



Pegasus

The Literary Magazine



Introduction

"Pegasus is a sign to go beyond your perceived limitations to connect to our innermost dreams, that of a child within that is calling to be recognized and brought forth."*

***universe of symbolism.com**

Pegasus is a promising title in itself, which lights up the face of a reader in the literary world. This magazine is such an attempt by the Elysian Literary Society, which will have a profound effect on the mind of a student and will shape a part of their personality. Started with the formation of the Elysian Literary Society of the Department of English at Doon University, which begins with the staunch aim of building a platform where the students can discover their creative and inventive faculties, which will help them to construct their strong personalities outside the classroom. Forming a literary society paves the way for the creation of other astonishing platforms, which provide more space for the young minds to reach more eyes among readers. "The Pegasus" will provide students with an opportunity to exhibit their creative imagination in the form of poetry, articles, and stories. This magazine is not only for the writers or the storytellers, but also for the curious readers around us. The proposal behind establishing Pegasus is to bring a wealth of ideas and literature together to make it more compelling. Pegasus will be more engrossing with the upcoming writings of the students of our university, and this would lead to a bequest at Doon University where students from all departments would also show their keenness in the Elysian Literary Society and The Pegasus and may become part of the journey.



A Message from the Desk of the Department Head

"If you want to change the world, pick up your pen and write."

Martin Luther King Jr.

The right amount of even-handedness in creativity along with academics encourages the students to bring forth their innovative ideas and uplift their imaginative faculties. In today's world, where it's significant to have inventive ideas along with the confidence to display them to the world, I hope the Pegasus magazine will provide a platform for the students of Doon University to showcase their ideas in forms of poetry, stories, articles, and other literary forms. I wish Pegasus will be the epitome of diversified ideas that transform into something tangible and useful for society. Wishing students and the Elysian Literary Society all the success along the way in which they will enhance their intellectual curiosity and creative thinking and expand their horizons to get on the path of creating themselves through writing, reading, and exploring the world with words, thoughts, and ideas.

*Dr. Chetana Pokhriyal
Head of the Department*



A Note from the Editorial

True alchemists do not change the lead into gold; they change the world into words.

- William H Gass

Everyone has a story to tell; We just need that time and space to speak it out loud and let the world hear it.

Pegasus magazine is a dream of many students who have dreamt of a place where they can express their creative skills of telling a story knitted with words. This magazine will share your emotions and experiences through stories and poetry, your feelings for university through campus bites and your experiences of reading through book reviews. People believe the ideas and thoughts they read, and so it becomes necessary for the students to let their inner perspectives speak out to everyone in the form of words. Deciding the name of the magazine to publish The Pegasus is a long journey in which many students have contributed to turning this impalpable vision into reality. Each and every individual directly or indirectly connected to it is worth praising for the visible and invisible help that made this work easy to accomplish to the best of our capabilities. we hope that the efforts of the past many months will be fruitful in making our readers enjoy this magazine.

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The Book Reviews



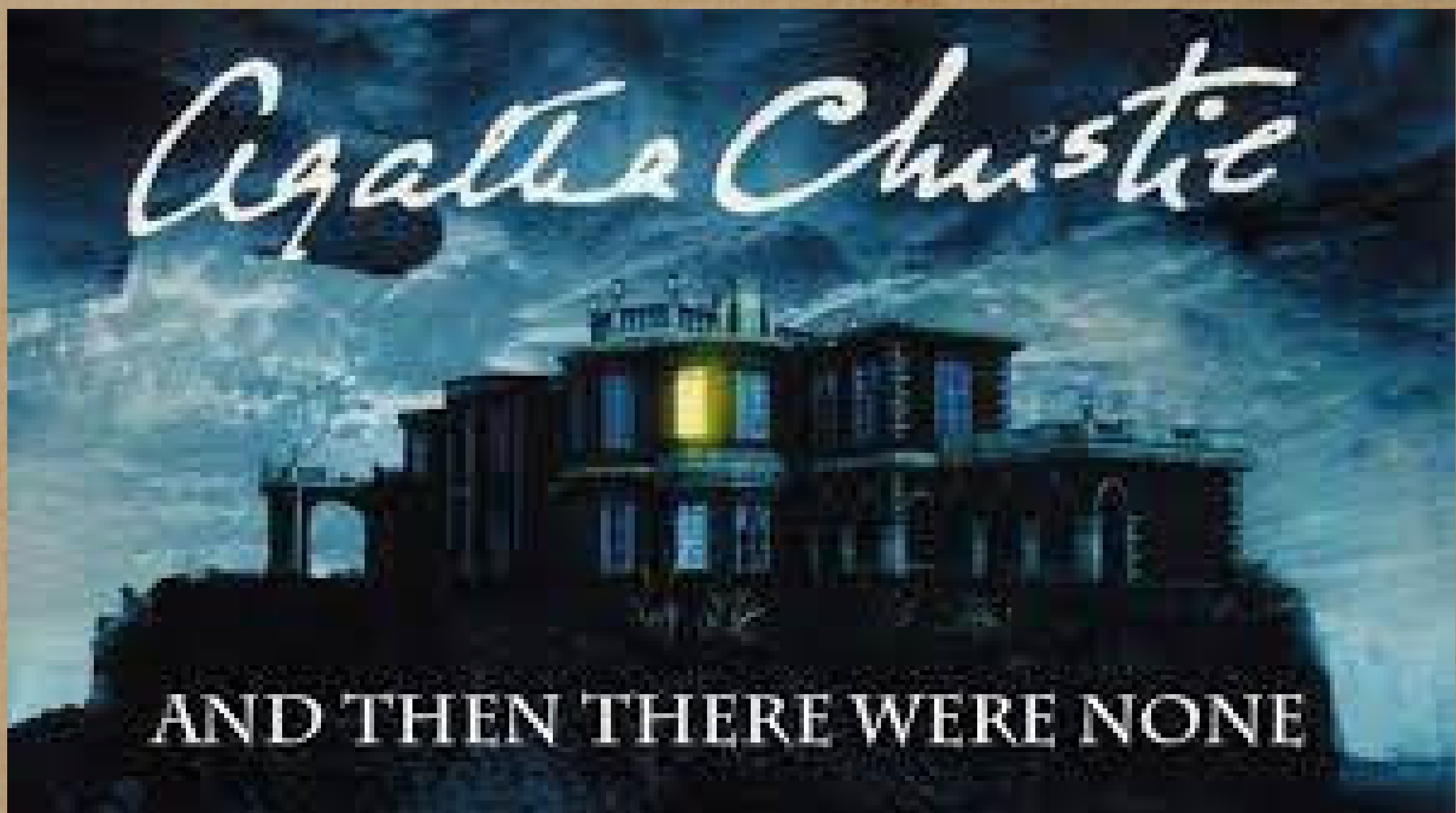
And There Were None

Agatha Christie

And there were none is often recognized as one of the best works of the Queen of Crime, Agatha Christie. "And Then There Were None" is a mystery novel with an ingenious plot and a surprising ending. The story begins with the arrival of 10 strangers from all walks of life on Devon Island on an invitation by a mysterious rich host as weekend guests. The main hosts aren't to be found, and the ferryman has returned, isolating the group from the world. An atmosphere of terror is set when every single person present is charged with a crime and the first person dies. Initially, their fear of exposing their pasts doesn't allow them to truthfully communicate with each other, but as the number of survivors dwindles, the remaining prisoners admit to their crimes.

The characters' feelings of guilt and remorse are evident as they slowly realise their nearing retribution. There is a constant sense of dread and suspicion as the survivors try to identify the murderer while remaining wary of one another. Fate being what it may, the island is shrouded in stormy winds, disallowing them to leave. The last two to remain unscathed aren't killed by the mysterious killer; rather, one shoots the other and hangs herself, tortured by continued hallucinations of her past. The children's rhyme poem "Ten Little Soldiers" plays an important role in the novel because it depicts the pattern of deaths that occur to the eight guests and two housekeepers.

There is also an unexpected revelation in the letter about the 11th death of the owner of the island. The brilliant showcase of 10 people dying without seeming ridiculous or the murderer becoming obvious grants perfection to the work. It is clear and straightforward, with a completely reasonable explanation behind the actions of every character involved. Overall, it's a very refreshing concept and a must-read for all mystery lovers.



Vanya Joshi
Bachelor of English
Semester 3 year 2

The Seven Husbands of Evelyn Hugo'

Taylor Jenkins Reid

"People think that intimacy is about sex. But intimacy is about truth. When you realize you can tell someone your truth when you can show yourself to them, when you stand in front of them bare and their response is "You're Safe with me"—that's intimacy."

I read this book a couple of years ago, and it has changed my life in ways very few books have the power to do so. This remains one of the most remarkable books I've ever read, and no combination of words is going to do this masterpiece justice, reminding me once again why I love reading the way I do.

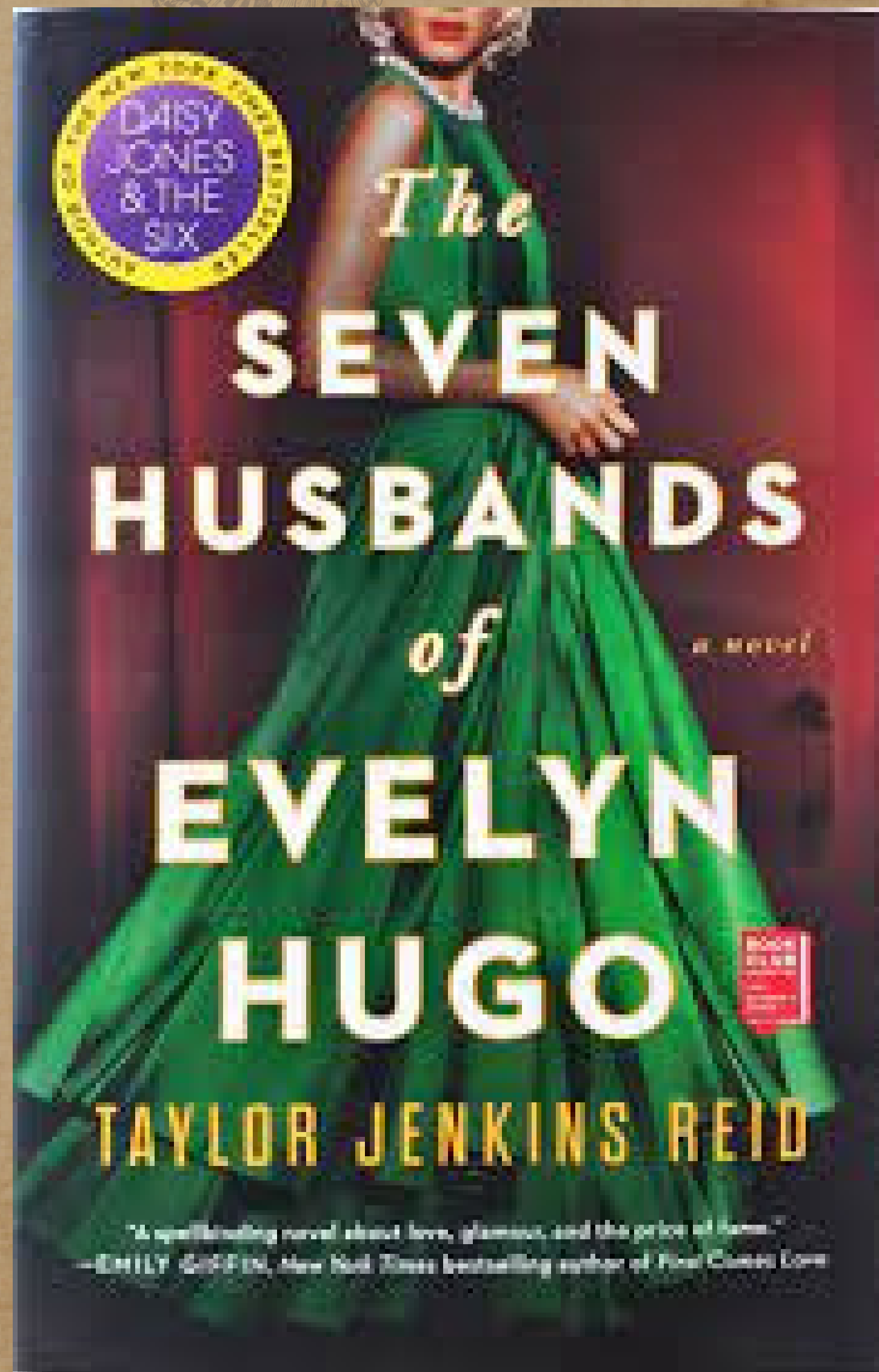
This book is about Evelyn Hugo; this book is Evelyn Hugo; she is, and I'm totally serious here, one of the most iconic women I've ever had the privilege to read about. She's a complicated, awful, selfish yet a very loveable and fascinating character – all in one, much like any of us.

She is a woman in a man's world trying to find her place and make a place for herself. She is one of the most iconic actresses of Hollywood in this story. And this story is hers.

This woman who is just so determined to make her name in the world, who in her run for success and fame unexpectedly finds love, loss, and friendship, you can't help but admire her even after all her flaws, all her choices, and all her mistakes, because that's who she is.

Love her or hate her, that's who she is. Undoubtedly herself.

As heart-breaking and brutally honest as it is, I hope you give Evelyn a chance.



Shivani Negi
Bachelor of English
Semester 1 year 1

Circle of Reason (1989)

Amitav Ghosh

Amitav Ghosh's *Circle of Reason* follows the story of a young weaver accused of terrorism falsely. Alu is the hero of the novel and is named so because of the shape of his head. The novel is divided into sections entitled Satwa (Reason), Rajas (Passion) and Tamas (Death) weaved together to give philosophical meanings to life and death. The novel vividly traces the geographical and ideological journeys of the main characters. Ghosh's novel uses the narrative technique of 'weaving' and introduces his readers to community practices. The contemporary novel chronicles the adventures of Alu, who has a tragic end as he is chased by the police for carrying out illegal immigration.

The novel is also about Balaram, Alu's uncle, who is obsessed with the study of Phrenology. His obsession with idealism leads him to treat people as objects of either observation or change.

Amitav Ghosh's novel shows humour and wisdom to produce narrative tapestry mingled with many lives that matter. The reader is drawn completely into the lives of the characters, who are bound with destinations which are discovered through hope.

Akanksha Barthwal
Department of English
Research Scholar

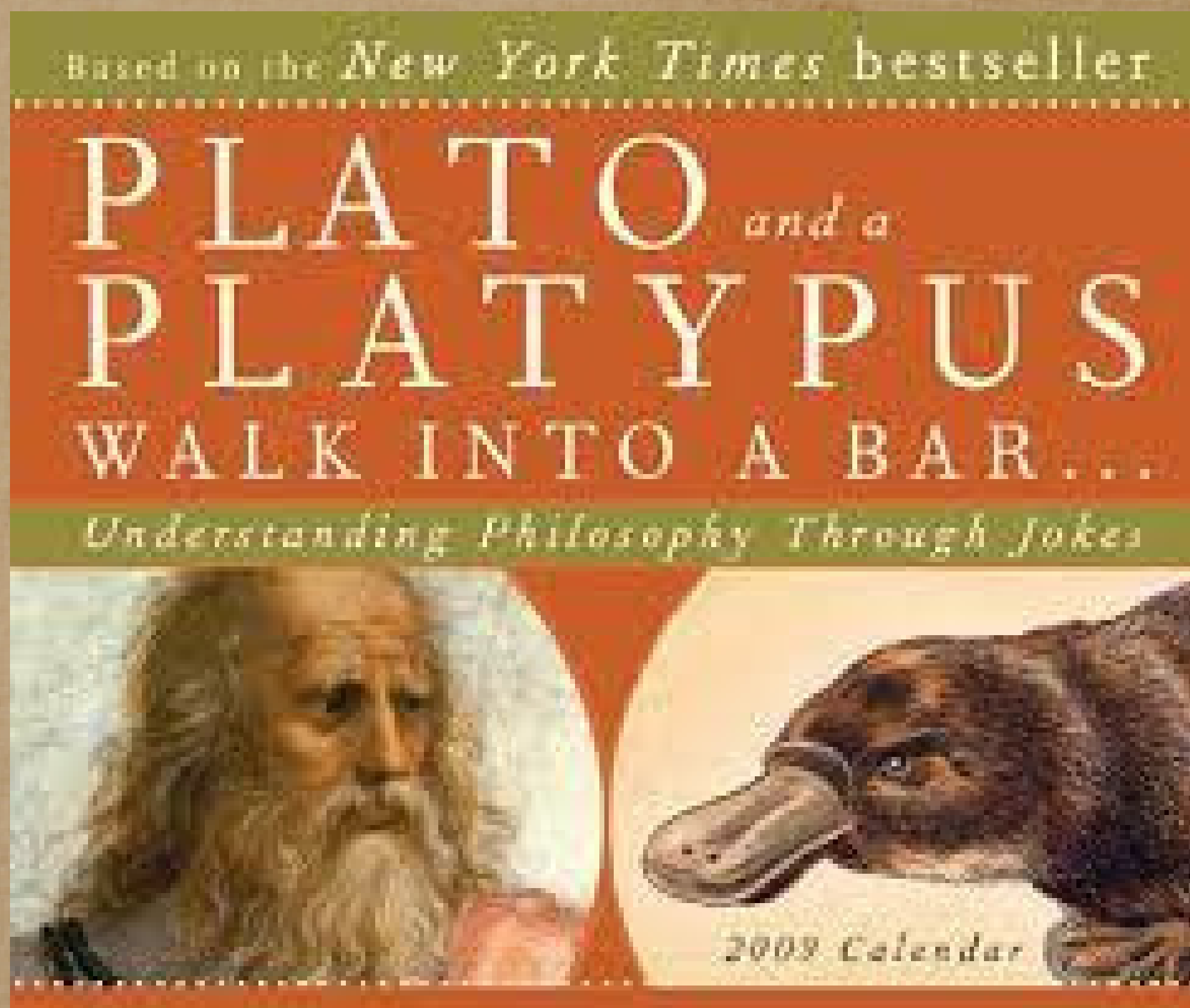
Plato and a Platypus Walk into a Bar: Understanding Philosophy through Jokes

Daniel Klein and Thomas Cathcart's

A New York Times bestseller, *Plato and a Platypus Walk into a Bar: Understanding Philosophy through Jokes* by Daniel Klein and Thomas Cathcart is a philosophical masterpiece that delves into pertinent philosophical questions with a pinch of humor. The book takes its inspiration from famous twentieth-century American comedian Groucho Marx, who is given the stature of a "philosophical grandfather" on the dedication page, hinting at the book's philosophical approach toward jokes. Significant segments of the book are a series of jokes, followed by their philosophical explanations. The book leaves its readers wondering whether the jokes explain philosophical concepts or the philosophy explains the jokes.

