

## *Echoes of Eloquence : Finding Meaning in Modern Chaos*

“Literature is the most agreeable way of ignoring life.” – Fernando Pessoa

In an age dominated by fleeting digital content and instant gratification, it is easy to dismiss literature and the arts as relics of a bygone era. Yet, in their timeless wisdom and evocative beauty, they offer us the very solace and insight we desperately seek in our chaotic lives. The magic of words—whether stitched together in novels, poetry, or essays—continues to resonate, connecting hearts, igniting minds, and bridging generations.

Why does literature matter today? It is not merely a collection of words strung together in creative fashion. Literature is a mirror, reflecting society's truths, complexities, and contradictions. When Shakespeare dissected ambition through *Macbeth* or when Jane Austen explored class dynamics in *Pride and Prejudice*, they weren't just spinning tales; they were holding a mirror to human nature. Even centuries later, their works teach us lessons about ambition, love, and morality. They remind us of what it means to be human.

In the relentless rush of modern life, literature is an oasis—a place to pause, reflect, and breathe. Consider the poetry of Rumi, whose verses about love and longing transcend cultural and temporal boundaries. Or the works of Rabindranath, which are steeped in spiritual wisdom and lyrical beauty. These are not mere words; they are lanterns guiding us through life's uncertainties. They remind us of the beauty in the mundane and the profound truths lurking in our everyday experiences.

Beyond reflection, literature also equips us with empathy—a quality the modern world sorely lacks. In the pages of a book, we live a thousand lives, walk in the shoes of strangers, and glimpse the world through perspectives wildly different from our own. It is through this act of reading that we learn to understand the struggles of others and to appreciate the diversity of human experience. Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* or Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie's *Half of a Yellow Sun* are not just narratives; they are windows into the human soul.

As students, thinkers, and dreamers contributing to '**Echoes of Eloquence**', let us reclaim literature as a living force in our lives. Let it be the wellspring of our creativity, the foundation of our thought, and the voice of our collective conscience. Let us remind ourselves that while the world outside may roar with distractions, there is a quiet power in a well-chosen word, a poignant line, or a resonant story.

As Pessoa suggests, literature might indeed be an agreeable way of ignoring life, but it is also the most profound way of understanding it. May this wall magazine serve as a testament to the enduring power of words and the eloquence they echo through time. Let us read, write, and celebrate this extraordinary art that gives voice to the unspeakable and light to the unseen.

— *Sekh Abdul Jelani* [Editor]

Batch of 2021-24 (UG)



## THE QUEST OF ME

I was dusting the corners of a window that is kept open all day long. It was today that I glanced through the symmetrical grills at the sky. I realised the sky is vast enough to give space to thousand of our aspirations and wishes. It was only me who kept myself within the constricted space of four green brick walls. I ran to the terrace to find myself but there too I found boundaries restricting me to fall. I again looked at the sky, the sky looked the same. I heard the whistles of the pressure cooker and had to return to the room again where the doors need to be locked but to save what. I kept questioning myself but the answers were not even in my reach. I had my dinner and kept my head on the soft red pillow to comfort myself. I asked myself "Do I want these things only? Are these things making me happy?" I closed my eyes to find those answers. I opened my eyes and was in the midst of bright light with birds chirping. It was a new morning and the monotony of life continued with my answers still hidden.

—Rayna Bhowmik  
Batch of 2022-24

## Living in Chaos

*Living, breathing, surviving  
But can I awake?*

*Screaming, dying, crying  
What if all of these are fake?*

*I'm living in a world, is this really the world?  
I am not sure.*

*I'm screaming in a world, living in another  
Silent in a world, walking in another*

*Crying here, laughing somewhere else  
I'm scared in a world, but what if I am not awake?*

*I am living in every world, but feeling in none  
Am I really living or am I just numb?*

