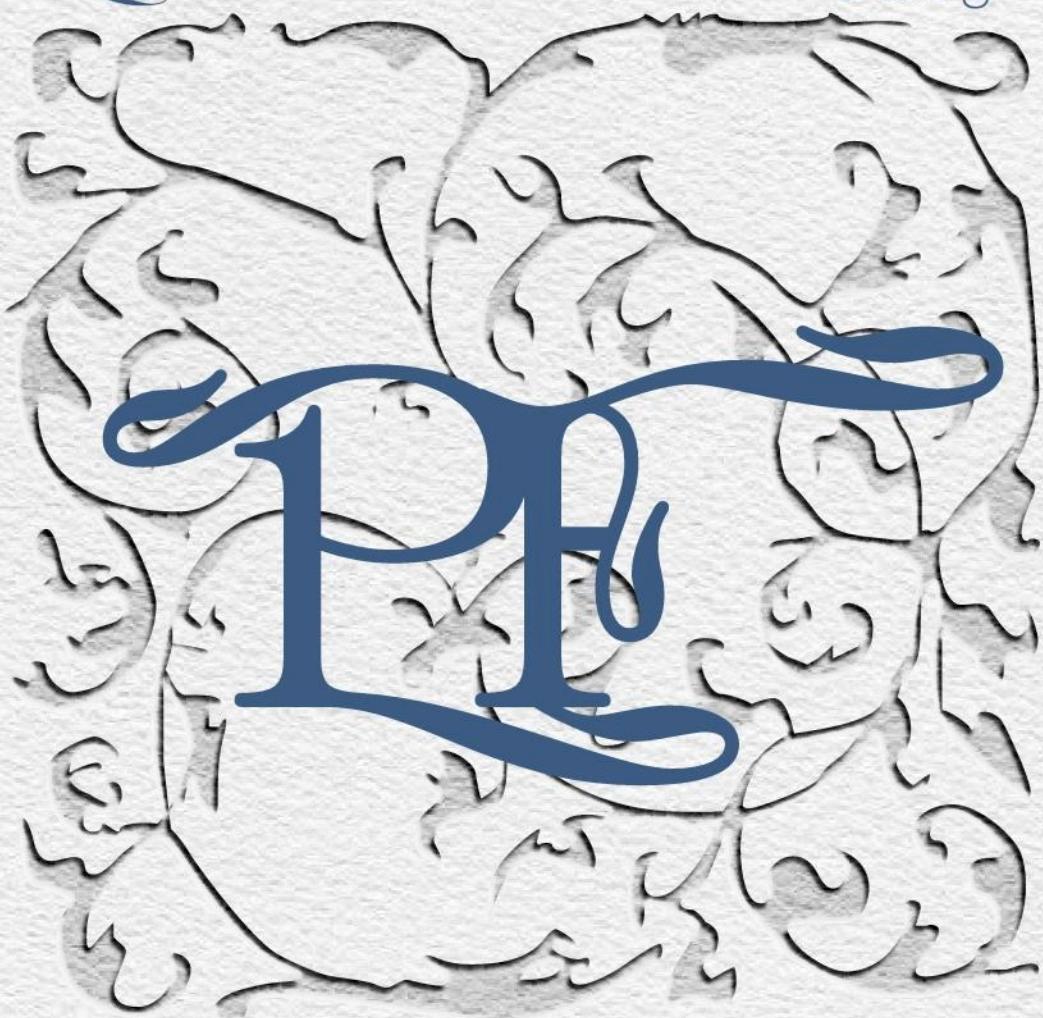


Poetry Forum — Loreto
College



Kolkata.

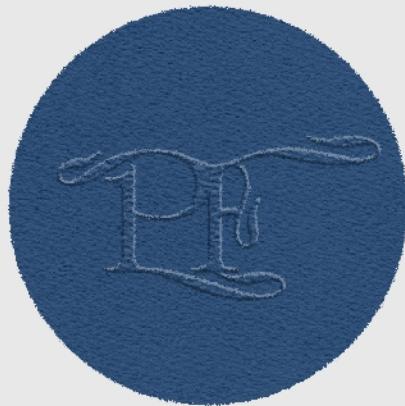
Volume XII.

2025.

POETRY FORUM. VOLUME XII.

A & NT HOLOGY

LORETO COLLEGE, KOLKATA
2025



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Present general editors
Sangya Pal and Swastika Mukherjee

Designed by Sangya Pal, 2025.

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Foreword

Thou—that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadow came,
Depart not—lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

To us, poetry is a sanctuary: a goad to the complacent, a wound for the wounded. For eons, it has been a visceral act of capturing a nascent thought, allowing the weight of the ink and eloquence of emotions to permeate the yellowed leaves of a diary. Poetry's presence isn't merely defined by declamatory pronouncements or polished articulation; it manifests as a hush of confidence, a trickle of inspiration, a thrill of challenge, or an adventurous ride towards self-discovery.

With that in mind, the *twelfth volume* of the *Annual Poetry Forum Anthology* stands as a testimony to these fleeting yet formidable expressions. Forged by minds that venture into the uncharted territories of creativity, this year's open canvas has been underscored by a kaleidoscope of voices, each distinct and vital. It is a testament to the myriad of ways the poetic spirit navigates human experience,—through lament and exultation, defiance and introspection,—our search for identity and articulation of pure emotion.

The voices you will encounter are of students who seek to comprehend the world not through a sterile view, but through the undiluted lens of Art. As negligible edits have been made to the poems, they stand in front of you crystalline and true. We hereby urge you to allow these verses to stir your own reflections, to ignite moments of joy, and even to gently provoke your own assumptions.

And if, upon closing this volume, you find your hand instinctively reaching for a pen, know that this humble offering has fulfilled its deepest aspiration.

“I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine—have I not kept the vow?”

With gratitude,
Swastika Mukherjee & Sangya Pal
[Heads of Poetry Forum, 2024–2025]

ANTHOLOGY

To the protector of the suns

Sampoorna Sen
Department of Psychology



to the protector of the suns
to the protector of the sons
what ashes do you lie on?
of warriors or goons who tear you apart
their ravenous claws folding to beg for votes the coming election

the wild daughter
the viled daughter
each morning you wake up with a new scar
whose candle will blow today?
whose perpetrator will become a rising star?

the awful woman
the awful woe-man

they bleed tears of joy at your branded defiled body
your bones are cracked your skin is torn

but why do you still continue telling your story?

why does the 90 year old's heart ache
why does the 3 year old feel the same pain

draw your curtains all over your body
their eye scanners see deeper into your sinews, naked and lustful

whose lust is it? when her mouth has too red a lipstick
or too red a pacifier?



or when all she can do is scream
or when all she can do is bark
or when all she can do is be a gorgon head turning
you into stone
but getting hers bent down over and over by a blind
lady in justice
controlled by the dark fate
the dark faith
of a woman

be broken be bruised
centuries of burns , slaps and crooked noses
stand on a pedestal get dressed goddess

tomorrow you come to be worshipped as the
immortal daughter of the earth

remember to open your third eye to see your mortal
self rotting, dying, bleeding on the streets

and becoming a slogan
for those who martyred her there

Ismael

Zarin Ashia

Department of English



Sitting by the window of this Fahsha khana that owned me, I gazed at Ismael. He was offering Zuhr prayer on the bare rough ground, his sword kept at a distance. There was a war going on in the city, and he was a soldier of the enemy.

He'd come around in the afternoon and offer his salah, and I would watch him keenly from afar. I learnt his name when one of his fellow men called him, shouting his name to hurry up. Since then, I would whisper his name with a little bit of naughtiness and adab.

I loved him even though I didn't know him. It wasn't his mahony curls that rested on his shoulder nor his broad strong chest that I fell for. Perhaps, it was because he would always make his sujood longer than the previous one. And how he never turned his head towards this makaan.

And I wonder how the ground of this brothel has never touched a musallah, but only pyjamas that belonged to different men each night. Some days, he would pray with patches of red on his white clothes. And I would pray and hope, that the blood wasn't his own.

I chew on the Sayer dates, whilst whispering Ameen to every dua Ismael makes. And I look up at the sky and pray to the God, Ismael prays to, for another such Zuhr.



“Why do you ask me the color of his eyes?
When did the color of his eyes ever capture me?
The fire that sparked from his eyes
Was what ensnared this mad heart.”

I Think I'm Happy

Sudrisha Chakraborty
Department of Psychology



7.12.1962

I'm that sister of three brothers,
Whom you married off in sand dunes.
Oh Mother, why did you sell me so far away?
My husband doesn't give me fare to come home.

8.10.1963

Do you still keep my ghungroo under your sarees,
hidden from my father?
Or has it also found a new home?
My new home smells different
I can't sleep at night.
Oh Mother, why did you send me so far away?

7.12.1966

My husband brought me the sweetest food,
But I still ate the smallest fish,
I still mark my cheeks red for asking for small things,
He forgot to give me the fare today.

15.2.1971

I heard my brothers got married last spring.
Oh mother, the news came so late,
It must be a grand wedding, the sons' weddings!
I wish I knew of it sooner.

21.6.1972

I'm too far, ain't I?
 Too far to return for my father's funeral.
 My husband did give me money but-
 I lost it.

1.7.1972

My third child, a girl, turned out still born as
 well,
 Well, at least that was a girl, the expenses were
 saved.

They are calling be barren, mother...
 I want to come back, the air still feels new.
 Oh, do you still have my ghungroos?
 I want to wear them-
 Secretly.

12.3.1973

I bore my first child mother!
 But it's a girl, my goddess! Their curse.
 But my good husband let her live
 He named her Amasia.
 I can't go back now mother.

1.10.1973

Why don't you write to me?
 Are you sad to not see your granddaughter?
 I'm sure my brothers' children fare all your
 lullabies,
 All your pickles and sweets.

But please mother, can you keep that ghungroo
 for her?

I can't wear it,
 These chains are too tight.





14.8.1977

How do you look now mother?
You must be old, cradling these children.
How are my brothers and their families?
I wait for your letters, but they never reach me.
The postmen are too lazy to walk this far;
Amasiah died of fever a few days back.

27.4.1980

Who will I write to now mother,
With you now gone?
I bore a soul again, to everyone's surprise.
It must be you,
I was too far to reach, is that why you are
coming to me?
I wanted to come back,
But the fares...
Oh! My husband does give me money,
But the fool of me-
I spent it all.
I think I'm happy.

The landscape between us

Anushka Mukherjee
Department of English



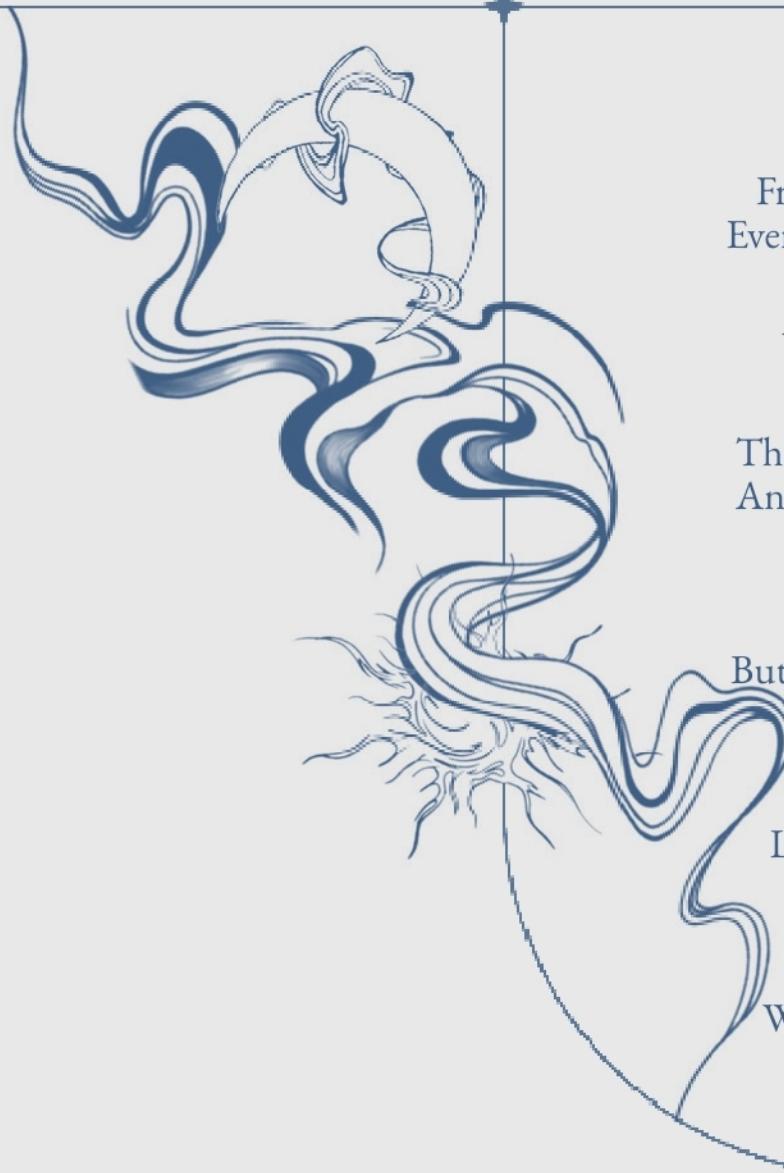
At day break, the jaunty young boys,
run down the square cobblestone street.
Their effervescence overruling the gloomy fringe.
The storey is tall,
But not high enough.
To see-
To let me worship my lovely young man's charm.
Your hair, bouncing and swaying, shining in the sun,
While I watch you move, swiftly through the yellow fields.
Had I not hurried my way out,
Through the rusty roads,
Towards the fellow feeling calling upon me.
Towards the hopeful persuance of exchanged smiles-
Of adoration.
I would have been too late.
Your beauty ravishing the rays of light.
Exposing my senses,
I barely have clue of my presence.
With each growing step, my pulse rises.
I stand there while you go by.
Staring at the hand waving at me,
Your natural flamboyance and I feel blessed.
I am still standing there.



