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  ....and a whole lot more!
PART I
Its trees sprout with earrings
Earrings beholding sparkles as do
Mangoes
No duh, mangoes!
The sensuality oozed by its skin
The offer of a new love affair is
Delightfully sweet
Check its bitterness, it has none whatsoever
It hints at you from the table, why be shy?
The tradition of mangoes thus lies
Creep, crawl towards, then enjoy them
The ruby or sapphire couldn’t possibly, Outshine, This genuine gem!

Part II
It is wild orange, like, or close to
The afternoon sky
A drop of thirst is quenched
Per drop of its fluid nectar
Its luxury coat peels off
Accepting us as theirs
Its taste leaves us into gentle,
Gentler giggles
Our tongue’s gotten a tickle
A fractional goodness has been
Relished
Each piece is gulped down in
A breathtaking blitz
It’s good, great
It waits for only a single season
Remember, a new love affair offered
Await, for free, hon

Suraj V. Ayyappan I PSEco

The Search in the Night
The night knocked at my door,
And I contemplated it was you.
The door released into the darkness, With no sign of you
I pondered, I searched
Aimlessly through the shadows
While the mysterious night kept on expanding
As I walked through
My heart knew little rest
It kept the search on
The tattered clouds hid the moon
And stars seemed already upset
The river carried my unfulfilled dreams
I tried to chase through
My beloved lost in the obscurity
I insanely sought the heavenly glow
The murkiness sluggishly murdered me
With impaired vision, I searched on
I searched with my dilapidated legs
But my dreams seemed discarded
In the land known became unknown
The canker of hatred
Lacked generosity!
It ceased my existence— my life
When the river turned into a pool of blood
And my dreams all died!

-Neha Dhawan I MA Eng-
Of Politics and Consciousness

Socrates dreams of my government child,
His life flies by in a frizz bee tangent,
She still makes me wait on her gender bias,
Constraints of relationships suffocating every move I make.

I tunnel my thoughts on a stream of consciousness,
And I mark my existence to a bewildered past,
Ravished desires to return my being into broken words,
Taken to an endless foreplay of my defiled luck.

Destiny soldier on along the shores of solitude,
Bathed in the blood of my own remains I ponder,
Seized by the zest to inject every ounce of faith in me,
To hold the torch of freedom and let out a mangled cry.

Frequent visitor to my dreams you have become,
An immigrant to my nightmares too,
Behind the cold steel rails of your eyes I lie,
Drooling over the scraps of our joy.

Pathetic, pathetic smile of a wizened child,
Wanton waiving rhetoric of the democratic man,
Circle round the carcass of the ever failing society,
Waiting to snatch a moment or two of the eternal pain.

Juxtapose my reason and heart
Over the realm of degraded hypocrisy of life
Squandered regal choices of rationality,
Float in the ether of diabolic construct.

- Suyog Rai III CEP

Ingratitude

"I tried to will a wisp towards you
Having dabbed it with longing
and a brush of my lashes
But it returned,
Defiant but not still
Before my feet.

Hurt, I wondered why you refused it.
A cage of gold is bought with many scars -
They are worth your charm...
Won't you rest your wings?
This sheltered fancy Is mine only to give.

But if not for your beauty I would despise & ridicule you,
Perhaps more out of confused jealousy
Than anything else...
So I call this lovesickness
An indulgence."

Aumurto Chaudhary
II BA PSEco

A Kiss of Condescension

A kiss of condescension...
Immersed in thought,

A smile of gratitude
At the burst of rain
On a lazy summer's day.

Walking through familiar places
Inclined to let things drift...
A rare moment in a world

So crowded with windows...

The sway of things reassuring,
A pattern forms within the circle,
Changing as the tides.

Return is never complete.
Bitter conquest,
Sweet surrender.

Aumurto Chaudhary
II BA PSEco

Alone

Somewhere in the night sky

I'm looking for some space
Where every cloud's a face

That waits for my reply.

Aumurto Chaudhary
II BA PSEco
A Piece of Orange

Every day I think I'll save a bit for you. "Will you join me here, Again?"
"Here, have some of mine. But you were never really here, And you can't leave.
I've had too much anyway." And I have to let it slip away.
...But you're never in the mood, So much hope withers in shadow.
And I have to let it slip away.
So much wasted, yet renewed each time.

"Come & sit by my side, The gift of dawn?
There's plenty of room." I wish its brilliance would blind me,
...But you're always too far away, Once & for all.
And I withdraw in silence.
So much warmth still fails to thaw you...

Aumurto Chaudhary
II BA PSEco

'Avoid the void'

A scrawny little girl with her oversized bag steps on a lady's foot. It's a wonder she's still alive after the glare she received from the lady. It would have burnt anyone to ashes. A group of teenage girls are talking away nineteen to a dozen at a corner. People around me are holding onto handles even as the bus gives a jerk throwing me right off balance. I mumble sheepish apologies to the people I just bumped into, plug my earphones back on wishing for the millionth time that I had a better sense of direction or driving skills.