Klein and Cathcart coined a neologism, 'philogagging', which connects philosophy to a gag or joke. In the introductory chapter, "Philogagging: An Introduction," Cathcart and Klein state that jokes are constructed of the same material that philosophical notions are built of. They further add that philosophy and comedy share the same motivation: to undermine our understanding of reality, turn it on its head, and unearth unsettling truths about life. They remark, "What a philosopher calls an insight, the gagster calls a zinger."

The book touches upon a wide range of philosophical topics such as metaphysics, logic, epistemology, ethics, philosophy of religion, existentialism, philosophy of language, social and political philosophy, relativity, and meta-philosophy. Like the Beginner Books series on Foucault, Derrida, Lacan, and other literary theorists, this book is suitable for beginners as well as avid readers. Plato and a Platypus is a must-read for all students of literature who are curious to learn about philosophical concepts through a straightforward and fun approach.



Raina Singh
Department of English
Research Scholar

Lincoln in the Bardo

George Saunders

Abraham Lincoln picks up his 11-year-old most beloved son, Willie, 's lifeless body out of the crypt and cradles it at night after carrying out all his duties as President.

Isn't it surreal? But it isn't the only thing that will shake you to your core in this prodigious tale imagined by Saunders.

This novel takes place in February 1862, when Abraham Lincoln's third son, William Wallace Lincoln, died because of a high fever, most probably typhoid.

Bardo, which in Tibetan Buddhism means a transitional space between death and rebirth, in this novel, though, Bardo is set in Oak Hill Cemetery in Washington, DC.

Narrated in a series of monologues by 166 ghosts, this novel interrupt itself many times, but despite this, it has a gripping impact on the reader.

American writer George Saunders's fantastic first novel is an experiment in its nature, taking place over the course of a single evening.

Not only did this masterpiece receive critical acclaim, but it also won the 2017 Booker Prize.

This novel, which has the colors of historical fiction and magical realism, is also said to be the best novel of its decade by many publications. When I completed this novel, my mind was filled with emotions of grief, loss, and love. But above all, the teaching is that mourning ends in acceptance and that when we lose beautiful things in life, they should never be grieved over but rather cherished.

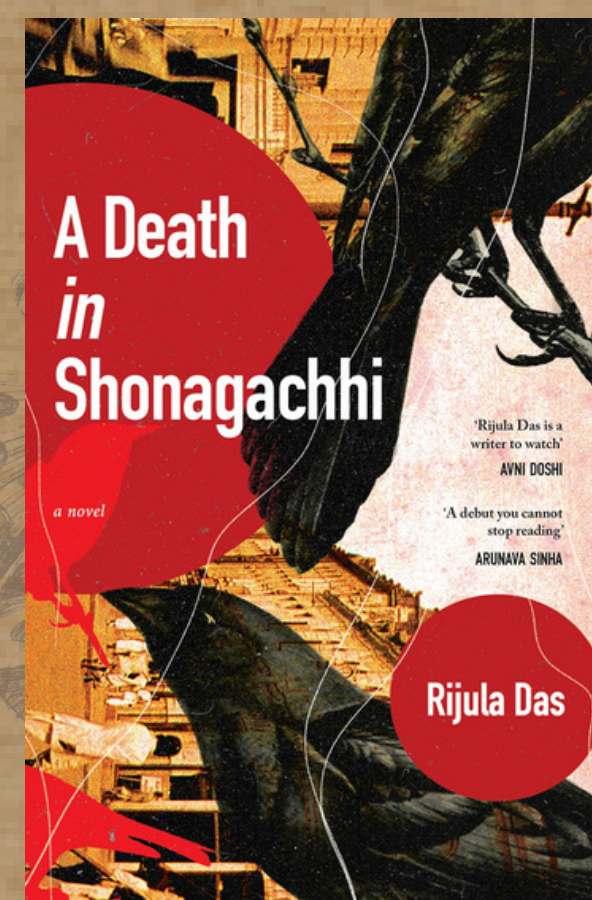
Akshat Kala
Bachelor of English
Semester 1 year 1

A Death in Shonagachi

Rijula Das

"A Death in Shonagachi" is a hard-hitting novel that takes us through a world that we cannot even imagine, but somewhere someone is actually living that life. Fiction in general is considered by many readers as something that takes you away from reality, but this novel will make you believe that fiction can even take you close to the reality that we are ignorant about. You will experience a different world through this novel, which is not hidden from us in general because Shonagachi is the largest red-light district in Asia, but we never get to know the harsh reality of such a world. This novel is a perfect portrayal of "ignorance-induced cruelty" in our society. Das has expertly manipulated the prostitutes' emotions, allowing us to hear their unseen pain.

Every prostitute has their own story about how they became one of the prostitutes: some were forced, some were sold, some were thought destined, some were helpless, and some were ignored. The writing style is simply narrative, but how she has put words together paints a realistic picture for the reader. And at last, it is not just a "CRIME FICTION" but much more than that. I certainly recommend you to read it.



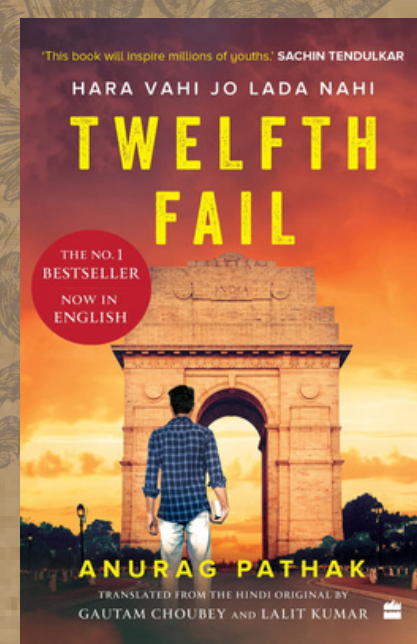
Kritika Joshi
Bachelor of English
Semester 3 year 2

12th Fail

Anurag Pathak

This is a motivational book based on the life of an IPS officer, Manoj Sharma, and his struggles all through the UPSC journey. The book focuses on how a child who fails the 12th grade board exams because he is unable to cheat in the exam clears the toughest exam in the country. Also, it sheds light on the inside circumstances of the lives of UPSC aspirants. The story shows us the incident where Manoj fails in 12th grade because of a new SDM in the district who stops the process of collective cheating in school. Manoj gets inspired by the officer and decides to become like him. But the journey was not going to be that easy. He somehow passed his B.A. from the university of Gwalior; he also works in the library and flour mill to earn a living and continue his preparation.

Suddenly, Gov. declared the non-conduct of the exam for which Manoj was preparing, due to a lack of funds for the salaries of officers. Now Manoj decides to go to Delhi and crack the UPSC CSE. After a lot of hard work, he fails to crack this exam in his 3 attempts, but finally, by changing his strategies and having courage, he cracks the exam in his last attempt and gets selected in Indian Police Service. I surely recommend you to read this novel and feel inspired to live a life full of hard work and patience



Ayushi Awasthi
Bachelor of English
Semester 3 year 2

Displaced, Not Lost

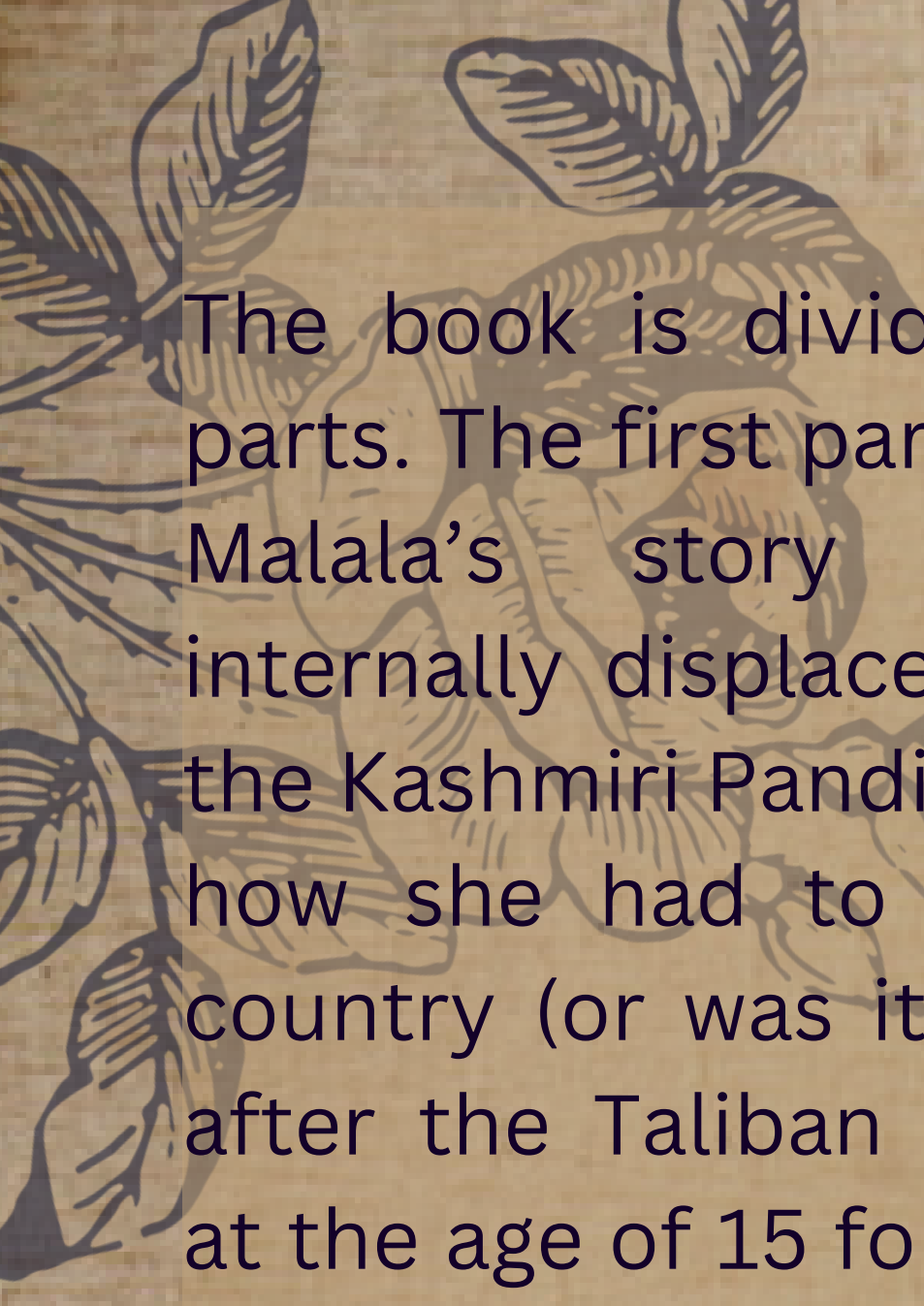
Malala Yousafzai

Globalisation has played a massive role in the shaping of the narratives of our lives. Ironically it has managed to make the world closer and the people further away from each other. Millions leave their homes every year in search of better opportunities, more than that number, are forced to do so. Displacement is a by-product of the changing times, the lack of empathy for every displaced person more so. One might argue here, that on a surface every person is a living embodiment of displacement, but an important aspect to that is that it is a 'chosen' displacement.

Malala Yousafzai's *We Are Displaced* is delineating the forced displacements in a bid to 'honour the people I've met and those I'll never meet' (Malala, xi)

This book traces the story of 8 young girls and 2 women who have been internally displaced, refugees and those who have helped to make the life for these refugees easier in their country. According to the 1951 Refugee Convention of UNHCR, a refugee is defined as "someone who is unable or unwilling to return to their country of origin owing to a well-founded fear of being persecuted for reasons of race, religion, nationality, membership of a particular social group, or political opinion."

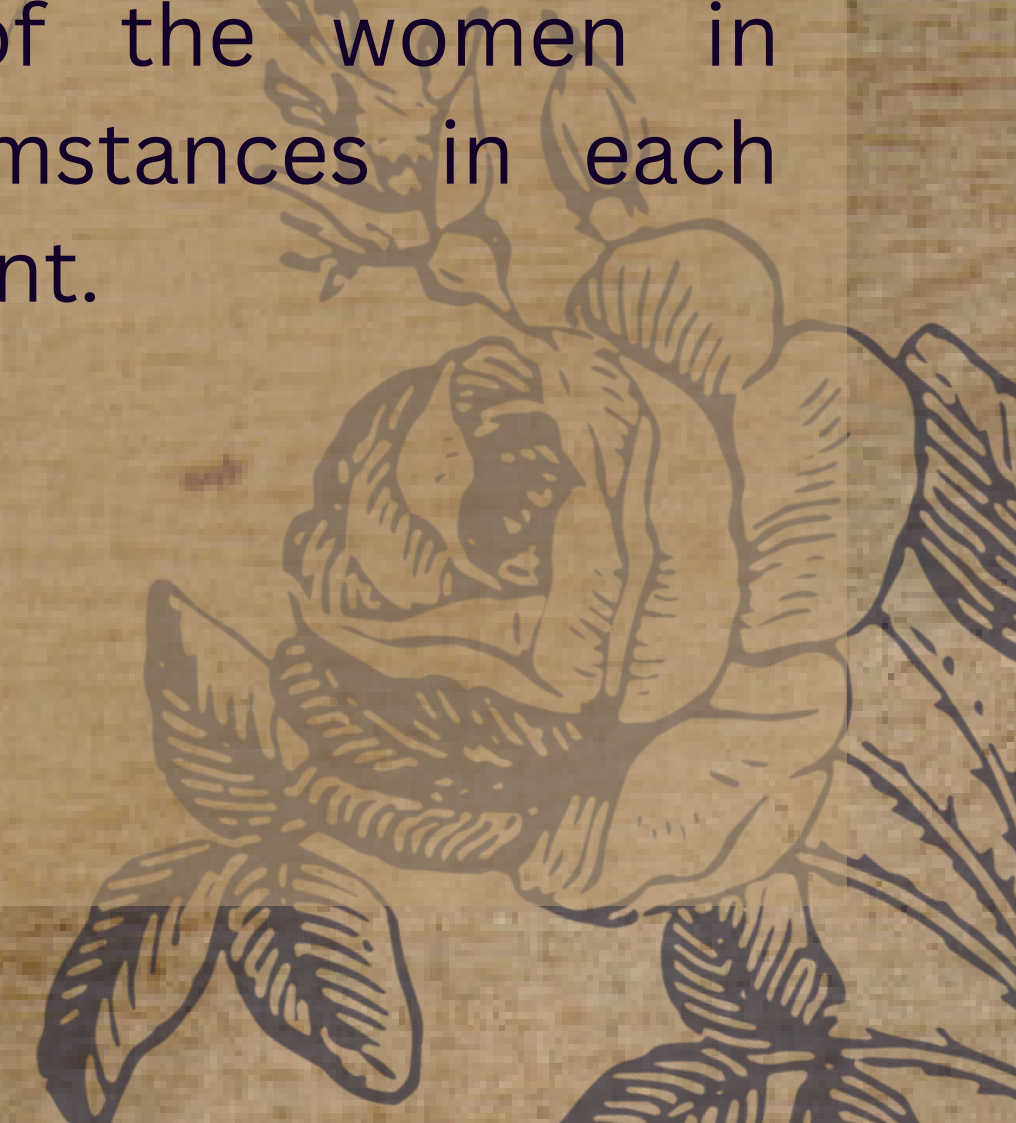
These brave-hearts who share their experiences come from Yemen, Iraq, Columbia, Congo, Myanmar, Guatemala, Uganda, and Syria.

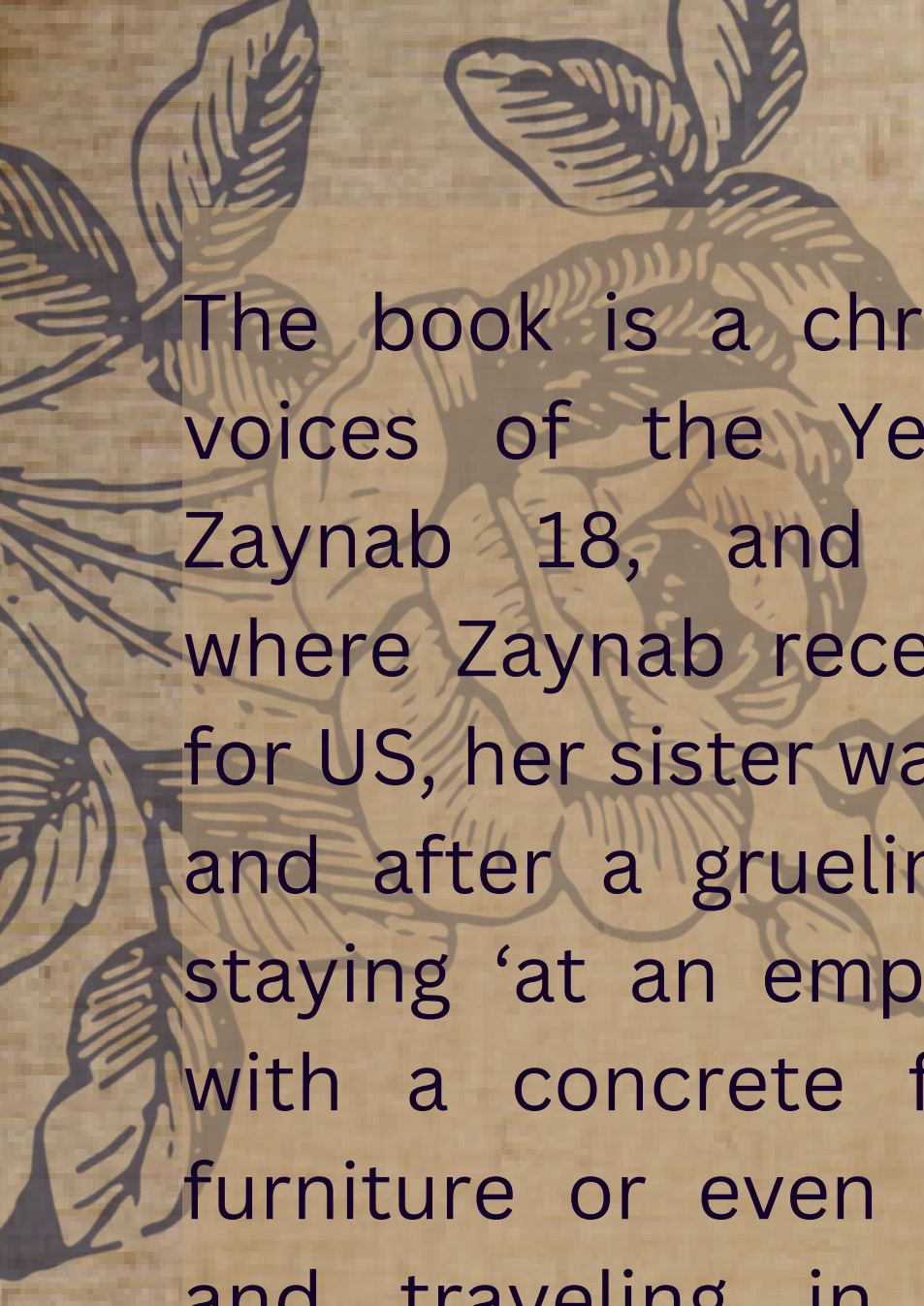


The book is divided into two parts. The first part begins with Malala's story of getting internally displaced, much like the Kashmiri Pandits in India, of how she had to give up her country (or was it vice versa?) after the Taliban attacked her at the age of 15 for standing up for her right to education, and then the final move to Birmingham, UK (is it even the final one?). In the prologue, she shares a poignant thought, ***"Millions of men, women and children witness wars every day. Their reality is violence, homes destroyed, innocent lives lost. And the only choice they have for safety is to leave. To 'choose' to be displaced. That is not much of a choice."*** (Malala, ix-x)

She subtly hints at what Islam actually means and how the radicalists have distorted it to fend for their personal interests. Is it politically motivated? ly.

