

CAMEO

VOLUME V ISSUE I

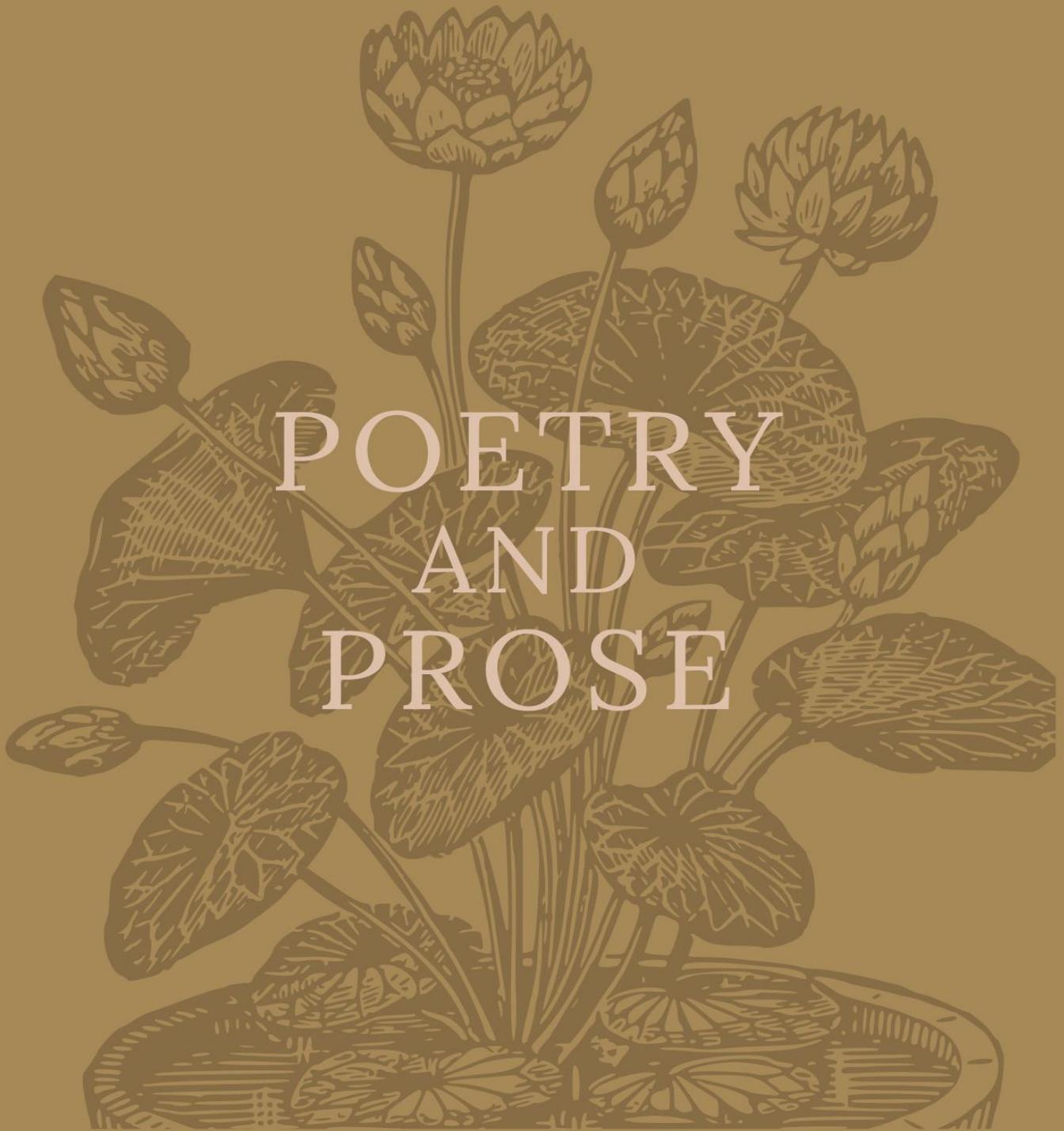




Principal's note:

“It's a matter of pleasure for me that the English Department continues to publish Cameo it's online publication which caters to the needs of creative expression of students. It is my desire that the students should continue to be on path to academics and creative expression.”

-Dr. Naina Hasija



POETRY
AND
PROSE

Broken Memories

Winter came quite early this year!
I exclaimed as I sat on the wooden chair
looking at the desolate plains of my
ancestral home.

I didn't know how this divine place, where
celebrations spurred and memories were thrown around like confetti,
got doomed, dried and fell off.