Voila! There you have it. A typical scene in a BMTC bus!

Soon the frustration ebbed away as the soothing tune of ‘The Scientist’ engulfed me. The bus came to a halt at the next stop and I noticed a sparrow like old lady climb in with an obvious hesitant air around her. She looked so fragile that even the slightly strong breeze present outside seemed to threaten her. She tried to hold on to the bars, find her balance but it looked like she was fighting a losing battle. Her struggle only managed to elicit indifferent stares from the people seated. As I saw this a single thought came to my mind ‘How can the world be so hypocritical as to teach about ‘empathy’ in classrooms and have only indifference practised in real life situations?’ It almost feels like a terrible sci-fi plot of turning humans into robots has been activated. Soon we'll be devoid of all emotions with a slight trace of unconcern filling us. Wow! Talk about an unpleasant scenario!

The only way to combat it would be to shake off the inertia soaked with indifference and start ‘FEELING’.

It shouldn't be so hard considering that there is only one ammo required- ‘The human heart’.

Gowrishri S
I BA JPEng
Deconstruction of a happy mind

If only these thoughts of you would manifest into the consciousness of my mind
A vision of an angel swirling into the ocean of emptiness
A being procures akin to you but acts not in the fashion you justice yourself with
Shallow needs and meaningless words foreplay a vacant pleasure of sight.
Weakness be your glance that shroud my future in peril
The shadows it hath procure sleeps underneath my pain
Hollow screams of midnight silence rattle the cages of my dreams
As I stare out through the blinds of my tainted soul.
Let me prove a point or two and fail miserably at it
Given the chance to hurt my conscience through mockery,
Violence be a concept that traces its path on the trajectory of my life
Fiend of a friend falsifies my fallacy into fabrication of facts.
She would be then gravely mistaken,
An inferred equality to non-existence,
Trapped in a circle of hopeless ritual of disgust
Bound to a glory forever defiled.
Chained are these memories that forever long to be free
Forgotten they remain to my eternal youth
Yet their cries remind me of an existence tortured in lie,
That tears my skin with a final grin of façade.
Fantasies put through an opaque wall of desires,
I burn to the midnight oil fueling faith that trickles close to my bones,
Flames hold steady to the cold draft of an autumn night
But flicker to the promises made by you.
There are times of utter disharmony,
When chaos calls me to join its cause,
It beacons me to be its own forever,
And reign supreme in an eternal pause.

Suyog Rai
III BA CEP

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Dragonfly

dragonfly
beating its wings
against the damp ceiling
I know how it feels
to be trapped
in the dim light
and
between the cold walls
with
the shadows, the cobwebs
and
the overwhelming
sea of voices
without a name, without a face
everywhere
choking me
and
I know what it’s like
to be caught
in
a maze, a prison
you can’t escape
and neither can I.

Familiar

Looking from above
In crimson twilight
A face of concrete,
A mask of branches.
Truth rediscovered
Only to be lost again.
No struggle is perceived,
Nor is aid required...
A whisper of content.
Aumurto Chaudhary
II BA PSEco

Embrace returns

Aumurto Chaudhary
II BA PSEco
Art, as you say, is love
Love, as I know thou art.
We are only beings of his making
Splashed, spattered, cross hatched.

Love, pours forth in bright red
Our sins etched in flowing blood;
Tones of grey, splashes of blue,
spaces of white, hurt and hue.

Formed with a burst of light
Light, we all come from.

A mold, spinning fast on a wheel
Cut through in shapes by his fingers.
We become flowers of many patterns
God and Goddesses, of fear and love;
Basked in the Sunlight, baked in Earth,
Our lifeless expressions of a million joy’s worth.

Vibin Isaac
VI MBA

I Smiled

Everything’s just a little bit more beautiful now...
Even if you aren’t here, with me.

There’s more cheer in the light, more calm in the wind.
There’s more comfort in the shadows, more charm in the earth.

Maybe it matters more that I’ve found you...
Maybe that’s all that matters.

I can’t help but long for you, yet I feel strangely contented,
Knowing that you’re there, somewhere.

I don’t think I’ve felt this way before,
What I feel for you now as I gaze into the dis-

Aumorto Chaudhury
II BA PSEco

Life for thought

Join the army they say,
Be a man
A martyr of your big clan.

I was not so much
A pessimist, as a skeptic
But tradition, you never break.

This brought out the Hamlet in me
Seriously, to be or not to be?
Do I fight, or do I fake?
Because tradition is something you just don’t break.

S Vishnu Saaye

My old man – a proud old General
And the one before,
A well known Captain
As good as they come,
They all came by.