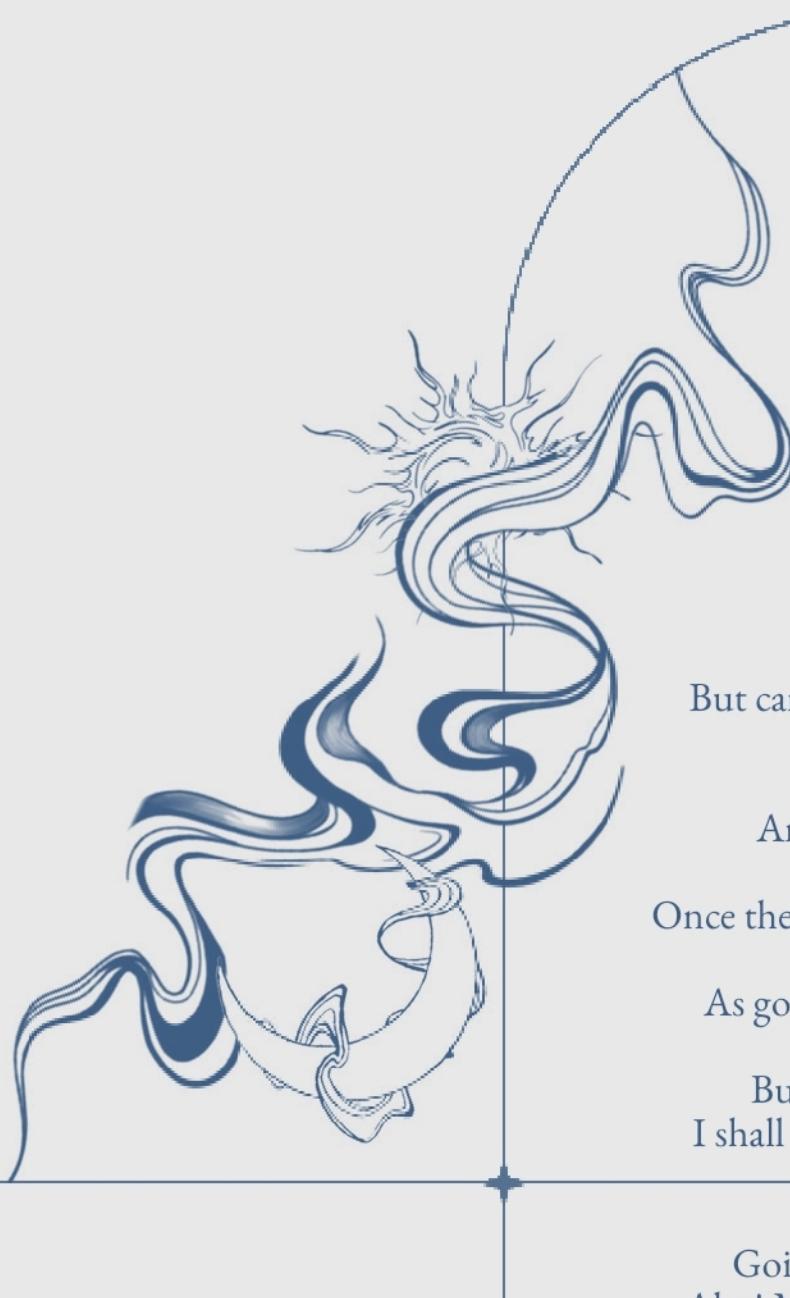
The coffee gets cold
while I sit.
And look through the window open, once again,
Reminiscing the thought, I had to myself then.
How I wanted that five past five must never be lost.
And shut my eyes to get a stronger feel of the
moment, then.
But he!
To him, I might have been one of the many peasant
girls,
he met across in the roads, in his many voyages.
In dusty skirts and faded shirts.
Who longed for him to smile at them.
To feel like the way I felt.
To him, I already belonged to the past.
A distant memory.
For I endured a great pain.
For my love was all in vain.
Yet, I wanted to go back.
To feel what I felt, once again.
Once again, smile at my young man.
But, he might have set on for a new bend, by now.
For now, the landscape between us,
too far and wide to mend.

Sea of Abyss

Afreen Islam Sarkar
Department of English



Stuck in a storm,
Drowning in the sea of abyss,
From which you had brought me out.
Everything seems dull and something is
amiss,
Agony tightens its claws around my
neck,
My thoughts have begun to break.
The winds are carrying my words away,
And I can only hear your name when I
shout.
My heart begs and pleads,
Asking you to stay another day,
But you're nowhere around, and in the
tight grip of Agony my
heart now bleeds.
Louder and louder I shall let the seas
roar
For my voice is now dry
And I can't scream anymore.
Why can't my hands reach out to you
Despite how hard I try?
Are you so very far, my friend?
Is this the end?



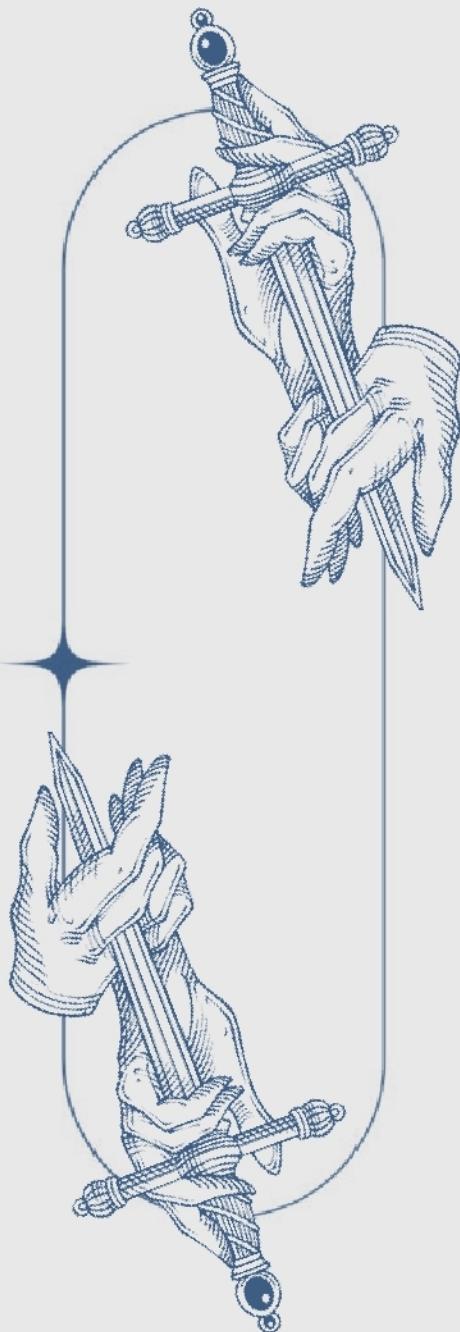
I reach out to hold your hand
But cannot feel the warmth of your hand
Perhaps you are so far away
That the night seems forever
And I cannot see the light of the day.

Once the Sun shone bright, was as warm as
your touch,
As golden as the memories we had been
weaving together,
But now, the agony is all I can clutch.
I shall let the seas roar louder and louder,
And as the sky gets even darker
I find myself drowning,
Going into the sea, deeper and deeper.
Alas! My hand couldn't reach out to you,
Are you so very far, my friend?
Will we never hold hands again?

Bruised soldiers

Vanshika Chawla

Department of Psychology



We are both bruised soldiers
Fighting for our lives,
Fighting against two different worlds
We fight while yearning for the other's world
As we suffer in our own

I see you across the border
As you suffer in pain,
My eyes bleed in vain
We bravely fight them with a smile
While our hopeless hearts weep

I wish you showed me
All your wounds
And I would cry on each of them
In the foolish hope
That my tears would heal them

Now, I am caught up in two fights
One, against this world
And the other against my desire
To run across the border and save you

But, do you feel the same way?
Do you too want to cross the border
And save me?
Are you really you or just a mirror reflection?
But if you are a reflection
Then why am I fighting two wars and you just one?
We are both bruised soldiers
And yet completely apart.

Nowhere Land

Triasha Mondal
Department of English



day-long a duet of shade and light, amid the woods where I rent myself a shelter or a cabin; imagine, how lovely it would be if Indians talked instead of condemning. existing instead of complaining its futility. how informing would it be, to exchange ideas instead of images. to argue with propositions not popularity, life not looks. and so together talking through Sunday's rising mist, to unpack one's walking shoes, walk barefoot into the civilization they have burnt. don't carry the cell where statistics define your worth. neither a dictionary for you are about to learn higher. carry jigsaw if you are shrewd enough, for hints are resurrected ruins shattered tither your path. pick up the remains, crammed into a little clay pot of how you drown a dead; you might find your life in it instead. don't take the cookbook, it's a feast. except you will be feasted on, for the fascists aren't the only true anarchists; look ahead, to the one holding poverty like a gun to your head. they said, walk thousand miles until your vision is smudged with fear. for only then, would you see the ruler's intent wide and clear. and through the lonely wet road waylays simple girls, church going. turn to them not with leering eyes but tenderness, to walk them to the altar to avenge for your unholy altering. the period of illicit gloom will be over now, the grass springs for your grazing, preys wander for your hunting, doom frontlines in your territory. but you have quelled it all, to find yourself amid the obscure mist far from the perilous air where our brothers are betrayed. where a mother's life is made more bleak, every week. and in the end, what is it, that is left? that is only what you need to live simply.

I hate to see my rivers flow

Sayesha Shrivastava
Department of English



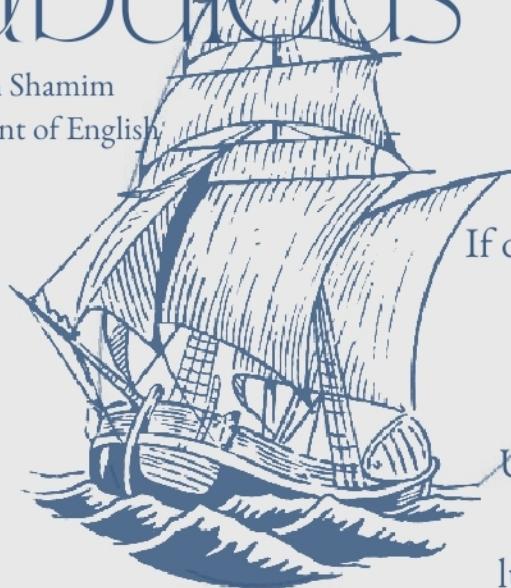
I hate to see my rivers flow,
evenings or nights, i wish to pause time
so my rivers too pause,
so my innate chaos is finally at a standstill,
finally at peace,
and so,
for once,
finally,

I can breathe without counts,
I can catch just enough air, every-time i breathe,
just once, not more,
i wish to breathe,
truly breathe.

Easiest Way to a Happy End of Your Fabulous Self

Munazzah Shamim

Department of English

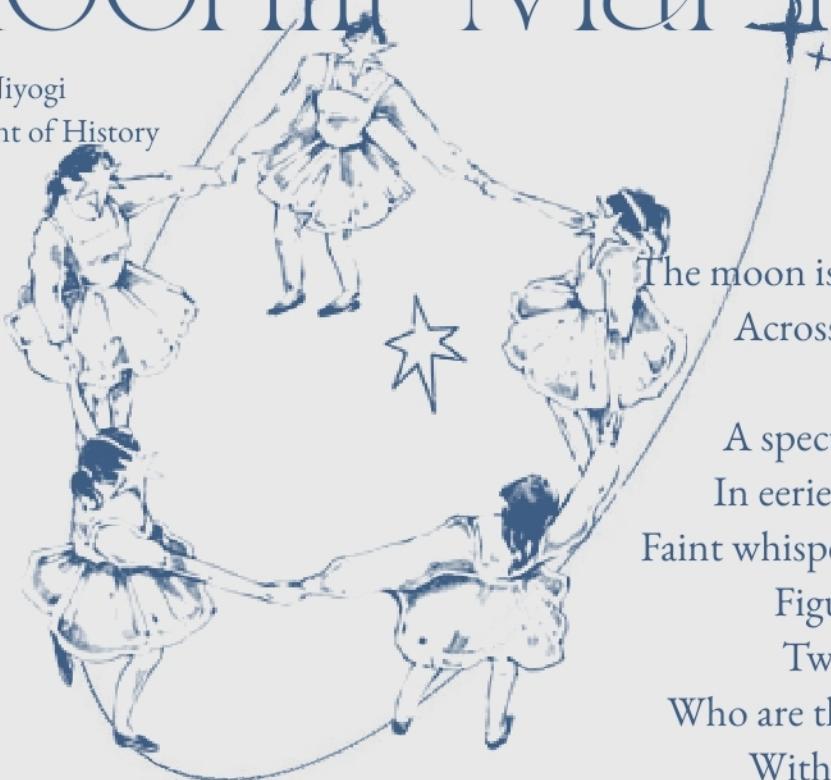


If death by drowning be your fated end, embrace it with somber acceptance, as if you are in a shipwreck. Draw the ocean's salty embrace into your lungs with a final, desperate breath. Unconsciousness swiftly follows, sparing you the agony of resurfacing. As the cold waters fill the lungs, all chilliness and pain vanish, replaced by a haunting semi-delirium, a twilight of anesthesia, with ears ringing and visions of ethereal light. One descends gently into the abyss, as if resting on the softest of beds, cradled by the most sorrowful of dreams.

Here, I lie, undisturbed, beyond harm's reach. Now one with the ocean, my legacy shall linger like the ancient myths, whispered among the waves.

Whispers on the Moonlit Marsh

Sreshtha Niyogi
Department of History



The moon is high, the night grows cold,
Across the marsh, a story unfolds.

A silver mist begins to rise,
A spectral dance beneath the skies.
In eerie circles they twine and turn,
Faint whispers where their secrets burn.

Figures pale, with ghostly light,
Twist and waltz into the night.

Who are they, lost in death's embrace?