I took a piece of the confetti,
held it strongly in my palms, like how
we held ripe mangoes from the sight of
my grandmother.

When the fruity smell hits my nostrils,
my tastebuds crave for the mangoes
cut into half, sweetly fed from
slender, wrinkled hands.

A liar! I exclaimed,
I called out at my broken memories.
How come there is a fruity smell
when they are sleeping under a wintery spell.



Winter came quite early this year!

-Arja Dileep.K

BA English Honors 3rd year.



Concern

On drunken nights,
under the plain sky,
he texts random strangers,
"I'm checking on you,
You matter to me".

His concern that reeks
of alcohol and tipsiness,
passed off as a lunatic's
gesture, an intoxicated one.

The tippler concludes the
night in fabricated satisfaction
of lives saved,
of poetries penned.

As and when brain cells
poke at his conscience,
he mutters to himself,
"You matter to me."

-Arja Dileep.K

BA English Honors 3rd year.



Blocked

I'm sorry if you see her hurting, you see her hurting.

I tell you, she tries, she tries to see the art, to be the art, and make the art.

It stresses her when it isn't how it should be. Her masterpiece is inside her head and not on papers. It haunts her, it's her potential you'll never see.

She fears herself on days like these, on days like this one.

She says she's sorry if she can't find the perfect words or draw the right analogies but you see her trying, trying and struggling, until she finally screams internally. She did it.

As she lies there creating holes inside her body to fill it with art to pacify her soul, her efforts go in vain, they go in vain.

Dance like a kid, she tells herself every time she sees a kid with balloons; the adult inside her wonders if there is helium inside her as well to lift her up. Lift her up and weightless she would be.

She says, "I am sorry if the words I say don't make any sense, yet I keep saying. Yes, I keep saying something, I keep saying nothing. For there are words inside me that I choose not to say."

-Aditi Siingh

B.A. (Hons.) English 2nd Year



Bought Quietude

In today's excessively pragmatic world,
where both our conscience and humanity lie in a corner crumbled.
A world where we have all-twinkling eyes, overactive ears, and a head with a crown,
but it takes only a piece of paper to shut them all down.
Tolerance and patience are some of the values nowhere to be seen,
honesty, selflessness, and loyalty are the acts that are only limited to the big screen.
Can't wait in lines, can't stand in heat,
need a car anywhere you go as you just can't stand on your feet.
Because that's how it has become, to keep on living, to keep on breathing,
all you have to do is toss a few dollars and you'll be the king.
Money can't buy happiness, money can't buy respect they said,
that's why the richest guy makes everyone his friend, and a murderer can be a state's
head.
No one can put a price on justice, it is as pure as the clear Sun that's beaming,
that's why all the spectators on the road stand quietly while the victim dies screaming.
Virtues clearly weigh lesser than a money-filled sack,
as children today, with a dime for their parents, boast to have paid them back.
We need to burn the blindfolds of money, that's what I feel,
lest we find ourselves in a place,
where wiping blood away with it may not strike us as a big deal.

-Supriya Lariwal

B.A. English Honors 2nd year



Chandeliers

falling from heaven's hall
sold you out
winged my free fall
caressed my neck as you
gut me out
it pains to keep it low
I died twice chasing you
stranded and saved all at once at command
jailed by your spell in a false wonderland
feeble and sweet
I maliciously breathe
I'm planting your nape with a ruse you'll believe
saccharine lies at the tip of your tongue
silence my scream or believe that we're cursed
clutter my sight
as you put me through plight
and I'll be watching you tongue tied
this potion of pain that you've been blending in me
it didn't kill me, it saved me
don't you remember?
that spiraling aftertaste
that knocked us out
winged my freefall
caressed my neck as you
gut me out



put my hand on a flaming cast
but no burn till I feel your touch
don't let this fire dwindle off
the worst is yet to come
swearing on your ill lips
we'll need to save face
scarlet scars will be bleeding with new stings
and I'll be prisoned happily in the cage that you built me
until this poison mingles in my bloodstream
chandeliers
falling from heaven's hall
sold you out
don't you remember
that spiraling aftertaste
that knocked us out
could you blind me while you stab me?
could you hold me as you bury me?
resistance is a futile game that I play
I'm destined to drown in you anyway

-B (*name changed on request)

B.A(Hons.) English 2nd year



Face stealer

I wander in the deep jungle, with nothing on my mind.

I hear the sound of a waterfall and go to inspect.

