

expressions

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At the foot of Calvary

Pain rips the heart
Its searing fingers
Pump an erratic tune.

Gasps of shallow breath
Tear a path out
Clouds of hysteria buzz around

Blood bathed eyes
Look up for mercy
A forgotten prayer barely lifts.

Flesh cling on
By mere threads helpless



Bone grind against bone a jarring
whisper.

Hope seems far beyond
A shadowy silhouette
Of three uprisen trees.

A promise once made
Grips a steely clench
Of redemption, resurrection,
recompense.

Silent salvation descends
Serene acceptance dawns
Savior, save my soul.

— Sharmin K Thampi



For you...

I remember treading into a class
Of bright eyed youngsters.
Bright eyed, from pot or thought,
Or enthusiasm,
I think I may never know.

I remember training them in life skills,
At hindsight,
A training I could much do with
Considering I try to chisel out diamonds
From hard willed coal.

I remember wondering how long
it would take, mixing equal portions of
Sarcasm and criticism
To kick start rusty brains
From challenges, long unchallenged.

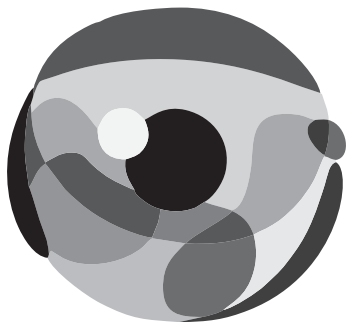
I remember feeling pride
When some of them suddenly glow
From an idea that hit, the proverbial bulb
All lit, a million dollar grin,
That says it all.

I remember causing pain
From tough love I try, just to get them
Reaching for more than what is given,
And aim for higher than what is shown.
Tough love, it's not easy.

I remember laughing at jokes,
Mild humour and bullying and know
That I will complain about an unruly bunch
But also miss the moments fun, still look
Forward to the next.

I remember and will remember,
It is a stage of your lives and mine,
Where we both argued, shared, taught and learned.

But hey, am not really into xoxo's
So, here's cheers to the memories.



Framed

I see a smile I remember,
A mischief of the eye,
Head thrown back in laughter,
Hope radiate in that slide.

It stands immobile,
Shutter shot of a moment,
Joy captured at its peak,
Frozen in time for eternity.

I do not recognize it anymore,
A vague memory of a time
Long gone. Something is
Broken in me. Can't be fixed.

Smile, an emoticon, on a phone.
Sour taste in my mouth when I
Stretch to imitate. Painted laugh
Like a clown. Dark humour.

I pick the frame. Is it me?
A memory tugs at my soul,
Million needle pricks on my
Skin. A flicker of a smile.

Decayed

Rows of faces
Stand
In sad agony.
Behind
Behind
Behind

A palm with a face
Life etched in crooked lines
Serrated cuts
Tell a tale.

Scraping noise
Of beggary
Move.

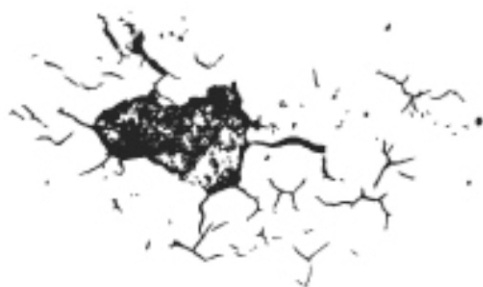
Eyes that sink
Into putrid holes
Of disease
Seek poultice.

Is there a dawn
A dream so fake
That cheats even
Make believe.

None.
What is sour today
Will ripen
And soon fall off.

Good!
One less body part to worry
about!

— Sharmin K Thampi



Gouri Priya

I REMEMBER....

I remember, once death came inviting at my doorstep. I
could only dissappoint him in return.

I remember, once I made a tryst with words. But now my
ears are deaf to the music of words. I remember, once an
unknown joy helped me halt the time. But now he defeats
me in every single race we run together.

I remember, once I had a box full of surprises. But now the
sight of it bores me to death.

I remember, once my dream gifted me a beautiful world of
illusion. But, just now, I saw reality wiping out the paint.

I remember, once my eyes bore the light of innocence. But
now it beams out deception.

I remember, once I lived; but now I am only a living corpse.

Silpa Babu Thadathil

TO REMEMBER

I remember the days already gone by
My good old school days,
I remember how everyone said, “this is gonna be
the best part of your life.”
And I thought that best was yet to come.