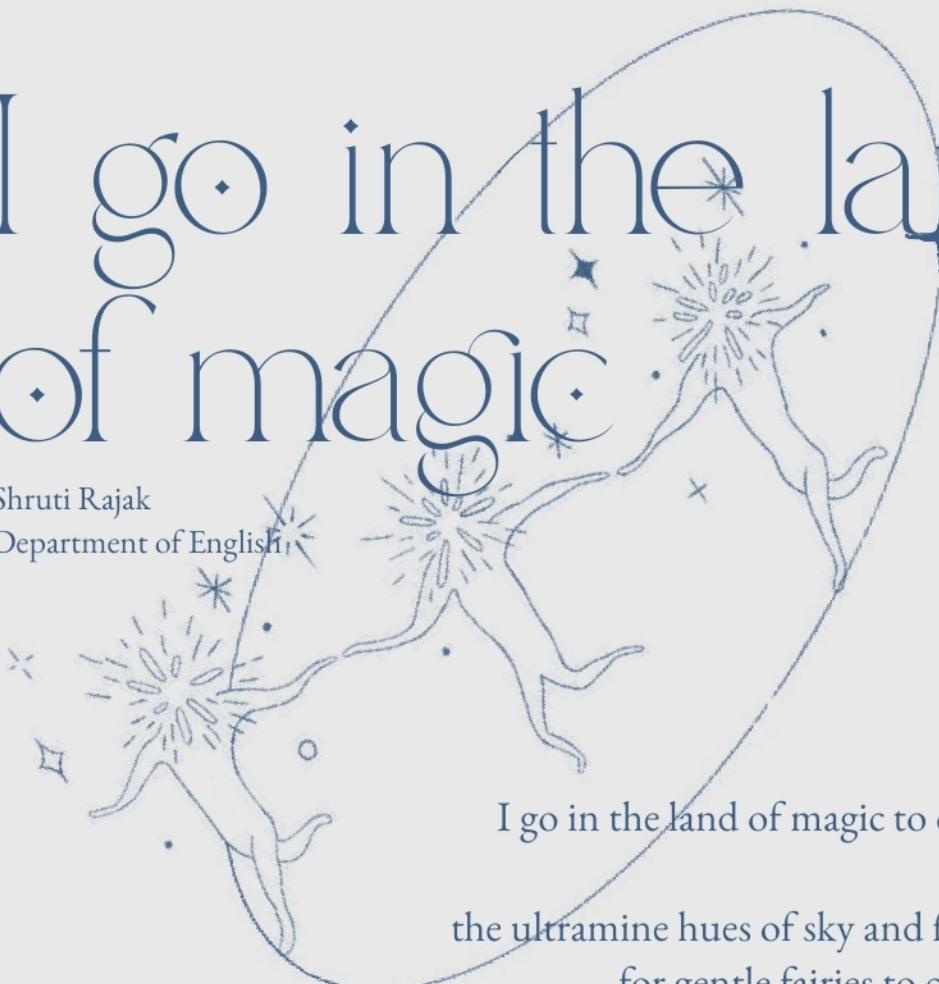
With hollow eyes and ashen face,
Once they were living, now forlorn,
A curse they bear from nights long torn.

Beware the fog that wraps the ground,
For where they dance, no life is found.
Their voices call, their shadows creep—
Lured you will be to endless sleep.

I go in the land of magic

Shruti Rajak

Department of English



I go in the land of magic to chase the moon to its doom.

But I certainly fail,
the ultramine hues of sky and frames of stars hold me tight
for gentle fairies to come and lighten my soul up
just as the moon.

I feel cowardly but seeing the false decked up reflection of
mine in wavy water,

I become shy and also scared.

The way I want to be free is just known by my fate,
the fairies will never know,
but my foolish soul still sits by the lake and thinks that their
magic will heal me.

Tonight when

We

Projukta Naskar
Department of English



Tonight when we fall asleep, let's meet in our dreams
I will be waiting at our usual spot, under those glistening fairy trees.
When you'll cross the river of pearls, make sure to bead a heart for me

As, I've been waiting all day now, to pour my love in it
While you pluck those golden aquatic flowers, let your shirt be drenched

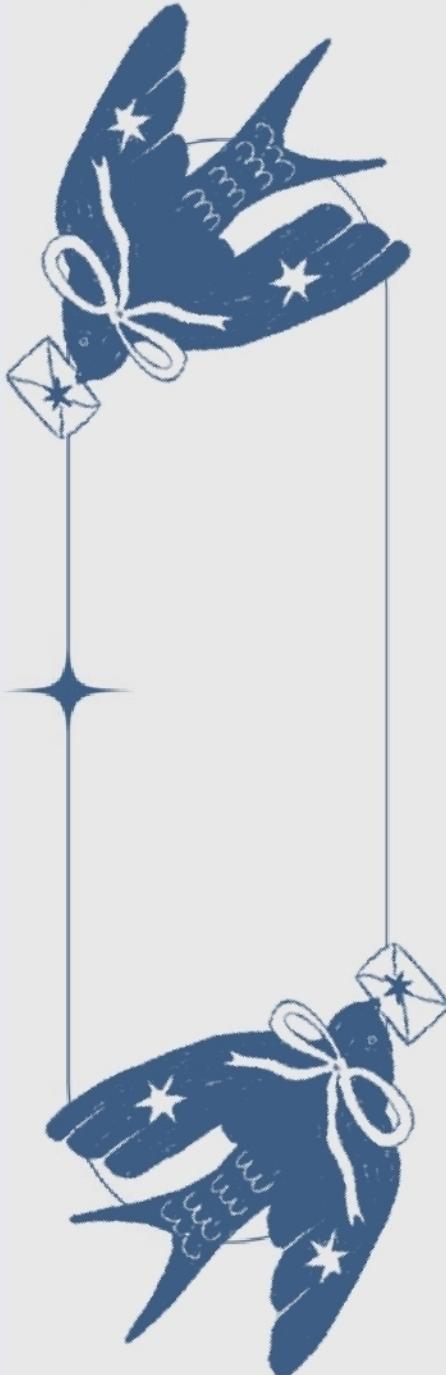
I will whisper lovely words through my warm breath and
make it perfect

The red ruby stones dangling by your neck shall cease all your fear
When you'd enter the mouth of the dark cave, my dear

Fear not, those purple dragon flies will lead you up to me, under the glistening fairy trees
I will look up from my book, and finally meet you in my dreams

বায়নাবিলাসি পায়রাণ্ডলোর ঝাপট

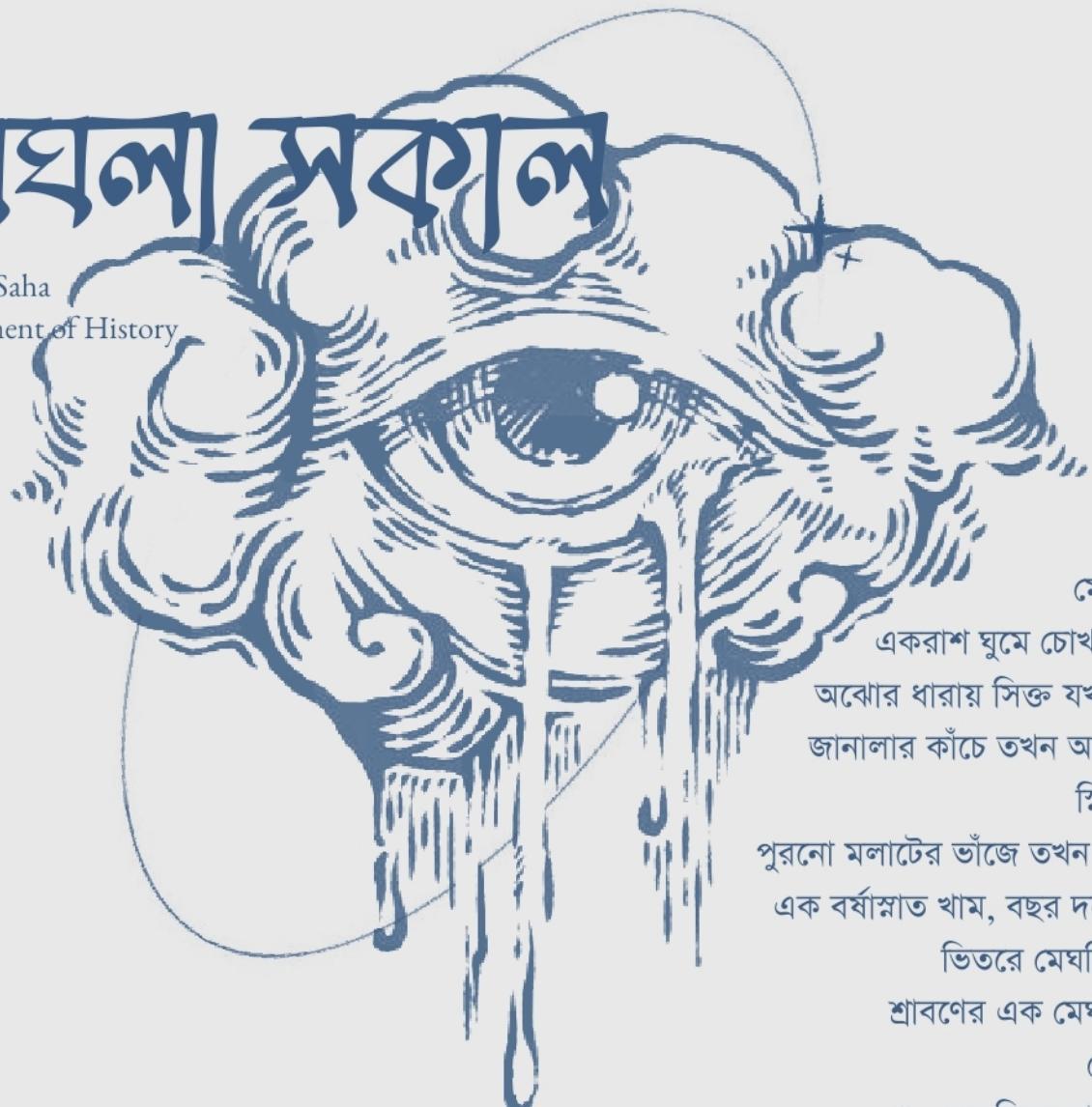
Anushka Mukherjee
Department of English



বায়নাবিলাসি পায়রাণ্ডলোর ঝাপট;
সে নাকি উড়ান নেবে নতুন বন্দরের খোজে।
কতই না গল্প লোকানো সেই চিলেকোঠায়।
কতই না চিঠি পথ হারিয়ে,
ঠাই পেয়েছে ভাঙা টেবিলটায় পরে থাকা ওই ধুলোয়।
কোনো এক অজানা অচেনা অন্তহীন অপেক্ষার শিকার।
পত্রখানা উড়ে যেতে দেখে,
কটকটুকু আশা রেখেছিল সে-
বা হয়তো এখনো রাখে।
সেই পড়শি পাড়াগাঁয়ে বসে থাকা তার অঙ্গনা,
হয়তো আজ তার সত্তা খুঁজে পাবে।
মনে মনে দেওয়া সেই মিলনের কথা-
তবে কি সে কথা আর রাখা হলোনা?
তার অঙ্গনা, আর কভু জানিতে পারিলনা,
তার প্রতি করা এই উন্নাদের প্রেমাঞ্জলি।
তার শূন্যময় হৃদয়খানি রাঙিয়ে তোলার সুযোগ আমি পেলেম না।
আকাশটা হঠাতে কেমন জানি মেঘলা করে আসে।
অগোছালো ভাবনাণ্ডলো কেমন যেন মিলিয়ে যায়।
ঠিক ওই দূরে উড়ে যাওয়া সাদা পায়রাণ্ডলোর মতন।
স্বাধীনচেতা কোনো এক সুর যেন এসে জানান দিয়ে যায়, অ-প্রতিশ্রূতিময় এক সাক্ষতের।
সে তো আমার কাছে ধরা দেয়নি,
আমি যে তারে মুখ বুজেই ডেকেছিলেম।
সত্যিটা সেদিন মেনেছিলেম না শুধুই সান্ত্বনা খুঁজেছিলেম,
জানিনা, তবু আমি যে তার কাছে অচেনা এক পড়শিই রব, এই কথাখানি স্বীকার করেছিলেম।
তাই চিলেকোঠার ঘরে আত্মারামের সাথে অব্যক্ত এক অভিমানের খেলায় মেতে রাইলাম।

মেঘলা সকাল

Sanjana Saha
Department of History



মেঘলা সকাল,
একরাশ ঘুমে চোখ মেলল বৃষ্টি-
অৰোৱাৰ ধাৰায় সিন্ত যখন প্ৰাতঃস্বপ্ন,
জানালাৰ কাঁচে তখন আসৱ বসালো
স্নিফ্ফ বারিধাৰা।

পুৱনো মলাটেৱ ভাঁজে তখন উঁকি দিচ্ছে,
এক বৰ্ষাস্নাত খাম, বছৰ দশেক আগেৱ;
ভিতৱে মেঘপিওনেৱ চিঠি।

শ্বাবণেৱ এক মেঘলা বিকেলে
সে লিখেছিল,
" এমন দিনে তাৱে বলা যায়,
এমন ঘনঘোৱাৰ বৱিষায়...."

Somehow the sound of rain
works like magic for the peace of mind

Farheen Siddiqui
Department of Geography, MDC

Vinegar

Sampoorna Sen

Department of Psychology



taking the pledge of protecting all with blood in my hands
the angel mocks, its halo glistens - "the patient's dead your honour
dead from your socioeconomics, your brutal administrative hands"

i try to scream but only entitled silence comes out
"your fragile rose in an IV drip bag, its thorns plucked out to blind another"
call the media, ask them to film the bloody scented waters

ask them to care for a bit, before the trp petals wither
why did you kill the patient with your little incompetent hands?
the dead's mother weeps, since your father had handed a politician fat bands
of that dirty paper that rewrites fate, Gandhi flashing a smile at the ordinary's death

scalpel, oxygen, covid beds

your brother martyred, your sister's skin acid red

pray to your god, the enlightened one, the tunes of the melancholic singer
wait for a miracle while you killed your country with a button and ink on your finger
go bloody rose planted in the industrialist's soil, be the flower in the billionaire's son's wedding garland

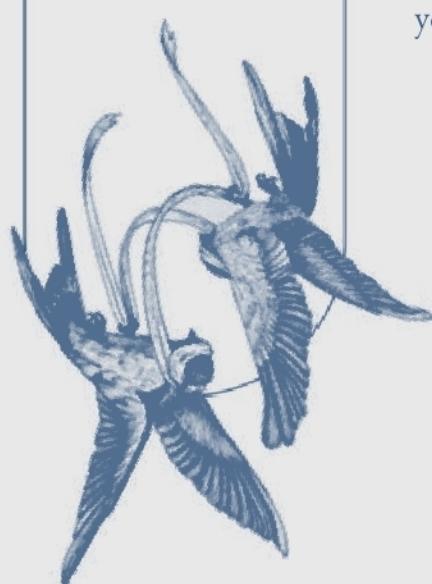
look bemused, jaws wide open at the grandeur of celebrations
while it is your mother's failed kidney, your father's milky cataract eyes
your carcinogenic lung that blessed his new daughter in law with this prize

cry tears of pain at your dead rose petals laying on train tracks,
look at them crying in sympathy

smell their tears
in your ICU, in your ventilation of being an honoured citizen

when they offer you 10 lakhs for your dead mother
remember rose, with your broken thorns, and poisoned IV bag
it's not water in their eyes, but bloody salty mocking vinegar

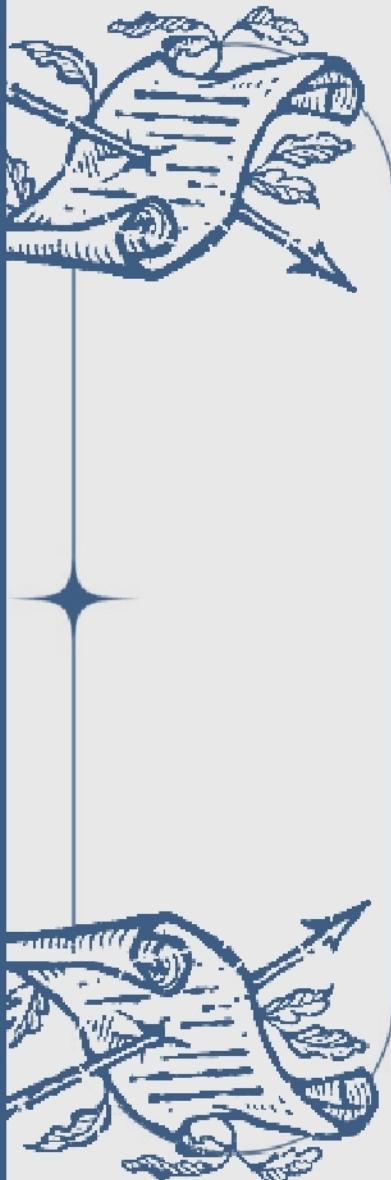
the salt in your fatal wound.



