# **CAMEO**

# **Volume IV Issue II**

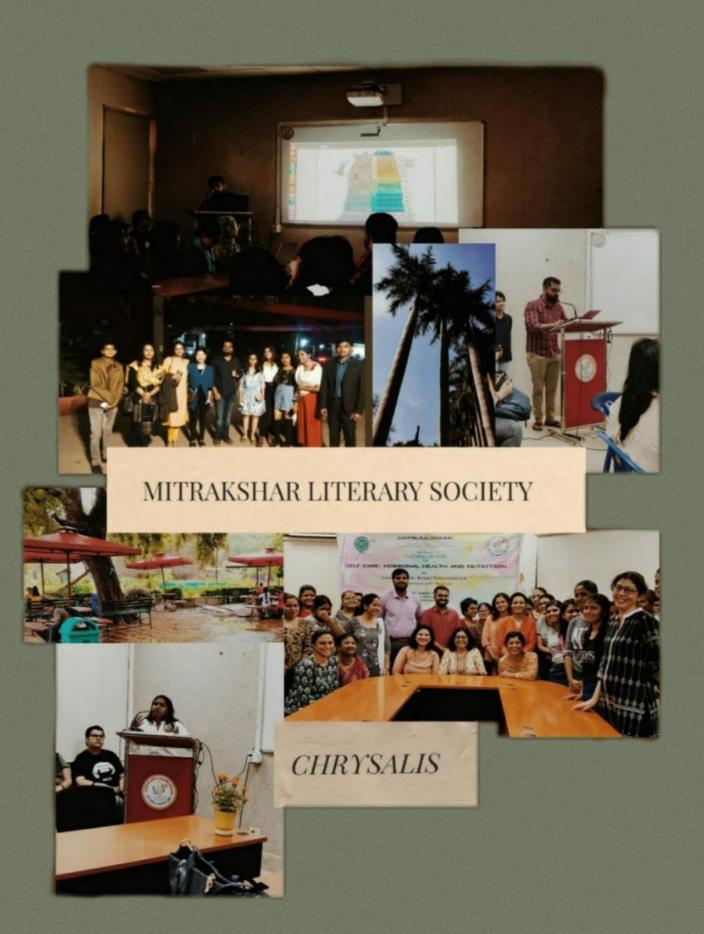
#### Principal's note:

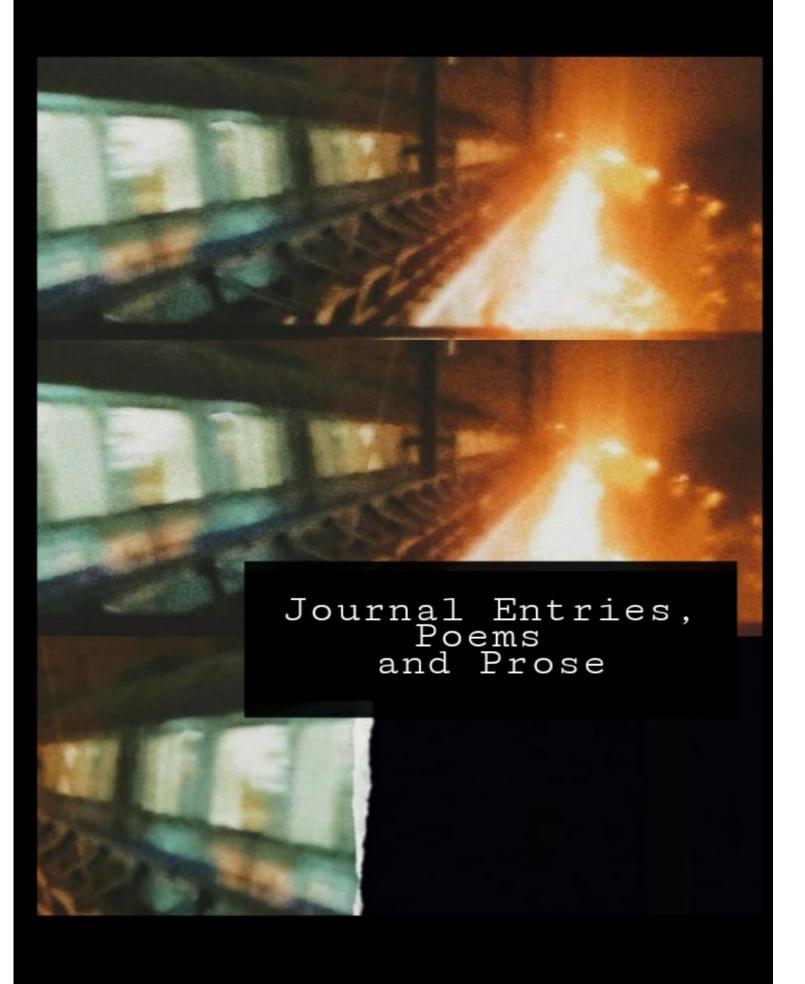


"It's a matter of pleasure for me that the English Department continues

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."

