler
to one who flutters in the sky-
a dignified rebirth, a justified death,
she embraces both with equal love.

- Cuah Gondalia

In a field of fresh white snow
lies a great circle of ash
screams carried by frigid air
72 passengers - 30 dead - a plane crash

Beige, crimson and brown
season of autumn has come around
the annual fall of leaves once more
goodbye sweet summer,
for winter has been crowned.

Grey hair and wrinkles
library of knowledge - bright gold
the time has come - the end of line
to the dark devil,
soul must be sold.

Watching from dark shadows
clothed in black robes on snow
death works with his scythe
wherever he stands, leaves fall,
humans cry and birds of a feather

in the corners of streets
covered peals like a farmed in harvest,

take to their flight.

- Dhrishti Mahajan

Acts of "coolness", laughter and fun too loud, a rash of rebellion, to blend with
a fall that she always feared, was so silent, even she didn't hear it until
dreams fell, being silent. Then came the night, when truth stood there,
Years in her eyes that were too heavy to bear. A suitcase, a goodbye—
She was sent to a world unknown, where walls echoed stories of a life,
she'd never known.

Earlier at home, silent walls had spoken

She got wrapped up in fake laughs that felt like a warm cloak

But truth hit hard and secrets spilled.

Eyes that never saw heal her, finally did.

In the strangeness of the new place,

She became a new person and found

her light in honesty and laughter,

so bright.



She worked for herself,
and made life her own
she learnt to count stars
not stars, finding kindness
in people and not in cold
empty spaces. Now she sees life
with a different light, leaving
behind her darkest night.

The girl she left behind still lingers in her mind,
But now she walks, forward, leaving her shadows behind.

Isolation and rejection was loud but love whispered softly,
The girl who once drowned new floats with grace sweetly.
Real voices, real touch, friendships bloomed & roots dug deeper in
No more fakeness, no there's just growth.
Failure taught her "the art of living", I quote.

- Sejal Singhal.



Persephone

fate is the shift of the ground beneath your feet
as the laburnums on your porcelain wrists crumble to dust
it's the way the sun-soaked earth tears itself open
the way the orchids and lillies turn the colour of rust

the offspring of beauty and youth: you lived in a
gold age, of palaces and cathedrals and prayers
and sins, of hubris of honey wine and gilded lies
tell me, was it paradise or prison?

the daughter of spring dragged to the
depths of hell; they watched as you
breathed life into the dead, as you
walked softly in the darkness to the venomous
river, cupped your hands, brought it to your
lips, drank the poisoned elixir.

Hades

all the cruel parts of you,
burn with the light of her,

and the shadows that once consumed you have now
finally disappeared, the crown of thorns on your
head is now adorned with wildflowers
you haven't seen the once-eternal winter in your
garden for years.

tell me, is that blood on your fingers or not?

because they say the King of Erebus
traded his heart for the throne, at

least that's what they used to
in the red of passion, of love &
split wine and she's the
Queen of Spring holding your bloodstained
hand, amaranth pearls in her hair
promise you she's yours for all of time

-Jeeva Arora A1



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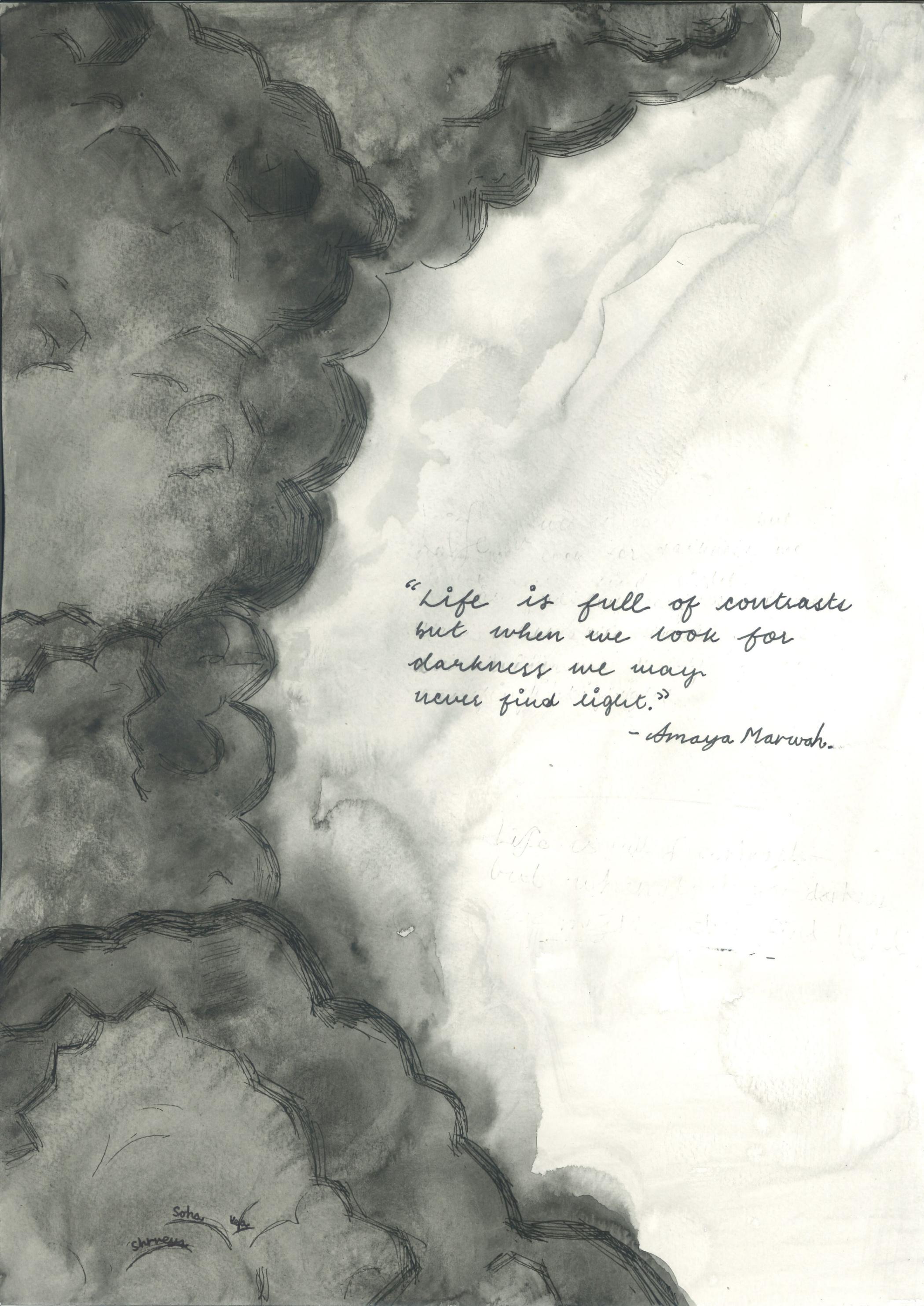
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Life is full of contrasts
but when we look for
darkness we may
never find light."

- Amaya Marwah.

Life is full of contrasts
but when we look for darkness
we might never find light

Soha

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