

CAMEO



VOLUME 2, ISSUE I

FROM PRINCIPAL'S DESK



It gives me immense pleasure that English Department is continuing with Cameo, its online publication which showcases the creativity of the students in both visual and verbal modes of expression. I encourage the students to continue their endeavours in their journey into both academic and creative fulfilment.

Dr. Anula Maurya,
Principal

YELLOW ROSES

Go on.
Crush that yellow rose between your fingers.
Let those cloud-petals land on my human feet.
That sticky, yellow syrup dripping down your arm,
Oh! The beauty of destruction.
Yellow to rust, rust to dust; the journey of a flower.
You buy me yellow roses.
You buy life to sell it to death.
Death is your sublime.
You see death in me.
Those frigid hands of my murderer smell so sweet.
Death must smell sweet.
You crush me, squeeze me, press me.
And yet, in my garden I grow a row of yellow roses.
I am shrivelled. I am dead. I have turned to earth.
I rot. I smell. I am mortal.
Pearly dewdrops drop from your eyes as you see me dead.
A rose-stick bearing a fully bloomed yellow rose twirls in between
your fingers.
You never knew I was a yellow rose, too.
Your yellow rose.
You gave me one last crush with your large feet and were'gone.

---Shubhi Makholia, III B.A. English (H)



I raised a daughter.
I raised my son.
I raised a fowl.
I raised a bird.

She covers her mouth before her laughter is heard.
Her smile is slight.
Her dress long enough.
Her scars are hideous unlike his 'markers of courage'.
That acne doesn't let her
Go out to play.
He walks around.
She carries herself.
He strolls on paths, she struggles to follow.

She's thirteen and her distress begot
A man spanked her grace.
She wept that day
The same day my lad learned to dive.
That moment he leaned into his fear.
The girl had come to recognise hers.

She's seventeen and abhors her body
Paints her visage a pretty pink.
Yet her frown asks her existence
'Is that enough to fit in?'
He now calls himself a man.
No question comes up.

One day he will pursue achievement.
She shall be married too.
He will earn recognition.
She will have a family too.
They are my kids.
I raised them up.

I raised a daughter
I raised my son.
I raised no daughter
But only my son.

I raised no daughter
I raised no son.
I raised a coward.

I raised her terror.

---Samriddhi Raj, II B.A. English (H)

OBSCURE BARD

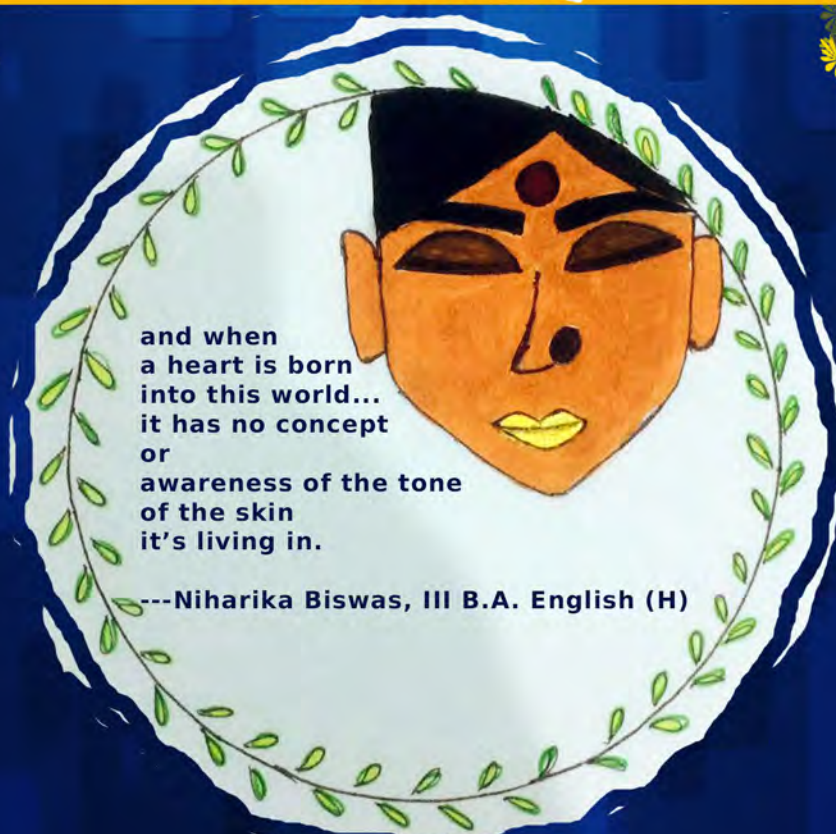
A bard who's rhymes astonishes all.
For he speak about sun so beaming and
moon so peaceful, on a best musical note .
For he only speaks about the beauty of
water segregating two range, only needing
vibes and removal of gloom.
A thought just blinked saying the truth as
of without comprehending the dark how
can he sing for bloom.
Without spending night in emptiness how
can he praise for all.
A bard who values the smile how have no
idea of a drop.
A bard who quotes such beautiful lines
carrying number of accumulated
experiences of a thing called life.
He blesses all with his work staying in a
hole spreading the light.

---Ushes Nair, III B.A. English (H)



Spinning the wheel through her teens, Unalarmed,
she remained of patriarch.
Playing in streets, vocals ushering to call her pals
to play was reminiscent to the mother sitting on the
porch.
Glaring with moist eyes, she longed her to resort to
an alien land.
The flogging, made the tender jump out of the bed.
Peeking through the partially opened door, watch-
ing her mother strewn into pieces.
The masculine figure, pondering his feet shadowed
her face.
Just to shut the gloomy reality, witnessed by her
naked eye
The wooden plank couldn't resist the echoing of the
scream, the rattling to reach the daughter's ears.
An eye through the key hole could see blood on the
floor, red marks of traumatization and a bruised
face.
An unalarmed force, don't know what made her
open the door and rush towards the kitchen.
Her father in an attempt to snag her could only feel
a knife plunged into his belly held by the same
tender hands that once combed the Barbie.
The daughter then exclaimed" mommy, now daddy
will never trouble you!"
The 13yr old stood on her feet, not because she
murdered a high authority but abolished the vio-
lence of which her mother was a victim for years.
The endurance ended and her adherence to one's
dignity advocated the sin.
---Somya, II B.A. English (H)

A HEART UNAWARE



and when
a heart is born
into this world...
it has no concept
or
awareness of the tone
of the skin
it's living in.

---Niharika Biswas, III B.A. English (H)



The English Department is one of the oldest in Kalindi College. Till recently it has had the distinction of teaching each student who has studied in this college, be it whichever course she may have taken. The English Department is known for its excellence in classroom teaching and interaction. Through its departmental society Mitrakshar (English Literary Society) has over the years organized intellectually stimulating programmes for its students. We have hosted inter-departmental programmes and fests and brought together students from various colleges to engage with and deepen our understanding of the word, its place in the world and how we may transform ourselves through literature. Although the college has a number of publications, including the newsletter as well as a student magazine, the English Department also has an online publication of which this is the second volume. This online publication is an attempt to go beyond merely academic engagement of students in their discipline via projects/project presentations. The Department enthusiastically carries on its online publication in the spirit of nurturing the innate talent of its students.

Cameo Committee:

Convener: Ms. Monica Zutshi

Members: Ms. Lakshmi Priya Balakrishnan & Mr. Prabhat Rana