*I was trying to seize the moment  
What if I don't have any moment at all?*

*I'm living in every world  
What if there is no world of mine at all?*

*Is this a dream?*

*Then how can I heard my scream?*

*I tried to hold onto my moments*

*But I forgot I never created one*

*All my life I ran for existence*

*And now this life doesn't make any sense*

*There is no moment to seize, no emotion to feel*

*Carpe diem is a myth, there is nothing it can heal.*

*Sarasree Sarkar*

*Batch of 2021-24 (UG)*



# Modernistic Elements in the History of English Literature

Modernism was a revolutionary movement in English literature, which emerged during the late 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> centuries as a response to the dramatic changes in society, culture, and technology. It was a break from traditional literary forms and conventions, emphasizing innovation, experimentation, and a re-examination of established norms. The modernist period, generally dated between the 1890s and the 1940s, is characterized by such influential writers as T.S. Eliot, James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and Ezra Pound. Modernistic elements in English literature are defined by a profound shift in themes, techniques, and perspectives that reflect the uncertainties and complexities of the modern world.

One of the defining features of modernism is its emphasis on fragmentation. Modernist writers frequently abandoned linear narratives and coherent plots, instead presenting fragmented storylines and multiple perspectives. This technique mirrors the disjointed and fragmented nature of modern life. James Joyce's "Ulysses" is a prime example of this approach, with its stream-of-consciousness technique laying bare the inner thoughts of characters in a fragmented, non-linear manner. Similarly, T.S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" weaves disparate voices, historical allusions, and fragmented images together to tell a tale of cultural disintegration and spiritual barrenness.

Another characteristic of modernism is the rejection of traditional forms and structures. Modernist writers wanted to free themselves from the strict conventions of Victorian literature. They tried to break away from the conventional forms and styles and experiment with new forms and styles. Poets like Ezra Pound popularized the phrase "Make it new," calling for innovation in poetic language and form. Free verse, which abandoned traditional rhyme and meter, became a feature of modernist poetry, as seen in the works of Pound and Eliot.

Modernist literature also shows a preoccupation with the individual and the inner self. Writers explore the psychological depths of their characters in terms of alienation, existential angst, and the complexities of human consciousness. Virginia Woolf's "To the Lighthouse" is an example of such an introspective focus, with stream-of-consciousness narration being used to show the inner lives of its characters. Further, modernism is not far from sense of loss and disillusionment in which the turmoil of early 20<sup>th</sup> century has come; specifically after World War I. It has shaken off traditional beliefs and values as nothing is the same, resulting in the overwhelming despair and uncertainty that people experienced at the time. Eliot's "The Waste Land" is very telling in this respect as are works by other war poets, like Wilfred Owen and Siegfried Sassoon.

Modernism reflects the influence of technological and scientific advancements on literature. The rapid industrialization and urbanization of the modern era greatly affected the themes and imagery of modernist works, often representing the alienating effects of modernity. Essentially, modernism in English literature stands for radical innovation, self-introspection, and profound involvement with the intricacies of the modern world, and thus remains a rich heritage that has a lasting influence on literary thought and practice.

— Soham Biswas,

1<sup>st</sup> Semester (UG)



# How the Theme of Love Has Transformed from Early to Modern Literature

The theme of “love” has transformed significantly from early to modern literature, influenced by changing social, cultural, and philosophical contexts.

In “early literature”, love was often idealized, divine, or chivalric. In “Greek mythology” and epic poetry such as Homer’s “Iliad”, love was associated with gods or fate, representing a powerful force beyond human comprehension. In medieval literature, especially in the traditions of “courtly love”, love was often unattainable or symbolic, as in Chretien de Troyes’ Arthurian romances and Shakespeare’s “Romeo and Juliet”, where love was often juxtaposed with social or familial conflict and tragedy.

In the “early modern period”, the view of love started becoming more rational and social. Love became an activity which involved compatibility, social alignment, and personal choice. Thus, instead of an idealistic and simple romantic idea, society also brought considerations into marriage – marriage being the contract and, for the time being, an essential element for both love and sex. More emotional complexities were brought in by Romanticism and Realism during the 19<sup>th</sup> century. Authors such as “Emily Brontë” and “Leo Tolstoy” portrayed love as a force that takes its characters to both ecstasy and tragedy. Love was tied to psychological conflict, social pressure, and moral crises, as found in the case of “Anna Karenina”.