I remember how life changed its course
From what it was to what it is now
I remember how everyone said, “life is not just about
playing and being happy.”
And I thought that happiness had just begun.

I remember how touch-me-not I was
when life played tiny pranks on me.
I remember how everyone said, “you will never be
better off like this.”
And I thought I would always be like this.

I remember how when I got 'this'
I always wanted 'that'.
I remember how everyone said, “you cannot have
everything you want.”
And I thought life would give whatever I ask for.

I remember how I desired for a life that
detached me from the worldly.
I remember how everyone said, “to understand the pain
of a cat, you need to be the cat.”
And I thought what could be better than giving up all.

I remember how I strived to be best
The best of all I can.
I remember how everyone said, “in order to succeed 1 time,
you will have to fail 10 times.”
And I thought to succeed one need not fail.

Shubham Poonia

- I can stop talking to you from the next day and not feel the loss and you could say the same thing for me , but for some reasons we dragged on with our friendship since no one between the two of us is brave enough to walk out , say no , we are not meant to be , this is over and never look back. We do waste a lot of time in **relationships** that only ask and not give anything back .
- As actions or story does not make a movie successful. Similarly writing style or pens used to pen down a story does not enhances it; they are **words** which makes it epic.
- Relationships are like pictures. when you zoom in too much that is get too close to the girl you get to see a distorted view of the girl because her overall beauty which was earlier apparent now goes beyond your range of vision and you notice all kinds of flaws in her.

When you maintain a steady distance you receive a certain level of respect from the other side and as you get closer your value keeps on depreciating too breed contempt familiarity. At the same time do not be too humble because then you may be taken for granted .

- LIFE gives you answer in THREE ways:
It says YES! And gives whatever you want.
It says NO! And gives something better.
WAIT and get the best.

QUOTES

- “We are afraid because we want to , we are sacred because we made so but dear friends we are never made or forced to hate someone , we do so because we want to .”
- “I still looking for what I am looking for .”
- “Life is like a pendulum and this world is its extremes.”
- “There are many a things that don't turn out your way or differ from

the way you dreamt off , but in future you will realize that it was all for your good.”

- “**Every Exit** is an **Entry** somewhere.”
- “A heart break is a blessing from God , it's just his way of letting you realize that he saved you from the wrong one.”
- “Usually a girls beauty is inversely proportional to her wisdom.”
- “Having no image is better than having a negative one.”
- “Image of a person changes at a slower pace than the person himself.”
- **BEHIND EVERY SUCCESSFUL GUY, THERE IS A GIRL WHO REJECTS HIM!**
- “The only reason misunderstanding to arise is that we fail to empathies'.”
- “There are only two ways to live in world either you dominate or get dominated.”
- “Grass always seems greener on the other side of the fence.”
- “It's not what you say that counts, but how you say it matters the most.”
- **TASTE FAILURE TO SWALLOW SUCCESS!**
- “Don't be bothered about words if your conscience is clear.”
- “Struggle is the prime fuel for attraction.”
- “Relationships are like an agricultural land for which you need to pay upfront investment as well as pool in continual effort to keep reaping the harvest , or else even your initial investment would go in vain!”

George Thomas

Earth, a box.

I say it's a box.

Unlike you or your kin, I believe that earth is a box.

Not flat not a tennis ball pressed from opposite sides.

With sun rising and birds flying on the inside of it's folded-cover.

And lands meeting the oceans at the edges.

The sides are the four directions, and the corners are the sub-directions.

It smells just like how inside of a box would, an inside of a box fragrance.

Like mud and paper.

Dust and clay.

Wood and sawdust.

The poles never existed and never did the earth rotate on any axis.

It stays and just waits.

"Oblate Spheroid"

No.

Just a Cuboid with perfect length, width and height.

Covered in a wrapper with star prints and comet prints.

No tennis ball pressed from opposite sides. "Which ones?"

A perfect box with perfect mysteries.

With caves full of history and ponds running with same old stories.

A brown box covered in an incorruptible wrapper, with star prints and comet prints.

Earth, a box.

My friend, whom I knew from long time ago

George Thomas

How are you? How is the weather around you?

Is the Summer giving you new ideas of trips,

To places shown in websites,

Titled as 'Best Places to Visit During Summer for College Students.'

Are you trying for an internship?

I heard you are studying Law, Constitution, Justice.

Are you helping the people around?