One of the battlefield’s pawns
Or a master of peaceful lawns –
Which shall hurt my sire more
That, I hope I knew.

Aumorto Chaudhury
II BA PSEco
I have a dream...a dream to express
My feelings for you...And the reason that’s true
It’s my fate...Fate to be destined
Destined upon the star...who knows the beginning
It starts with the hearts...And the meeting of souls
But I wasn’t clear...and you left before I could know
Clouds also know my feelings. Deep down within
Why do you think it rains...when you are with me?
The sky shares its feelings...with the deep blue clouds
And the cloud sheds its tears...To tell me about
Then how can I...tell them about my tears
The ones that you gave me...and are left uncleared
So I await. That one day either you will come
Or the clouds will ask me the reason once
But it never stopped raining...and you never turned up
Just To ask me...If I was hurt
So I lifted my hands. And as I sang the prayers
The rain stopped...And came a voice of fear
But I held on to your name...and it soon suppressed
You were my powerful hero...and my lucky man as said
Then I saw you...in the midst of the clouds
And you smiled at me after 3 months...with no doubt
"I am not far off...but I couldn’t see you always
So I gave up my life...from that hill one day
As I was sitting upset. And thought what to give you?
For it was your bday day...and I was meant to be with you
It struck my head...that it was in the dream
And all you wanted...was to be with me
And without thinking about ....I gave up my life
For you are my only love. And my whole life above
Since then I am always with you....when clouds shed
Or when there is no one...who turns up
Why then didn’t you realize...That I was there
But you wanted a reason...always to be shared"

But I sat down again...in utter sadness
Coz as I reached the hill, just the rains beat
Made me sing along, with a slip of my feet
Time passed, and I saw the loveliness of heaven
With the new people around, and beauty of a fair maiden
Later around after few years...I saw him again
It was a girl with him...who was once his friend
He looked at me...and said he could explain
But I started first...and took a chance
I told him that I loved him. And will always do
But I also hated his new relation...which was so untrue
I never wanted to hurt him....Leaving everything besides
The fact I was affected...was now also by his eyes
I saw the rage in her...and felt the sorry in him
A word could settle it all. Or make it even big
And then I started my story...the way he started his
It was the same birthday. Just a few years behind
I went to the hill and told goodbyes...to all those
Memories that you had...just left behind
But as I reached the hill, just the rains beat
Made me sing along, with a slip of my feet
I took a jump...And dreamt of you
To give you the ring...that I had wanted to
Besides the fact that I will be around...
Don’t worry...I wont get your love wrong
My heart still beats your name,
Let be it in melancholy, or bliss
Feels like I belong to you
But you belong to me...is still in the dream

Vidisha Sarawagi
II BBA
Love vs Infatuation

All were laid asleep in their dwellings
In stillness of the freezing darkness.
Fair of the stars, wearing jewels
As brides was all alone the view there.
I, a youthful and gorgeous alien,
Left alone with the dread of unknown,
Roved in that forsaken street
For a strange soul of aiding hand.
Minutes passed and hours proceeded
My compelling need rested unfulfilled.
Growing fear coupled with annoyance
Began to hunt and ruin me.
Soon someone silently surprised me
Like a rain in the cursed desert.
Whole of mine gazed at virgin before me
Unknown yet alluring; “Goodness” said I.
Her flowery smile meant more to me
Than any other precious thing.
Lured I was by her eyes of blue
And the long hair of golden hue.
With her robe of floating and tossing,
She seemed as swans sleep upon water.
Naked her forehead as enchanting lawn
That entranced me like anyone.
She refrained and coloured my desires
And I fall in love with love.

Before I knew not what to sound,
Her tender touch awakened my fibers.
We exchanged silent speeches of love.
I did hear the melody, ’I love you!’
If I were a bee and she, a flower,
I would suck her love forever, wished I.
We made love all for ourselves,
The more, stronger the urge became.
Seducing each other, we betrayed the One
Who preplanned the art of true loving.
Then germinated the seeds of shame,
Besides the alarm of a heavy conscience.
Soon she left me alone and I
Turned a lost wondering soul once again!

Too late an inner voice whispered me
That the giant of infatuation snared me,
Led to ecstasy for quite instant,
Leaving me on the clouds of vanity.
He and the rainbow are alike
But love transcends all possible
True love spouts in the soil of heart
And grows firmly one day at a time.

Sajith Cyriac
I MA English

Someone Else’s Song of Me

I am not my body.
I am not my mind.
I am
a dream within a dream.
a pattern within a pattern.
a reflection within a reflection.
I am closest
 to being myself
when
I am furthest
from who I am.
I am
Free in that which binds me.
Found when I lose myself.
I flow in that which flows in me.
I am
me
and not me
and both
and neither.