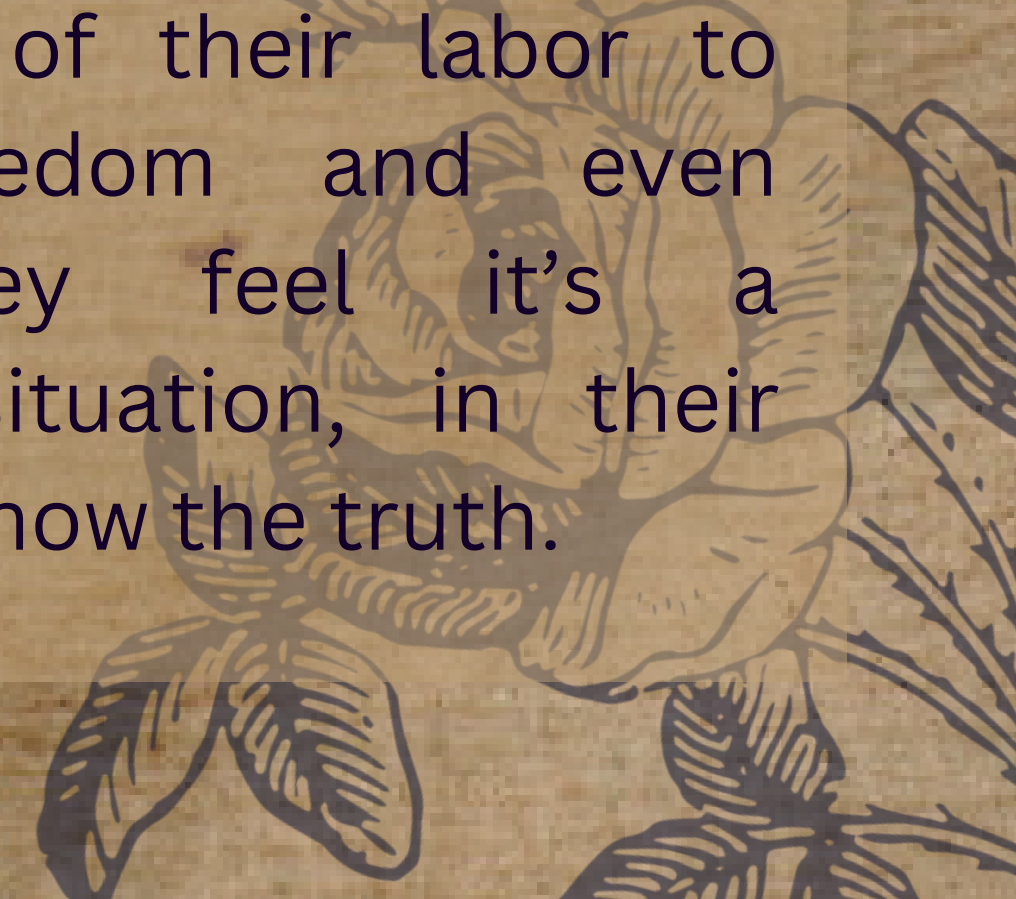
That's something to ponder on, but what strikes one as a reader is that the IDPs or the internally displaced persons are coerced to move making their identity at stake. Malala has deftly resonated this feeling of lack of identity in all the successive stories too and equated it with the opportunity of receiving education, which is the first blow in the time of crisis. Malala states, that the blow to education is masterfully done, so as to stop making the individuals, thinking ones and their voice to be subdued, which in her case failed terribly. In the second part of the book, we are introduced to the 10 women and girls who briefly discuss their escapades, with Malala sharing how she met or got to know about each of them. There is a common thread to all the stories; the resilience and endurance of the women in varied circumstances in each story is evident.

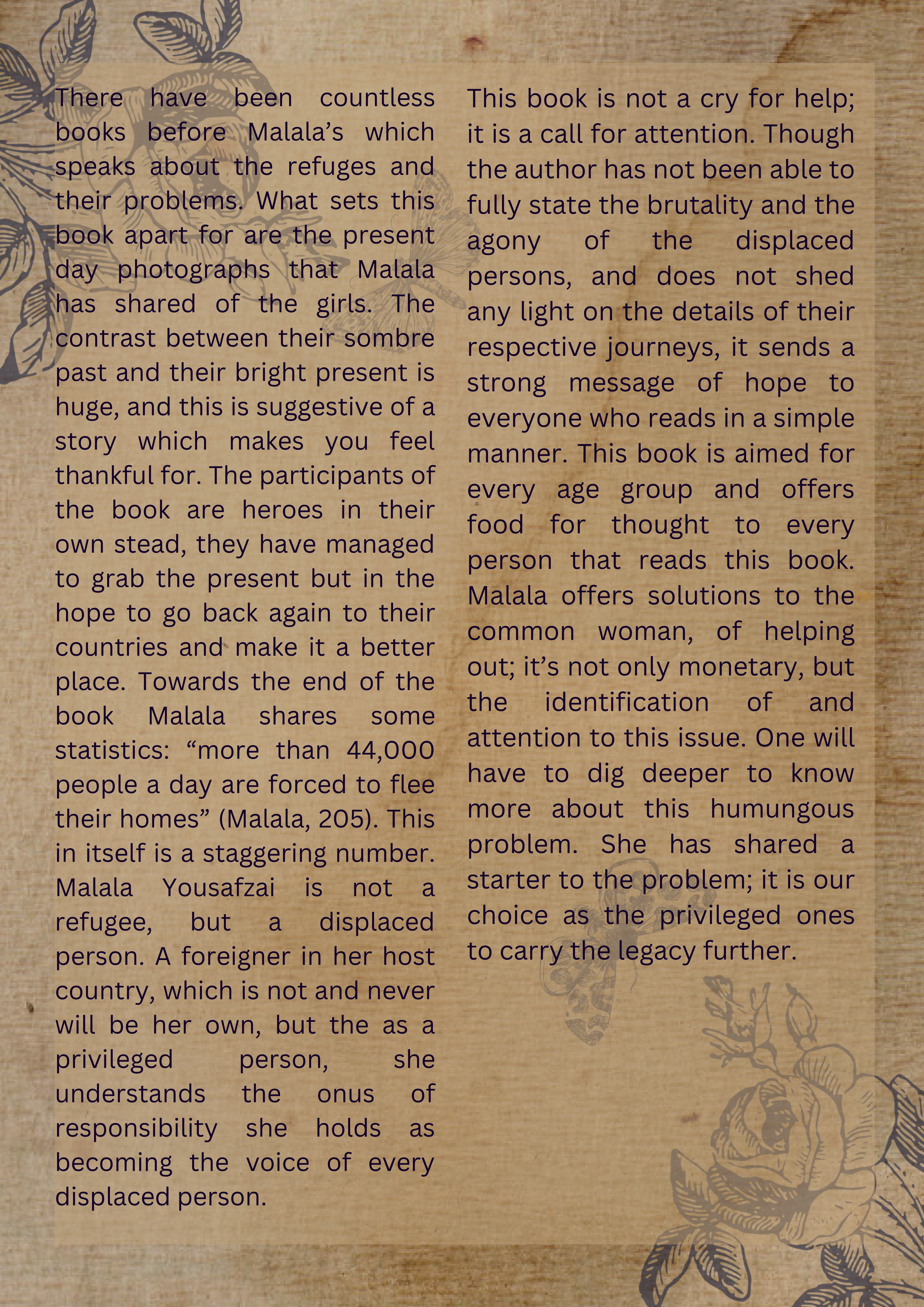




The book is a chronicle of the voices of the Yemeni sisters, Zaynab 18, and Sabreen 16, where Zaynab received her visa for US, her sister was not as lucky and after a grueling journey of staying 'at an empty warehouse with a concrete floor and no furniture or even blankets' (73) and traveling in black tinted buses and boats on the rough waters of the Mediterranean she finally makes to Italy. It is the record of Muzoon, a fighter for women's education in the refugee camps of Jordan, of Najla, who is an IDP in Iraq, who ran away from home to fight for her right to education, of Maria, another IDP of Columbia, who suffered discrimination within the borders of her country due to her color and accent. This book is a record of Analisa of Guatemala, who in her bid to reach the US was transported and kept like an animal for days, of Marie Claire, who could leave the hatred she felt in Zambia, only through the ultimate sacrifice of her mother and also of Ajida, the Rohingya Muslim, who has no semblance of what the future will hold for her children.

This book is praising the human spirit of fighting against all odds, especially being a displaced woman. The circumstances of these ten are similar, yet different. Some have left their country, some are within the country but away from home. For which of them is the feeling more difficult- within the country or without, that's hard to contemplate, but as a displaced woman, they have a harder battle to fight. Malala doesn't hesitate to share that the binding factor in all these stories, including herself, is the sense of alienation and deracination. She writes, 'We were comfortable; we were being well taken care of- but it had not been our choice to come here, and we missed home' (Malala, 37). What is very pertinent here is that home is not linked to being free, and herein lies the irony of the expatriates and IDPs. Alienation is the fruit of their labor to achieve freedom and even though, they feel it's a temporary situation, in their hearts they know the truth.

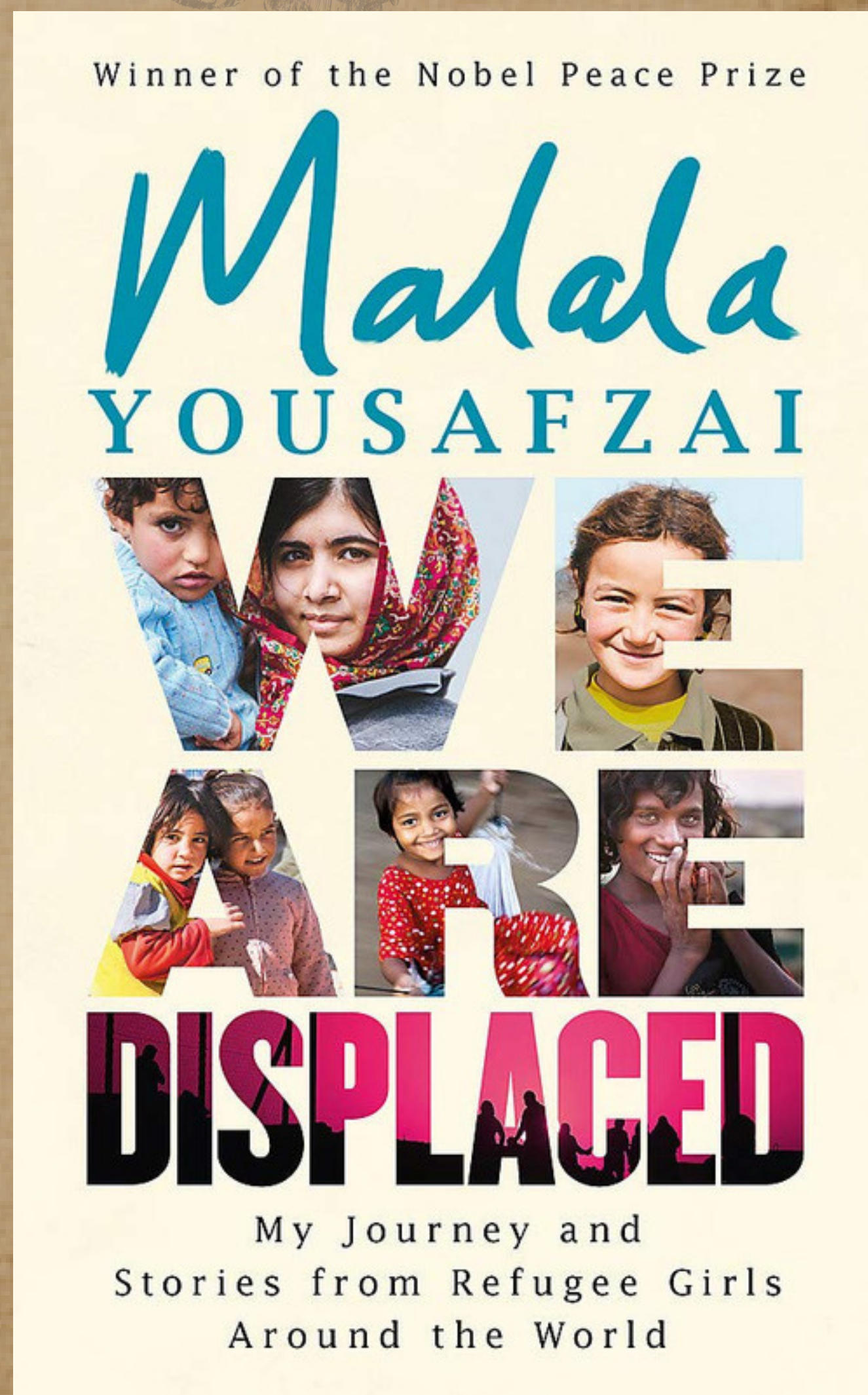




There have been countless books before Malala's which speaks about the refugees and their problems. What sets this book apart for are the present day photographs that Malala has shared of the girls. The contrast between their sombre past and their bright present is huge, and this is suggestive of a story which makes you feel thankful for. The participants of the book are heroes in their own stead, they have managed to grab the present but in the hope to go back again to their countries and make it a better place. Towards the end of the book Malala shares some statistics: "more than 44,000 people a day are forced to flee their homes" (Malala, 2015). This in itself is a staggering number. Malala Yousafzai is not a refugee, but a displaced person. A foreigner in her host country, which is not and never will be her own, but she as a privileged person, she understands the onus of responsibility she holds as becoming the voice of every displaced person.

This book is not a cry for help; it is a call for attention. Though the author has not been able to fully state the brutality and the agony of the displaced persons, and does not shed any light on the details of their respective journeys, it sends a strong message of hope to everyone who reads in a simple manner. This book is aimed for every age group and offers food for thought to every person that reads this book. Malala offers solutions to the common woman, of helping out; it's not only monetary, but the identification of and attention to this issue. One will have to dig deeper to know more about this humungous problem. She has shared a starter to the problem; it is our choice as the privileged ones to carry the legacy further.

Our world is suffering from the worst refugee crisis since World War II and most of us know nothing about it. This book implores and encourages the humanity to rise to the challenge of showing empathy and action towards these displaced people.



Dr. Aditi Bist
Department of English



The Prose



The Kitchen of Senshi

It was the time when Japanese Emperor Yozei died in 857 A.D. The sudden death of the emperor made the governance of the state difficult, and eventually, the neighboring rivals started forming alliances to fight for the land, which was anarchic yet maintained the economy. To protect the throne until the new emperor was appointed, The crown, which held the biggest power in the kingdom, was put in the kitchen of the palace in a safe. It was thought that the enemy would search every shudder but not the kitchen because it contains some place where no one expects to find a crown

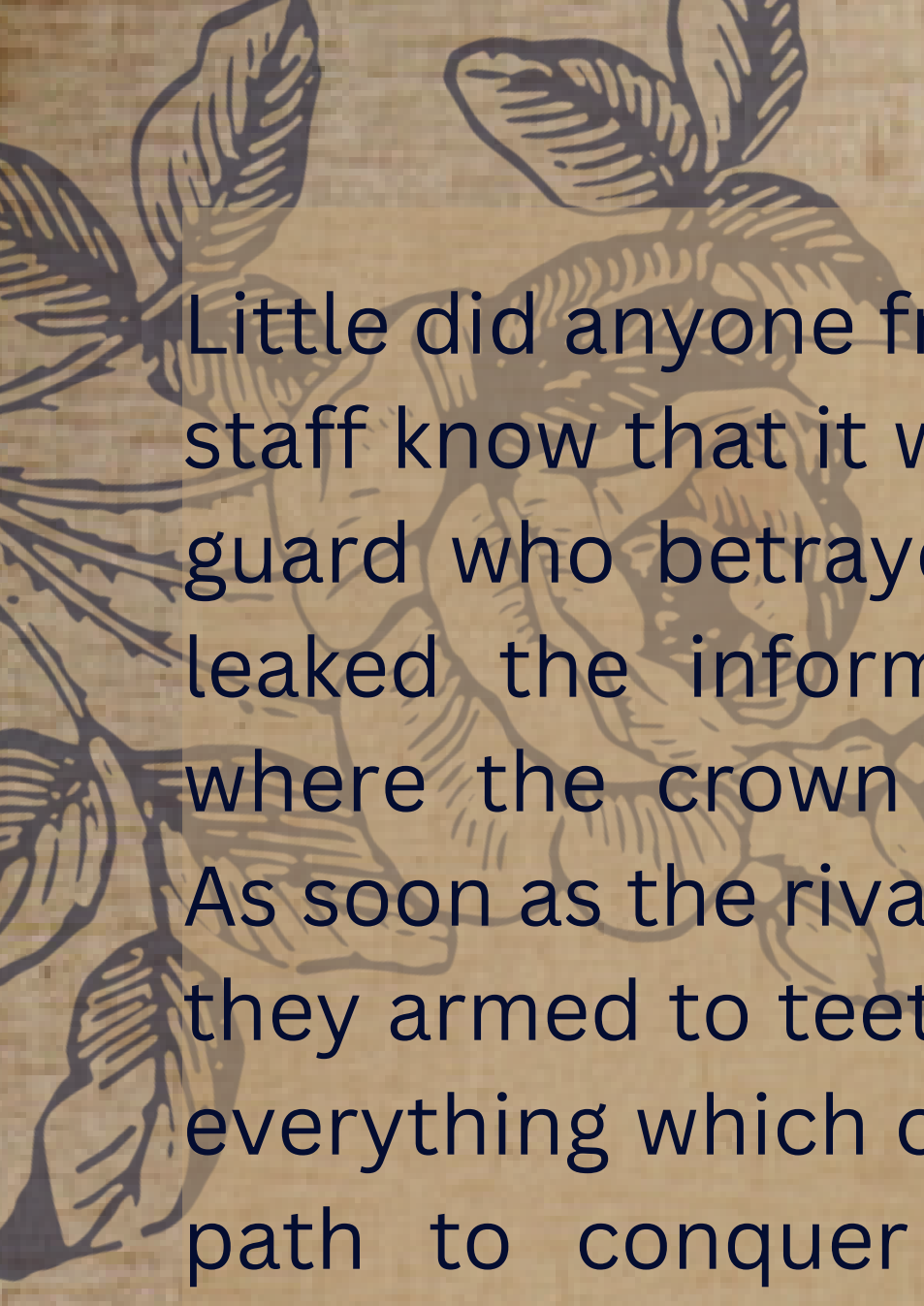
Guards took on the responsibility to guard the kitchen and protect the crown. "Father, the guards are vigilant enough to let any invader in."