Oil against water

Zarin Ashia

Department of English



The day's ending, you haven't returned home. Your presence is
longed, you dodge an arrow.
Red scrapes your skin, undresses you to the core.
Listen to me, suno.

Don't scream my love, it'll all end soon.
A life gone, to its inevitable doom.
Misery smiles, it has tales to tell.
Marching down the aisle where death dwells.

Your blood turns a ferocious brown,
Simmers, boils, burns the town,
The land of your people. They rage
At your roar. You say it's a war
For peace. A war that kills to live.

You have tapestries, that chime
With cries of the people who fought.

Your people who follow you blindly,
Because tell me love,
When have they ever not?

Your fingers claw, and dig their graves,
The dead are risen, and oh how they quail.
"kitna aasan tha tere hijr me marna, jaana."
I sing to the colour white, in response she wails.
For this is the only war,
Where peace is to be blamed.

I'm glad I chose the pen

Sudrisha Chakraborty
Department of Psychology



I'm glad I chose the pen,
Before the blade could kiss my blood.
My ink bleeds my page crimson,
A quiet rebellion in solitude.
Oh, how I wish to die in your heart—
Oh, how I long to live in your soul.

Yet here I burn alone,
In the embers of your absence,
Turning to ash, to dust.
Even in ruin, I ache for your trust,
Clinging to the memory of your gaze—
A fleeting sunbeam through a storm.

I would let the world burn for you,
Lay my soul at your feet.
And with my final breath,
Dare to embrace my sun—
Sinner as Icarus.

I know I will fall,
Like him—
Too close, too dear,
Too consumed by your light.
But in my fall, I find a strange clarity.
Your soul, a blazing fire—
Is it a haven or my ruin?



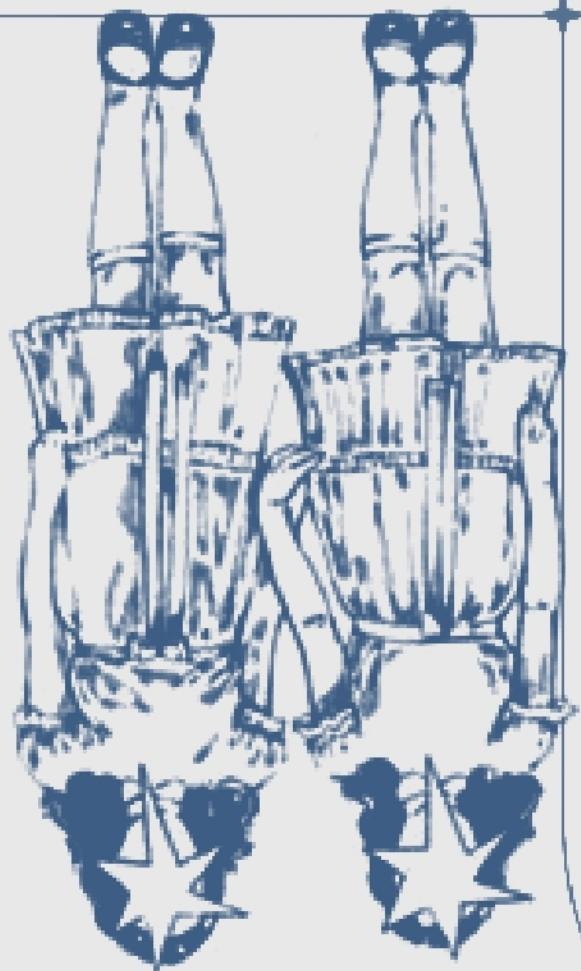
Still, I leapt.
I dared the unknown.
And I fell,
Away from death's arms,
Into the flames of your soul.

I burned.
My flesh, my heart—
Each piece of me dissolved into the unseen,
Unspoken and raw.
Like the silent shower of rain on scorched earth,
My heart has been falling for you—
Forever.

And still, I fall.
Beyond pain, beyond longing—
Beyond even myself.

Curtains of bondage

Anushka Mukherjee
Department of English



Curtains of bondage, how do I rip?
A benevolent hope, covered with sheer
faith.

I fight, you stay, we love to play,
The game of hatred, that long begun.
For Christ's sake, free me, you must!
Tear apart my wrenches,
That stagnate me
Every single time.

Is this how I exist to live?
Surviving the curse of life, I despise!

The malodor of your presence,
Isolate me from my eunoia.
We didn't want this, did we?
Now, every time, I sense you coming,
Hearing the whistles of that song you
hum,

I am afraid. I am guilty-
Of existing.

I want to disappear.
I am disappearing.
Into the oblivion.



'Run! Run as fast as you can.
But what are you running from?
The day? The time? Or from the mirror?
The saddle is here within. All over.
The casket of rebirth is howling,
Yet, you do not see.
You choose to not see.'

No. No. No.
This isn't true.
Have I been dead all through?

No.

Now, I choose to wear the eyes,
I had left alone somewhere.
They were blinded by the bright mask,
Only if love, true it was!

Now, I know. I know that the phoenix doesn't
burn me inside.
It is born of me. She is me.
I let her fly, now.
Now, I reside in her.



What am I? You ask
 I am the book I abandoned mid way
 I am the song I once loved, now forgotten
 I am their favourite fragrance that I bathed myself with
 I am a free bird caged by my doubts
 I am bones, heart and flesh
 I am tears, blood and sweat
 My bones with the names engraved of all those who loved
 me and those who hurt me
 My heart that beats to the music of their voice and
 My flesh smeared with teardrops and crimson sweat
 I am my success and failures
 Dreams, fulfilled and unfulfilled
 I am a living breathing memoir,
 Its pages soaked in tears,
 both happy and sad.

Flawlessly-flawed

Samriddhi Patra
Department of Geography



Adore and love, when?
Over underlying corpse and parched petals.
Mercy and remembrance, when?
Over six-foot long tomb and standstill tapers.

Disgust and hatred, when?
On abiotic and lively sensation.
Maneuver and exploit, when?
On mobile limbs and arousing lips.

What does carry weight? Flawed life or flawless death;
Why do you care?
When you can be flawlessly-flawed!

Hidden Layers

Yashica Jain

Department of English



They see me, flawless as morning's light,
But shadows linger just out of sight.
I wear beauty like a borrowed cloak,
Hiding secrets I dare not evoke.

They say I'm perfect—an untouched art,
Yet cracks and whispers
line my heart.

Guilty, I nod to their
praise so bright,
Not revealing the doubts I fight.
For I know beauty isn't
whole or pure,
It's woven from wounds we
learn to endure.

In a world that sees only the grace I display, I carry the weight of
truths I cannot say.

Sleep no more

Snehabrita Banerjee
Department of English

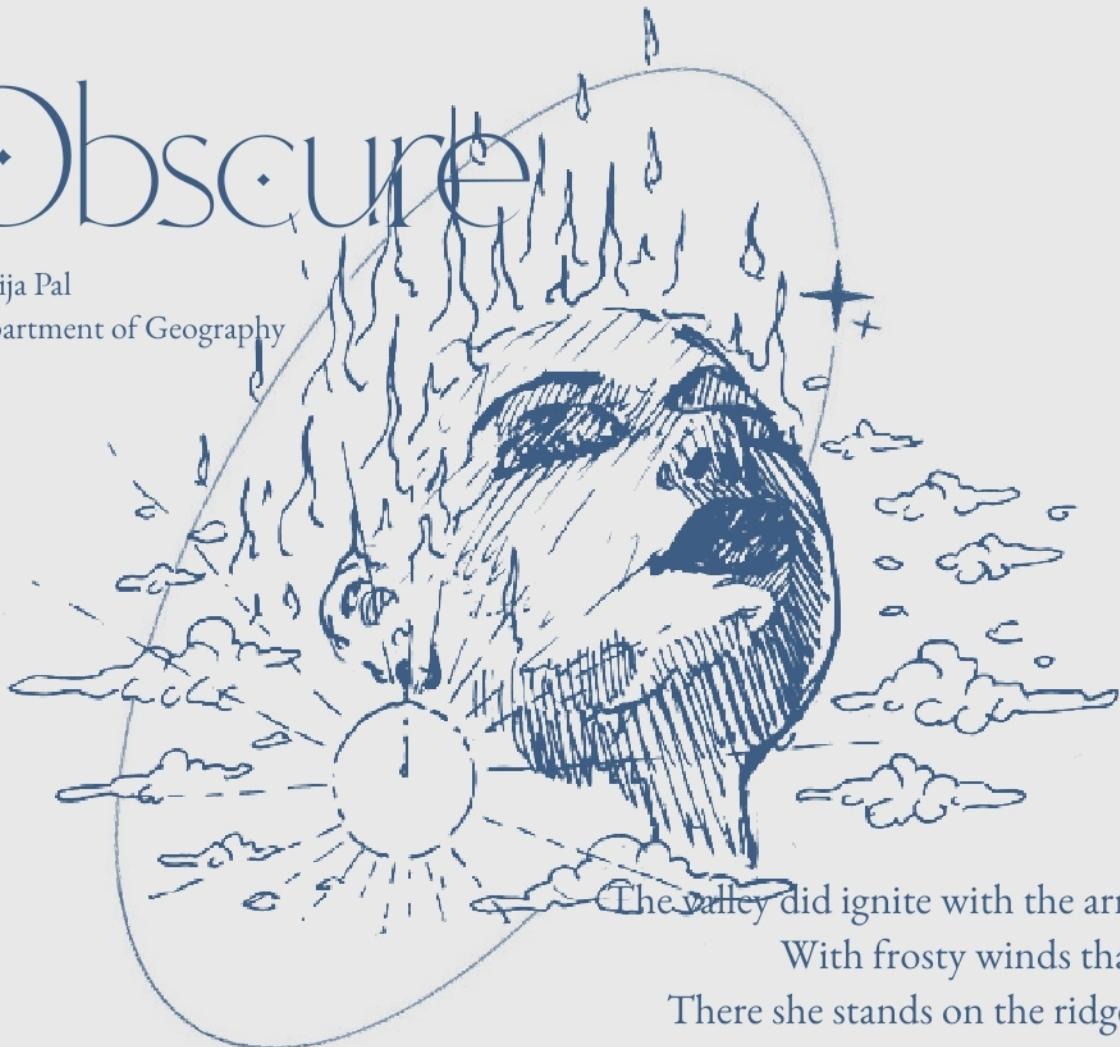


Come oh power!
The head the resting ground
for the golden crown
Rob me of my innate self
Rob me of femininity
Oh Spirits of the dark!
So I make a smooth glide
Into the bloody world of treachery
Not lift the dagger my hands will
My words compensate for my impotence
To turn mortal sleep into eternal slumber
Oh conscience mulcts sleep from my drooping eyelids!
“When perfumes of Arabia” fail to
“sweeten this little hand”

Obscure

Adrija Pal

Department of Geography



The valley did ignite with the arrays that blaze,
 With frosty winds that blow all free
 There she stands on the ridge that screams,
 Her hair all open, adorned it flies
 Taking after stranded diamonds that brought a guile.

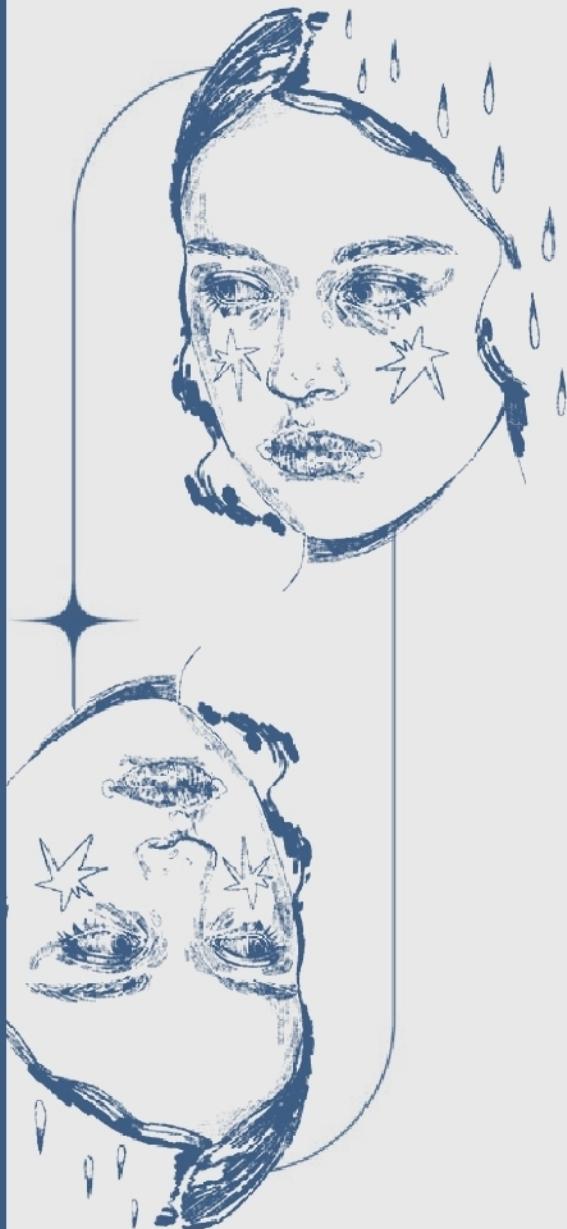
There she breathes with lone that swamps
 Although four more chambers beat untold.

They took an oath to be by side
 In hours of warmth, storms or mourn
 With love seeping deep inside.
 That night broke it all shattered into bits
 Bane spreading over the bond that exists
 Two hearts beat through the darkness unheard,
 The sun announces death notice of one and the other obscure.