Aumurto
Randomness II

Blood spilling all over the place
no time to chase
no time to gaze
blood all over from foot to face.
Listen to the base
count the number of days
no time to tie your shoe lace
lost in the maze
increase the volume set yourself ablaze
use lot of slang head bang
the door bell rang
the carol sang
people stare, people glare
hero's say 'how dare'
obessed with music
i bet its metal
play it loud
let it reach the cloud
people wake up from the grave
walking aimlessly without knowing their name
haha! its just a game
a game to get fame
oh god above us all
what do we do when global warming attacks us all!
Running out of words
running out of birds
but the world is full of nerds
Creating rockets all the time
they are not scared, even to commit a crime
2012 they all say
Chumma why study
the world is going to end already
Life is never steady
everyone's listening to slim shady
the thought of death

Makes me scared of each and every breath
the thunder god is angry
give him some brandy
call sandy
tell him to bring a box of candy
oh my god ! i see a ghost
he was at a party, proposing a toast
move to 5th gear
christmas is here
go full speed
do yourself a deed
smoke weed
listen to creed
my sacrifice, all rise
Smart guys get prize
chase a mice and eat some rice
throw a dice
pay the prize get screwed by guys
because you said a bunch of lies
I hear cries
because of lots of good bye's
it take hard work to succeed
for that, one should start from the planting of a seed
let it bleed
take the lead
prisoners freed
they are full of greed
people watch "scream"
and get a dream
they need a wall to lean
they laugh, watching Mr.Bean
running out of steam
eat some ice cream
for heaven sake
bake a cake
don't be late
bring a plate
the magician David Blaine
listening to slain
he had nothing to gain
so got into a plane and
it started to rain
for a change there was something strange
there was no mobile range
cross the lane saw a great dane
boon or bane
teachers with cane
shirt full of stain
body full of pain
no more grain
its all in the drain
export from Spain
atleast they have something to gain
ahh ! a shock
mind block
where is the clock
it was broken by a rock
i see a cow
the cow is now in the stove
raise of eye brow
cawing of a crow
how dare are you
you got bird flu
bread and stew
drink mountain dew
eh...stop the snore and
please close the door
washed away by the sea shore
And then was hit by a bore
end of the show
but that's not the end of me though!!

Jose Dominic
Memories

A rainy afternoon is the perfect time to reminisce...it’s the closest thing to being home again, under the grey sky, looking out through the old-fashioned window with the wooden shutters outside. I can smell the world beyond, comforted by the shower-resting. It’s a rare occasion in such a busy place, so frantic, exhilarating.

The crow dives without warning towards the facade of the road that looks tear-stained after the rain, to gather what the world of men has discarded...a bold, swift manoeuvre, from the weary power-lines that seem to hold the towers together, running endlessly through the city, following travellers everywhere.

The cat emerges from the other side of the wall, extending first its cluster of eyes, nose and ears to survey the area before executing a perfect, death-defying leap, landing soundlessly, as if not to disturb the earth so exhausted from being trampled. The house behind, having lost an unwelcome yet agile visitor, is quiet.

The vines that grip the building are reassuring, reaching out through the cracks in the wall above the flaking paint that is covered in places by posters (usually with political or economic content, torn in places, marked with betel-juice, etc.) and the exposed layer of brick, like an open wound, evokes a sense of deep sympathy.

The rafters inside, grim as they support the roof that shelters, with fragile cobwebs clinging on to them, swaying in the light breeze, or the flight of small birds that perch intermittently, rushing in and out through the window, their wings a blur. The room smells damp, musty—the collection of old newspapers and other relics.

The lamp outside awakens with a faint glow, and flickers in its cage, though not quite protected from the swarm of admirers hurling themselves at it in blind devotion. The mute pavement below is spectator to the flow of filth both above and below, and their cackle, their rush...moving from the homes to the alleys.

Night falls upon the city, and me, creeping in through the elongated shadows and the chaos in the trees. The sun casts a long, woeful, plaintive final glance as it burns itself out on the horizon. The sky is pierced by unfamiliar towers where I can see the prisoners of a new world edging closer towards their destruction.

Aumorto Chaudhury
II BA PSEco

The dark lady

Darkness engulfs and yet her soul shines brighter than the sun,
Hasn’t her heart witnessed the worst crime ever done?
Although the battles have withered her tired soul,
She craves for someone to make her feel whole.
Like the lone soldier who fights through the dark,
She has stood undefeated and left her mark.
Her lifeless heart now lies in the dust,
Where she finds refuge, from the demons of hell.
Not knowing for sure if she can ever trust.
Her tears cry out to the heavens for mercy,
Is there no one in this world with eyes to see?
Afraid and alone she has withdrawn back into her shell,
There she waits, for her angel of love,
Is she going to find him or is he with her now?