Said Onna, the daughter of a Samurai who worked faithfully for the state for the past 25 years but yet his Suggestions were heard for putting the crown in the kitchen. "They are taking the rivalries for granted." He sighed.

"No matter how many guards they put for security, my dear daughter, you should not lose sight of the fact that the enemy should never be put in a corner."

"Don't worry father, for all the years you took to teach me I will never let you disappoint," Onna said, remembering every teaching and moral lesson his father taught her in their courtyard while the girls of her age used to play with handmade dolls.

It was only after a few days that rivalries formed an alliance and decided to invade the palace.



Little did anyone from the royal staff know that it was their own guard who betrayed them and leaked the information about where the crown was hidden. As soon as the rivalries got bait, they armed to teeth and slayed everything which came on their path to conquer the palace. The invaders reached the door of the kitchen, and women in the kitchen already saw it coming. Everyone was afraid of death.

"We- We are not going to survive," cried one lady from the back.

"Maybe we should hand them the crown, and they might let us live," said another. who was also terrified.

"Is this what you want to do? To give our enemy our land from our own hands?" Shouted Onna.

There was a sudden silence in the kitchen.

"We women are expected to give birth." and raise a warrior, but if today you somehow manage to save yourself, do you think you'll be able to do that?"

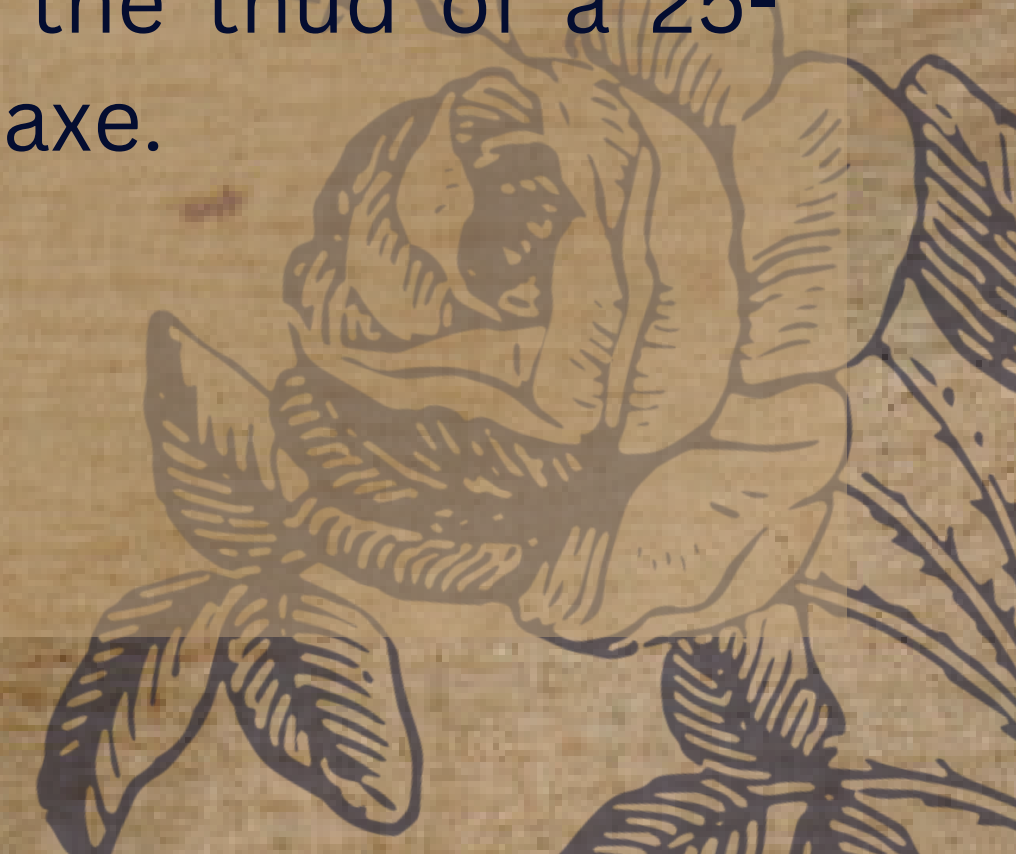
"We expect our brothers and husbands to sacrifice their lives for the sake of the nation, but Are we really going to shame them by handing over their sacrifice to the enemies?" The silence in the kitchen soon turned into an atmosphere of embarrassment.

"Let us show our enemies, our people, and this society, the power of the fire in the furnace of this kitchen. Even if we die today, we die as worriers not some mere ladies in the kitchen." Said Onna who thought it was an opportunity to imply everything her father taught.

"But what can we do?" said one lady.

"War is not only about fighting using weapons when you already have the biggest weapon in your head, which is your brain."

After multiple attempts, the kitchen door broke, which hardly bared the thud of a 25-kilogram iron axe.



The door was barred, but to the surprise of the invaders, they were welcomed with hot, salted water. which nearly burned them to death. Then came another smoke of red chili powder which made the rest of them blind to walk any distance.

Everyone in the kitchen held a log with its head burning with fire from the furnace. For the rest of the invaders who came after that, a floor of turpentine was waiting. As they slipped onto it, it was enough for them to know that they would be burned to death alive if they took any action from their turpentine-covered bodies.

The invaders left, and a new king took the throne. Nobody could believe that the group of females who never touched any weapons except knives triumphed over the enemies. Though this act of Women didn't receive any official reward or recognition, for those who knew it, making it was a legend called the "kitchen of 'Senshi' (meaning warrior)". Just like any other day, the kitchen continued making Okonomiyaki



Gargee Mehra
Bachelor of English
Semester 1 year 1

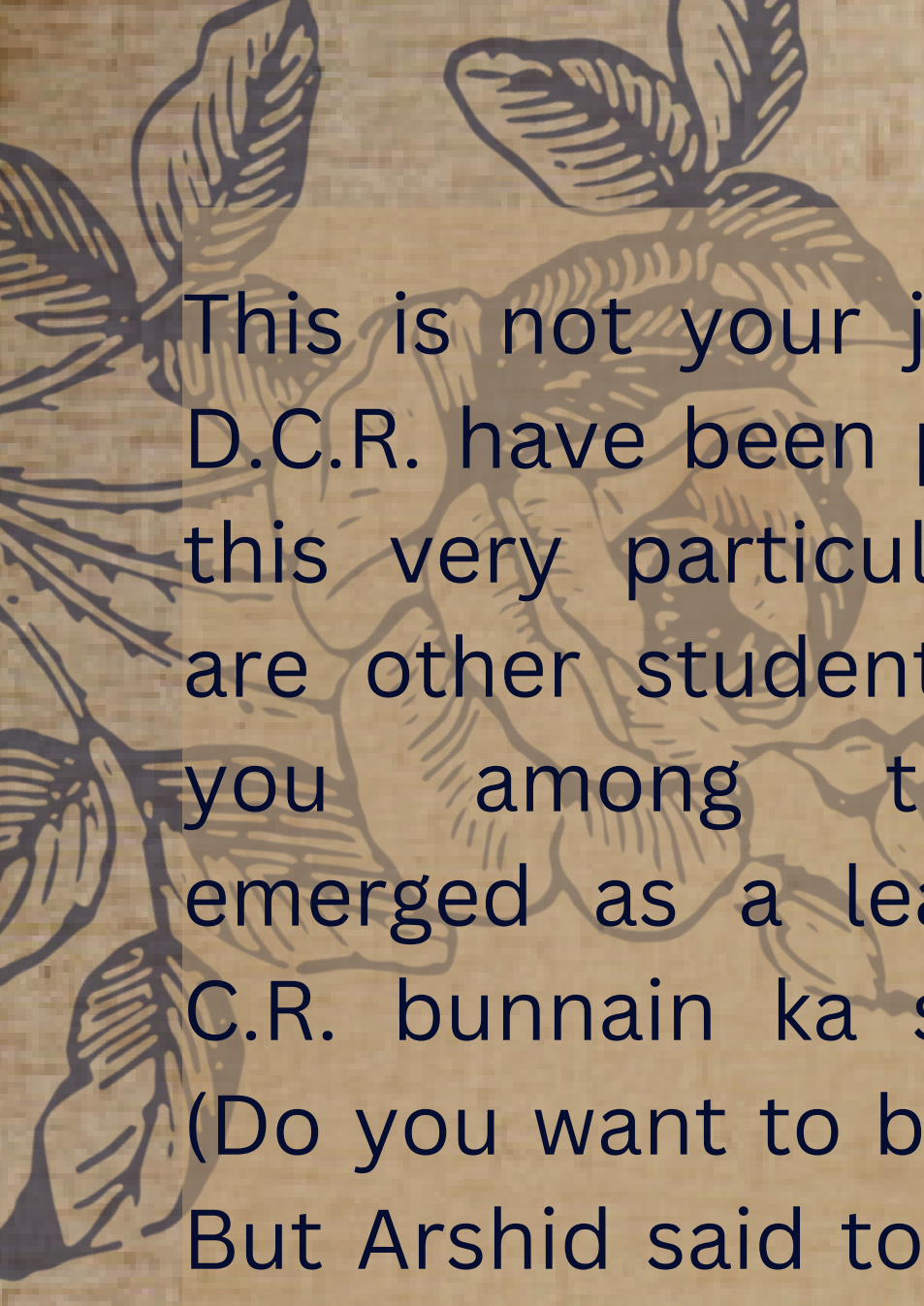
The background of the page is a light beige color with a subtle floral pattern. On the left side, there are detailed line drawings of roses and leaves. In the center and right, there are faint, larger-scale drawings of butterflies. The title 'My Broken Dreams!!' is written in a large, dark blue, cursive font at the top of the page.

My Broken Dreams!!

It was a matter of great satisfaction for 'Arshid' who had cracked the entrance test and was now feeling quite jubilant over his performance. He was a person with very little experience and did not know about the bad things that would come, thus he was incredibly innocent in his future occurrences. But when he realised the truth, he did not fall but burst into tears. When he entered his concerned department, he was overjoyed because it was his first such great achievement in pursuing higher education. He became more consistent and punctual in his duties. His faculty was also good, and he was satisfied with it. "I am feeling proud to be their student," Arshid said. But unfortunately, something evil happened with the result of his first semester.

He was quite disappointed and simultaneously shocked by the situation. He could not understand "where his fault lies." Nonetheless, he was pleased with his work and his faculty. "No, no, we have done our jobs well," Arshid said.

But the impact of shock and disappointment had often disturbed him, even after a long period of time. He couldn't get it out of his head, no matter how hard he tried. He was frequently reminded of a well-known quote: "Whatever enters a mental life never dies." "This was my first such a big effort, and unfortunately such a big terrific response that shocked me to some extent that I hardly had thought," Arshid explained.




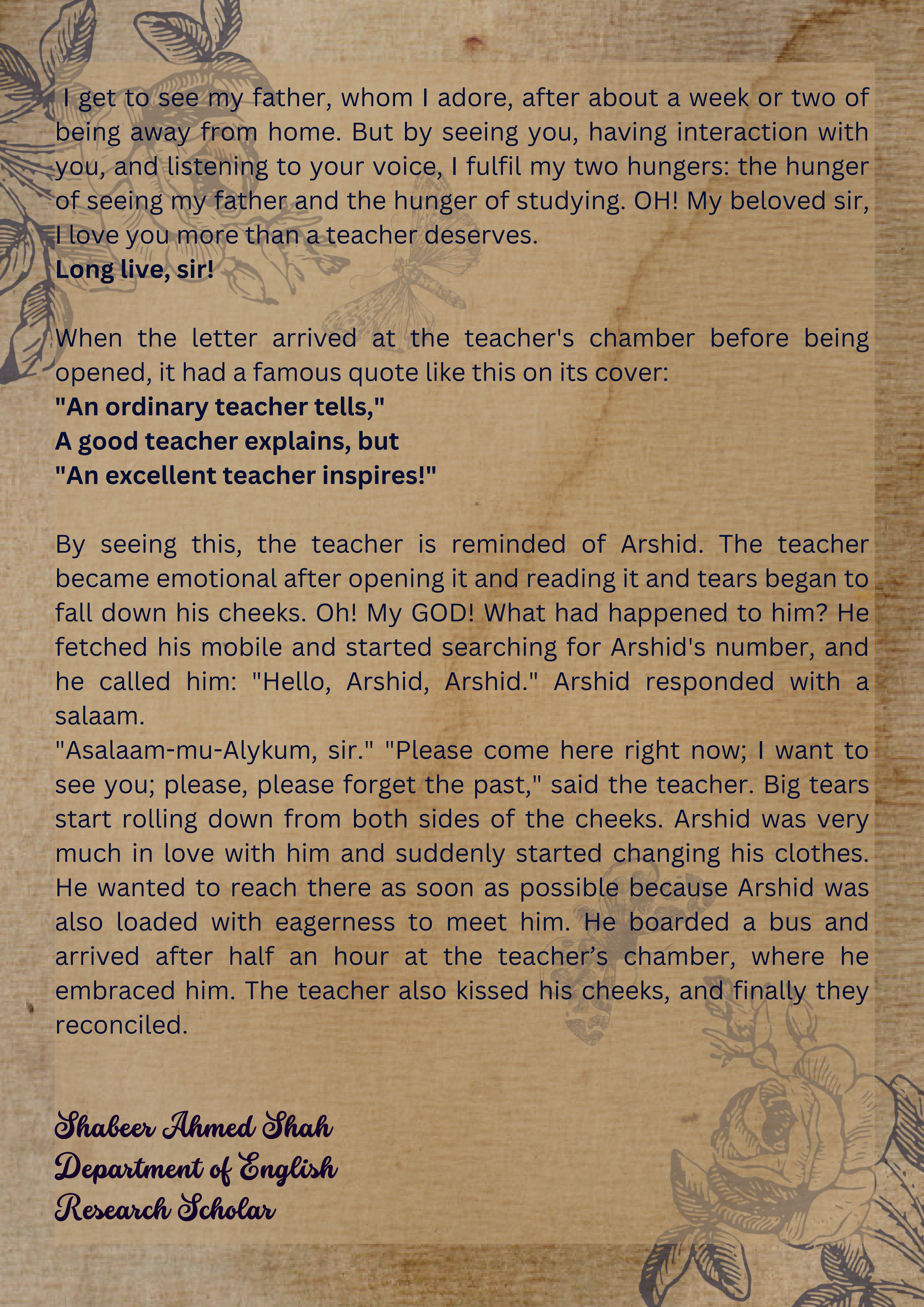
This is not your job; C.R. and D.C.R. have been projected for this very particular job. Why are other students silent but you among them, have emerged as a leader? "Kiyah C.R. bunnain ka shook hain?" (Do you want to become C.R.?) But Arshid said to the teacher, "I am responsible only for myself, not for them". Girls come here to spend days in parks and just have fun; boys come here to play cricket and hang out with their friends; they are not coming to learn or achieve anything; if they had come there for that purpose, they would have burst like I did. "Get out of my class; don't attend my classes right now; I don't need you as student," the teacher told Arshid. Arshid followed the order and left the classroom, slamming the door like Nora. (A character in "Doll's House") After this, the teacher asked other students, "What had happened to him? I think there is something rotten under his mind."

The teacher could not precede his lecture and stopped it at the moment, but was preoccupied because his famous and beloved student was no longer able to attend his class. Arshid went directly to his rent house and did not eat anything for a whole day. Because he had been separated from his friends for a week, Arshid was feeling dark and gloomy in his surroundings. He intended now to write a letter to the teacher and wrote like this:

Respected sir;

Everything that happened that day was motivated by love; it was under the intense pressure of my love for you that I said and did things that may or may not have hurt you. I was loaded with sad thoughts, emotions, and feelings because whenever I find your absence listed under a faculty, I become morose. I do not find pleasure anywhere without you because you are very beautiful, and marvelous, and resemble my beloved father.





I get to see my father, whom I adore, after about a week or two of being away from home. But by seeing you, having interaction with you, and listening to your voice, I fulfil my two hungers: the hunger of seeing my father and the hunger of studying. OH! My beloved sir, I love you more than a teacher deserves.

Long live, sir!

When the letter arrived at the teacher's chamber before being opened, it had a famous quote like this on its cover:

"An ordinary teacher tells,"

A good teacher explains, but

"An excellent teacher inspires!"

By seeing this, the teacher is reminded of Arshid. The teacher became emotional after opening it and reading it and tears began to fall down his cheeks. Oh! My GOD! What had happened to him? He fetched his mobile and started searching for Arshid's number, and he called him: "Hello, Arshid, Arshid." Arshid responded with a salaam.

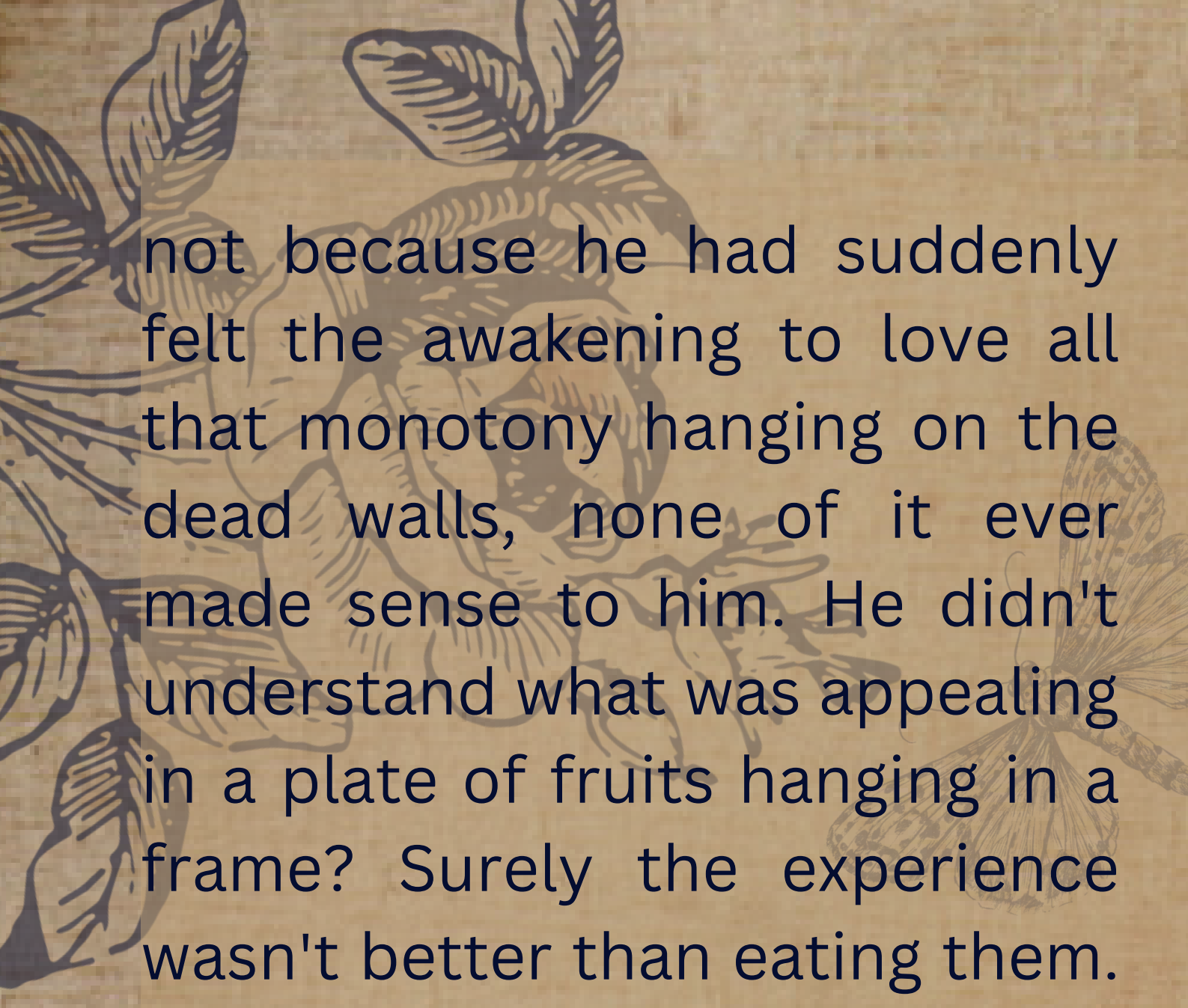
"Asalaam-mu-Alykum, sir." "Please come here right now; I want to see you; please, please forget the past," said the teacher. Big tears start rolling down from both sides of the cheeks. Arshid was very much in love with him and suddenly started changing his clothes. He wanted to reach there as soon as possible because Arshid was also loaded with eagerness to meet him. He boarded a bus and arrived after half an hour at the teacher's chamber, where he embraced him. The teacher also kissed his cheeks, and finally they reconciled.