Requiem

Sudrisha Chakraborty

Department of Psychology



Under the blackened moon
She chipped her victim's wings,
Screams shattered the broken night
Brought to life her worst dreams

A flicker of remorse arose,
But drowned in endless spite,
The echoes of the wings she broke
Took flight into the night.

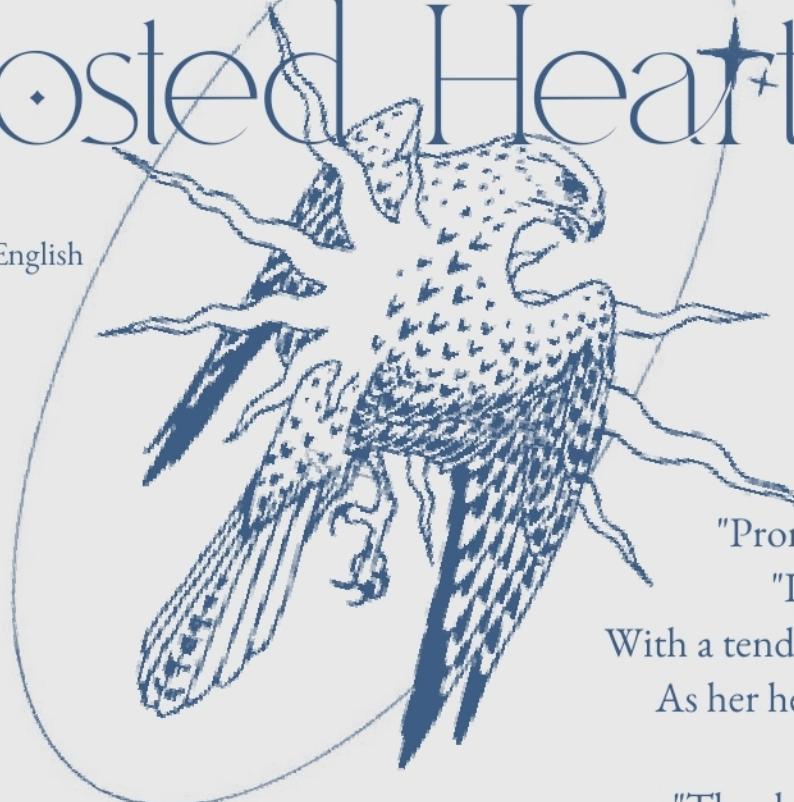
Her nails traced the viny neck
Creeping smoothy to reach the bones
Like serpents coiled, without regret
Her touch ad cold as weatheted stones.

With every inch, she claimed control
With a symphony of twisted glee,
Her grin-a piece of blackened soul
She drank the night relentlessly.

A flicker gleamed in the victim's eyes
A sheer will to still thrive
Puppet-herself-in mirror it cries
A reflection of death-still alive.

Eulogy for a Ghosted Heart

Abhipsa Koley
Department of English



"Promise, you'll wait for me?"

"I will, forever," he smiled.

With a tender kiss, he closed her eyes
As her heart gave out a final time.

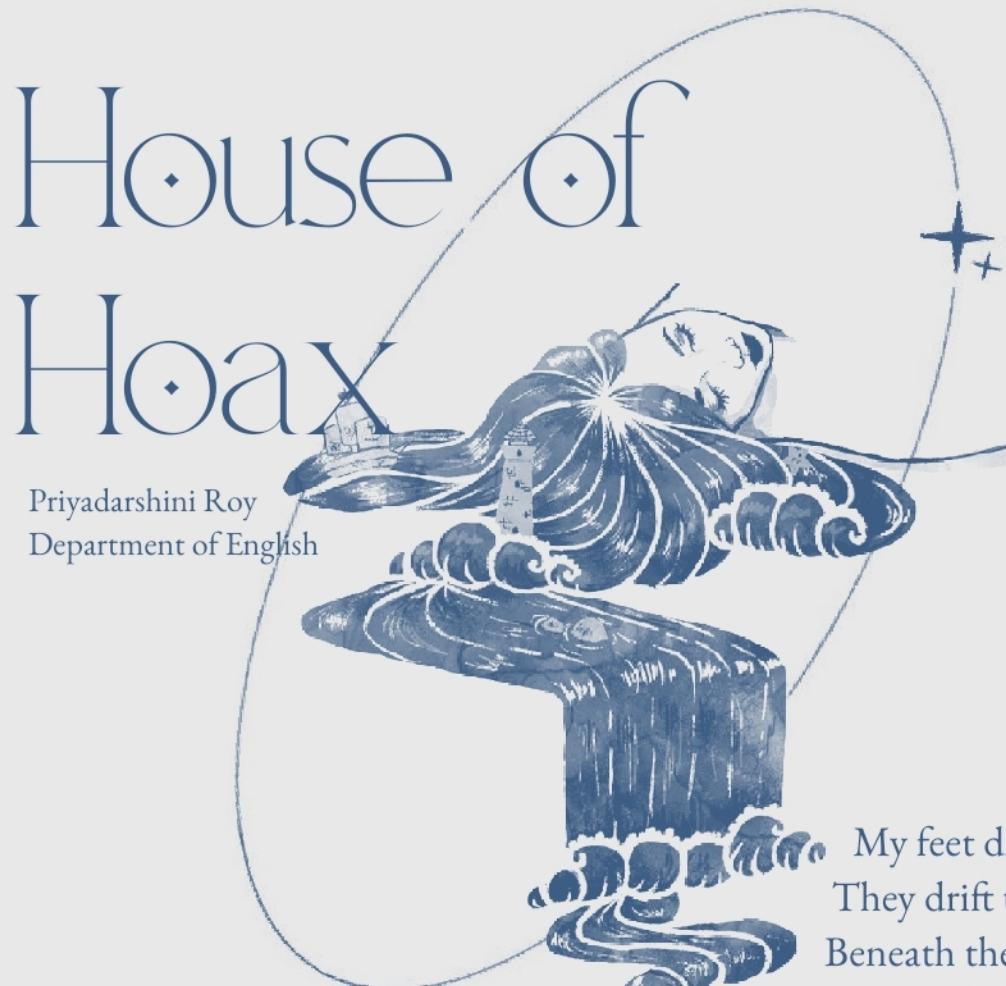
"The sky is beautiful', he mused.

"The sun's radiant as ever

Universe, if you are out there,

Give me five more minutes in another life."

Time stopped and a gunshot echoed.



House of Hoax

Priyadarshini Roy
Department of English

My feet dipped in the waves of time
They drift towards me in hues of red
Beneath the depths are hidden spikes
Mitigated by Destiny's yarrow bed.
I tasted the fated blood, it touches my lips- cries victory!
I gave off my worn out smile, echoes the tears of misery.
My fabric black embroidered in bloodless sacrifice
Dyed by my melted bliss -
To touch the waves with scarlet water of mine
Poisoned the pristine with a deathless kiss.
The wax of amber flames coated my sinful skin
Victory became the very name , that forged my coffin with lamenting pins.
The waves now mirrors the features of mine
The relief that the barbed wires of Elm veils me in.

বোৰা যায়, তুমি চলতা ফেৱতা নয়

Sananda Dey

Department of English



বোৰা যায়, তুমি চলতা ফেৱতা নয়
 তুমি হোঁচ্ট খাও ফুটপাতের ভাঙা কংক্রিটে
 তোমার জোলুস নেই,
 মুখের চামড়া বড় খসখসে
 এমনকি টিকিট কাটতে গিয়ে পয়সা মেলাতে পার না
 সবাই রেগে রেগে চোখ রাঙ্গায়,
 তোমার মন
 খানিক ভয় পায়
 অযত্নে ফাটা ঠোঁটে হাসি লেগে থাকে অথইন
 তুমি জানো না ফুলের পাপড়ি কাকে বলে,
 জানো না কাব্যের কত গুণ,
 জানো না বিজ্ঞান আজ আকাশ ছুঁয়ে অন্তরীক্ষ জয় করছে,
 তুমি জানো লাল সাদা চুড়িতে সেফটিপিন
 তুমি জানো না রান্না করতে,
 তাই সারাদিন কোন এক খোলা মাঠে,

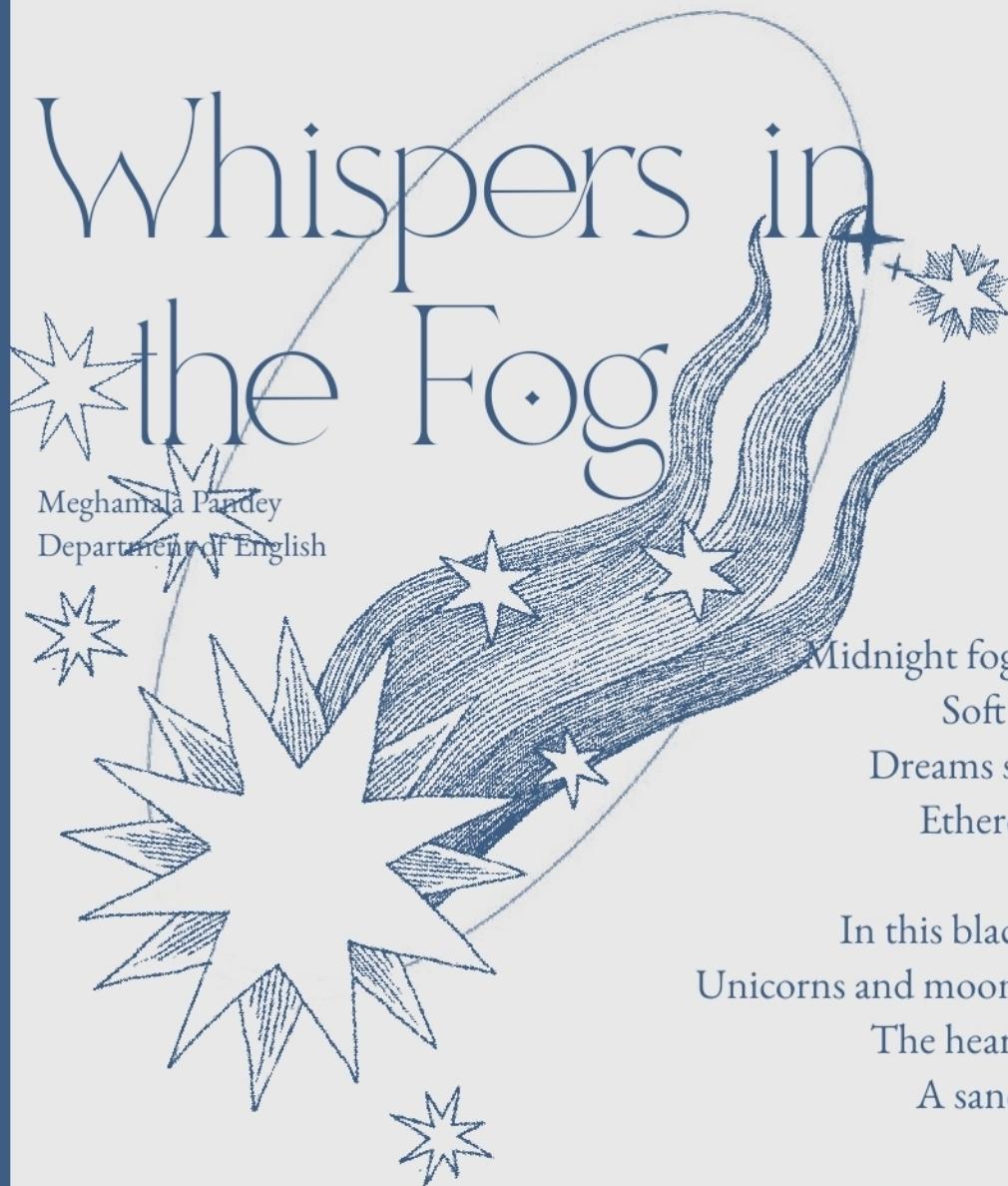
একা



সন্ধ্যার মুখে তুলসী তলার ভেজা মাটির গন্ধ, সাথে প্রদীপের আলো, তোমার মুখের এক ব্যস্ত ছায়া মেঘের কোলে
 এঁকে দেয়।

সেই তোমার ঘরের দেয়ালটা,
 আজ সেখানে একটা মন্ত বড়
 ফাটল –
 তোমার অনুপস্থিতির সুযোগে কোন ছিঁকে চোর চুরি করতে এসেছিল,
 তোমার ঘরে কিছু নেই,
 তাই পারে নি,

এখন সেই ফাটল দিয়ে একটুখানি আকাশ দেখা যায়, একটু বর্ষা একটু গ্রীষ্ম একটু শীত ভেসে আসে,
 একটু পৃথিবী ভেসে আসে,
 ভেসে আসে গালিবের কবিতা



Meghamala Pandey
Department of English

Midnight fog descends with mystic sigh,
Soft whispers veil the starry sky.
Dreams swirl like misty tendrils rise,
Ethereal whispers reach the skies.

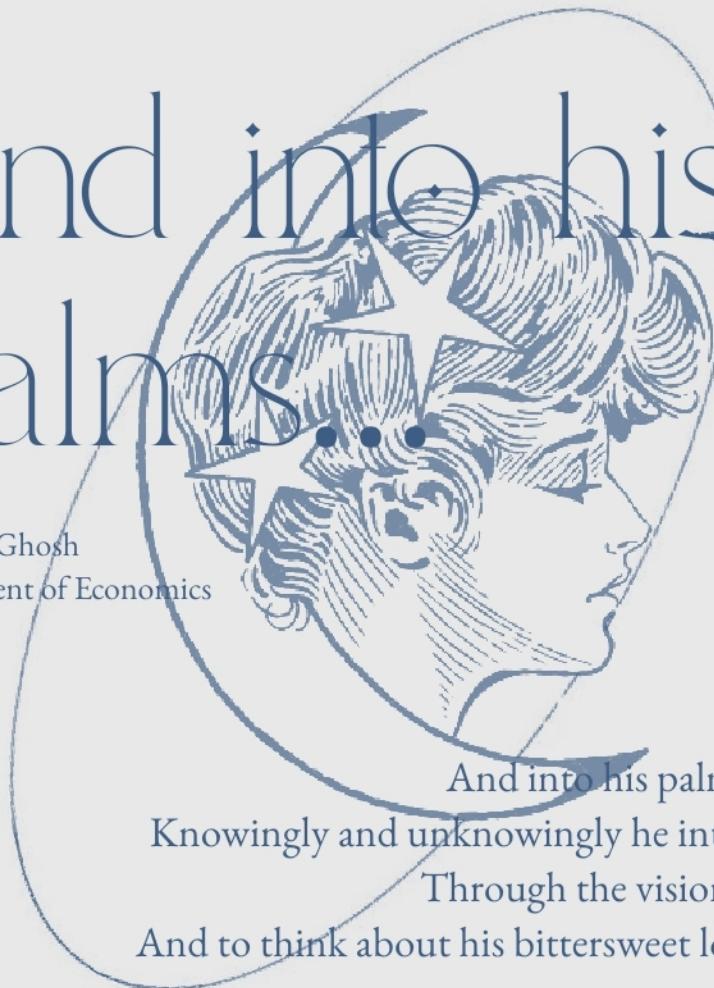
In this black night, magic lingers near,
Unicorns and moonflowers bloom and appear.
The heart finds solace, love remains,
A sanctuary where dreams begin.