Jovial Fernandes
IV MTA
Monologue

What are we? Other than a Roman nose or chipped ears, do we have anything that is ours at all? Fear, bravery, lust, detachment, sadness, elation – that is all we are, just a by-product and an ‘advanced’ version of the generations and civilizations gone by. There have been ‘advancements’, sure, cell phones, e-readers, motor vehicles but we have spent so long ‘advancing’ things that our core has still not been upgraded.

We, who create robots and humanoids have not spared a moment to think how robotic we have become and that all the ‘advancements’ around us are but a mockery. We have been taught everything – life, emotions, habits. Is that all to the human race, endowed with a sixth sense, there is? It is all well to comment on living and existing, but are they so different after all? If living is just to feel things around us, I’m not sure existence is the one worse off. Do we just come into this world to ‘live’, make ‘advancements’ and die?

Then, I believe death is the truth. No more is what I see real. We complicate things too much. We should be the way we were meant to be – why the fashionable clothing, why language, why is there so much pretension when things can be so simple around us? Things around us aren’t even worth a tenth of the hype. I wish to be simple, comforted in myself. But NO, it can’t be – all in the name of civilization. Then I wish to go beyond the lies, to experience death where neither age old greed nor lust may lay its paw upon. To be simple where I’m free of all the gibberish around me; no more fake smiles, no more social etiquettes. There is no more a reason to live, to pretend being a REAL human and so I welcome the inevitable, impenetrable shield upon myself, which only fools are afraid of, the shield of death shall protect me forever.

S Vishnu Saaye

One Up

I was fret and undone
By the calamities of the daily life.
Not so sure what they were
Nuances and monogamies of a kindred kind.
Passion dead and hopes burnt,
There was no lesson learnt.

I wake up to the golden sun
And the next day, not so different.
If there was ever,
A reason to care
That could give me a life to dare.
Stones to throw at my creator
And walls to break.

Another morning came along,
One like no other.

I looked hither
The light felt warm
In it so much did I swarm.
I just realized that was different,
Within me, came off the mask.
Now on, shall I, in beauty, bask.

Now I know that to feel,
What it meant,
To live
A life with no more to feign
It sure, is my kingdom to reign.

S Vishnu Saaye
Of tooth fairies and things

Every kid, at some point of time, loses a tooth. Common practice is to leave the now-disconnected tooth under your pillow right before you lay your head down to sleep for the night. And, by morning, the tooth fairy magically replaces it with a shiny new pound (in England, at least). Well, over the years, technology has improved, the cost of living has gone up and so have the standards of living. Needless to say, the tooth fairy found it necessary to keep up with the times.

No idea what I'm talking about? Well last week, my little cousin, R, lost a tooth - incidentally, it was a tooth that he was so attached to, that he felt a need to write the tooth fairy a note telling her just how much he hoped she'd take care of his tooth. Now, we all now the tooth fairy is too nice a person to ignore a note written so laboriously by a little kid.

Surely enough, later that night, when R was fast asleep, in tip-toed Mrs. Tooth Fairy and slipped her hand under the pillow. Out came the note. She knew it wouldn't be fair for her to just leave without giving the child some form of assurance that the tooth would be just fine. So, she hurriedly took some paper from the table - it was late, and tooth fairies need their sleep too! - and, without looking at what was on the other side, she scrawled out a thank you note, along with a promise to give the tooth the care it deserved.

When my cousin awoke the next day, he was overjoyed to find a shiny new pound under his pillow, where he had left alone, calcium-rich tooth. But what got him out of bed faster that morning, was something he found written on a paper under his pillow. He rushed to his mother, asking for the computer to be switched on and Google Chrome to be brought up. A little confused, my aunt asked him what all the excitement was about. "The tooth fairy wrote to me." R said. "Oh?" Asked his mother with a knowing smile, "and what did she say?" R held up the paper he'd found earlier that morning and read, "Visit us at www.marriothotels.com and book your stay with us soon."

Like I said, the tooth fairy has come a LONG way from leaving a mere pound under our pillows!

Teena George
I MA English

He likes the old tales of Samurais

He liked old tales of Samurais

Where one would go to the old, respected, noble, fearless, mysterious master and would say,

"Master I want to be a Samurai."

And the master would look askance and say, "Think it over, for if you wish to quit halfway, I will chop your head off."

And then master would say, "Lesson one is this: DO NOT TOUCH A SWORD!"

And then master would make the aspiring Samurai do household chores - cook his food, wash his vessels, sweep his floor, and he would kick him and insult him and spit on him until he made his life miserable.

Later, of course, great and correct things would happen.
The hope

I sat there. I waited. I was very patient. I did not make a sound. I was hiding behind the bushes. I knew it. I knew that there was no better time for the revenge. The revenge that I've been waiting for since a long, long time. It's finally here. Soon, I shall be very satisfied.