Shabeer Ahmed Shah
Department of English
Research Scholar

Koi no Yokan

"I'm sorry!" Andrew or Drew as he preferred calling himself, bumped into an elderly man but he couldn't stop; he didn't want to get wet in the unexpectedly pouring rain — well, August is supposed to pour so there was no point in calling it unexpected but, for Drew it was, what it was. He wasn't a rain person, frankly. He was the hello yellow kind of person, believing in the spirit of summer breeze, lemons that squeeze and fireflies at ease. Especially when he was wearing his favorite matt brown, Tommy Hilfiger blazer tonight, he couldn't even bare a drop to seep into the fabric. It was a Saturday evening, and the influx of crowd that swam in and out of hotels, flooded the café with delicious treats resting in their hands wrapped in tissues and taste buds dancing to the taste of warm cocoa,

young lovesick couples sharing unabashed and unspoken signs of ripening love, didn't go unnoticed by Drew. Vibrancy of this sort, could hardly go unnoticed. He couldn't believe he was doing this — sprinting down a clustered street, with cats and dogs pouring, on a Saturday, when clearly his bed could've offered him comfort like no other. He could've slept like a corpse until tomorrow, that's exactly what he was dreaming about on Monday morning, whilst driving to his workplace, but by the time Saturday arrived, his plans took a three-sixty-degree turn. Out of all the places he could be at, an art gallery was never on his list, but oh! Here he was, slowly pacing towards the building —



not because he had suddenly felt the awakening to love all that monotony hanging on the dead walls, none of it ever made sense to him. He didn't understand what was appealing in a plate of fruits hanging in a frame? Surely the experience wasn't better than eating them. Or, what was the possible message everyone else got in a strange arrangement of sticks, that made the world awestruck, but all that Andrew wanted to do was literally defenestrate the artist? No, really. No, offense, please.

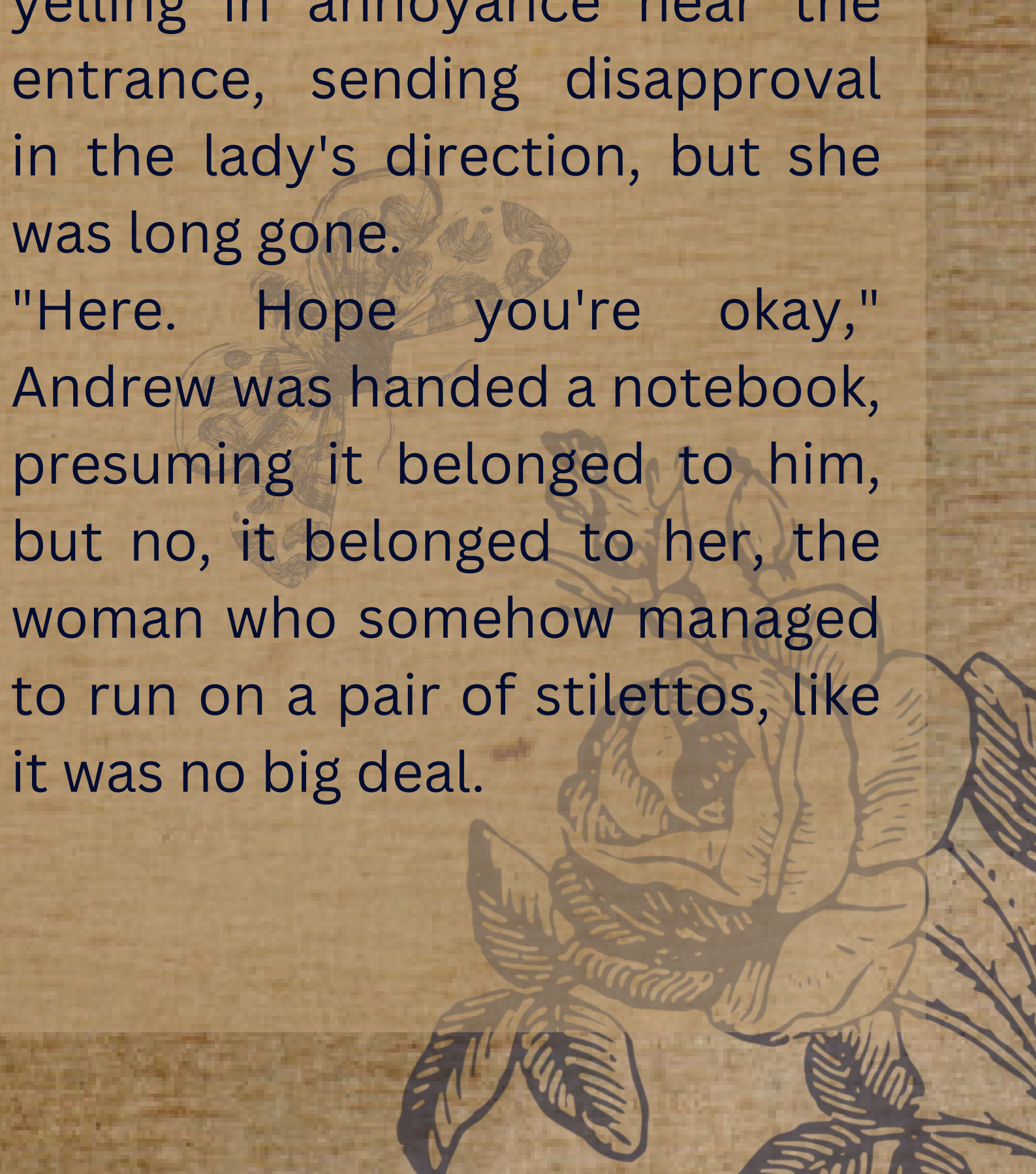
Now, back to where we were. What really brings Andrew back to this art gallery is a notebook, this being a story on its own — It was last Sunday, that he was here, more like, was forced to be here, because Drew's sister, Anna, and a bunch of other friends wanted to celebrate her fifteenth birthday, aesthetically.

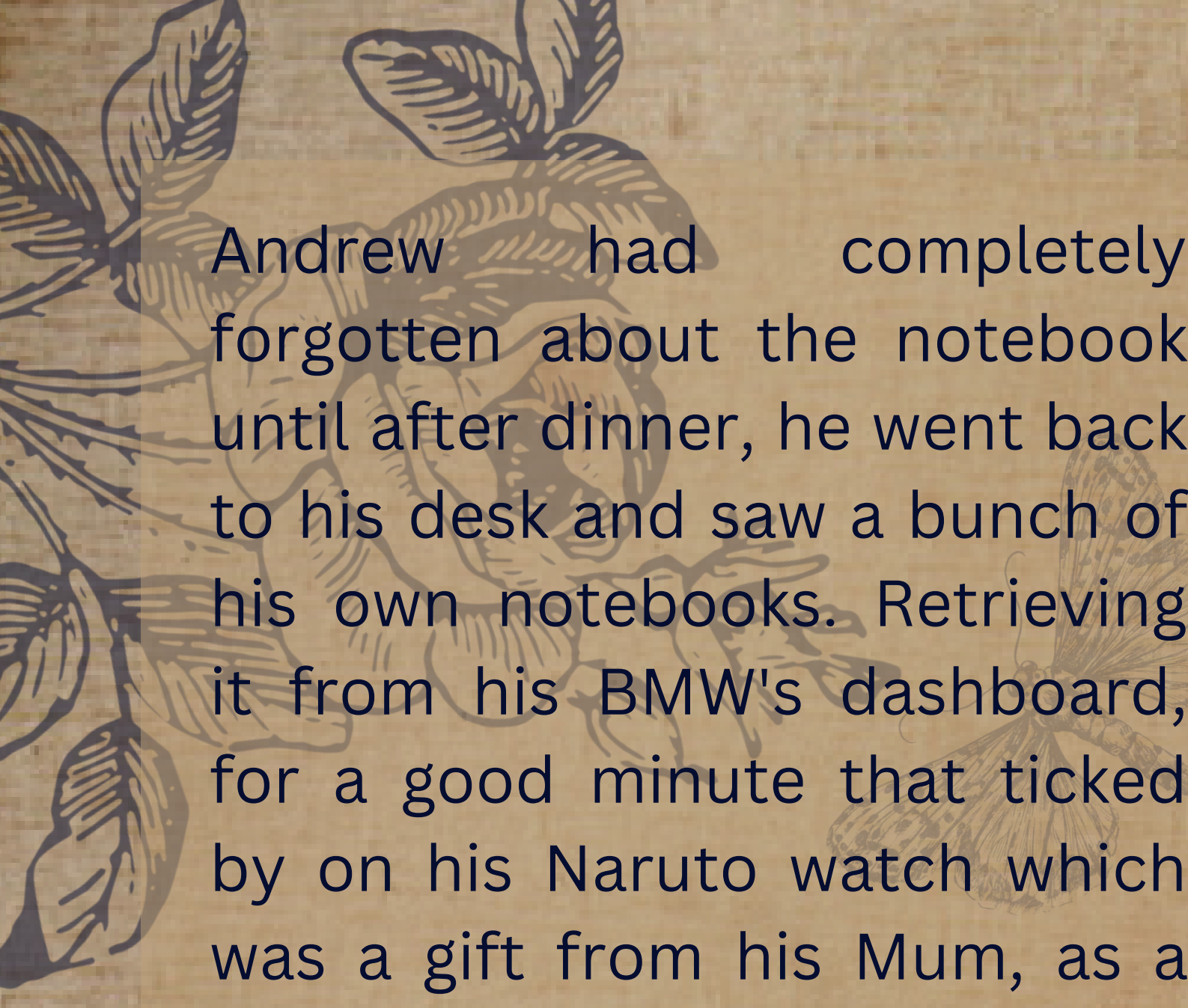
And what better job could he get than that of a sibling's driver?

So, while he strolled around and thought of getting around the corner of the vastly built interior to look at something that could appeal to his senses, someone ran into him with a force like that of lightning. It all happened in a moment of the spur, sending him down to the linoleum floor. It took him a good moment to acknowledge that he was on the floor, he was clearly taken aback by the impact. Reeling his head, his eyes only caught a feminine figure, bumping into several other people in the process of getting out of the gallery.

He got a dozen questionable stares, while there were others yelling in annoyance near the entrance, sending disapproval in the lady's direction, but she was long gone.

"Here. Hope you're okay," Andrew was handed a notebook, presuming it belonged to him, but no, it belonged to her, the woman who somehow managed to run on a pair of stilettos, like it was no big deal.





Andrew had completely forgotten about the notebook until after dinner, he went back to his desk and saw a bunch of his own notebooks. Retrieving it from his BMW's dashboard, for a good minute that ticked by on his Naruto watch which was a gift from his Mum, as a child, Drew didn't know what to do with the blue diary. He wasn't a person who believed in prying. Privacy was extremely important to him; as someone who wrote poems and a bunch of crazy thoughts, he knew the value of what sat in front of him, on his desk's surface.

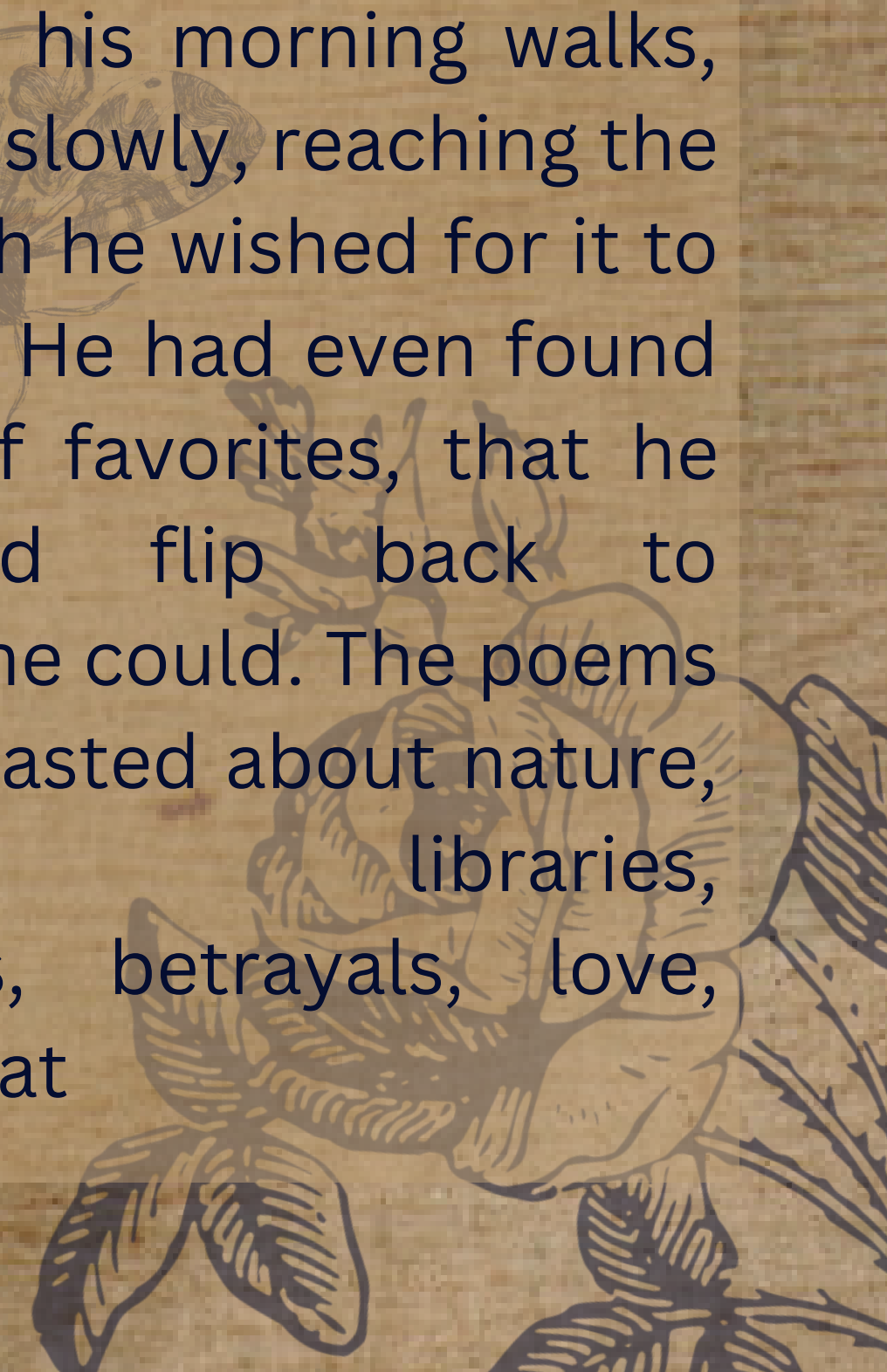
"But this needs to get to her, right?" Internally apologising to God, Drew flipped it open, hoping to see the name and other necessary details of the owner immediately, but no, there was just a name scribbled, probably a penname — Red Richardson. Andrew smiled at the commonality of their surnames. Flipping to the next page, he read a poem, a quatrain, so eloquent, so devastating, that there was no return from the point where he

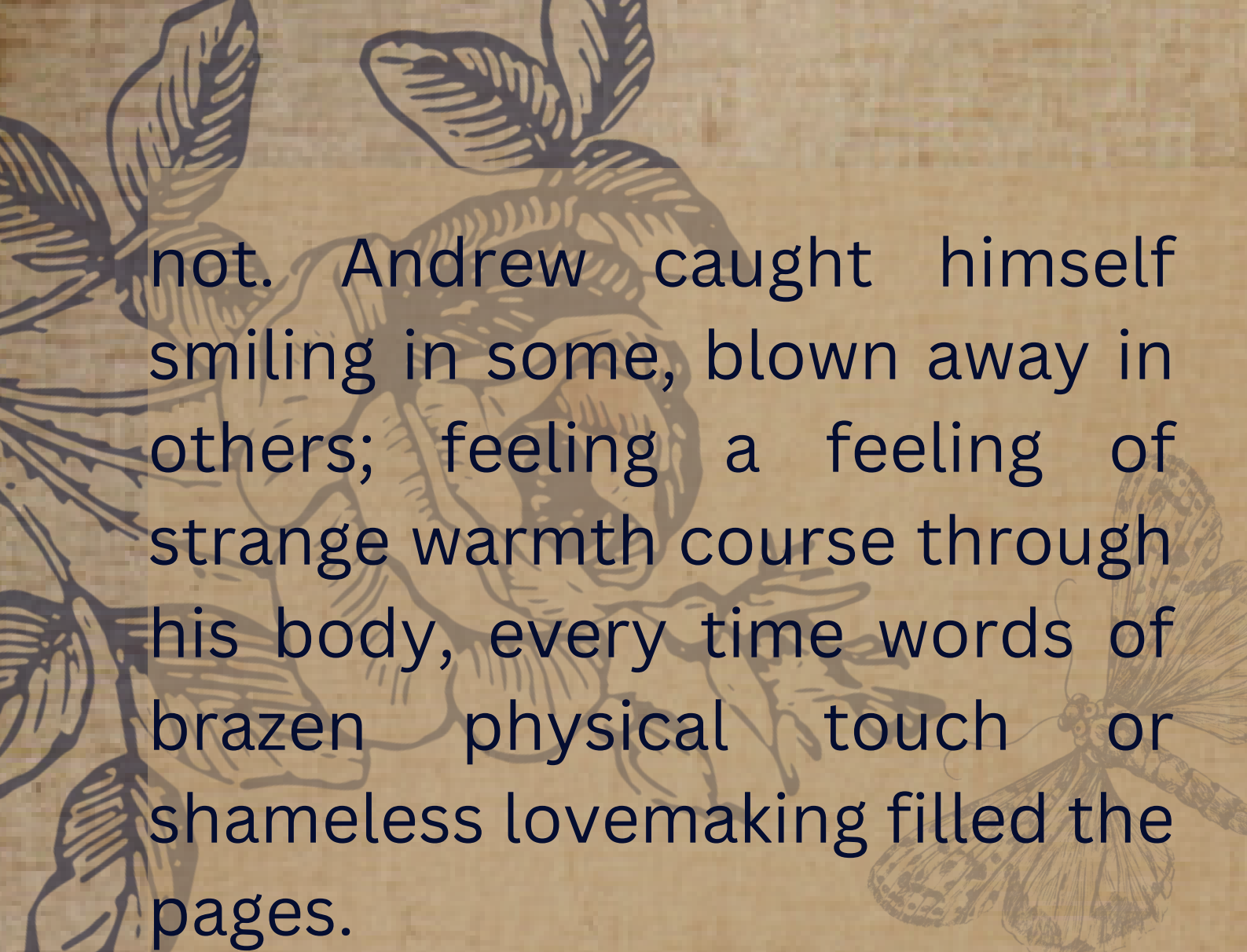
felt like he was destroyed in the most understanding and magnificent manner. And then, there was no stoppage.