Do you think of the poor,

The sick,

The tormented?

Do you write letters,

And shun social media,
When your heart wants to say words,
Unbounded, Free, Emotional,
Like a song of a sparrow.
Do you watch midnight shows?
Do you click on links which lead you to,
Poems about life and universe?
Do you walk or rather prefer a car?
If you do then,
Do you like the rain on your face,
When you roll down those windows.
And the Sun when you come back home,
And sip on coffee, or tea, or maybe just water.
Do you breathe in books like I do?
Do you write quotes on the ones you read?
Do you smile at the old and laugh with the young?
Do you smell of lavender?
And do you dance on shitty mainstream pop music?
Do you or not, remember that we were once friends.
That before parting ways, unknown,
Of its course,
We ate each other's mothers',
Early morning fittings into small lunch boxes.
That we walked around metals,
Bent to look like see saws and slides,
To look like fun,
To look like wild adventures.
That we jumped up and down,
Huge, dusty stairs of the assembly ground.
That we stood near the class board,
Occasionally writing the names of our classmates,
When they whispered,
And we were in-charge.
We spent hours, that looks like few moments.
Memories passing by,
Your smile,
Your eyes,
Your ponytails flocking around.

Do you remember, my friend from long time back?
Once we called each other Best friends.

Tap Tap Tap.

Tasting the morning dew.

Tap tap tap.

The unresolved Tap cries.

Broom dances,

Tap tap tap,

Shap shap shap,

Its rhythm, like an amateur dancer,

Cleanses the never-ending waste, just for another minute, till
the sun rises and comes the plastic nuances.

Tap tap tap,

The hammer speaks,

Sweat answers,

Tap tap tap,

Another poor monger,

Beating the dead wood,

Dead, Just like his hopeless soul.

Tap tap tap,

Crowd claps.

Another pair of hands,

Raising with promises,

With intention of breaking all,

Tap tap tap,

Crowd claps.

At its own blindness.

Shahrukh khan stands in the middle of a field of 'Sarson', with his arms wide open and has a beautiful lady running toward him, charmed. Salman khan holds his buckle with two hands and shakes it to have girls falling in love with him. Aamir khan spills 'chutney' on a lady's fiancé and she falls in love with him 'Jaise filmon hota hai'. For all the fantasists inspired by them, love doesn't work that way.

'Bollywood' has for the longest time, depicted- love, relationships, family and everything else in an unrealistic, exaggerated form. This, artistically, might be a good way to get your message across, but is often subjected to misinterpretation. Especially with a fanatic audience which is exposed to idol worship before sanitation. Now, one might think that it could do no possible harm but if we look at the rising cases of reported stalking, we'd think otherwise.

I see two obvious problems that arise with exposure to the Indian film industry's idea of romance. One, the inability to take 'no' for an answer and move on. Be it Emraan Hashmi in his cult hit 'Jannat' or in what is considered the epitome of romance 'DDLJ', the protagonist persists with his 'romantic' gimmicks even after being rejected at first. While, stalking might switch the 'no' to 'yes' in the movies, in real life, it leads to 3 years imprisonment and a fine under the Indian Penal Code – Article 354D.

The second obvious problem that is seen is the belief in the phrase 'love conquers all' in a literal context. The films might show 40 odd year olds 'romancing' 20 odd year olds, or extremely unfit, unattractive people 'bagging' home attractive partners. This again, happens only in the movies. Reality is going to hit you hard if you think any of this could happen in real life.

The motive for cinema has always been to educate, inform and entertain. It has never been to help you make someone fall in love with you. You're not that important.

P.S. You want to watch a 'Khan' movie next time, give Irrfan Khan a try. It just might get you some perspective.

-Mohammed Tayyab

Failure – not an end rather a new beginning.

One of life's most inevitable part is regret. Every person that ever dawned to life, for certain has this feeling of “wish I could do more”, “a little more would have been better”. There's no denial that all of us are true to our aspirations, but sometimes, fate has its own ways. Before you discard this article for being just another sympathetic narrative of failures, let's stop for a while and look at life with a new prospective. Life never goes as planned - New experiences would never be possible if it were so. Comfort zone is of course a beautiful place but nothing ever grows there. The iron must survive the intense heat to be moulded into something worthwhile. One must get back up each time one fails, with a sense of hope that success always precedes failures. In fact, failure in itself is a sign that you're on a right track. Optimism is a characteristic that separates a visionary from a commoner.