In contemporary literature, love is depicted as fluid, diverse, and psychologically complex. The writers explore a wide range of relationships, including LGBTQ+ love and self-love, reflecting the changes in society. Works like Jeanette Winterson’s “Oranges Are not the Only Fruit” and David Levithan’s “Every Day” depict love across different identities and cultures, emphasizing the fluidity and complexity of modern relationships in a rapidly changing world.

—Sankhadeep Roy,

1<sup>st</sup> Semester (UG)



## *Beyond the Hidden Door*

*It wasn't the first time for Tara to be in the library, in fact, she frequently went there, yet she found herself standing in front of a unique door that she had never seen before. Being a curious girl, she opened the door, and soft light came in with a beautiful fragrance.*

*Stepping into the light, she discovered an unearthly place with a beautiful landscape where the sky was filled with pink and purple clouds. There, in front of her, was a boy, standing with a warm smile on his face. "Welcome to our world. I am Tshaan. Nice to meet you," he said, offering her a unique flower unlike anything she had ever encountered. She said with astonishment, "Your world? What exactly is this place?" He replied, "It's a world no one on earth knows about." She asked, "So, is this place a secret?" He said, "Some things are meant to stay hidden. Not everyone can come here." He continued, "But you were destined to be here."*

*"What do you mean?" she queried. He answered, "We have three magical flowers made of glass that hold this world in balance, but 20 years ago, a close friend of the king betrayed him and stole one. Though he was captured, the flower lost its power due to his evil touch and intention. Without the power, some places started disappearing, hinting at the world's destruction. Now, only you can save the world." "I can? How?" she investigated. He revealed, "There was a prophecy that in the future, a young girl, full of compassion and kindness towards everyone, would come here, and only by her touch would the flower get its power back." He continued, "And you are here means you have those qualities." She asked, "Where is the flower now?"*

*Walking for 5 minutes, they reached a room in the palace. "Here is the flower," he responded, pointing towards a flower made of glass that looked like the one Tshaan offered her before. Stepping forward, she touched it, and a golden light emerged from the flower, engulfing the whole room.*

*"Thanks to you, the flower got its power back," he said, leading her towards the door. He murmured, "Before you leave, can I know your name?" "Tara," she responded with a smile and stepped out.*

*Tara opened her eyes and found herself in the library, resting her head on a table. Her head shot up, face full of confusion. She took a moment to calm down as she gathered all the memories. "What was I even thinking? It was just a dream." She laughed at herself. Then she started arranging her books, preparing to leave when suddenly, she noticed a flower on the table, the flower Tshaan gave her.*

— Rafika Sultana  
1<sup>st</sup> Semester (UG)



# Sexism— Insufferable Pain

Gender inequality is the most contemporary problem in the world. Gender inequality means the suffering of women in male-dominated society for unequal treatment. Gender inequality has spread its net in all kinds of societies around the world. Gender inequality affects the younger generation. Because it affects their judgement, study, attitude, thinking, and ambition.

According to Swami Vivekananda-

“Women will work out their own destinies — much better, too, than men can ever do for them. All the mischief to women has come because men undertook to shape the destiny of women”.

Women should have their own identity but society treats them as someone's daughter, someone's wife, someone's mother. Women are not only not nurturing future generations but also take a vital role in every work of life. The liberation Movement in the United States has focused on women's equal rights, their experience in society, and inspiring women through Historical events. Although women are not given any property rights, they are used as property. In India Sarojini Naidu, Lakshmi Sehgal, Matangini Hazra Kasturba Gandhi etc. are the freedom fighters who fought shoulder to shoulder with men to release from these foreign rules.

John Stuart Mill and Mary Wollstone Craft are the philosophers who played an important role in spreading feminism throughout the world. In 1946 a French philosopher, Simone de Beauvoir in her thirties wrote a wonderful creation to present who is the woman, a creature who tolerates male violence? In her book “Le Deuxième sexe ( The second sex) Simone -De-Beauvoir writes that “the first time we see a woman Take up her pen in defence of her sex”.