The bushes were completely covering me. I knew I could not be seen. I didn't move an inch. I sat there very patiently. Patience does not come to me very easy, but today I had it in abundance. Then I saw him approaching. I held my breath. I did not dare to even breathe. Yes, he was coming. He fell right into the booby trap.

I was overjoyed. I leapt up in the air and I literally touched the skies. Then I came crashing down; right onto another booby trap that I had set up for him. The joy suddenly turned upside down. I was in complete darkness. What had I done? I had deceived myself after all! It's such an irony that a person can experience absolute contentment only for a second to be replaced by a feeling of utter horror in the next.

I heard him sobbing softly somewhere else which seemed very far off to me. There was a rush of regret in my veins. I don't remember being more ashamed of myself. I had no other choice but to cry too and curse my fate.

Then I had had enough. I was getting out. I just knew I had to. So I built up a rope of hope and heaved myself up. It was not at all easy and extremely time consuming but I got out. Then, I helped him out too.

Sowparnika S
I MA English
Those bushes were probably not a good hiding place after all!

The resolve of a lonely heart

The resolve of a lonely heart

Is fragile.

Sink in the shadows.

Cry at the end of a song.

Step on something.

It wants to

Jump out of a moving car.

Fall off a high ledge.

Smell like familiar clothes.

Hide in empty rooms.

Feel good about hurting.

Run into a solid wall.

Write over eviction notices.

Melt in the sunlight.

Hold a dusty frame close.

With you

Here we are in a glimpse of eternity -
Not staying, not lasting either.
We’re just here, the two of us...one of us.

Here we are in a seed of creation -
Not making, not starting either.
We’re just here, the two of us...one of us.

Here we are in a wave of transcendence -
Not growing, not rising either.
We’re just here, the two of us...one of us.

Here we are in an embrace of solitude -
Not alone, not apart either.
We’re just here, the two of us...one of us.

Here we are in a myth of being -
Not ourselves, not us either.
We’re just here, the two of us...one of us.

Aumurto Chaudary
II BA PSEco
Today

I'm waking up to another day. It's lonely and cold and wet... I'm waking up to the would-be dream

my choices and my actions reduced to a game of memory.

there's always a lot to think to say to do now that I'm alone again. as always.

I'm tired of the same places, the same people. tired of them all.

not knowing what to do.

it's not like I can help it or do anything to change things so I guess I'm stuck here after all.

Aumurto Chaudary II BA PSEco

Rabbit

A drop of moonlight - Timid, averse to my grasp, Vanished in the snow.

Aumurto Chaudary II BA PSEco
Who is HE?

I open my eyes each morning
And wish you were here,
Scurrying your way through the room
Tossing up things here and there.
Blurred is my vision
And my thoughts bizarre,
I stretch out my hand
And there you are.
Just a step away from me every time…

I open my eyes again
Waging the streaking sun,
Stretching out and catching empty air
Nothing else and none.
Rubbing my eyes
I realize I’m wide awake,
The sun is pouring in
I give myself a shake.
The day has begun again with you in my thoughts...

Staring out at the far horizon
I keep asking myself the question
Who is HE??....
The question is unanswered and forever will be
The mystery is exciting just for me
Who is HE??.....

You Are My Angel

I walk through the door and I see you there
And my life starts spinning in top gear...
I look at you and there it is
The UNKNOWN love, in your eyes concealed.
My mind whirls and my legs wobble may
The HALO that surrounded you is now far away.

It struck me when I first saw you
Bequeathing me with strength anew...
Emanating from you and beyond
Reaching out like a long forgotten love song.
I knew it then from even streets apart
YOU ARE MY ANGEL, the one afar.

And so my love grew but you knew not
Still here you are, looking at me with eyes distraught...
What have you done to me? They seem to ask
I tread lightly camouflaging the mask.
I stand before you now feeling forlorn
I can’t say it, even if I wait for a year long.

Your eyes feeling betrayed, the lips take the part
They seem to repeat it when they do ask
What have you done to me? Was the question again
Hearing it for the first time I feel insane.
I HAVE LOVED YOU I wanted to say
Instead; YOU ARE MY ANGEL did my voice play.

You stood there with your eyes closed
The Godly HALO returned and had you enclosed.
You crossed the room and me my heart
You touched me and I stood back with a start.

YOU ARE MY ANGEL I spoke once more
And you came closer and merged in my core...

Sangeeta Nath I MA English

Chuang Tsu

Rest awhile, old friend -
Once again a butterfly,
Upon my shoulder.

Aumurto Chaudary
II BA PSEco
## Disability and Me

Some say I am disabled,
But you know that isn’t true.
I simply have a challenge
A little different from you.