Our lives should be like the free flowing river, which rushes through dark nights and tiring sunny days, it passes through each rock that it encounters in its way even after getting hit by it a several times.

Do not hold back when criticism strikes you in the face - it's an indicative that you chose to travel a path less travelled, a path which you explored and soon the world will follow you. Do not curtail yourself just because the world says “you can't”. If this would've been the attitude of our forefathers, we'd still be in caves. Don't be afraid to fall, a bird must fall once to fly high someday.

Let your failure and your regret be a fresh source of new lessons learnt and knowledge acquired, which could be a force to be reckoned with. Success cannot be planned but only be achieved after multiple failures that you survived. Let your regrets of today drive you towards the higher altitude and not drown you. The holy trinity of success is failures, optimism and persistent perseverance.

I won't let my heart beat for you anymore.

In the middle of the night, I won't let your memories keep me awake
anymore. I'll not care of what makes you happy,
What makes you smile and what makes you laugh,
Because I wouldn't love you anymore.

Gone are those days when you meant the world for me,
Gone is that time when a smile on your face made my day.
Yours was the name with which my day dawned,
And yours was the thought with which I closed my eyes.
Your eyes wouldn't hypnotize me anymore.
Your apologies will not melt my heart anymore.
Whether you're disappointed or angry or frowned will not make any
difference to me For I don't love you anymore.

I regret the countless sleepless nights I spent thinking about you,
I regret the many tear I shed when you left me.
The moments we'd had to gather seem like an everlasting scar
I was a fool to have thought that someday, you'd realize my love for you
And clutch me in your arms,
But it took you no time to wake me up from the whimsy dream,
You proved that I shouldn't love you anymore.

The prodigious love I once had for you, has turned into a volcano which
will never erupt again, I stream which is frozen forever.
But there will come a day when you'll remember me on a lonely day and
realize That there's no one to unconditionally love you anymore.
I would not love you anymore

-Ismail Vilayat Hussain

The hero lost in time
Thy what seems to be a begger is a hero lost in time
Tht he may not remember that he was a great warrior
But his skin speaks of the world he was once a hero
he sitting on the roadside with his filthy expressions
Not knowing any knowledge of the people who pass by
Lost in his own sature world
Of the mistakes that he committed and cannot let go of it
The wars he fought valiently although he knew what could be the outcome
Not even looking the coins that thy have dropped
His eyes open but still closed to the real world
He does not know what he eats or drinks
His hands tremble due to the pain he suffers although still strong
His torn clothes ,unshaved moustache and stinking body
The corner of the road which has been his home for a year now
Not even uttering a word he waits....
Waits for his sigh or forgiveness to move on.....

Rape

What good are we if this also goes in vein like a case
the humanity with the hope of love has fallen
will we be albe to trust anybody after this
A 6 year old girl
the child which is considered the hand of god
was raped
have we lost the terror of god
we as humans were to create milestones
look what milestones are we making
this thy is not just the shame for women
but to every man who survives
If we cannot make a change
if just looking at the broadcast
and feeling aggitated is what we have become
the the predicted future of death should happen now
cos the hope is lost and the battle cannot be led
if the world n't unites.....

Dead inside

You are so dry my friend
I see you and I feel you
Standing there alone with no one to care
You see the whole world passing by
And still dry with the emptiness you stand
Not even a single life in you is alive
No one to show care
Or With you to stand
You feel like dead monster in the night
Which has been enslaved to this humanity
The raindrops now show no effect
On your existence
You stand on the crossroads,
dead yet alive
The nature rejected you
And you with your selfless life
Stand and wait to be removed
Because I can't take it anymore
Why do I care
Is the question u ask
Why do I love you
Because you are in my heart
You are so compassionate my find
That I would go till the edge of the highest mountain
To have you
Would fight all the wars to make you mine
....
Did I not love you enough that the trust is lost
Your hate is beyond my expression
Did I not try enough to make it last
I think of you over and over again
My minds apocalypse has reached its end
I shall take it no more no more
So dear rose
I end it here
Although how much I prayed for it to go on
I end it here
With the feeling that you will live happy at last
I drink this to you
Cause I can take it no more no more...

-Puneet Pathak

-Roshini Ross

A poem so fine that it's really not.

How have you been.

Good

You say

How have you been

Fine.

I say.

Fine?