Aphra Behn, is the first British playwright who has given the equal platform to women in her plays. In her play, entitled *The Rover* published in 1677. Here we find that women are not independent to make their own choices. Behn also depicts the courtesan in this play. So, it is not only The fault of men but also women who are just for the sake of money allowing men to use them.

Sylvia Plath is not a mad lady who wrote confessional poetry but also her frustration that forced her to create confessional poetry. “Daddy” By Sylvia Plath was published in 1965. Here , she mocks the patriarchal society by the image of ‘Daddy’. In this patriarchal society a male's job is to protect his society, but they oppressed women and also they were not given equal rights to women because they want to treat women as their servants.

*The Feminine Mystique*, by feminist Betty Friedan published in 1963, describes the domestic violence faced by every woman in her life. In this book, Friedan presents that a woman sacrifices her life to fulfil the expectations of society.

When a child is born in a society they are all innocent. After their birth, Gender discrimination begins. A girl child grows up and becomes a woman based on their age. But the woman in the family makes her feminine. Until the 20th century, women have been killed or have been forced to kill for the sati-system in India. Society still blames that raped woman for her small clothes in spite of blaming that rapist man. Illiteracy causes gender inequality. Women cannot find suitable jobs due to their lack of knowledge. Every woman has to face the word ‘no’ from family on behalf of society in their life. She has to endure mental torture if she wants to be financially independent. She has to answer society, even women members ask them why you want to study and get a job? Your future husband will take care of your finances. Society thinks that a woman's job is to take care of her family members and do housework. Men work in offices and do outdoor work. Even women cannot participate in some sports due to societal restrictions. Kamala Das presents these restrictions through her creations. Hijab is compulsory for girls in Muslim society. But whether a woman wears hijab or not is entirely up to her. But Muslim society forced her to wear hijab.

The government of India has taken various measures such as the Women Helpline Scheme, Ujjwala Yojana National Mission for Empowerment of Women, etc., to generate awareness among the people. They started a social campaign called “Beti Bachao, Beti Padhao Yojana”. The West Bengal government has taken many schemes like Kanyashree, and Rupashree so that girls don't face financial problems in education. According to Kahle Wolfe in 2015, women earned 83% of what men worked the same hours. But still, women are tortured in their own families and society. We should save and celebrate the birth of a woman. As citizens of society, can we not completely stop this gender discrimination in the family, society, and the workplace?



## The Picture : A Dialogue

A boy, a girl sitting side by side, by the bank of Icchamati, enjoying the lightshow on the crystal clean water done by the disappearing star colored in ochre.

"Hey! Let's Click a picture together" Khusi asked Roddur. Roddur looks at her turning his face from the leisurely flowing Icchamati, smiled elegantly and asked escaping the answer "well, what's the need?".

"Uh-gh!!! Yeah...yeah...you and your problem with clicking pictures, how can someone be so boring?". Looking at the petulant face of Khusi, Roddur sneered and asked her "Oh Really! I am boring right?, if I am so then why are you sitting here with me for past and our?" No answer from the other end.

"God has given you natures camera, which seems as an ocean to me, which possesses higher resolution compared to a camera". Khusi smiled turning her face towards Icchamati and replied that it can't capture and hold the moments though. From the other end a swift reply appeared "it can, it really does, if the moment is important to you, it stays with you for rest of your life, the moment you are trying to capture by your phone can get deleted from your mobile not from your memory lane". "You are impossible Roddur".

"Yes I am possible."

A Year Later...

Khusi, sitting alone in same place but now the sun has already been set, tears rolling down her eyes...

"Missing me?" - A very well known voice made khusi turn her face. "Ro-dd-ur!, is! Is! It you?, Why can't I see you?"

"I am always with you, you just can't see me."

"You are not with me, you left me alone" Khusi cried out.

"I am sorry." "Can a sorry fix everything?, No it can't, what was the need to run while crossing the roads only for bringing a flower?", Khusi told so.