My slight inconvenience,
has taught me Things they could not know.
Each obstacle is a victory,
Enabling me to grow.

I’m not really any different, I cry, I laugh, I snore.
I don’t want to be treated
As if I’m not a person anymore.

Out of good intentions,
People are afraid to let me try.
But sometimes I have to fall,

And sometimes I need to cry.

God gives me strength and dignity,
And the courage to be all I can be.
For He doesn’t see me as disabled,
He just sees me as me.

-Anonymous
(Sourced through the Inclusive Planet website www.inclusiveplanet.com)

## Roman Holiday (Movie Review)

Roman Holiday is a timeless classic that is so thoroughly enjoyable that you will want to watch it over and over again. This immortal 1953-hit tells of the brief affair between Princess Ann (Audrey Hepburn) and journalist, Joe Bradley (Gregory Peck) during the day of her escape from her sheltered stay at the embassy.

**Runaway princess**

Princess Ann is on a tour of the European capitals and arrives at Rome as scheduled. While at Rome, the Princess suffers from hysterics and is given a sedative by her physician.

She manages to sneak out of the embassy in her drugged state, and meets Joe Bradley, an expat-riate American reporter, who befriends her after realising who she is.

The rest of the movie follows the pair through the streets of Rome, as the Princess does a few daring things she has always wanted to do, including bob her hair and smoke a cigarette, while Bradley, with the help of photographer Irving Radovich (Eddie Albert), tries to get the story of a lifetime -the story of a princess living the life of a commoner and loving every moment of it. Audrey Hepburn’s brilliant acting skills in this, her first big role, are complemented by Gregory Peck’s usual flawless acting. Look out for a great story by Dalton Trumbo (fronted by Ian McLellan Hunter) and some very good direction by William Wyler.

Teena George
I MA English
Sickness

One day the Collector came to visit
And everything changed.

The sky darkened as I ran across the mountain
And there he was, watching.

The mirrors exploded, revealing the great beyond
And we were alone once more.

The clockwork was stilled, silenced
And sank to the depths slowly.

The sacred stones bled from their scars
And never lit up again.

The spirits lost their voices, their laughter
And hid in the shadows.

The trees shed their leaves, the birds their feathers
And the wind blew unheeded.

The earth grew rough, un receptive
And the valley was parched.

The temple crumbled, the statues cracked
And the prayer was forgotten.

Aumorto Chaudhury
II BA PSEco

OUR JUDGE

Athena Kashyap is an Indian poet based in Bangalore.

Kashyap’s first book of poetry, Crossing Black Waters, was a finalist in the Stephen F. Austin State University Press Award, and will be published by them simultaneously in the U.S. and India in February of 2012. Crossing Black Waters is an exploration of borders through one family’s personal odyssey from the violent upheaval of the Partition of India in 1947 to their emigration to the U.S. The holder of an MFA in poetry from San Francisco State University, Kashyap’s poems have appeared in Exquisite Corpse, Sanskriti, The Fourth River, Quiddity, Spork, Squaw Valley Review, the Waits-Mast Poetry Collection 2009 chapbook, Noe Valley Voice, Asia Writes among other journals, and has also been anthologized in Voices of Asian American Writers (U.S.) and Same Difference (Vaani, UK). She teaches English literature and creative writing as an Adjunct Professor of English at City College of San Francisco, but currently makes her home in Bangalore. The Indian edition of Crossing Black Waters is priced at Rs. 150 and will be available through major retail outlets.
In Conversation with Tana Trivedi (Assistant Prof. in the English Department)

By Poonam Vaidya

If you are a student of English Literature at Christ University, chances are, you have been taught by Mrs. Trivedi at some point in time. She teaches a vast variety of subjects ranging from the standard British Literature, World Literature, Literature of Diaspora and American Literature to the Undergraduate students, to Post-Colonial Studies and Contemporary Indian Novel to the post graduate students.

In the following interview, we asked Tana ma’am a few questions about her course, Christ University and the dissertation she is working on.

Quillz Will (QW): You have already told us that you are pursuing your PhD. In Indo-Fijian literature at Christ University. Can you tell us about your dissertation topic?

Tana Ma’am (TT): yes. It is about Indo-Fijian Literature and Diaspora*, I am specifically examining the works of Sudesh Mishra, a second generation Indo-Fijian writer. Beginning with the 1880s my study will trace the development of Indo-Fijian literature right up to today’s times.

QW: What separates Christ universities syllabus from other syllabi?

TT: Christ University constantly upgrades its syllabus every three years, thus keeping the course as contemporary and relevant as possible. Furthermore, the teachers are given more freedom to frame the syllabus according to their area of expertise and even test the students in innovative ways, unlike a lot of other campuses. This makes the entire teaching/learning experience a very fulfilling one.

QW: How has Christ University changed you, as a person?