He read and read and continued to get his heart splintered, healed, and twisted in the most marvelous mannerisms; to say he was impressed was a bloody understatement. He was whipped. Undeniably.

Whipped by a play of words so hauntingly beautiful, he didn't know if could sleep after this adventure, but at three in the morning, he did, dreaming of all that he read, all the while.

Throughout the week, Andrew stayed with the diary, reading it whenever he could — in the office, in his house, in the garden, on his morning walks, slowly and slowly, reaching the end, though he wished for it to never end. He had even found a bunch of favorites, that he knew he'd flip back to whenever he could. The poems fluently boasted about nature, museums, libraries, friendships, betrayals, love, sex and what





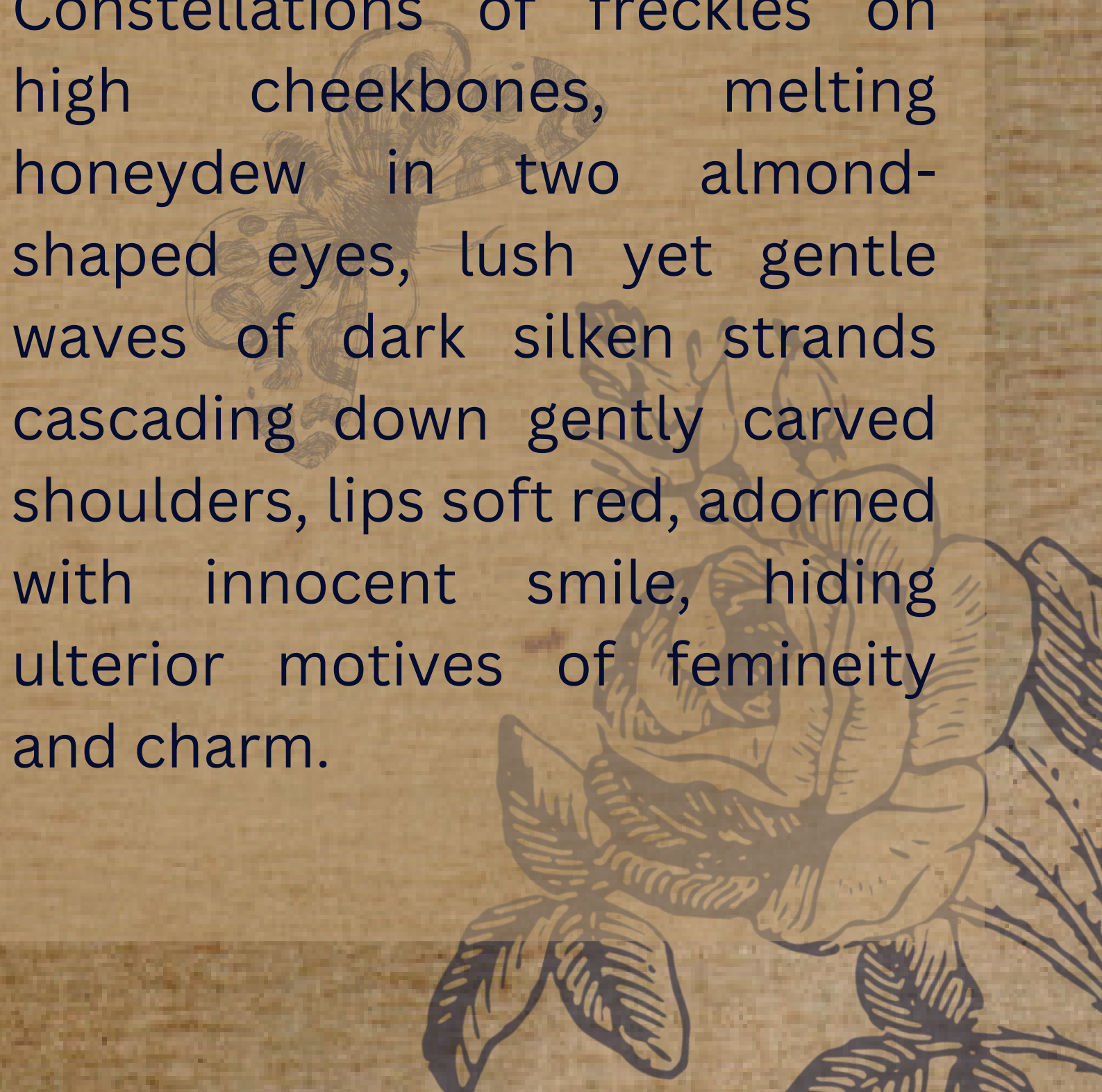
not. Andrew caught himself smiling in some, blown away in others; feeling a feeling of strange warmth course through his body, every time words of brazen physical touch or shameless lovemaking filled the pages.

Part of him was guilty, very guilty but Drew was drawn into a world so vivid, so kaleidoscopic he didn't wish to get back to reality. The end, at last arrived with something wonderful, far from his imagination — This Saturday, I'm coming back here, crashing at 7 — it said. Andrew couldn't stop smiling.

Saturday it was, and Andrew had arrived. Hoping for this master of wordplay to arrive, his heart told him, that she would come, definitely. If passion is the artist's heartbeat, then the heart is his art, his work, and Andrew was carrying her heart with utmost care in his hands. Heck, he didn't know how he was going to recognize her, she was an unfamiliar soul, crazily familiar to him.

But his heart told him, assured him that he would know. He settled on the benches that sat parallel to the paintings, for the visitors to sit and extract every inch of artistic beauty from the paintings and placed the blue diary right beside him, waiting. His heart was beating, his hands were clammy, and he was nervous about how was looking, though he usually thought he wasn't that bad looking.

"Thank you for taking care of it. I thought I was never getting it back," Andrew stiffened but he couldn't wait anymore. His head snapped around, his eyes then choosing to adore nothing else but the woman in front of him. The crowd would never see in those canvases, what he saw — Constellations of freckles on high cheekbones, melting honeydew in two almond-shaped eyes, lush yet gentle waves of dark silken strands cascading down gently carved shoulders, lips soft red, adorned with innocent smile, hiding ulterior motives of femininity and charm.



Art was nowhere but in front of him. Breathing. And making it hard for him to breathe.

Love at first sight has beaten to become a cliché. It has been talked about too much. Mentioned to an extent where the beauty of this phenomenon has snapped from the grace it carries but Andrew knew, it wasn't love at first sight. It was something deeper. Something that travelled to the depths of his heart. It was in all perfect sense, koi no yokan.

He knew, love in the future was inevitable...



*Anaa Ayesha Khan
Bachelor of English
Semester 1 year 1*

दादी, मरना मत कभी।

जीवन भी कमज़ोर जड़ों और सूखे तनों की तरह धीरे धीरे विकसित होता है। कभी कभी मन में साड़ी पहनती हुई एक स्त्री की तस्वीर घुमड़ती है फिर लगता है कि यह देह भी एक पेड़ ही है। देखती हूँ कि साड़ी में प्लीट्स का एक घेरदार पेड़ उभर आया है। पेड़ की कोमल पत्तियां ब्लाउज़ के बाजुओं को नोच लेती हैं। पेड़ की जड़े पैरों को घेर लेती हैं।

ब्लाउज़ और साड़ी के बीच की खुली त्वचा सूरज के सहचर्य में गाढ़े रंग की हो जाती है। प्रकाश के संश्लेषण में पेड़ हरा होता है और देह काली।

मुझे अचानक कृशकाय देह और सूखे स्तनों वाली मेरी दादी की स्मृति घेर लेती है।

साठ साल की स्त्री और चौदह साल की युवती के स्तनों में कोई अंतर नहीं होता सिवा एक महक के।

दादी की छाती से उठती तीखी गायों की गंध बचपन में मुझे बहुत चुभती थी। "मुझे ये गंध पसंद नहीं" कहकर गले न लगी बहुत बार उसके।

बारह साल की उम्र में जब पहली बार मासिक धर्म हुआ तो दादी ने अपनी छाती से चिपकाए रखा रात भर। अब जबकि मुझे खुद से आने लगी थी ये अजीब खून की गंध फिर दादी क्यों लिपटी है मुझसे ? अब दादी की छाती से लिपटकर रोती हूँ। दादी पीठ थप थपाती है। कैसा दुर्भाग्य है कि इतने साल ये स्नेह और थपथपाहट मैंने अपनी मूर्खता में गंवा दिया।

अब मैं दादी से लिपटी रहती हूँ और ये गंध अब महक सा
सुख देती है।

मैं दादी से कहती हूँ, "मरना मत कभी।" और दादी मेरी
पीठ को धीमे से सहला देती है, और तभी ऐसा लगता है
जैसे दो पेड़ एक ही ज़मीन से पानी ले रहे हैं।

दो मनुष्य एक से सम्बंध में बंधकर प्रेम को सींच रहे हैं ।



Anushka Bhatt
Bachelor of English
Semester 1 year 1



किराये का कमरा

अब तुम जा रही हो...किराये का कमरा याद नहीं आएगा तुम्हे ?

"इस शहर में कहीं कोई घर कहने को था तो यह कमरा। इस घर में हसीं पति के साथ और इसी घर में रोई पति की मृत्यु पर। इस घर में आए थक कर सिर टेकने। जब कभी मन के ज़ख्मों को आराम देना था तो इसी घर में किया विलाप। इस घर हुए झगड़े और इसी घर में बनी मां। और बेटी भी तो हुई इसी घर में, इसी घर में मनाया पहला जन्मदिन। इसी घर में आई मां बेटी को देखने पहली बार, मां इसी घर के लिए लाई लक्ष्मी की मूर्ति और इसी घर में कंगाली होने पर पैसे भी भेजे। इसी घर में ही कमाया और इसी घर में आई मां की गुज़र जाने की खबर। बेटी को कहीं छोड़ा तो यहीं छोड़ा, काम के बाद भी यहीं को लौटी।

कोई पूछता किधर जा रही हो तो इसी कमरे को घर बताया। इसी घर में बेटी को हुए मासिक और इसी घर में उसने सीखा छाती को ढकाना। इसी घर में उसे पहला प्रेम हुआ और इसी घर में उस लड़के के चले जाने पर वह मेरी गोद में दिनों तक रोई। इसी घर में पानी गिराने पर मकानमलकिन ने दी गालियां और अब इसी घर को छोड़ जा रही हूं तो वो भी नीचे रो रही है। इसी घर की दीवारों को सजाया और इन्ही दीवारों को बताए दुख। इन्ही दीवारों को दोस्त समझा और अब जा रही हूं तो इन्ही दीवारों से निकाल रहीं हूं तस्वीरें। इसी को अपना बताया और अब जा रही हूं तो लग रहा है मां को वृद्धाश्रम छोड़ जा रही हूं और तुम पूछती हो याद नहीं आएगा?"

Anushka Bhatt

Bachelor of English

Semester 1 year 1



The Poetry



Snowflakes

Snowflakes!

A wonder, a feeling and a pocket memory.

Every drop of that white pearl draws us
more towards the pristine state.

The pristine state of mind and numbness.

Snowflakes!

Frozen feet and crunched stomach,

Reminds us of hidden hunger and meager brunch.

A drab and dull feeling of static faces,

Unmoved by the intermittent fall of the white petals
from the sky.

Snowflakes!

Nature smiled and trees danced in the cold breeze,

The street dog ran under the tunnel,

The bears went into hibernation.

And, unafraid of intrusion the forest hummed in sleep.

Snowflakes!

It burned our desires in cold,

Rodin, the thinker like everyone, crouched under the blanket.

Chattering, shivering, and sneering did not go in vain,

Again, we have a sight to relish and recuperate


Dr. Gazala Khan
Department of English

Young Poets

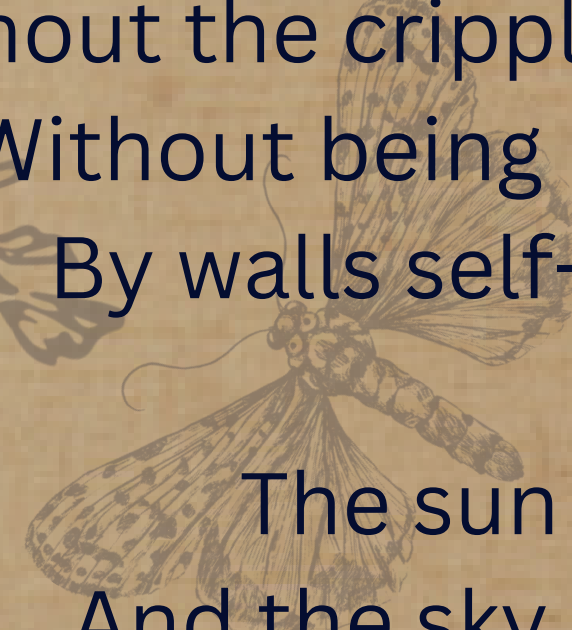
The sky splits
Silent cracking of an egg
And the dawn breaks
The sun raises its head
Gold melts at the horizon
And spills along the silhouettes
Of the camel-back hills
The sky slowly turns lighter
Shadows sharpen and gain colour
The roosters's crowing
Sets nature's orchestra going
And the world is ready for the world

Young poets!
Inherit the energy of the morning
Of chaos and change
Of evolution and revolution
And write the pace of a hot race
That thunders down the way
And write the sluggish lethargy too
Of a tired summer night.


Sometimes we live by instinct
But more often than not
Words are all we have got
Know them well
And use them better
It's always a shot in the dark
And you'll hardly ever hit the mark
Bit by bit you realize
That approximations
Are good enough anyway.




So write light
Without the crippling self-doubt
Without being hemmed in
By walls self-imposed



The sun sets
And the sky pulls up
With nimble fingers,
A star-studded sky-
You did your best
At yourself, the point of origin
Set some ripples to the infinite
You have let your dies roll
You deserve to rest
Close your tender eyes
And let the curtains fall.



Mehul Rawat
Department of English
Research scholar



The Eagle

Golden clouds infiltrated
Harlequin birds chanted,
while Eagles chauffeured me to place where sun shined
endlessly.

Millions of imageries
A single source,
The more heights I touched, the more intense it felt.

The infatuation made some fluctuations midway,
Golden clouds infiltrated, but no eagle to save.

Plunged to the infinity
and made my soul sore.
Perceived how barren the,
ground of amour propre was.

The sun still shines, now the rain is sweet,
The flowers started blooming & harlequin came alone,
Though needless eagles do not make me happy anymore.

Gargee Mehra
Bachelor of English
Semester 1 year 1

Can't Amor Encompass the Lies

Was only his lies that overdrawn the deceit path
or was the fragment of uncomfoting truth, which kept them apart
The integrity which hold the mankind beyond,
was lost in vain, for someone who was holding nothing for long

The betrayal came along the way
keeping the truth hidden for getting slay
The time recalled thousand pictures of desolation
Constraining all haggard self from any revelation

The strangled one started to act concrete
letting world to never judge the one for his deed
The indifference grow old in darkness for long
The truth started crumbling in the cradle to come out strong.

Now the annihilation began
Starting to play with each one in the game
The truth now discovered was just causing pain
Swarm of thoughts entangled in chains.

The perplexed mind now question thyself
was it worth to fight the battle by oneself
As all the lies had bonded them along
Whereas the revealed truth has shattered them to withdrawn

Aporwa Siwali
Department of English
Reaserch scholar

In the Kingdom of Malfi; A Home

A treacherous place webbed in deceit,
Found I, another Malfi.

Disguised, under the covers of doom,
Silently conspiring with the moon.

Like Lady Macbeth though,
The realization never dawned
On them.

The truth never dared
-- Haunt them.

Their fall, I see paralleled besides,
Angels that fell from Paradise.

Grace me Milton as I reopen,
Your unfinished prose.

The gods have subsided—
The demons now, roar.

I seek all the nine muses,
To leave the homeland of Hesiod
And aid me in the enlightenment of
This lost soul.

Build a sanctuary,
Perhaps then, I had shed a tear
Missing home.


*Kriti Gupta
Masters of English
Semester 3 year 2*



My Momma

Sometimes she nags,
Sometimes she got mad at me,
And many times, I resent her.
But whenever I break the jinx,
She is the first one that comes to my mind.
She is the cool breeze of my summers,
the warm sun of my winters,
and falling leaves of my spring.
This much salient role she plays in my life.

Sometimes she nags,
Sometimes she got mad at me,
And many times, I resent her.