"I begged sorry not because I regret that I ran to get the flower without noticing the car coming towards me, I forgot to notice that car because I was so excited to create another memory by giving you those mesmerizing Siulis, I didn't want to reave you from that small but beautiful moments, I am sorry because I had to leave you not alone but with memories, I told you pictures, you click can get deleted from your mobile but the memories we make they never get's blur, even if we don't exist...I should click some pictures with you, at least they won't haunt you as the moments we created does."

—Gourabmoy Das

1<sup>st</sup> Semester (UG)



## *The Day Off*

*It was supposed to be a day off—a rare escape from the monotonous grind. No deadlines, no meetings, just the promise of solitude. For once, she could owe herself some time. But even as the sun streamed through the curtains, painting the walls with warm golden hues, her heart felt heavy. Life had changed. Family was far away. Friends were reduced to occasional texts. The silence in her apartment echoed louder than any noise ever could. She woke lazily, groaning as she reached for the water bottle by her bedside. Hydration first, she thought with a smirk. She plugged in her AirPods, hoping music would drown out her restless thoughts, but Spotify's dreaded smart shuffle had other plans. Ads and mismatched songs grated on her nerves. "Why do I even bother?" she muttered, tossing the phone aside. She drifted to the mirror, her reflection staring back at her. Dark circles framed her eyes, and her lips held a faint frown. She combed her hair absently, her fingers snagging on tangles. Then, from the corner of her eye, she noticed the little box on her dresser. She opened it to reveal a delicate chain with a clover pendant. It had been years since she wore it. Running her fingers over the charm, she whispered, "Good luck. . . if that even exists."*

*The streets were unusually quiet as she wandered aimlessly. Her feet carried her to the park—a place she hadn't visited in years. The lake shimmered under the morning sun, swans gliding gracefully on its surface. And there it was: the old cherry blossom tree, still standing tall, its pink petals swaying in the gentle breeze. She stopped abruptly when she heard a voice behind her. "You still keep dead roses in your diary?" Startled, she turned around. Her diary had fallen from her bag, and a man stood holding it. His voice was familiar—too familiar. "Why do you keep dead roses?" he asked again, his gaze piercing hers. She hesitated but finally spoke, her voice quiet yet firm. "I cherish dead roses because they live between the pages of my life. A fresh rose is loved for its beauty, but the dead ones—they're beyond beauty. They carry memories, pieces of my past I refuse to let go. They remind me of truths I'd rather not forget." His lips curved into a sad smile. "But why hold on to the past? Don't you want to move on?" She sighed, crossing her arms. "What are you doing here?"*

*Ignoring her question, he stepped closer, his voice trembling. "I thought I could forget you. . . but your eyes, they haunt me. The tears I caused—they never let me sleep. I told myself it was just a bet, but. . . I was wrong." He knelt before her, his hands trembling as he grabbed hers. "I love you. I always have. And I know I hurt you. I ruined you. But without you. . . there's no me." Her breath hitched. She had spent so long trying to forget this man, burying every memory of him beneath layers of anger and pain. Yet here he was, baring his soul before her. She knelt, meeting his tear-streaked face. "You broke me," she whispered, her voice steady yet vulnerable. "But. . . I've learned that even broken things can be beautiful. Like lonely clouds in the sky, distorted but glorious." His eyes softened as she continued. "I hated you for what you did, but my love for you. . . it never faded. So, if you're here to stay, then make me stronger. Don't break me again." Tears fell freely down his face as he nodded. "I'll never leave you again. I promise."*

*For a moment, the world felt still. No past, no pain—just the two of them, leaning into each other's presence. Time has a cruel way of slipping by unnoticed. Seasons changed, and now she sat alone beneath the cherry blossom tree. But this time, her head rested against a gravestone, her fingers tracing his name etched into the cold stone. "Will you do me a favor?" she whispered, her voice breaking. "Come back, please." Tears fell silently as she closed her eyes, clutching the gravestone like it was him, like he was holding her again. As sleep claimed her, a strange peace washed over her, and everything faded to black.*

*Was it a love story? Perhaps. But love, after all, is never simple.*

— Ananya Naskar  
3<sup>rd</sup> Semester (UG)



# From “*Chol Mini Assam Jabo*” to “*Faki Diya Cholaili Assam*”: The Hitherto Untold Tale of the Tea-tribes of Assam

— Marina Banerjee, Batch of 2018-2021 (UG)

*“Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard*

*Are sweeter;”*

*– John Keats, “Ode on a Grecian Urn”*

The song in question is a heard melody – a sweet one – but there is a story, an unheard melody – a sweeter one – that deserves a stage as wide as the one that the song has received over the years.