Like the calm before the storm

When you're not actually fine

But just holding it together

Until hate

pours down on your face like acid?

Fine?

Like you honestly couldn't care less

If my life falls entirely apart

From yours and you're

Secretly happy that

I'm missing you

More than you're missing me?

Fine?

I'm scared of loving someone

Not because there's a possibility

Of losing them

But because

There's a possibility of losing myself again

Fine?

I would tell you

You didn't break my heart.

I broke it on my own.

But I'm just

Too numb

To say anything

So I'll just say

Fine.

Just fine.

Love is sappy and messy.
When you get your heart broken
Multiple times
Over a span of finite love
you have to put a full stop before the sentence really
ends
And you realise
that you are not the same girl anymore.
You tell yourself, "I'm not falling for you all over
again because you had your chance. You had me, all
of me, but you left. And now you have to live with it,
because I finally left too."
Maybe everything happens for a reason.
But in truth,
It's actually really hard to erase someone from your
life.
It's impossible to delete all those memories from your
brain.
You could go weeks, months and even years
Without consciously thinking about him
But then you find that one picture
You forgot to delete,
that one song
You listened together on repeat,
an article of their clothing he let you borrow when it
stated raining
Or God forbid, you see him every excruciating day
and know that your love for him has gone away
Just as a hurricane make an entire city become a
wasteland
The love you had for him has disappeared along with
your tears.
But yet you see him
And here comes the memories
Floating back
Like a tsunami
that swallows everything in it's path
Drowning you

In the purgatory
You've made
For your silly heart
These memories come back
Like repeated slaps to your face
Until they are all you think about
And you have to start over and over again
But you still keep removing each brick
from the wall
that shielded you
From what he really was
Maybe when that wall Is finally demolished
You can see the twilight again
And feel the electricity coursing through your veins.
But till then,
Keep your head up, my dear.
Move those bricks
One by one
But promise me
When love presents itself to you again
Do not run.

-Jeyapaul Caleb

I Sought

I sought for a rhyme,
A rhythm to a time.
I found it not.
I sought for a beat,
For a music sweet.
I found it not.
I sought for a song,
With lyrics strong.'
I found it not.
I wrote what I sought.
I sought what I wrote.
I found it not.

I met Stupid and Careless

"Who are you?"

"I am stupid."

"Are you the one responsible for the state I am in?"

"I don't answer questions. I am Stupid," said Stupid as he got up to leave. At the door, he looked back and shouted, "If you need me, just summon. I'm always within you."

The room was next occupied by a gentleman most carelessly dressed.

"And who are you?"

"I'm Careless," said the carelessly dressed gentleman.

"And are you, in any way, responsible for the plight I am in?"

"Don't know. Must have misplaced the answer somewhere. I think I'll leave. Call if you need. I'll be around," said Careless as he carelessly slipped out of the room.

It's been days since I met Stupid and Careless. I still am sitting here waiting for my answer. Reason walked in the other day and reasoned, "maybe both Stupid and Careless were responsible."

But we never really are satisfied with maybes, are we?

LISTEN TO THE SILENCE, IT HAS MUCH TO SAY.....

-Christy Maria Antony

It is very hard to accept the fact that we believe in ourselves depending on others opinion or through their perspective. It is rightly said by someone, that in order to succeed in life, one must believe on himself/herself. 90% of the sorrow comes to people who don't know themselves, their abilities and talents. Most of us have become strangers to our own lives. We are not confident on our capabilities. When we compare ourselves with others we start losing our confidence and start doubting our selves. Through this we are denying our uniqueness and importance. When we are in any problem, we look to others to answer our questions and solve our problems.

How do we really know what we will become in life? Someone might say that you may become a doctor in future. If it becomes true it's not because that person said that it's because you worked hard for it keeping it as a goal and hence you achieved it. Remember that nothing splendid has ever been achieved by anyone except by those who had faith in themselves and had worked upon their faith,

Most people enjoy only praise, but only few appreciate criticism. The truth is that both admiration and criticism influence our self esteem. If we only accept praise, then we are cheating on ourselves and deny valuable lessons which are acceptable in our life. It is our thought that makes our life. Gautama Buddha once said "All that we are is a result of what we have thought". Days are the precious currency of our life. How we spend the day determines the quality of our life. We must know that failure is another opportunity to success. Narendra Modi, the present P.M. of India said "Failure is the stepping stone to success in life".