I glance at the shallow pool and admire my reflection.

My eyes, now blue, sparkle in the sunlight.

My nose is tiny and my lips full.

My hair, now golden, curls around my face.

It is the definition of beautiful.

After a few minutes, I continue my journey.

As I reach the edge of the forest, I hear the tell-tale sounds of civilization.

I breach the borders and look about.

It feels like everyone stops and stares at me.

Then I hear her voice. A twinkling sound.

Her black hair reaches straight down to her waist.

Her eyes, a warm brown.

Her lips, so different from my own.

Her gaze meets mine and I smile.

She lets her guard down, invites me home.

I wait till sundown and wait for my chance.

She's kind to me and lets me stay for the night.

As she sleeps, I stand by her bed.

I trace her delicate features with the tip of my finger.

I pack my things and make the move to leave.



My eyes glance upon a mirror as I stare at myself.
My hair, now, jet black reaches down to my waist.
My lips spread into a beautiful smile.
My eyes, now, a deep chocolate brown.
I wink at the reflection and make my way outside.
I don't care about being seen.
After all, I had the woman's face.
No one would stop me.
No one *could* stop me.

-Kavya Agarwal

B.A(Hons.) English 1st Year



Proud Innocence

I went to that old fort by the lake again, like I do every day. Scribbling on empty pages, an idea of what happiness means to me and how I will always be proud of holding that power over my emotions and choosing happiness every time. But then I look at them, living their colorless lives. How I pity those adults! Always looking disgruntled like they are stuck in an endless labyrinth and now there is no turning back. They call it 'maturity', the reason behind their grey lives. I believed that they could nourish their lifeless existence if they let go of this preconceived notion of maturity and embrace the beauty of not knowing.

Then, time flew by like an albatross over the sea, changing the course of wind and disturbing the peace and serenity of the calm waters.

Now the sides have changed, I was being pinned by those youthful eyes swimming in the ocean of endless possibilities and limitless imagination. I felt so hapless because I knew the questions they had in their mind. I had them too, but now that the tables have turned, I can't fathom the disappointment my younger self would have felt seeing how things turned out. I looked at those scribbled pages again and realized the promise I made to myself, how I would never lose faith. But now I realize why maturity is a curse. I traded my innocence for it and all I gained was the realization of the rut I will be stuck in. I traded my innocence for emotions only to find myself getting evermore lost in the labyrinth.

-Rainisha Nautiyal

B.A(Hons.) English 1st Year



To Know One Is All

To know one is all
one person to another,
each has a distant sister, a brother.
All are the same, is fair...
Yet differences hurl all up in the air.
The mind then speaks,
unique the headline leaks.
To be the same is the goal,
"I disagree," says the soul.
Could this play be foul?
Is being the same shallow?
People are a vast multitude,
with as much variance in attitude,
appearances change all around
But in living we all are bound.
Hard is a human nature to decode,
to hope to get there,
but know not the road.
Mystery arises from all minds.
We hide within our inner blinds,
to control what unwinds,
only to reflect it onto whom
we choose in a bind.
In the end, it comes to friends,
The ones with whom we make all amends.



They are the world for you,
companions to travel through.

Together you build realms,
built on your palms.