Assam, one of the most magnificent states in North-East India, along the Brahmaputra and the Barak river valleys, is home to an array of flora and fauna, mountains and rivers and of course, the tea gardens – home to a community of workers who belong to far away lands in the central part of the subcontinent.

The lush tea gardens of Assam are synonymous with India’s rich tea heritage. For centuries, these estates have served as a symbol of prosperity and global recognition. However, beyond the picturesque plantations and aromatic brews lies a poignant story of the tea garden community—one of resilience, identity, and survival. Karl Marx once said, “The history of all hitherto existing societies is the history of class struggles”. So here is the story of the Tea-garden community of Assam, an age-old story that lost its way in the maze of the modern civilization and now lies stranded in the lyrics of a folk song.

## **The Allure of Assam: “*Chol Mini Assam Jabo*” :**

During the 19th century, the British colonial administration identified the fertile Brahmaputra Valley as an ideal location for tea cultivation. To sustain this labour-intensive industry, they required a steady supply of workers. The colonial recruiters, known as “arkatis,” ventured into impoverished regions of Bengal, Odisha, Jharkhand, and Bihar, promising desperate villagers a land of opportunity.

“*Chol Mini Assam Jabo*” became a rallying cry for those seeking a better life. Enticed by the hope of higher wages, stable work, and a chance to escape their hardship, countless families left their ancestral homes, unaware of the trials awaiting them. The promise of Assam’s lush greenery and bountiful harvests painted an alluring picture of prosperity. However, the reality proved starkly different.

## **The Harsh Reality: “*Faki Diya Cholaili Assam*”:**

The journey to Assam was often grueling, marked by poor living conditions, disease, and exploitation. Upon arrival, the workers found themselves trapped in a system resembling indentured servitude. Bound by deceptive contracts and subjected to oppressive conditions, many realised they had been duped.

The phrase “*Faki Diya Cholaili Assam*” reflects their betrayal. The tea garden workers were isolated in remote plantations, cut off from their cultural roots and original communities. Their wages were meagre, barely enough to sustain their families. Harsh punishments, long working hours, and poor healthcare further compounded their suffering. Over time, the tea tribes of Assam—comprising diverse ethnic groups—formed a unique identity shaped by their shared hardships.

The phrases “*Chol Mini Assam Jabo*” and “*Faki Diya Cholaili Assam*” serve as a reminder of the dual narrative of aspiration and exploitation that defines the tea garden community’s history. Their untold tale is a call to acknowledge the human cost behind every cup of tea.

As Assam’s tea gardens continue to captivate the world, it is vital to celebrate the resilience of the workers while advocating for a future where their contributions are met with dignity and respect. The journey from *hope* to *betrayal* and, ultimately, to *resilience* is a testament to the indomitable spirit of the tea garden community.



How did you learn of Lethe?

You shouldn't recall

It's what you need to forget.

Oh divinity, so merciful yet stealthy,

You shouldn't have thought of

Such an existence.

The benediction befell upon you

Be grateful, it's time to let go,

Lethe is an option but never the solution.

Oh past, so cruel,

But what's yours, claim it

Protect it in every way possible.

Do not let go of the pages,

You wrote yourself,

The story progressed as you wanted.

Claim ownership, be responsible,

Why let go of such benevolence?

Don't be a coward, oh foolish soul,

It is yours and you're the only one it has.

Indeed it's intolerable, don't succumb to Lethe

Lethe seems a solution but it's dark,

Eats your past making you vulnerable.


The past is a child, you tend to neglect,

Wait for the child to grow up

And see if it was worth keeping it intact.