The moon, a glowing crescent shape,
Lends gentle light to the foggy escape.
Stars twinkle like diamonds rare,
A celestial tapestry beyond compare.

Fantasies unfold like velvet wings,
In this dreamy veil, heart's secrets sing.
So let the fog envelop, soft and deep,
And in its mystery, may secrets sleep.

And into his palms.

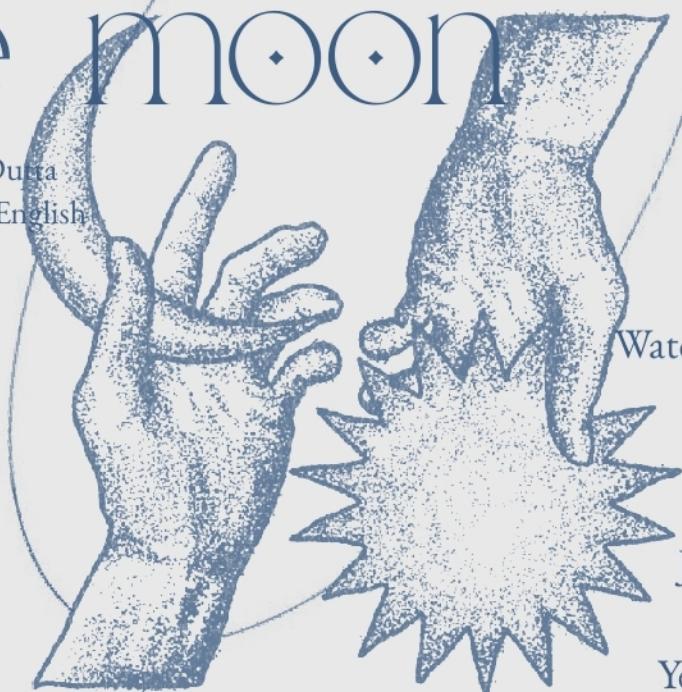
Upasana Ghosh
Department of Economics



And into his palms, I placed the casket of my mind...
Knowingly and unknowingly he intertwined the emotions I designed...
Through the visions of his touch, my heart bloomed...
And to think about his bittersweet love, those thoughts painted joy and
agony in every room...
O my aspiring soul delicately wove castles of hope
And through its corridors I wandered like a broke...
His gaze stirred a violent storm in my sea, unveiling parts in myself I was
yet to see...
With surpassing time my spirit learned to sore
And then I started craving for more...
The walls of tenderness that I had affectionately built, tore me apart with
guilt...
Now, his fleeting presence was questioning my relevance wondering if I
lost him or myself in the deal...

I kept glancing at the moon

Meghna Clare Dutta
Department of English



I kept glancing at the moon,
Looking for someone soon,
Watched all glaze and felt some shine,
Just when I saw the craters align,

We love the moon we say,
Just because the dark seems a day,
The sun lights the moon's sight,
Yet their love is a mysterious night,

The moon unites two lovers of art,
And the moon only portrays the disease of heart,
Widow Dido and her waiting story,
Or
Romeo and Juliet to their glory,

The moon has an hypnotising history,
Yet an unknown mystery,
The sky looks empty without the moon's face,
Its appearance holds a very special place.



Moon has wrinkles

Shruti Rajak
Department of English

Moon has wrinkles, old due to star's shine
Reflecting its very own glow in our breezy lights,
I see it, very well see it and hide my palms
Or the white light will claim my prophecies,
It's mine to write and live, yet the world doesn't believe.
They want me to dwell in them, but light is for everyone
Yet it is for no one, never static — like me
I am for me, the world never belonged to me just like that light
Ever serene, ever calm, I am always by my side to live.



Sayesha Shrivastava
Department of English

on a moonlit night, in my hated enclosure
my tears cascade like shooting stars

into my own palms

I shelter them, I hold them gently,
for no-one else will cherish breaking ever so lovingly

I befriend the moon,
for I have nothing but darkness left to give,

he listens,

for he too loves seeing me hopelessly live

with this story, I nightly blink to sleep

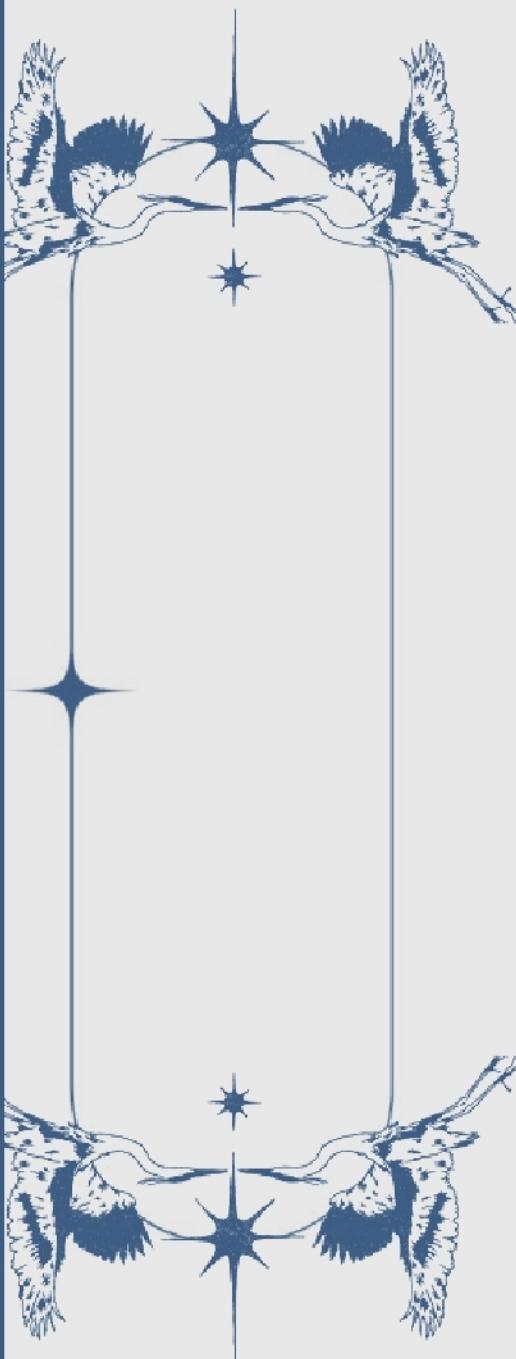
for peace, I know my skies will not be dull

for my shooting stars will forever bring me light
every night ~

Love's Perfect Score

Shaiza Orooj

Department of History



He's a 10 on 10, a perfect divine find,
Setting the standard, one of a kind.
Tall, handsome and captivating too,
My heart skips a beat, my love shines through.

Those gorgeous eyes, like sapphires bright,
Reflect the beauty that shines from within his light.
His stunning smile, a work of art,
Steals my breath, and captures my heart.

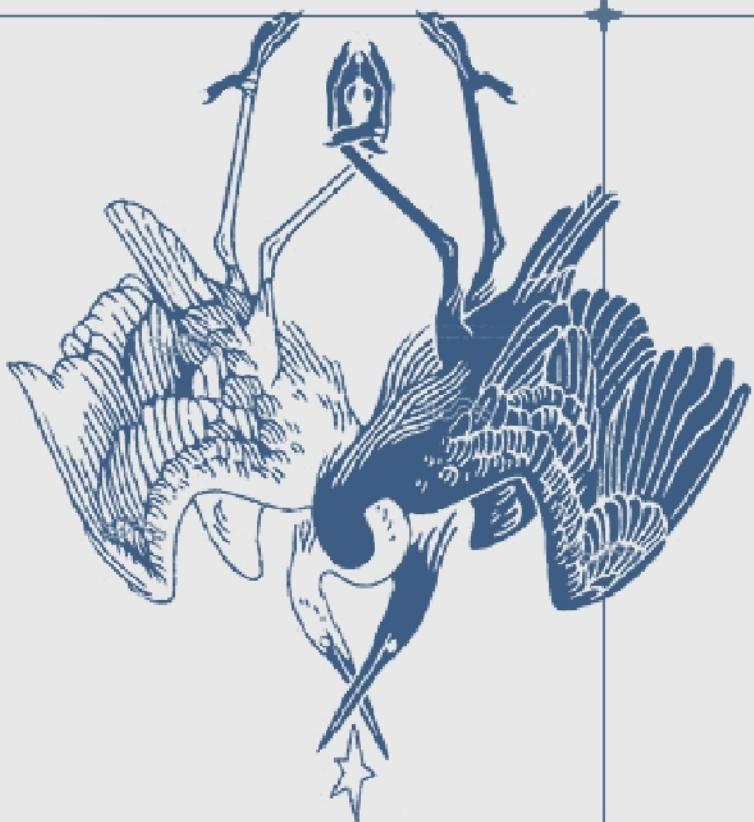
A treasure rare, a gem so sublime,
Forever precious, our love's intertwined.
In his arms, I find my peaceful nest,
With him, my heart beats faster, my love finds rest.

With every breath, I'll love him more,
Through life's ups and downs, forever adore.
His laughter echoes, a sweet serenade,
My soul's melody, our love's symphony played.

He's the one my heart beats for,
My forever love, my soul's forever more.
With each passing day, our love will grow,
In his love, my heart finds its forever home.

On days when I am at a low

Indrani Chakraborty
Department of English



How can I forget a place that is engraved in my heart and soul?

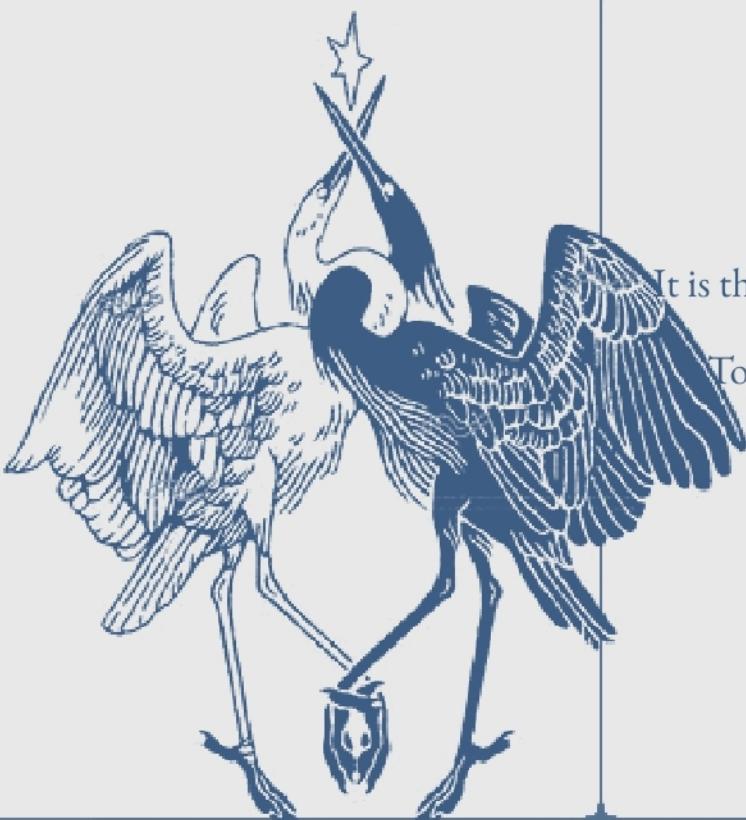
Oh, how I remember every detail of the place
Oh, how I miss all those faces,
Faces that I used to see everyday
They are just a fading past today

On days when I am at a low,
On days when I want to let it go,
My eyes close on its own,
And I see a world where I'm alone.

And I can hear faint voices in my head,
Voices that are ever so beloved.
And I identify who they are,
But I wonder do they really care?

What's the point of holding on?
When I'm exhausted from dusk till dawn.
This time I see faces,
Faces that once made me the happiest,
Will they recognise me anymore?

Now I see walls
Walls with a dull white paint.
And I instantly recognise the place



Once in a while I see them
When I'm travelling here and there
And I wonder how fast time flies
Only yesterday we were making plans

Oh I see that building
The building that I so despised
Building that I couldn't wait to leave
Building that made me feel trapped

What an irony it is
It is the same building that I now see in my dreams
My heart aches to go there one more time
To sit with my friends without any care of time

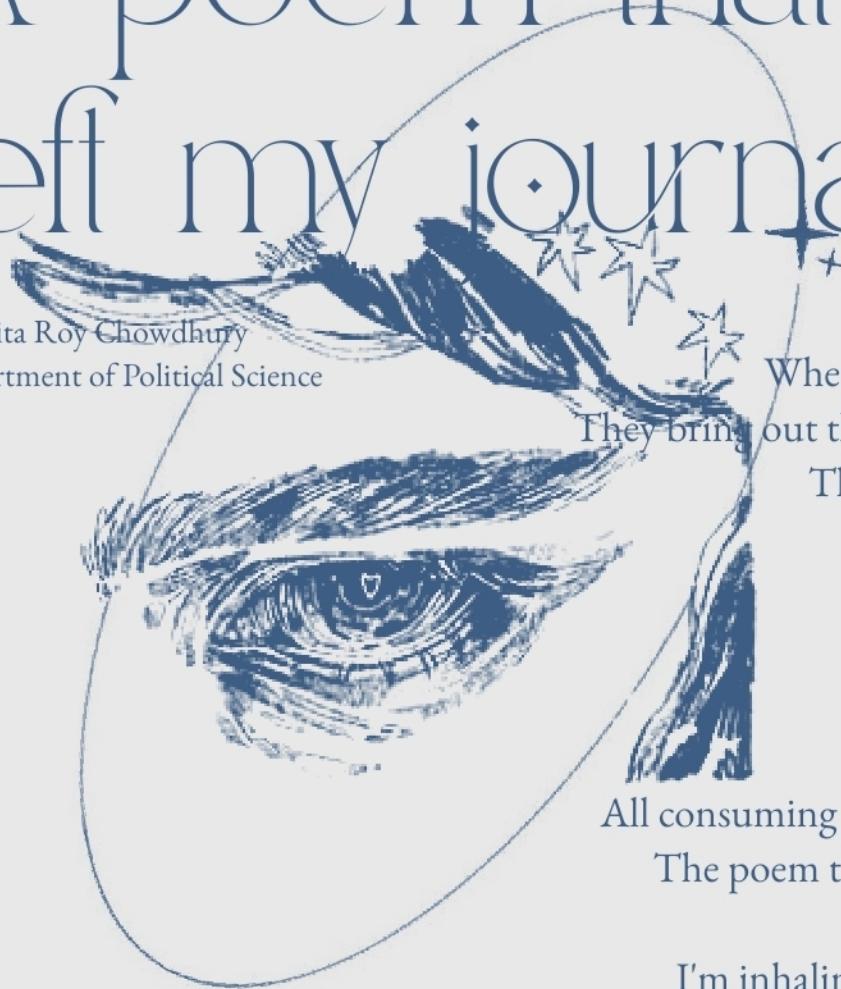
How I wish I had cherished those days,
When I was the happiest.
Now that I cannot go back anymore,
So I try to recall it more and more.