One day we can start a new chapter of our life. That day is today! That moment is now! We just have to be silent and introspect ourselves in order to know ourselves. The famous poet Pablo Neruda in the poem 'Keeping Quiet' said, in that hour of introspection and silence we will find time to understand ourselves better and escape sadness and the threaten of death. Thus time has come to change our minds and thoughts. There is nothing great to be superior to somebody. The real credit is becoming superior to ourselves.

-Demetrius Jacob

Free

He looked down below,
From a place as white as snow,
At a sphere turning to rust,
Vanishing into Dust.
Nations against nations,
Flesh against flesh,
going through deformations.
An uproar of war,
Deteriorating life, there was no law.
Every corner with crooks of disgust,
waiting for a reason,
To show them treason.
Eyes raged with lust,
Victims soon covered with dust,
Blood being spattered with envious knives,
The deceiver taking away lives.
He had enough, he said.
He will show them light once again,
The angels brought from above-
On one holy night.
Through a virgin he sent his only begotten son,
As pure as a dove.
Shepherds came with their flocks by night,
As Herod left his scar.
Wise men came from afar,
What a wonderful sight,
As shone from above was a star.
And though he did nothing wrong,
The angry crowd chose him.
Nailed him to a tree,
And from then all we were free

MY MOTHER – THE GIFT OF MY LIFE



Waking up early morning by her call,
Refreshes my mind all day long
Her touch soothes my pain
Her kind words purifies my heart like rain
Nothing can hurt me as she is my defender
As for me, she is an all rounder
Keeps telling me what is right and what is wrong
Never leaves my hand at any zone
Generosity and calmness adorns her beauty
Performs wonders and creates mystery
How can she manage everything so easily
Remains a secret mysteriously
Her unconditional love, gives me strength
The values that she teach me, Is my wealth
She scolds me and corrects me
Guides me and cares me
And above all, prays day and night
Only for me
We cry and laugh together
We share our fun memories together
Something like magnet always connects us
Some super natural power joins us
I believe destiny has tied us together
And I hope this bond remains forever
She will consider me as her little girl
Even if I' m fifty years old
And that's why I love her the most
For me, she is God's angel of my life
And I am proud to say, she is none other than
My Mother- The gift of my life.



SANDRA SUSAN GEORGE

-Amal Devasia

CLEANING THE MIRROR: A REFLECTION

Sleeping hitherto till the sun burns your bum is a delight any day, not when you are working though!

[Chuckles]

I woke up today embracing the sun rays which were reluctant to leave me. None the less I shut the windows killing the light.

Closed with curtains!

Sun rays still cut through the curtains.

Anyways I feel better this time around.

I brushed and shaved my beard.

Then I noticed my mirror, it was distorted because of the dust that it collected from outside.

~ After a while ~

I cleaned my mirror and could see a clear reflection of my face.

An undistorted image of myself.

I plugged in my earphones as I was lying in my bed, suddenly an insight struck me.

I pulled out the ear buds from my ears and started to think about my conscience.

I couldn't see anything, it was distorted with dust collected from the life around me and the life about me.

Unlike my mirror I can't clean my conscience with a cloth.

Contemplating about my conscience attracts more dust.

I concealed my conscience with "Masks" which I switch from time to time.

Like the sun rays piercing through my curtains, the dust is getting collected no matter how hard I try to curb them.

PLACIDIY SHOPS

I walked down the lane, took a sip of the electrolyte shake proceeding to a shop.

My PDA was flooding with notifications about my high blood pressure and un rhythmic beatings of my heart.

My oxygen levels were normal since my oxy jets were re filled yesterday.

It's very difficult to spot a placidity shop these days. It took me 50 hours to track down one in my country.

I was welcomed by a group of nuns who wore robes which was made of some sort of animal skin. I think its leather, it's the closest to leather which I have seen in a decade. A nun who hid his face walked me to the placidity chamber.

The head of the institution was sitting on the side of a chamber, his face covered with a veil.

I started to tell him all my all the cross talks inside my head. He heard everything like curious child.

Just like the priests in Catholic church who used to listen confessions.

I felt so happy once I was done with unloading the burden from my head.

At night I could feel peace with myself, no more warning pulse notifications in my PDA after that day.

I slept like a baby but without a sleeping bag this time.

I finally felt happiness without the help of pills and machines.

My virtual assistant booked an advanced appointment for me for next year in the placidity shop to buy peace.

Oh! I forgot to take the nutri pills.