What is lethe, you ask?

## What's lethe?



It's a take that relieves you of your past,  
Leaving you vulnerable to your present and  
future.

Disrupting the footing of nature,  
Lethe itself asks, whether it's a blessing or a  
failure?

Divinity is good, but why Lethe so remorseful?

Lethe erases your past, with it's memory  
Leaving no trace of itself.

Oh Lethe, you fool, you are pretty in the pages

Oh lethe, lost in tales, what's our address?

Oh Lethe, wait, what's Lethe?

— Debarta Haldar  
5th Semester (UG)



# *For All the Hearts that Burn*

*For all the hearts that burn,*

*There is a spring of crystal clear water  
Somewhere deep inside a jungle  
Usually unreachable during the cold months  
But a seeker may reach it if they so wish  
They could take a dive into the spring  
They could scoop up handfuls of the water  
Splash it on their tired faces  
Drink to their heart's content.*

*But in order to reach this spring  
One must be ready to face the odd  
One must be ready to beat the cold  
In order to dive into the spring  
One must allow themselves to be stripped  
Stripped of all attire: clothes and emotions alike  
Only then can they quench their thirst  
With the water of the spring that exists*

*For all the hearts that burn.*

— Shikaji Das

Batch of 2021-24 (UG)



# Through the Storm I See

To the me that exists in the parallel universe,  
Have you unravelled the mystery yet?  
That heartbreak, the one that left you in pieces  
Was only for you to find the steel  
Embedded underneath the glass  
Are you chasing the wrong ones like I did  
Or have you grounded your feet  
In the magic of your own truth  
So they neither run nor chase  
But be and let the right ones come  
On their own  
Are you still hurt by what went down  
Looking at the cracks in your soul  
Or have you become an art  
Clamorous broken, yet so humane  
Does the judgements still shatter you  
Or you have risen to the level of savagery  
Where you know  
"You are what you think" rest is crap  
Do you still feel fragmented  
Without the love you always cherished  
Or have you found the missing piece  
Of the puzzle  
That it was you and always you  
gorgeous!  
So, have you come home to yourself  
Or still wandering  
Through the storm, I see  
Whichever path you take  
You are bound to come to you, to me.

— Shreya Pramanik  
3rd Semester (UG)



# MANIACS!

Three weeks of this depressive phase,  
where I'm stuck like a bee living in its hive.  
It's has become so normal to see your delusion,  
every time in my sight or maybe in my life?

I accused some parenting techniques,  
causing me having this bad habit of fixing the broken.

But couldn't explain  
how the glue has its own expire date token.  
I don't like how you're coming in my nightmares,  
how you're coming in front of me like you do care.

But I know you don't!  
But still wanting you is leading me to my MANIACS!

I regret how I used to embrace you,  
with two branches of love and empathy.

But you always showed your love  
by covering the tree while raining to stop the greenary.  
You were well aware what your puppet needed,  
and you gave being brave.

But you lion, you always used your puppet as a bait  
and let it crave.

You're an charming star, still tell me, "I'll be back".

But this time just in my delusions  
and in voices of my head, makin' me shake.  
I don't like how you're coming in my nightmares,  
how you're coming in front of me like you do care.

But I know you don't!  
But still wanting you is leading me to my MANIACS!

I always tried to sing the seven tunes,  
but it always came from my throat and choke.  
Never understood the disturbing habit of mine  
to fix you as if you're a part of me that just broke.  
Is twenty is the age of fighting with such disorders?

I don't want to be maniac  
and don't wanna cross another border!  
Oh just look at me how I'm suffering in my head,  
Sometimes it tells me, "you can try suicide".  
Sometimes it tells me "hey fighter! You should fight!"