Anshika Rawat
Bachelors of English
Semester 1 year 1

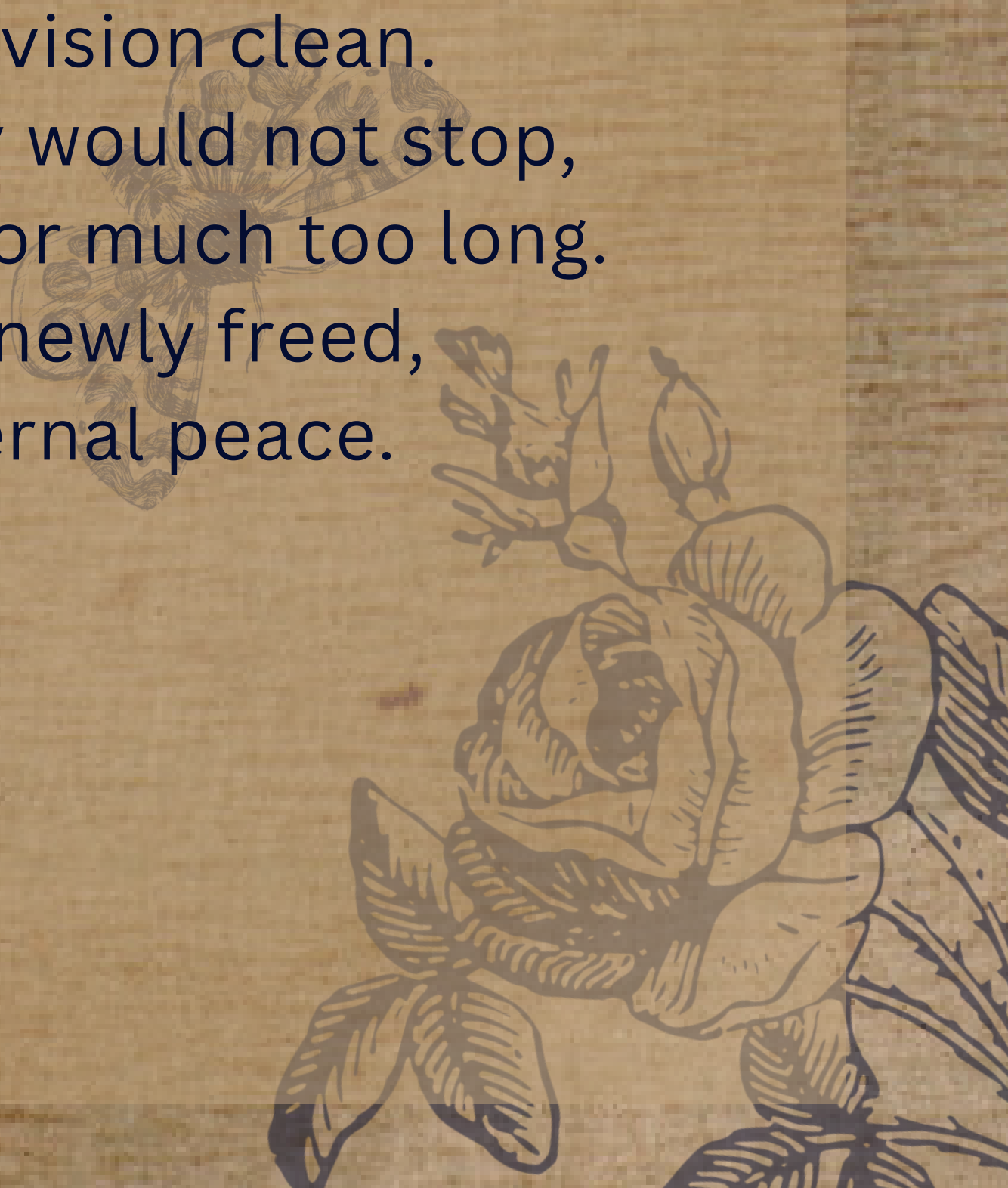


An Account of Grief

The first time I met Death up close,
It was as if it crushed my soul.
I could not see, I could not breathe,
So many people were crowding me.

The next time Death came my way,
I hid at home, I could not brave,
The stifling crowds, mourning loud.
They made me feel as if I would drown,
In all that grief, in all that pain,
I just wanted to breathe again.

The third time it was time to grieve,
My mind was clear, my vision clean.
The tears they flowed, they would not stop,
But the heart did not ache for much too long.
I realized the soul was newly freed,
And only wished it eternal peace.



And there are still more trysts to go,
Before I become a departed soul,
Many more times to cry and grieve,
Bid adieu, we once loved deep.
I just hope before they leave,
They, just once, turn around and see,
All the hearts that cherished them so,
Use all their strength to let them go,
But fail a little in this try,
Hope and hope they will come by.
And see how they will still live on,
In the depths of memory, etched in stone.



Niyati Kothiyal
Bachelor of English
Semester 5 year 3

Will You ?

The background of the page is a light beige, textured surface. It features several faint, black line-art illustrations. In the top left, there are roses and leaves. In the center, a butterfly is shown in flight. In the bottom right, there are more roses and leaves. The text is centered on the page.

Along the ethereal vastness of the sun; dipping in the sky
In the longing of the night to arise
Will you still hold my hand?

While I walk towards the burning shine;
Will you be able to withhold the ugliness of the burns?
While I am on my way to turn to ash and disappear in the
air;

To the loving shine of the moon; that glows the night alight
With the clouds in a halo around the stars
Will you still accompany me till the end?
While I try to close the distance between my never-ending
fantasies;

Will you be able to accept my unruliness for the rest of your
time?

While I dance along the rain on my way to extinguish and
melt in

In the breathless glow of the rising sun that burnishes the
sky;

With the earthlings standing upright at its summon

Will you still understand me the same?

While I run across the fields to catch the sunshine with my
bare hands;

Will you be able to fathom my unending loneliness for an
eternity?

While I drown in the sorrows of my own creation on my way
to destruct and vanish in anguish.



Gauri

Bachelor of English

Semester 5 year 3

I Vowed to Myself

I vowed to myself,
To never Fall in love.
To protect myself,
From the irresistible monster.
I tried to keep myself,
From drowning.
Into the vast sea,
Of your magnificent eyes.
I tried to stop myself,
From getting lost.
Into the soothing sounds,
Of your heartbeat.
Yet I gave in,
To this alluring beast.
And handed out my heart,
For you to throw away.
I do not know,
Whether it was a coincidence,
Or inevitable,
To have my heart broken by you

Anshika Badola
Bachelor of English
Semester 1 year 1

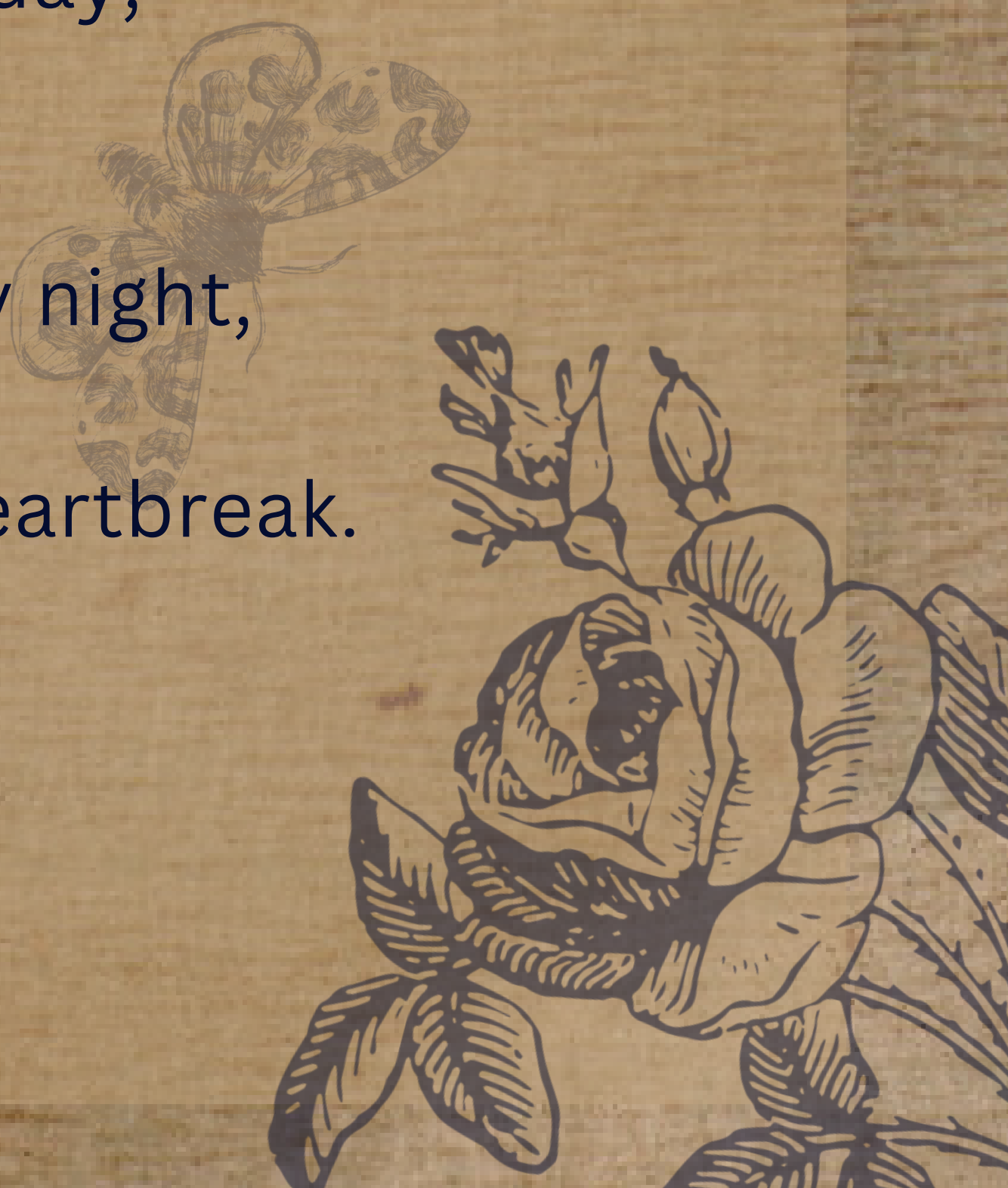


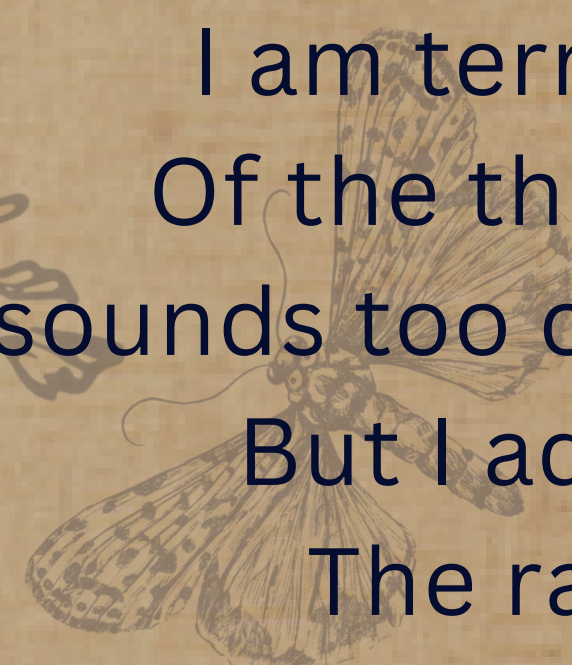

My Life is an Irony

My life is an irony,
My thoughts,
Are the definition,
Of Contradiction.

One moment,
My hearts breaks,
At the sight of creased books.
And during the other,
I feel grateful,
That they've been loved.

Almost every day,
I crave,
For love.
And almost every night,
I tremble,
At the thought of heartbreak.

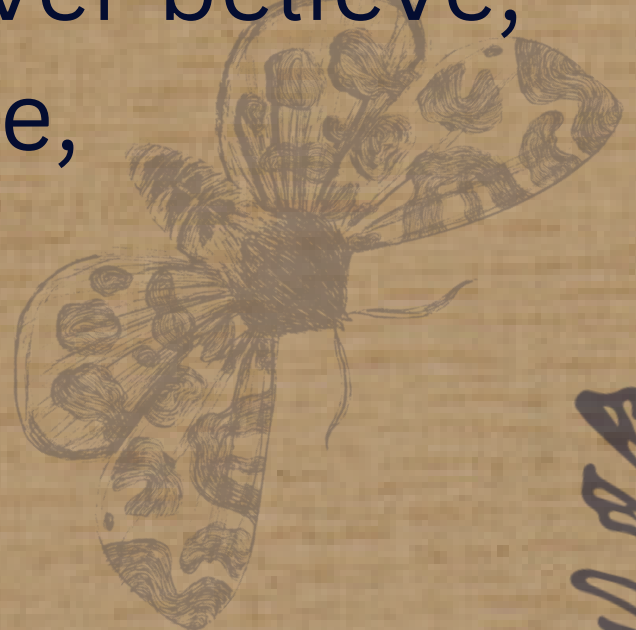





I am terrified,
Of the thunder,
The sounds too overwhelming.
But I adore,
The rain,
The drops against my skin too soothing.

I adore the sight,
Of lovely flowers,
Decorating my vase.
But the mere thought,
Of plucking one's life,
Makes my heart sink.

I do not know,
Which part of me,
Is righteous.
Therefore, all I shall ever believe,
Is that my life,
Is an irony.



Anshika Badola
Bachelor of English
Semester 1 year 1



I Saw Death Today




I saw death today,
For the first time in my life,
I saw a human,
Not living.

Never in my life,
Had I felt,
what I felt in my chest,
The moment I laid my eyes on him.

Was I afraid?
Was I sorrowful?
Why did I cry?
I do not know.

A sudden sea of tears,
Brimmed my eyes,
My breath faltered,
Hands shook.



To see a body unmoving,
Of someone I loved,
To have a hollow chest,
As if it was me who passed.

The reaper didn't have ,
Such a rigid hold ,
On my thoughts,
Until I saw death today,
Until I saw death today.



Anshika Badola
Bachelor of English
Semester 1 year 1



I Never Wanted to Fall in Love

I never wanted to fall in love
But it happened
Somewhere between the chats
And the notes we shared
It was something special
Everyone's the witness
Yet my heart is hidden in a tower
Far away from the eyes of the world
I hope someone finds it before
The dragon eats it away

I don't need a knight in shining armor
I just wanted a friend
To the end of the world, we shall go
And slay the dragon for eternity
And find that all this time
my heart was with you
in Perpetuity.

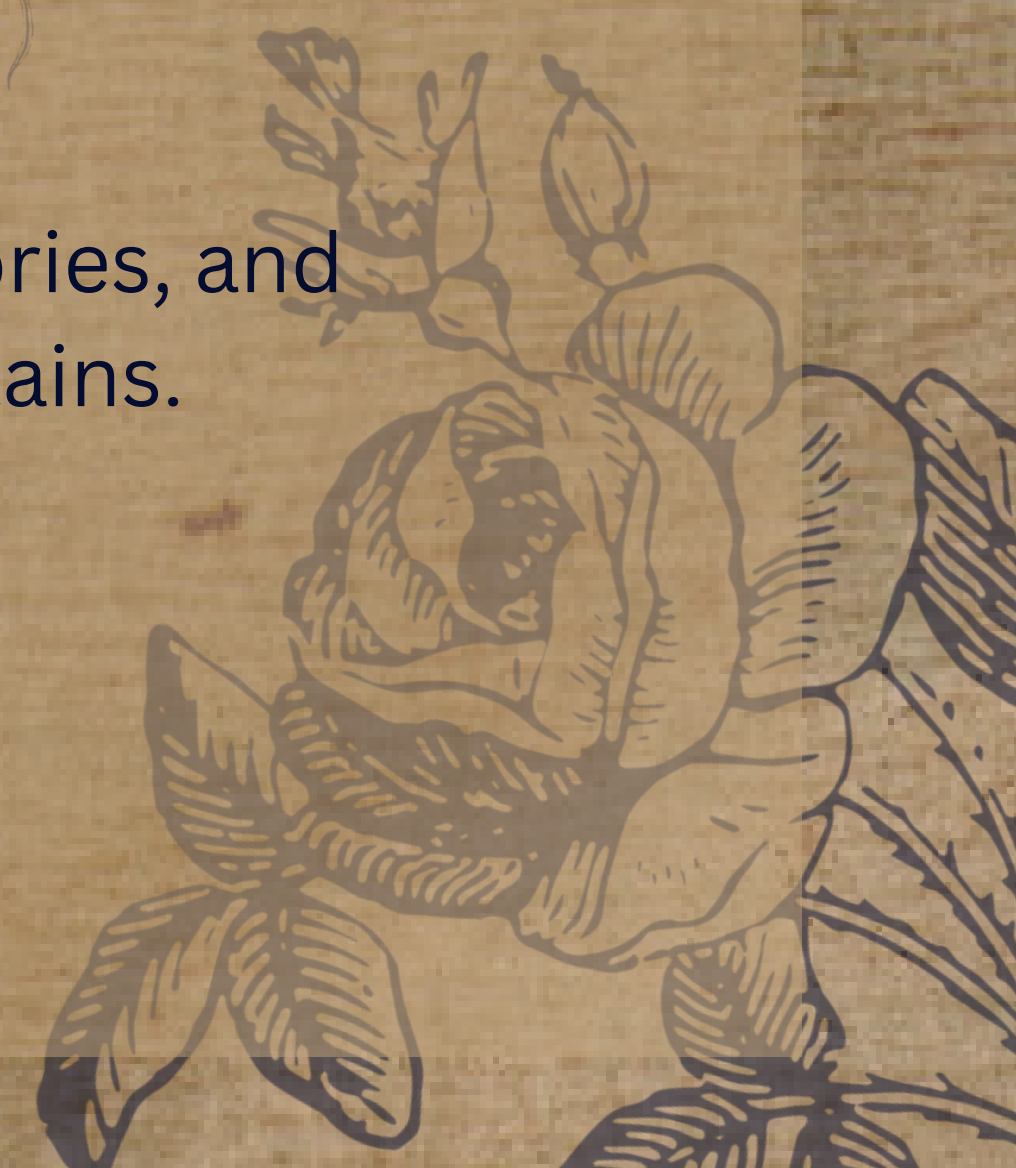
*Aahana Srivastava
Bachelor of English
Semester 5 year 3*



The Scent of Your Home

The scent of your home
'Tis delightful and warm,
And fills my heart with joy and love;
The scent of you home,
Coloured with memories of past,
Overflows my heart
With nostalgia –
A soft blow of wind,
That tickles the gentle petals
Of delicate, lovely flowers,
From tiny to full grown –
Sudden touch of a faded wind,
That makes my heart sink
Into the tears of remembrance
Which spill through my eyes;

The scent of your home
'Tis delightful and warm
And fills my heart with joy and love;
That, as we part, says so long,
But only
To be together again,
To pour our hearts with new memories, and
To recollect the old ones, it retains.



Ishan Shrivastav
Bachelor of English
Semester 3 year 2

Ray of Hope

I always thought the world was a fascinating place,
A nightmare enough to scare a grown man;
So, I sat on my chair,
Waiting for a better day,
But the first ray of hope
Were still many hours away,
I started thinking, rather worrying,
Distracting myself from falling asleep.

With every tick of clock
My thoughts got darker, and
My heart heavier,
And a moment came when I couldn't hold any longer;
I tried to cry
But my eyes were still dry,
I tried to scream
With a thirsty throat,
I banged the table so hard,
Ended with a broken wrist.

So, to ease up my pain I rushed to the balcony,
To breathe some poison,
And waited for the first ray of hope,
Which never came.