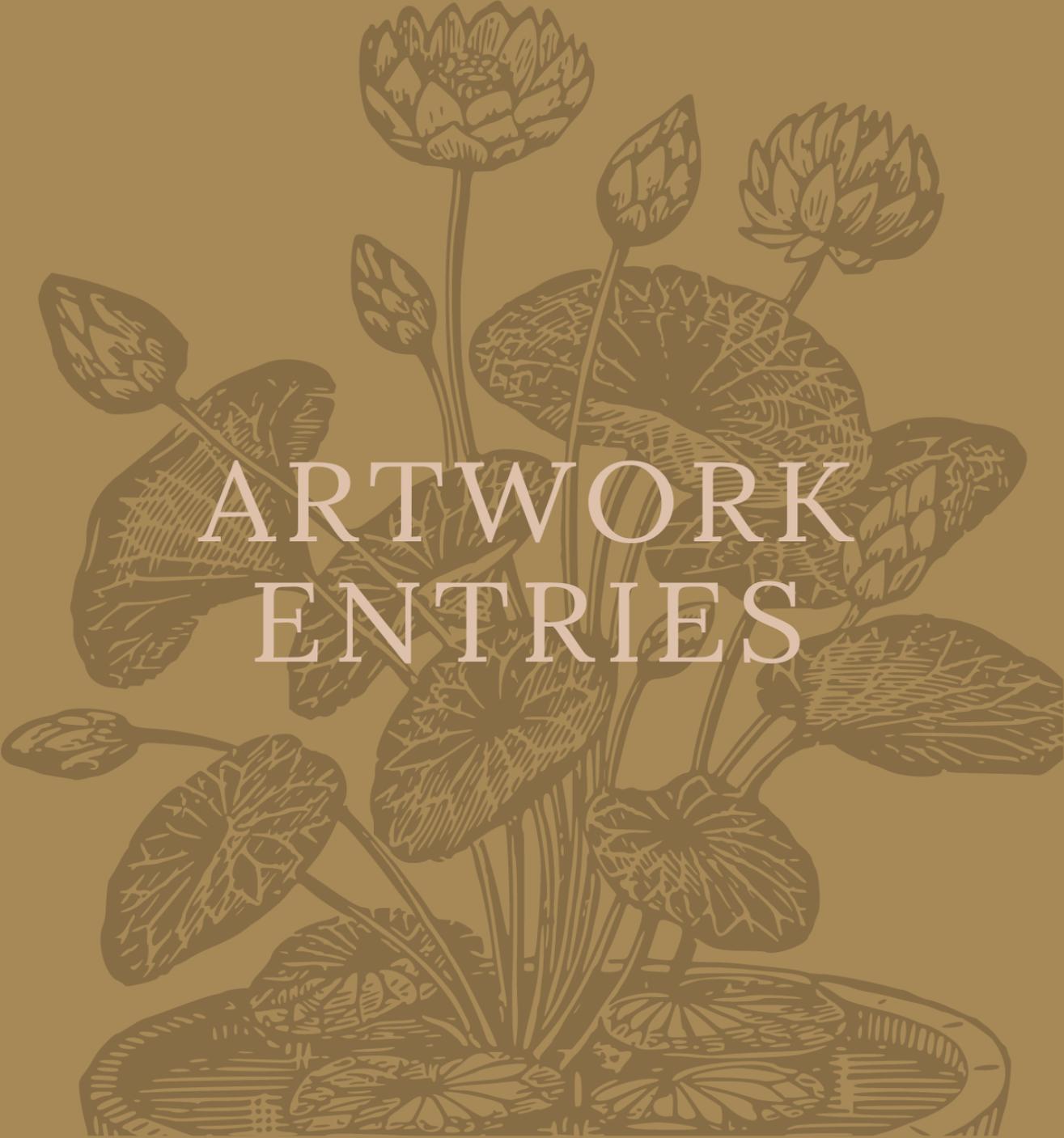
"To know all is too much,
But to know one is all."

So, pick and stick to one torch,
to help you make the call.