—Sayan Biswas

3rd Semester (UG)



## *Let's express*

*Come,  
Let's express awhile*

*Let's express awhile being a man  
Let's express awhile being a woman  
Let's express awhile being an infant  
Let's express awhile being an old*

*Expressions by expressions  
After dilapidating all the pillars of identity*

*Come,  
Let's express awhile being awhile.*

*— Anurag Kundra  
1st Semester (UG)*

## *The Veiled Beast*

*On every visage there is a Black Veil  
That Father Hooper has rightly said,  
I have seen no ghosts, so they haunt me less;  
But the veiled people I earnestly dread.  
I curse the good fortune of the werewolves  
Stabbing men, dishonoring women, and  
Snatching the last grains of food from hungry  
Children, celebrating these hosting grand  
Feasts and fêtes, I feel like spitting on them  
As I sip my coffee under my roof,  
Fie, fie on these carriers of beasts' brute hearts  
Entering mankind they were first aloof  
From, turned into men by Prometheus!  
But how many in number they might be  
When I wonder, why do my legs tremble  
To go to the mirror, lest I should see  
A beast's face under the veil of my own?  
No, no, I've not done any of these deeds,  
Though I am dumb outside my drawing room;  
My silence spares these vices, and feeds.*

*~ Sadrita Chatterjee  
3rd Semester (UG2)*



# *Unwise Chaos Amidst Jingle Bells*

*Again the Nativity arrives, bells jingle,  
Streets laden with glittering, urbane joys.  
Aura of Refined ribbons and stars ripple  
Around the wooden delights and hearts,  
And lit up the corners, so vivid and violet  
That before it no outcry or chaos pervades.*

*But why this 'chaos', in the Merry White season?  
Jerum's tears turned blood, for what reason?  
Ben the Chosen says it's an act of treason,  
To cry for the Pigeons that must die in "Prison".*

*Pigeons' 'chaos' shouldn't entertain motivation,  
To remind people of the forgotten Revelation.*

*So, forget all these 'rational' or 'humane' hesitations,  
If there's any, Ben's amusement park has all the solutions.*

*— Inojakin (IND. Fakiuddin)*

*Batch of 2020-23 (UG)*

## *Blossom*

*Did I blossom, or did I wilt?  
In this ocean, acknowledged as life?*

*I never plucked those pretty flowers...  
Only huddled all the fallen ones,*

*Into a bouquet, into a reverie,  
To signify there's beauty in being decayed,*

*To signify there's life after death,  
Where the soul whirls in the galaxy of buds,*

*The buds of solitude, the buds of tranquility...  
Where only you and you, and you exist.*

*— Ananya Saha  
5th Semester (UG)*



## *Sunrise on a Dead Field*

*While sitting by the  
Empty passenger seat  
With the twilight rays  
Of the sun...  
My eyes shifted to my  
Hands where the  
Blood-stained burn  
Are now overwritten with  
wires and Dead flowers.*

*An epiphany as a  
Familiar shriek escaped  
My throat... I gulped  
My heart down the throat.  
His memories made my old Faded gashes bleed alive.*

*The sleep deprived  
Devastating nights,  
the bleeding dawn  
and the  
Aftermath of my torn,  
Broken self. He enjoyed  
Those days when his vigour  
Cut my clit into halves and  
laughed at my fallen shades.*

*He called her darling and  
embraced her in her  
Nakedness while smacked  
My breasts with his feet...  
His scars are still visible  
But the stretchmarks of my  
New life shines brighter...*

*I looked at the last dying  
Ray of the sun with  
the castoff glimmering  
Lights of the apartments  
As a glitter fell on my cheek.  
I smiled at the strong hands  
On the steering wheel.*

*A New Life.  
A Life curved and shaped  
Inside my belly  
A life of soft giggles and  
a younger Me.*

— Bidisha Chakraborty  
1st Semester (PG)

## *An Unexpected World*

*This is a world where we care but not care,  
Where we show but not share,  
Where we live but not love,  
ungrateful to the one above,  
Who has created all of us.*

*I live in a world like this,  
And a great sorrow it is.*

*As the one who gets does not give,  
And the one who gives does not get.  
And as there are few who are ours,  
And more who are our strangers.*

*Hence I pray  
To create a world filled with  
Love, laughter and life,  
Peace, pleasure and pride.*

*A world with one family but uncountable members,  
A world with many people but no strangers.*

*Aaron Wu*

*Batch of 2021-24 (PG)*