*Divyanshi Bhatt
Bachelor of English
Semester 3 year 2*

Heaven's Gate

I still search for you in places we've never seen,
I still think of alternative endings, what could have been?
Haven't said your name in what feels like years,
Never thought the weight of these memories would just be
mine to bear.

It all turns hazy some days,
So, I try recalling all that your eyes betrayed, all that you
couldn't say.

In my deepest darkest moments of isolation,
I think of you as my best hallucination.

These days, I find myself staring into a distance more than
ever,

I look around in a room full of people,
Knowing I'd be searching for you forever.

In between hushed voices and familiar laughter, I pause to
hear you say,
Only to be reminded, your voice is never the one I'd ever
hear.

I will admit,
I don't cry anymore, what If I told you, maybe I never
did?

When I see you again, I'll ask you why you did, what
you did.

It's been a while since I've felt real, I'm afraid,
Yet in all the shades of life I still think of you, even
when I myself fade.

So, would you just wait?

I know it's a lot to ask of you my friend but, could you
please wait? Even if it gets a little late?

To when it's in my fate,
I'll meet you at heaven's gate.



Shivani Negi
Bachelor of English
Semester 1 year 1

What Would Come with The Following Sunrise

The field was ready for the battle, and so were the soldiers.
Colonels from both parties exclaimed, "Start!"
With the roar of the beginning of the war, they started to run
towards each other,
Like a bull to gore one another to death.
After the endless firing from both the sides,
They couldn't figure when passed the day and it was night.
Silence! Under the full moon, the smoke covered everything in
the bleeding ground:
There in the corner of the field, both colonels were sitting side
by side!
Applying salve to each other's wounds;
And with a bottle of wine sharing together,
As if to get opiated with a dreaming bliss:
That there was no son lost by a mother,
No girl was crying for her lover,
Where kids were waiting for their father returning soon,
Never existed any place in the heart where rested gloom.
Into a beautiful paradise where flowed a river of whine,
A space of complete tranquillity, where no war was designed;
They too wished never come such a time.

Akshat Kala
Bachelor of English
Semester 1 year 1



The Foe

I have a foe
It lurks beside me
Wounding me with hateful words
The blazing fire it throws at me
Reduces my strength to ash
The sneer it has for the decisions I make
Makes my crown tremble
The loathing it has for my body
Blemishes the beauty I possess
I have a foe
It laughs at my achievements
It questions my indecision
It destroys my believing
I have a foe
I touch its face, every time a tear I wipe
I feel its breath, every time I sigh
I see its eyes, every time the mirror reflects mine.

Ayushi Rawat
Bachelor of English
Semester 5 year 3

Realisation


It was the time, when I was nine
Everything looked very fine

Raw courage ruled the head,
Energies went on
Prescribed prejudices and I was in awaked sleep


This is good, this is bad
This is right, this is wrong
This is mine, this estranges
This is nice this is nasty
All was already embedded in the memory chip
And I moved out like robot working as a
Replay back of stored data.

Days moved on, nights passed, as I grew up
That innocent childhood got lost, in memories
And young age, was deliberately welcomed.

Gradually switching started
When monitoring began
Those ugly looking faces were not so bad nor
those good people were heaven descendants.




Definition began to change,
When the shadow of preoccupied, information
Leaved me




World began to look differently
Then I realised, actually
Vision of one and all was seeking its
Projection
Disalingned with clarity
Mixed with confusion
"Full of opinions

Can gaze, the creation
The way I want
World is a perfect reflector
Returning happens very fast the
I am the maker
I am the destroyer of who I am



Ayushi Awasthi
Bachelor of English
Semester 3 year 2





Oh Man

Oh man, don't overpopulate the earth.
If so, there will be more death and dearth.

Food will be scarce,

Water and air are impure.

For satisfying this heart's plethora of wants.

Human figures will begin to cause violence
and chaos.

Resources are few, but requirements are
high.

And this forces Mother Earth to cry.

This increase can decrease the quality of life.

Then humans start living in death and dying
in life.

Once again, to stop this uproar

Oh man, don't overpopulate the earth
anymore.

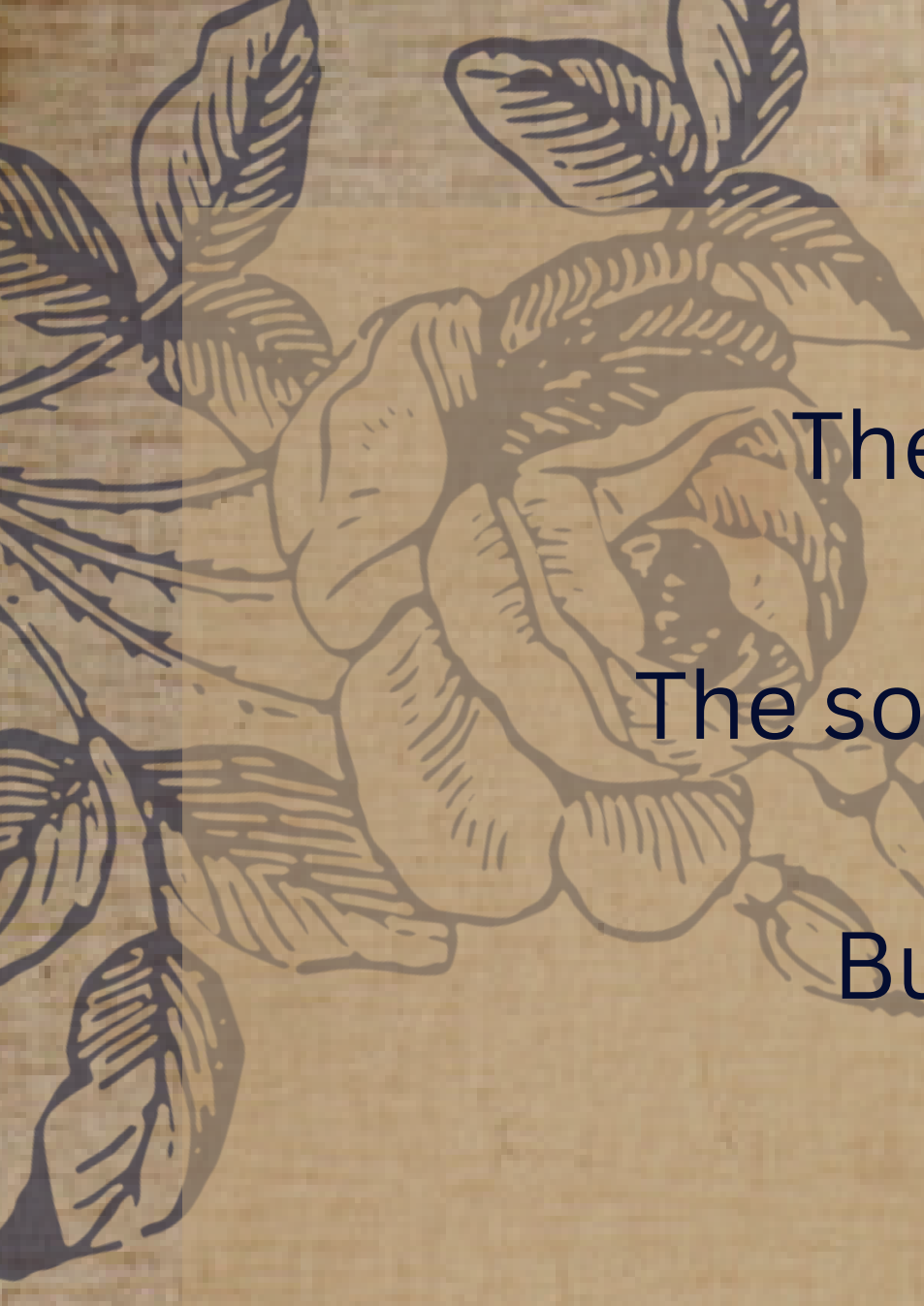
Kritika Joshi

Bachelor of English

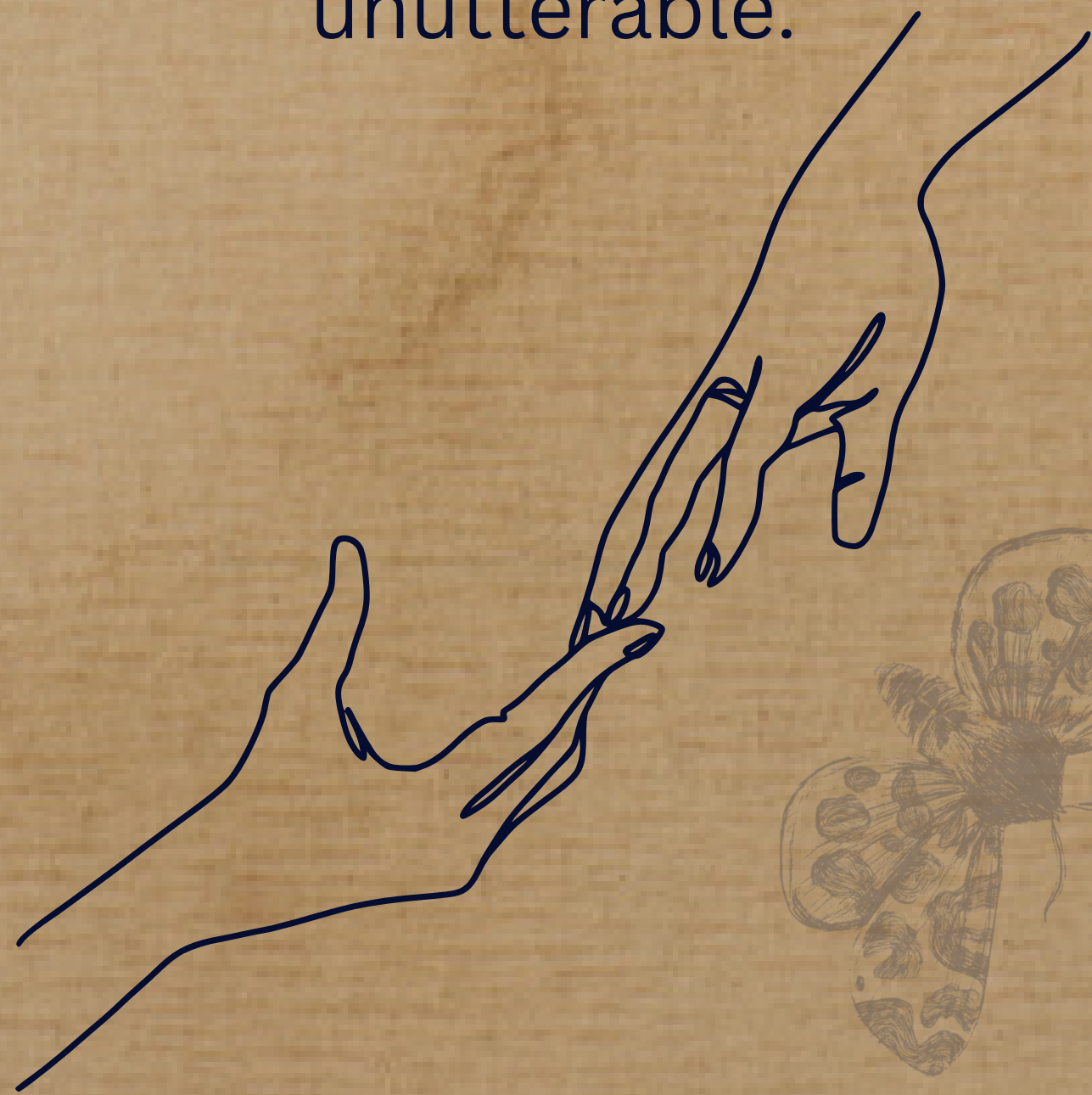
Semester 3 year 2

Who are You?

I close my eyes
I've seen you before.
I hear your voice
I've known you before.
Like a recurring dream
That I can't remember.
Like a memory
That I have lost.
Maybe I have known you,
In another life,
In another time.
Maybe I had run from you,
Maybe I had run towards you,
I can't tell.
But my heart beats so fast,
I almost can't feel it.
Like my soul has warned me of this.
Through nightmares,
Through illusions,
Through mirrors,
Through shadows.
Now here you stand in front of me.



The warnings have been silenced,
they are scared of you.
The sound of my heart has been muffled.
I feel something,
But I can't identify this emotion.
You look at me,
Like I should be aware
of this present moment.
You look confused
and you are wondering
what went wrong.
You can't tell me what it is
So, you just look me in the eyes.
Hoping that maybe your eyes can communicate the
unutterable.



Jahnavi Rana
Bachelor of English
Semester 5 year 3



तुम कौन हो?

कभी कभी मैं जब अपनी आँखों को बंद करती हूँ,
मैं खुद को किसी के तरफ भागता पाती हूँ,
और उससे लिपट पड़ती हूँ।

वह भी मेरे करीब होने के एहसास से झूम उठता है।
दिवक्त यह है की वह कौन है, मैं नहीं जानती।

उसकी पहचान से मैं अपरिचित हूँ।
सच कहूँ तो वह आता है मेरे सपनों में,
मुझसे मिल वो कहता है कि वह मेरी प्रतीक्षा में अपनी रातों की नींदों को
गंवा रहा है।

मगर मैं डरती हूँ और कभी-कभार भाग कर छिप जाती हूँ।
इससे वह क्रोधित हो जाता है और दुखी भी।

लेकिन मैं खुद को उचित कैसे ठहराऊँ?

क्या मैंने कुछ गलत किया?

क्या आप भी प्रेम से सामना होने पर भयभीत नहीं हो जाते?

तो फिर मैं बेरहम कैसे हुई?

मुझे भी डर है,

किस चीज़ का? यह अभी मुझे नहीं पता।

लेकिन शायद उसे पता है,

क्योंकि वह कभी मुझे त्यागता नहीं है।

शायद वह समझता है।

शायद।

Jahnavi Rana
Bachelor of English
Semester 5 year 3

कविता की कविता

कविता लिखना सुनाना कितना बेहतरीन है।
किसी को सामने बिठा,
उसको वह सब कहते सुनना जो शायद आप कहना चाहते थे।
उसकी आवाज को गहरा होते देखना,
आँखों को कभी वो छोटी डायरी,
तो कभी खुद की आँखों की तरफ देखते हुए पाना ।
शब्दों को मोतियों की तरह ऐसे पिरो देना,
जैसे वह कोई तोहफा है एक के मुख से,
एक के मस्तिष्क तक
कितना बदल जाता है इन्सान ,
जब वह अपनी कविता सुनाता है एक भरी सभा में ।
समर्पित कर देता है अपना एक अन्देखा हिस्सा,
हर एक सुनने वाले को बिना किसी झिझक,
बिना किसी डर के ।

Khushi Yadav
Bachelor of English
Semester 3 year 2

प्रेम की परिभाषा

प्रेम की कोई परिभाषा है क्या?

अगर है,

तो उसमे सिर्फ हंसी ठिठोली को जगह मिली है,

या फिर वेदना और संघर्ष को भी?

अगर एक शब्द मुस्कराहट है, तो दूसरा शब्द चीख है क्या?

अगर एक दिन ये लाल है, तो दूसरे पल पीत है क्या?

अगर एक विशेषता पुण्य है, तो दूसरी पाप है क्या?

यह प्रेम सिर्फ खुशकिस्मती है, या किसी पल पश्चाताप है क्या?

यह प्रेम सिर्फ संतुष्टि है, या किसी पल निराशा भी है क्या?

इस प्रेम की कोई परिभाषा भी है क्या?

किसी दिन खिली हुई धूप, तो कभी ढल जाने वाली अँधेरी शाम

भी है क्या?

अगर प्रेम चरित्र का गहना, तो कभी भुला देने वाला सम्मान भी है

क्या?

प्रेम अगर पूर्ण हो जाने वाली ख्वाहिश है, तो कभी न पूरी होने

वाली आशा भी है क्या?

यह प्रेम है क्या, इसकी कोई परिभाषा भी है क्या?

Khushi Yadav

Bachelor of English

Semester 3 year 2

मैं


अपने वजूद को पाने के मैं प्रयास में हूं
मैं से मैं बस मेरी तलाश में हूं

धरा पर हूं पर धराशाई हूं मैं
जीवन का मोल चुकाती पाई पाई हूं मैं

मैं पर्वत में हूं, पाथर में हूं
आसमान में हूं, बादल में हूं
धारा में हूं, गागर में हूं
जल श्रोत प्रशांत महासागर में हूं

किसी की रची सृष्टि में हूं मैं
हर किसी की अपेक्षित दृष्टि में हूं मैं
अनर्थ से निकलते अर्थ में हूं मैं
स्वप्न, महत्वाकांक्षाएं और सामर्थ में हूं मैं

अग्नि प्रज्वलित करता जरिया हूं मैं
हर एक नजर का नज़रिया हूं मैं
हर हार में मैं, हर जीत में मैं हूं
क्रोध, संशय और प्रीत में मैं हूं

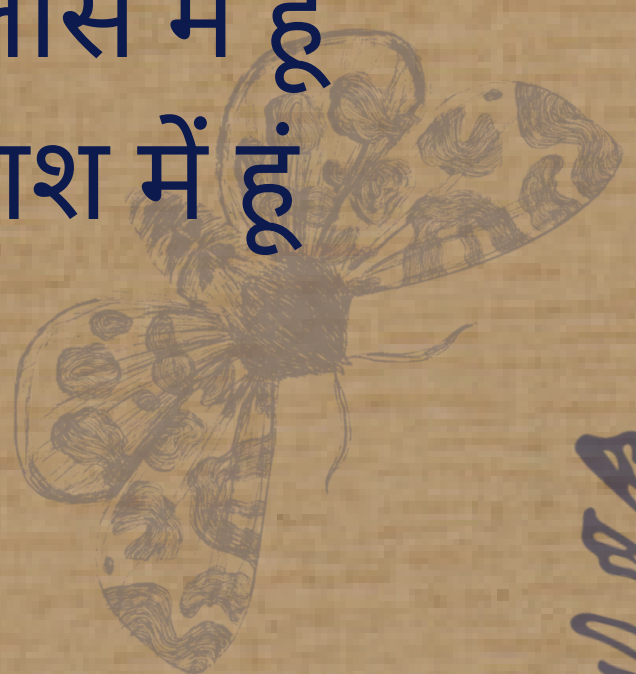


भ्रमा के भ्रमकमल पर हूं मैं
गंगा के जन्म धरल पर हूं मैं
हर त्योहार , हर पर्व में हूं मैं
बाबा केदार के गर्भ में हूं मैं


मोह प्रेमी मृग तृष्णा में हूं मैं
लीला रचयता श्री कृष्णा में हूं मैं
गर्भा स्थान में हूं मैं, कब्रिस्तान में हूं मैं
परिस्थिति में बदलते इंसान में हूं मैं

पर यह "मैं" है कोनसा
यह मैं हूं, मेरा *मैं* है या जिससे
मैं बना हूं यह वो है
नहीं मालूम

बस जीवन के हर्षोल्लास में हूं
मैं से मैं बस मेरी तलाश में हूं



Sanyam Bhist
Bachelor of English
Semester 1 year 1





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Thank you