-Divya Narang

B.A.(Hons.) English 1st Year

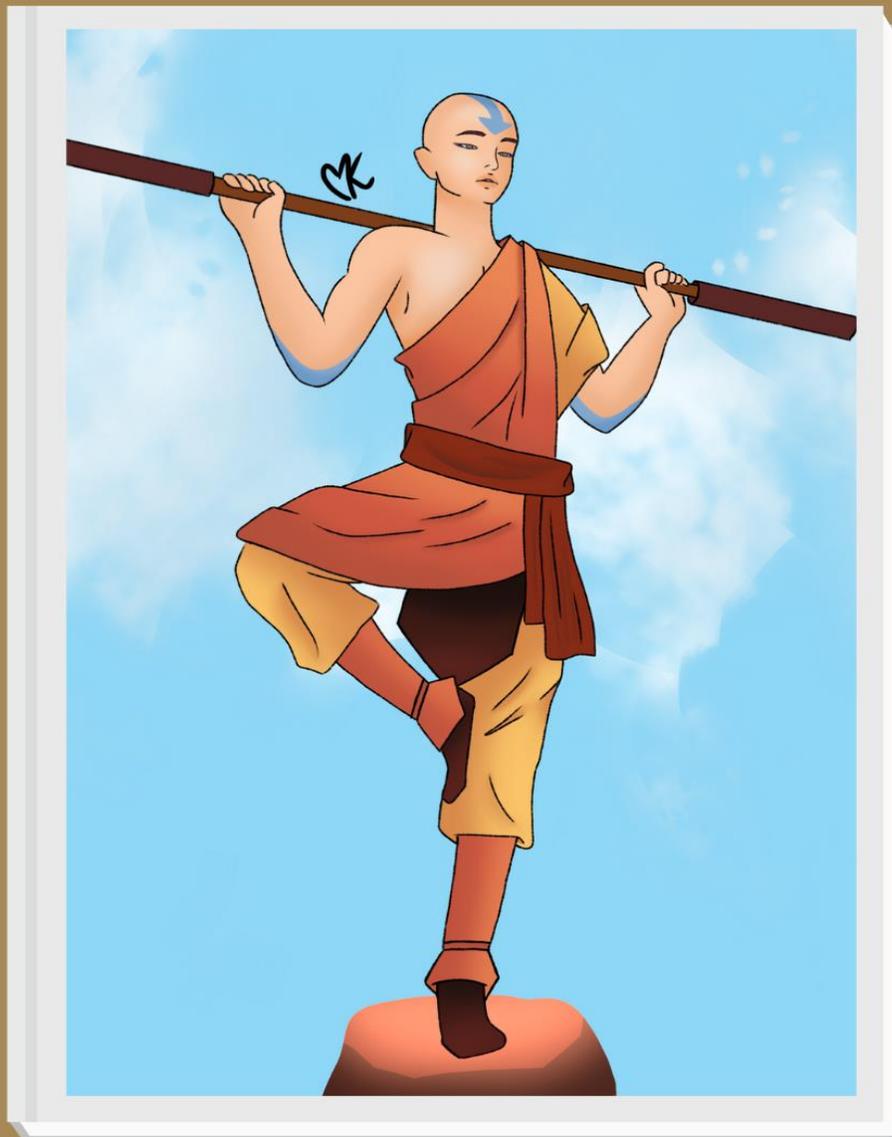




ARTWORK
ENTRIES



Snigdha Aswal
1st Year



Kavya Agarwal
1st Year

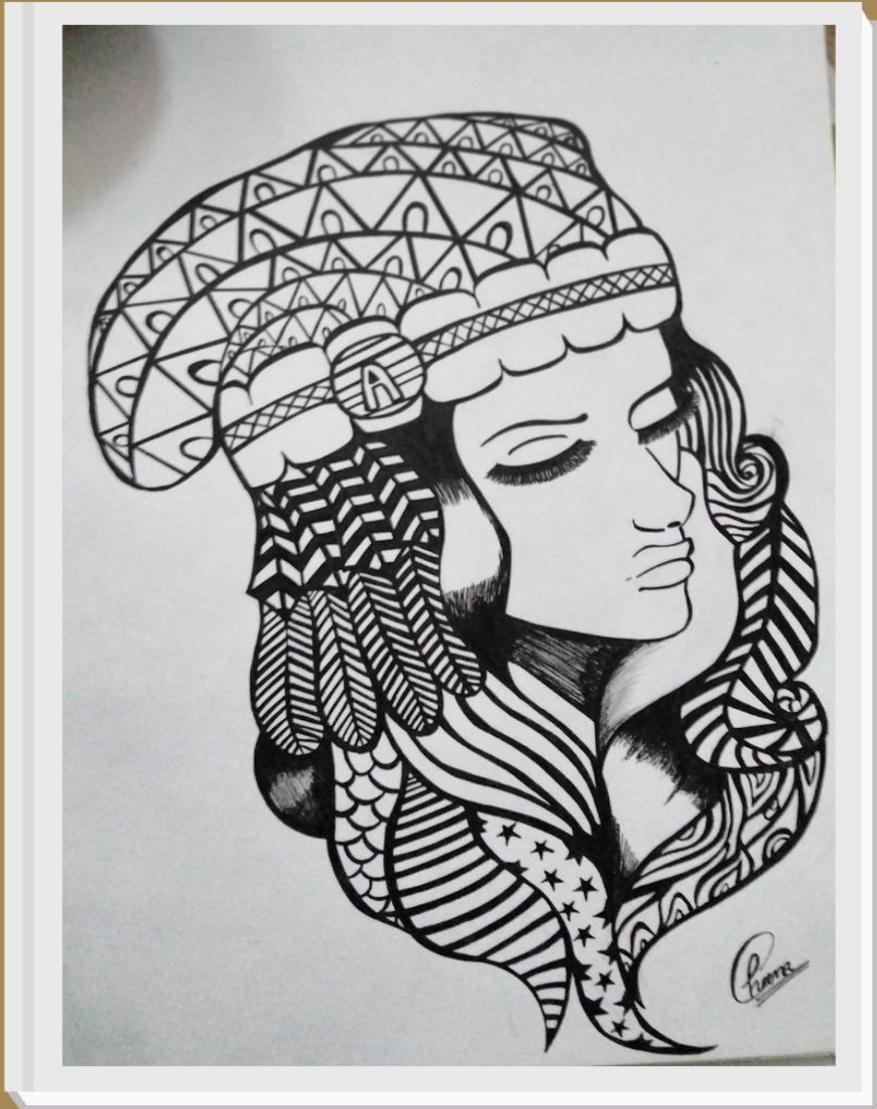


Aditi Singh
IInd Year



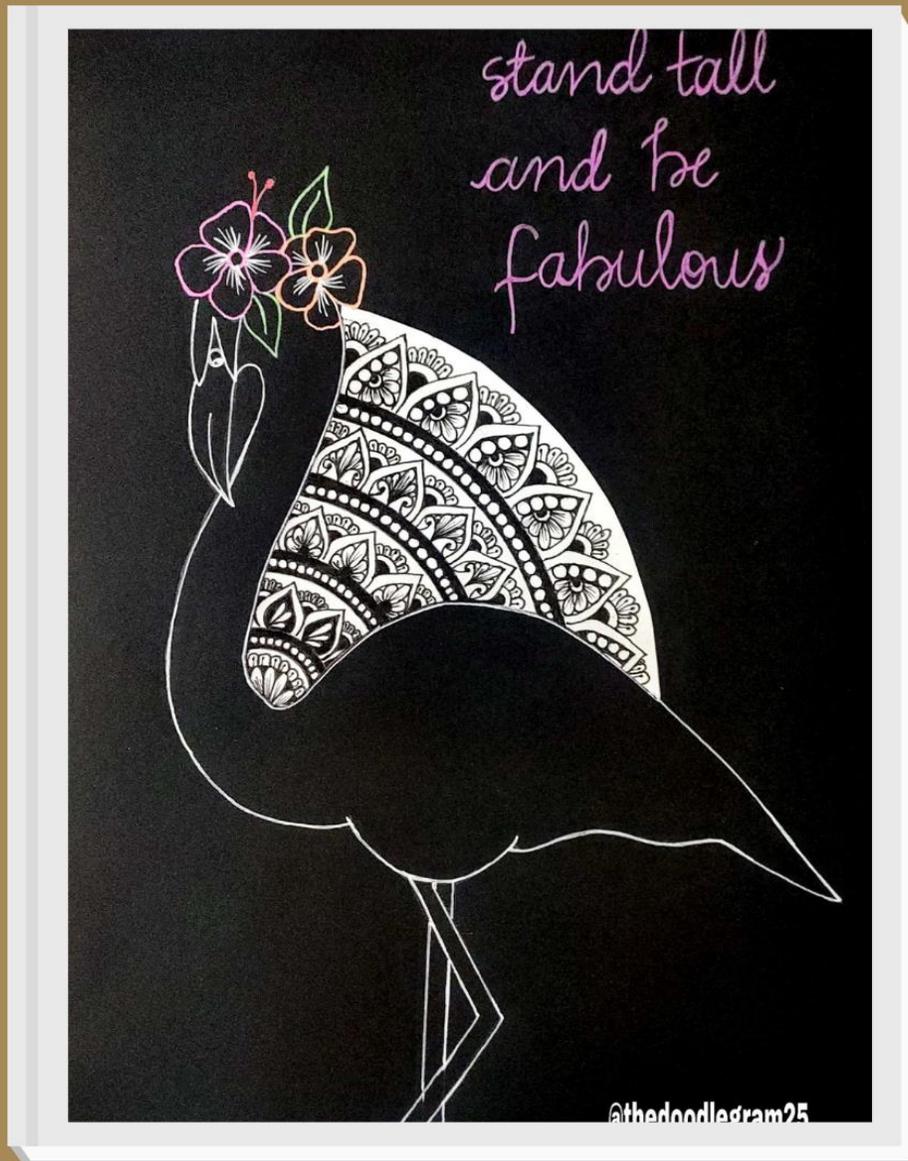


Safiya Gangar
IInd Year



Cheena Chandolia
IIIrd Year





Pradipti Kapoor
IIIrd Year



Solitude
Samiksha, IInd Year

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 fifth volume, issue I. This only publication is an attempt to go beyond merely academic engagement of the 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.

EDITING AND CURATION

Vanshika Pandey, IIIrd Year
Samiksha Gosain, IInd Year



CAMEO COMMITTEE

Ms. Shama Jan
Mr. Sushrut Bhatia