



Kristu Jayanti College

AUTONOMOUS Bengaluru

Reaccredited 'A' Grade by NAAC | Affiliated to Bengaluru North University

# *Krysalis*

Vol 3 | Issue 1, Sept '20



Krysalis: An in-house publication by the Department of  
English (PG)

*Kristu Jayanti College (Autonomous)*



Design: Sheba Serlin



Sheba Serlin

*Sheba Serlin*

## I looked at her and found my next poem

They say you shine like a beam of light into a prism,  
Anyone who passes by is hit by the hue of your soul.

She's a shade of scarlet, you and I could never be.  
How do you tell a butterfly not to flutter it's wings?

A silent rebellion, paradox of thoughts.  
Melody one can't bound, serene yet raging.

She fades like a petrichor but lingers in memories.  
You're a treasure over the glistening ocean under  
a sky full of stars.

She dreams in colour's that drive away the blues.  
She's made of poetry, but my verses are premature  
and this poem needs extra verses to describe her.

I'll write my verses in Arabic for you,  
So you can decipher them in accordance to  
the assonance of the Azan.

Am a full piece of art, she says.  
Girl, you aren't just art, you're a museum full of art  
with galaxies under your skin.

People remember art and forget artists

*Keziah Grace Shibu*

## Virtual Journey

Cling! Cling! Cling!  
Rang the virtual doorbell.  
Her flight announced the journey.  
The girl's fingers were  
ready for the departure.

Snapchat and YouTube are the  
destinations where  
she likes to have a quick rest  
before landing on her  
favourite land, WhatsApp  
and Instagram.  
Snapchat captured her awesome pics  
whereas YouTube entertained her.

As the fingers touched  
the surface of WhatsApp,  
her friends sent out their invitations  
through video calls and voice messages.  
Whereas the Instagram land  
updates latest trends and info  
which helps her to catch a glimpse  
on her friends and her stars.

She was forced to return  
from Instagram as soon as  
she heard the voice of  
her not so preferred  
spot, Zoom!

After hours of journey,  
the girl heard an alarm  
of her flight's engine  
crying for fuel  
which forced her to  
end the virtual tour,  
and enter into the  
world of Reality.

*Sandra Binoj*





## MY SHINING KNIGHT

Waiting for my secret keeper  
 The wretched self crawled  
     across the  
     melancholic dry land.  
 Identity distorted and hid  
     behind the giant walls.  
 Time crept, wept and slipped  
 into my caravan of fantasy.  
 Dreams and griefs pulled it  
     swiftly,  
     and it galloped through  
     the twilight breeze.  
 I sailed through the blush of  
     dusk.  
     The air in pink and violet  
     sung me a lullaby.  
 My dozy eyes saw my secret  
     keeper,  
     far away,  
     hidden behind the unhappy  
     clouds.  
 A cold melody of the gloomy  
     breeze,  
     woke me up,  
     and those wanderers  
     disappeared  
     into an aimless route.

Darkness surrounded me,  
 and the darkness within me,  
 whispered the secret path.  
 I climbed all those fluffy  
 clouds  
 and reached near my silver  
 beauty.  
 I pushed all those woeful  
 clouds,  
 and opened the door of my  
 secret keeper.  
 Light poured out like water.  
 It filled the melancholic land.  
 We sailed and sailed aimlessly,  
 and knocked up all dreamers.  
 We sailed to a mountain top,  
 to shout out all miseries.  
 But the chain on my left leg  
 pulled me back to my room  
 corner.  
 The drug traveled like an  
 arrow,  
 and pushed me back to my  
 madly world.  
 Slowly my eyes lost its track  
 and took me to a drowsy  
 world.

*Alka Gopi*

## Smile

An immediate skill  
I gained it with minimal practice  
Not much pain  
An easy curve expanding up  
From east to west

Tracing down the lane  
A history of smile in everybody's life,  
It sets to bloom  
At the infancy of every men  
A part of any life on earth

A child's device to communicate  
The first language, easily acquired  
A response to the mother's look  
A response when fed happily  
A response to dad's call  
A reciprocal smile,  
That becomes a cause  
for other smiles to bloom

In the past  
Women under rigid rules and shut  
among the four walls  
Only knew to smile  
To smile and suffer  
The same community of less power  
Rising staunch and sovereign  
Now knows to smile and fight

Men in the earlier days  
Smiled...  
Jeering at women's pain  
But now fathers smile  
On every gallant act of their  
daughters

Men smile proudly on their  
beloved's freedom  
Sons smile when they see  
Their mothers happy