And I realise at this moment,
This is what gives me joy.
These bits of my past, that I hold onto,
The friends that I am closest to.

Although time is fleeting,
Though I know the world is moving.
Revisiting these moments provide me warmth,
That takes away the low that I've been feeling all day!

A poem that never left my journal

Aankita Roy Chowdhury
Department of Political Science



They bring out the love that never got watered.
The childhood that never lasted.

The cry that never was heard.
The wound never healed.
A hope that got killed.
The letter not sent.
A friend that left.

All consuming guilt that never was expressed.
The poem that never left your old journal.

This body is a burning tomb.

I'm inhaling nostalgia like damn cocaine.

Is it what they say to love is to endure?

Tell me love, do you miss being the god I almost made out of you?

You say a new prayer this time but I refuse to kneel,
Your heart doesn't skip a beat, mine never stops to bleed.

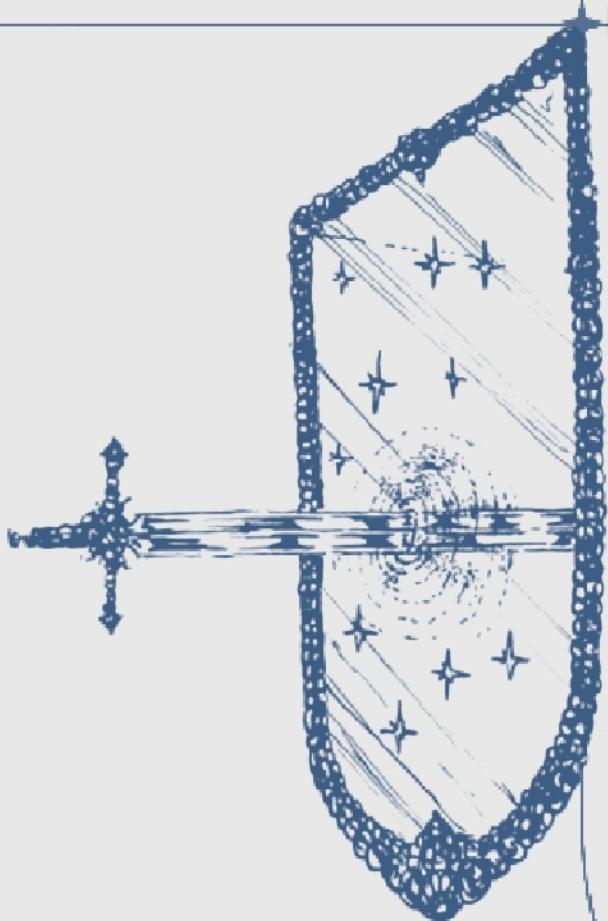
Lone man, go search for your existence.

Because what were you before I made you my religion?

A poet engorged in rage, with bleeding hands, tainted heart, hollow eyes,
crooked nose, missing smile, wearing a cross, believing in lies. A lone lover.

The coffee turns cold

Sampoorna Sen
Department of Psychology



The coffee turns cold
the bitterness swirls and then halts when it
remembers the smell of you

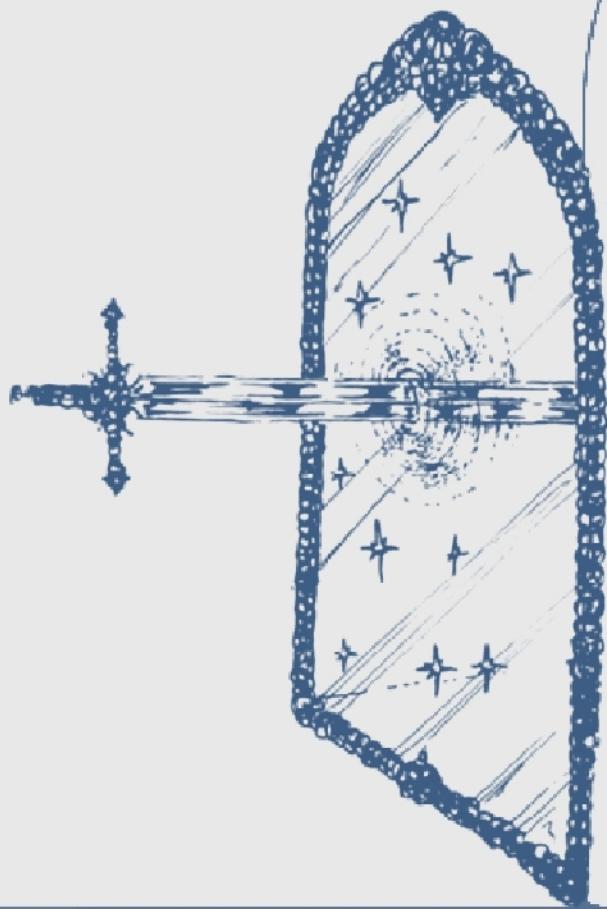
who were we to begin with? a connecting
thread?

or the veins that pierced our souls together in a
harmony of madness

in another life i did taxes with you, the laundry
wafts in the air

you scream at me with a tinge of love drizzled on
top

you were never mad to begin with, were you?
what have you ever done but love?



it is too bitter now
cold
unloving

your warmth lacks in this teacup
porcelain i guess?

cancer's gross and pathetic, is it not love?

the you on the other side - are we together there?

where my coffee is warmed by your breath

your smile my sugar

my love is it ever too late?

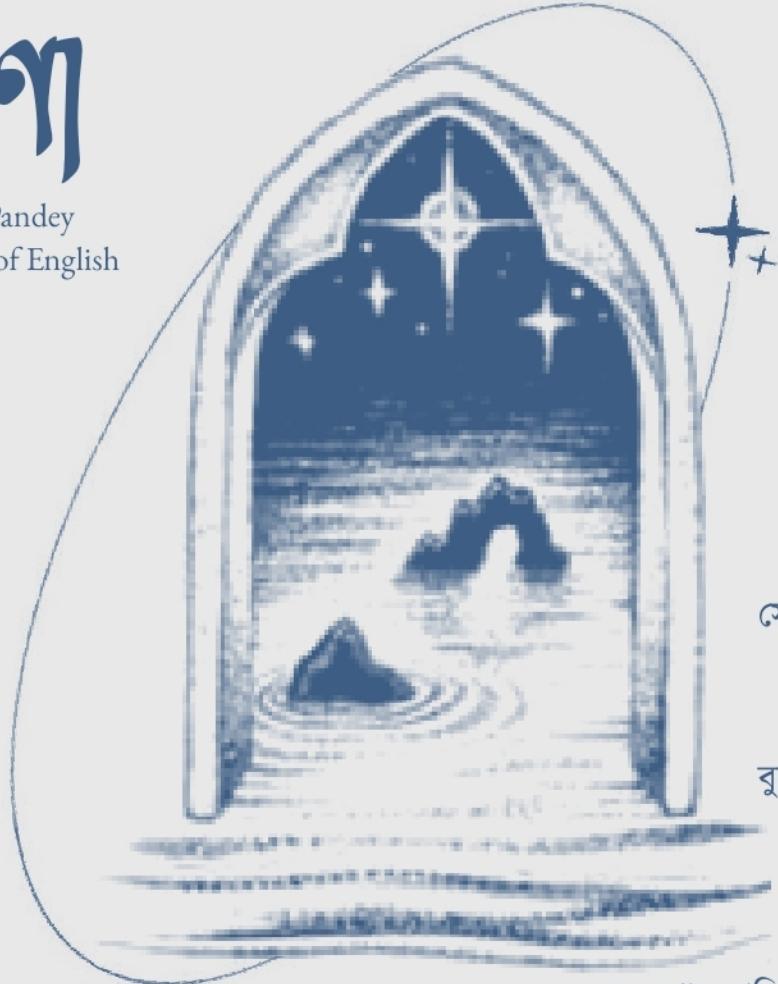
ever too late to relish being in love

and left broken in love

when i travel to the other side, i hope you order
coffee this time

নেশা

Meghamala Pandey
Department of English



আজকাল আছি বড় নেশায়
সে নেশা মাদকের থেকেও বেশি স্থায়ী,
চুম্বনের চেয়েও দৃঢ় !

বুকের ভেতরে আগলে রাখতে রাখতে
একদা নেশায় রূপান্তরিত !

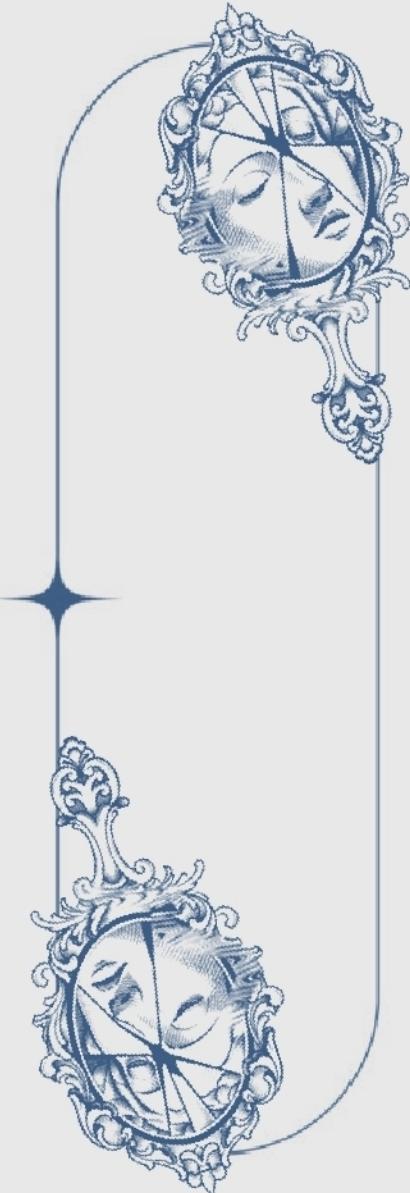
মনের সাথে মন সায় দিয়ে যায়
সে নেশায় নাকি তার আবারও মাতাল হওয়ার ইচ্ছে ।

হাজার-হাজার আলোকবর্ষ দূরে দাঁড়িয়ে থাকা মানুষটা,
পাশে এসেছিল কোনো এক মহাজাগতিক শক্তির মায়ায়,

সে আজ আবার সরে গেছে দূরে,
আমি রয়ে গেছি
এখনও যেন,
কার অন্তহীন অপেক্ষায় ॥

Is it time already

Srotriya Mukhopadhyay
Department of English



Is it time already?
For I see the rainbow streets.
For I see posters and celebrities,
For I see flesh and bones of pandals.
But where is its soul?

The Autumn breeze is cold,
My clothes still in fold,
Holding onto hopes bold.
But truth be told—
Where is its soul!

The melancholic clouds
Have taken over the cotton flakes,
The tears of Sky—
Has washed away its smell.
Where the thunderbolts—
Have overpowered drumbeats.
The dim yellow narrow streets—
Have replaced Hell.
Where I keep searching—
For the missing crowd
And the background noises,
Are almost too loud.
I stand in the edge to feel—
My Devi is unsafe.

Let's Promise

Saloni Roy

Department of Economics



A world of impermanence is where we stand,
We fight and cry, and grasp an uncertain hand
In a realm of transience, we search for what's true
And find our meaning, in all we do.

In uncertainty's dark and troubled night
We live in disharmony, without a guiding light
In a world meant for everyone to share
We love ourselves, but show we care.

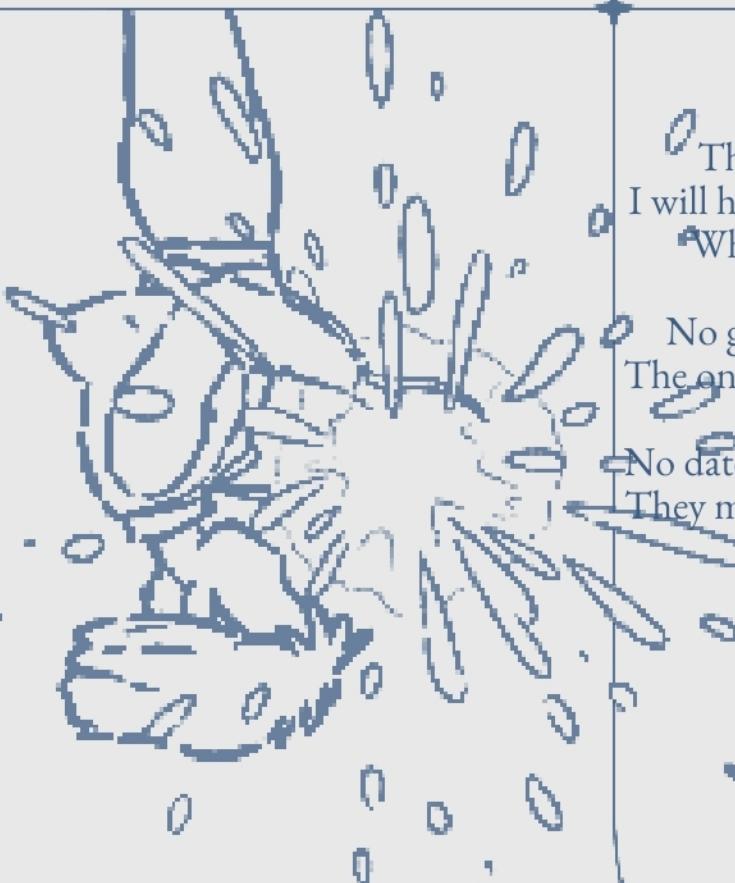
Yet, we're gifted with life by God above,
Nurtured by parents, protected by endless love
Let's make a promise to our inner soul
To build a world where love makes us whole..

In harmony's embrace, we find our way
Together we shall stand, come what may
May we cherish each day and live with grace,
And make the most of life's precious days...