TT: Teaching experience, I believe, has been a very strange one for me. Even as I was getting used to teaching here, I realized that my personality had undergone a huge change. I learnt, and am still learning to be patient and accurately articulate. In spite of having spent over four years at Christ University, I feel I still have a long way to go before I achieve perfection of some kind.

QW: Can you name a few books, documentaries and movies you would recommend for students?

TT: Depending upon the subject that a student likes, I would recommend different books. For instance for someone who likes Indian writing, I would recommend beginning with writers like Ruskin Bond and R.K. Narayan and then moving on to Amitav Ghosh, Vikram Seth, Salman Rushdie, Rohinton Mistry, etc. For students of Diaspora, I recommend the movies The Beautiful Launderette, Anita and Me, East is East and Bhajji on the Beach. I would recommend most movies which deal with history of some sort- like Schindler’s List, Life is Beautiful, Gandhi, Amistad, etc.

QW: And lastly, what are the books, movies and drama you like?

TT: I enjoy reading Indian authors. Among the many are Vikram Seth’s ‘A Suitable Boy’ and Amitav Ghosh’s ‘Sea of Poppies’.

I like most Merchant Ivory films and old hindi films. I am immensely interested in watching performances, be it plays of Mahesh Dattani, Vijay Tendulkar and Girish Karnad or a Susheila Raman concert or even Fireflies.

Footnote:

*Diaspora is a word used to refer to historical mass dispersions of people with common roots, particularly movements of an involuntary nature.
Sports Day @ Christ University

Sports day saw the faculty of English department on the grounds in full enthusiasm. They participated in various events that were conducted between the 9th and 10th of December. The faculty won various prizes in both games as well as athletics.

The relay team of the English department won the race (4x100m). The members of the team comprised Mr. Padmakumar, Mr. Felix, Mr. Jeremy and Mr. Joshua.

The cricket team under the captainship of Mr. Padmakumar also won the match. The other members of the winning cricket team from English Department were Mr. Felix, Mr. Jeremy, Mr. Joshua and Mr. Daniel.

The teachers from the department also participated in throw ball. The members of the team consisted of Dr. Abhaya (Captain), Ms Shreyashi, Ms Tana, Ms Gaana, Ms Suma and Ms Aasita.

Mr. Padmakumar participated in a number of other events and won a 3rd prize in the 100m race and was runner up for volleyball. Ms. Suma won medals in running, skipping, long jump and musical chairs. Mr. Jeremy also won medals for basketball and long jump. Mr. Joshua came in second for hundred meters race.

The number of prizes won by the faculty shows both the passion and agility of the teachers. It was great to see the teachers in a completely different role on the sports day.

Blossoms Quiz

The Deanery of Humanities and Social Sciences conducted the quiz on 29th November, 2011. It was organized by Dr. Padmakumar and Dr Upagya from Department of Psychology and Mr. Jeremy from Department of English. Besides the faculty, students helped in organizing the quiz. Mr. Arvind was the quizmaster for the day.

Around 50 students participated in the quiz. Each team had 3 members. The initial round was written with 50 objective type questions. Six teams qualified for the finals. The Finals had four rounds. The first was a visual round. The pictures of famous people from different areas were to be identified. Second and fourth rounds were theme rounds. Visuals and audio were used to convey a theme. The third round was a rapid fire round.

Parth, Satya and Latika from CEP won the quiz. For the second spot, there was a tie. A team from I MA English (Anshuman, Tara and Neha) won a tie breaker and placed second.

(The Quill’s Will team tried (in vain) to trace the 3rd place team, We regret this error!)

Coffee Hour with Andaleeb Wajid

Our guest for Coffee Hour this month was Mrs. Andaleeb Wajid, author of *Kite Strings and Blinkers Off!* Her books are reflections of her life—what it is to be raised as a female member of a traditional Muslim family.

Mrs. Wajid was kind enough to allow us a glimpse into her book *My Brother’s Wedding*, due to be released later this year. She read out one of her favorite passages from the book, and went on to discuss what it is to be a female writer in India.

It was a relaxed session, despite having a minor celebrity in our midst.

The discussion was simple and saw participation from staff and students, alike.

It was very useful for those of us aspiring to be writers, as we also got a basic idea of all the dedication and hard-work required to be a writer in today’s world.

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The two day National Seminar on "Reading Indias: Narratives, Discourses, Imaginings" seeks to read the cultural imaginings and imaginations of the Indian subcontinent, negotiating the relations between the past and the present, the canonical and the non-canonical, and the national and the trans-national.

Over the two days, the seminar holds for participants, delegates and students, film screenings, dance and theatrical performances, panel discussions and nearly two dozen papers presented, all in a milieu of the arts and academics.

Seminar Dates : 21st and 22nd February
More Info @ www.readingindias.wordpress.com