An incredible beauty it  
stores in itself  
Smile  
Creates bond  
Destroys too  
It marks the beginning  
It is also the end

Smile has a mile in it  
Ever noticed?  
It says;  
Though it is short mile  
running on the face  
It has long miles to cover in  
life  
So,  
Never lose a smile

*Seba Saji*





Sheba Serlin

*Sheba*

## An excuse to all my unfinished poetry

Random words scribbled,  
 On the corner of my notes,  
 In the middle of my art.  
 Incomplete lines,  
 Unfathomable feelings.  
 All hidden away,  
 Under the dust of insecurities,  
 Under my paint of uncertainty.  
 Will I ever complete them?  
 Sit down and see the death of them?  
 I'm too scared.  
 Too scared to kill,  
 My shining sunflower,  
 Head over heels with her lover.  
 Too scared to kill,  
 The moon in tranquility,  
 Caressing my cheeks.  
 Too scared to kill,  
 The little me's giggles,  
 As my Papa kisses my feet.  
 Too scared to kill,  
 My four lined poetry,  
 With the ink of reality.  
 I hope to leave them incomplete,  
 Guard them with my very life,  
 My happy pills in little lines.

*Sheba Serlin*

## The Dark Maiden

His name was abnus, as nightmares haunt him,  
 as sombre as kohl. crowds around pointing,  
 He was in love with the night sky, laughing and thus a recluse.  
 her ebony gown, studded For aeons, she has been  
 with sequins, sweeping the antonym of beauty,  
 the floor of the sky. her shade dark as tar.  
 She walked gracefully They shut their eyes  
 from one end to the other, as she appeared on the horizon  
 enveloping fragments of and woke only when her  
 blue into blackness. fair sister shone bright.  
 People called him a loon Her name disgraced as  
 for loving her, gazing into the old man robbed,  
 her starry eyes the virgin deprived of her  
 but she understood his true worth innocence,  
 He watched her every night, plots hatched and carried out  
 their love infinite, against the silent, black canvas  
 never enough to unite. splatted with the blood of evil.  
 She knew the ache of his heart, Her glorious colours,  
 the secret tears, they failed to perceive.  
 shared the pain of a fellow The patterns of the hunter,  
 outcast. his dog and chariot,  
 Saw him from birth, wonderfully sewn onto her,  
 ridiculed for the colour of his skin, the stories she longed to tell,  
 his pillow wet in his sleep, unspoken.

*Riya Merin*





I wanna be kind. Kind without reason. Kind without regrets. Kind without returns. My whole existence revolving around walking that extra mile, turning the other cheek, forgiving without apologies, loving without expectations. I wanna reach out to every soul in sight, let them in, shelter them, feed them with warmth, clothe them with hope, keep them under my wings; until they grow strong and violent, until they rip out my heart and bathe in my blood, until they pluck out my feathers, eat all my flesh, until all that remains is bones and ripped out skin. I wanna be KIND until then.

*Sheba Serlin*

## Happiness is...

When with no reason  
 There is a satisfaction  
 Being with family, friends, kin  
 Simply being loved  
 Smile offered to others  
 Getting it back too  
 Fun, laughter...  
 How happy is this world  
 Without materialistic pleasures  
 Lets live...  
 Just for the sake of  
 Simple happiness

*Seba Saji*



*Sheba Serlin*



## Absurdity

My pen pierces primrose  
 thorns  
 on a fragile skin  
 bleeding the paper in blue  
 blood.

As I stitch emotions  
 splashed with grey waters  
 in between the lines  
 wailing  
 Sirens of helplessness.

Words are too heavy  
 Chewing lemongrass  
 Which I plucked from the  
 fields of heartbreak.

Go create a concrete  
 mixture with  
 Metaphors brewing in Oak  
 barrels  
 behind my mind at  
 high flames of despair.

Cascading into a martini of  
 poisoned poetry,  
 Burnt heart soaked in  
 beeswax candles  
 adds kerosene to the  
 mulberry hopes  
 of an everlasting love.

And gold pink dreams,  
 Dipped in whirlpool of lies.  
 Hung on the branches of my  
 wet eyelashes,  
 Igniting a wildfire in my  
 scarlet soul.

Gushing out of a cracked  
 bottle of my frozen heart,  
 Baths my midnight into your  
 muse.  
 With the shrill violins of my  
 tears,  
 And I shimmer my pain in  
 the slivery waves of the  
 moonlight.

*Keziah Grace Shibu*