Were I the god

Shinjini Sarkar

Department of Psychology, MA



Were I the god, of my own world of fantasy,
One supposedly beautiful and wondrous,
Then in my church, of believers yet unknowing,
I will have a graveyard, the only place not still empty,
Where all my dreams lie interred in restless sleep.

No graves~~stones~~ for them, and they bear no names.
The only thing that sets them apart are the days they
died.
No dates of birth either – they were never even born.
They must spend the living deaths they are forced to
called existence,
In these graves I have callously dug for them.

They flash before my eyes
In a cruel mockery of the life
I was unable to give them
Shapeless, colourless, half-formed,
Their destinies all unrealized.

They call out to me, asking – begging – to be saved.
For a moment, a spark blooms to life within me,
Lighting up the figure of a half-formed camellia,
But I know, were I to give her it, I would only
Prolong her false life, and rob her of her noble death.



Half a spear wisps up ahead in ghostly blue,
The blade without its point, the shaft unformed.
I should have embedded jewels below her head
And led her to attain her true, deserving power.
A simple spear made into high magic.

A mask, shifting – now bat, now beetle, now hawk –
Through the slits I see the wearer's pained eyes.
I keep her – I keep him – I keep them in every self –
Away from their love, and here they must languish,
In their silent agony of being incomplete.

The sun is a bright boy; friend of the elements,
Darkened by the rain, beloved of the moon.
I have tracked his journey through the sky
But he will never cast shadows on a dial,
Because of me, and now here he must lie.

An open grave holds only sheets of paper.
Love and hatred, apology and ignorance.
A story is told by the many hands
Who speak truth, lies and everything else.
It is not a story that will ever be read.

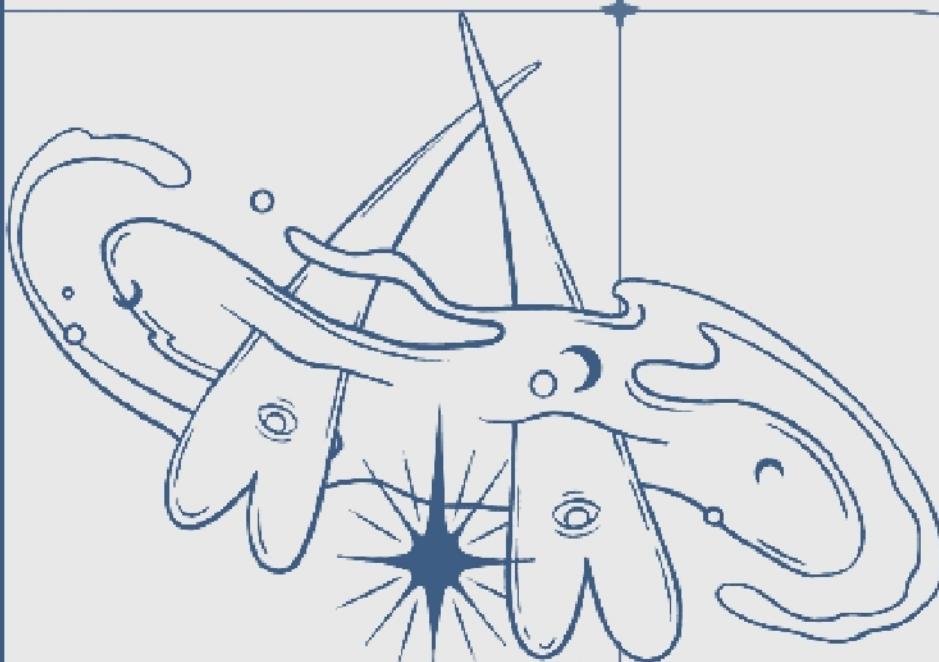
I know the sorrow of every unmarked grave,
Their despair, their rage, their resentment
Howling to me, again and again, never quieting.
Give me life. Complete me. Let me be born.
I cannot grant their wishes. I am far too weak.

Voices of the Mountain :

Many Tongues Under One Sky

Munazzah Shamim

Department of English

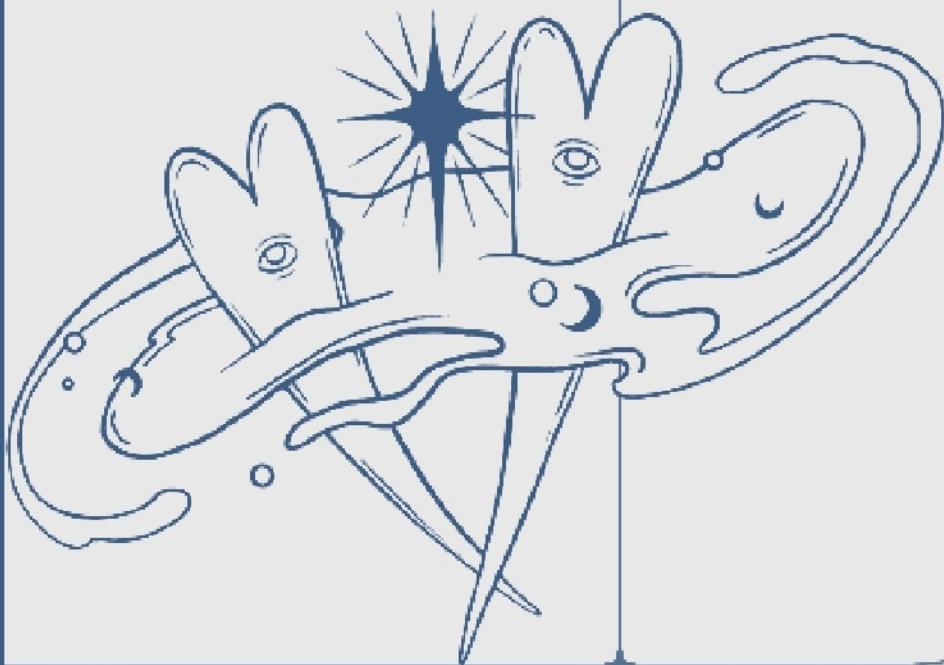


Clouds drift—
whispers splinter.
Is that Ao? Lotha? Khasi?
The air thickens with names
spoken,
half-heard.

A woman sells oranges.
Her hands speak first.
Words trail after,
soft, slipping between
Mizo and English,
between price and story.

In the village,
a child sings
in a tongue I don't know.
Does it matter?
The tune lingers,
translates through skin and sky.

Streets braid languages—
shop signs in Nagamese,
jokes in Garo,
dreams murmured in Assamese,
each voice a thread.



The hills speak
without choosing sides.
Words fall like rain,
seep into soil,
grow new tongues.

Grandmother said:
“To speak is to belong.
To listen is to understand.”

Yet sometimes,
language is the river:
flowing, shifting,
refusing to be held.

I listen.
Catch fragments.
Lose them again.

And still,
under this vast, shared sky,
every voice finds
its echo.

I pick up all those conjured lies

Zarin Ashia

Department of English



I pick up all those conjured lies, put them in my mouth and gulp them down my throat. Until it rests in the walls of my heart. Praying, hoping I start believing them as well.

he wasn't real. he wasn't real. he wasn't real.

I stare at my soiled hands, that dig and dig some more. To reach the deepest of earth, to its core. Burying the memories of him smiling, at the sunset by the shore. I take a last glance at the dirt cladded clothes, and throw myself at the newly formed grave.

for every memory of his, is inside me. to bury them is to put my life at stake.

I eye the screen monitoring my heart rate. They run some tests and an ECG. I'm all fine they tell me. They're oblivious that this organ holds an ache. I run my fingers over my throbbing chest, and the pain intensifies when I look at the door.
And I see,

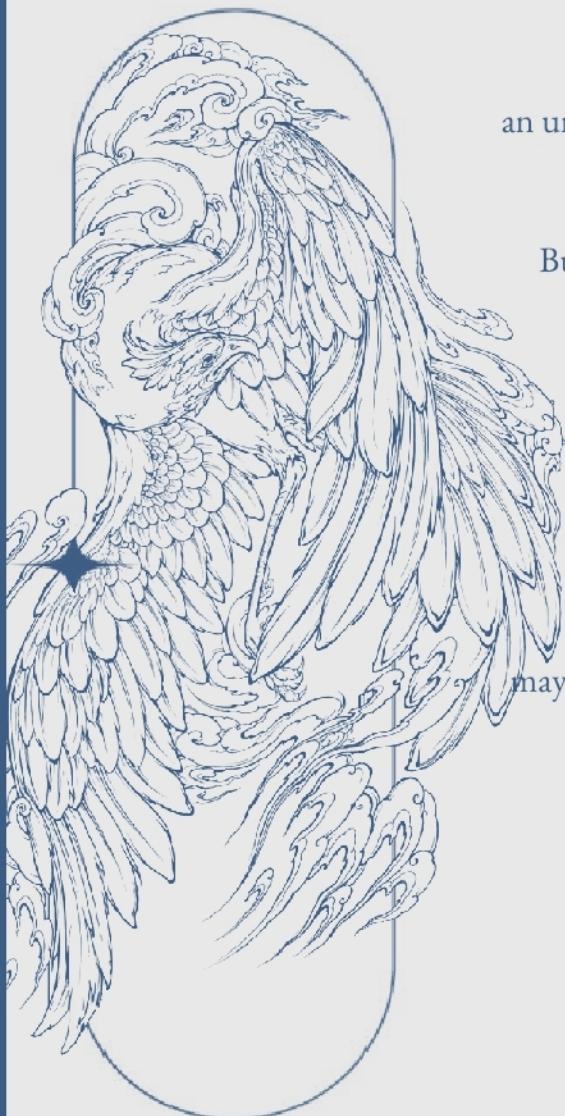


I see my poetry leaving me.

Soliloquies of a Broken Heart

Swastika Mukherjee

Department of Economics



At sixteen, I stood in solitude, in the crypt of solemn darkness weeping
within the hush of my brazen chambers,
watching the tapestry of my world slowly crumble.

A cruel jest of fate, a wretched undoing,
an unphased glimmer of hope, with the edge of a knife so tantalizing.

Yet from the dolorous woe, I rose—

A Phoenix, supporting itself in the crucible of sorrow.
But here I turned twenty, and they shot one of my wings, bleeding
away in teardrops, as I tiptoe against the razor-thin edge.

How weary it is, how it tires me so—
to rise, to burn, to rise, only to burn once more.

Come another strike, and I may yet forsake
this ceaseless waltz with destiny
aimlessly chasing the specter of bliss.

Always destined to narrate, never be the muse,
maybe the purpose I live with in life, is not to chase love in ballrooms
but pen down ephemeral stories of it, until my fingertips bruise.

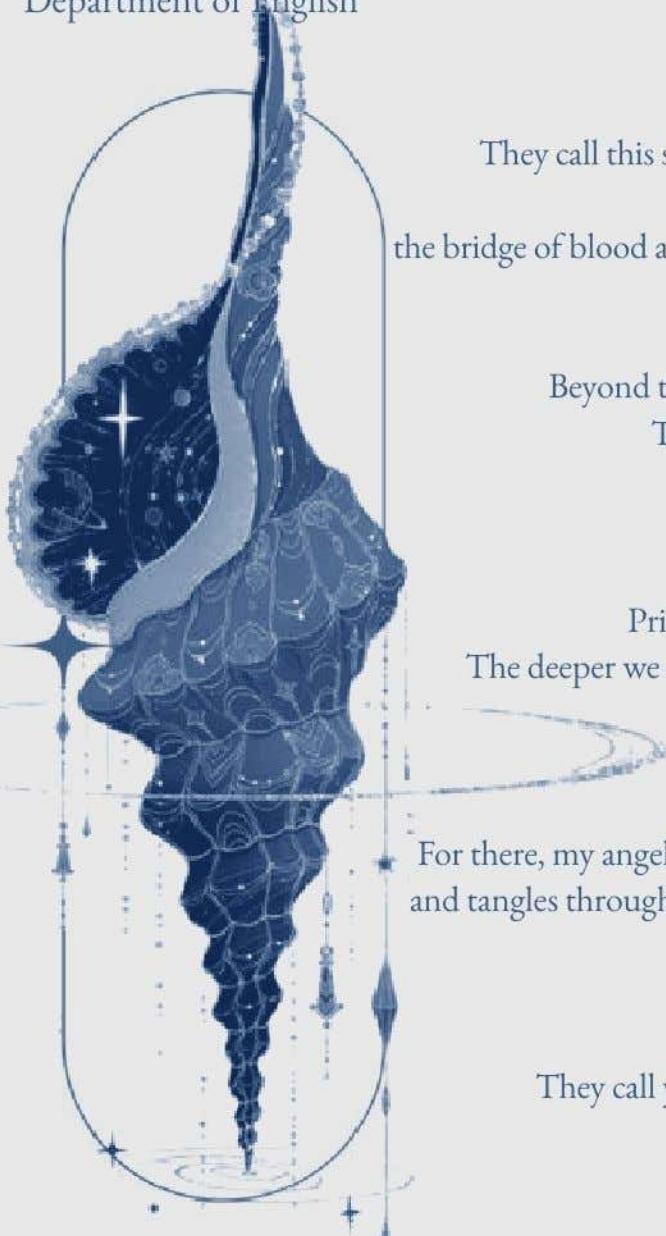
It almost stings like euphemism
giving me a book to write which I wished to be a character in—
some wills, just as a Phoenix's plume,
seem steadfast, unyielding—yet a single bullet
may trespass their ardent veneer with disarming ease.

Perhaps I was always just meant to exist
in the dim-lit alcove of a forsaken room,
not to clasp the calloused hand of love, but to eulogize it—not to burn
in passion,
but to weep in its requiem.

They call your shade of blue Marian

Sangya Pal

Department of English



They call this shade of blue Marian, obscuring the distance between two;
 The scented colour, cobalt bold, alacrite —
 the bridge of blood and the womb wanes in these waters of a deep, deep hue —
 Paralyses my heart from an oxidised white.

Beyond the sea — unearthly colour — hungry grows the bereft soil;
 There is no green to calm this cool; no red to blush it warm.
 O heart, heart, heart, move toward heaven not,
 The tune goes light, and upon losing the sound, white.

Priestess of beauty, draw me after, but no farther than the sea:
 The deeper we go, the blacker the moat, the closer I follow you to infinity.
 O heart, heart, heart, ill suited, I pray, traverse not,
 Lest the starry-eyed basilisk stones me,

For there, my angel, aglow like a frosty star, reflects upon the grating waves —
 and tangles through your saree's pleats as bursts of gerberas with a lilac heat —
 And limned by celeste, flew;
 No Mediterranean sun would ever set on you.

They call your shade of blue Marian, the one you sent upon my way,
 For there is no such place as far away.

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