- Anjula Bansal







#### Aurora

Are you just a step away from slithering your wrist? Or a step away from eating those pills, clasped in your fist.

Or does it look like the bottle filled with poison has your freedom in it?

If you think so, then wait, take a deep breath and take out some minutes.

We need to talk, what happened, give me solid reasons, around five,

break up? resignation? fired? divorced? handicapped? But wait aren't you alive?

You are alive, isn't that just the best thing, leaving all the rest,

It's actually easy to die, living the happily, that's the real test.

Didn't hear from the interviewer?

Is there a problem, you were unable to clear?
Had an exceptionally foul fight?
Or nothing ever anymore feels right?

You need to stop over thinking

Let the feeling of hard work sink in.

And who am I to tell you to stop over thinking, what have I seen?

Well let's just say, if over thinking was a trade, I'd be the queen.

You feel you're toxic, you'll lead yourself towards destruction,

Take a deep breath mate, you're just a monument under construction.

You believed in the Santa Claus for solid 9-10 years, Now take out just 5 precious minutes to believe in yourself dear.

It's just a bad day, it isn't a bad life, do not feel sorrow,

You're getting second chance every day, it's called tomorrow.

Make mistakes at each step, don't worry about getting a roast,

Even a stopped clock is right every day, even it has a reason to boast.

You need to stop thinking about the worst scenario, about adversity,

Just relax, sit back and sip that positivi-tea.

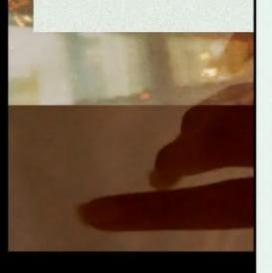
Do not get inspired by anyone, no celeb, no great historic ruler whose picture is lying on your shelf,

But get inspired by one and only your future self.

All you say is, 'it's such a short life, so much to explore',

Well turn that statement around honey and you'll have so much more.

Think of me as your harbinger, love,



And I'm just here to tell you you're like the effervescence, you're meant to rise above.

Now come on then mystique, be strong, be indomitable, be un-killable,

Cause glass is never half or full, it's actually refillable.

Because you can't change how your life started, it's the truth my friends,

But you can always change how your life ends.

by Supriya Lariwal

1st year.

#### Letters To Home

When I think of home,
I think of people, of laughter, and the sun.
Of locks that fit one key.
Change is the only constant, except here.
Of windows that have the same stain, doors with broken handle, wood chipped corners.
Home, a scar on your face,
The story of an accidental fall, how many stitches did you get?
Home. Safety of a thousand steps retraced.
Does it haunt you too?

Home. A home. My home.

Is it? Are you?

But where are you home

Did you change the color of your walls?

Or did you rip the wallpapers apart?

Home, did I ever know you?

Home.

A chess player, moving the bricks.

Home, is that you?

Home, do your walls have ears?

Did you hear the cracks, the tears?

Home, where vanished the door, what window, which floor.

HOME!

Oh but I didn't, shouldn't, wouldn't shout.

Home, do you hear me?

Will you please just listen?

What idea of home. What belief. What faith. Do I dare repeat the same mistake again?

Tushita Sinha

3<sup>rd</sup> year.

#### A Bleak

The form is familiar, the person seems alien yet. It is a portrait of the memories, the ones I act to forget.

From behind the other side,
I witness denial blocking my way
With my fall, the fall withdrew
It is the cold judgement day.

The rebukes slashing against my flesh
Pierce just a little too deep
This mountain of guilt I climb
Is only getting more and more steep.

Shushed outside and bellowing inside

Make good for the one's who talk and not speak How do you unlearn silence? How do you embrace the warmth?

When you've always been synonymous to bleak?

My clueless hands trace the origin of this voice All over my skin Yet are unable to conceal the sound

Of these thunderstorms from within.

The funeral marches of my dream
Are no wonder deafening
With every word I collapse as a whole
My body is bringing me to reckoning.
Voice is meant to be heard
While it's still in there, it says.
Making it's tombstone while you are still alive
Is you dying, in so many ways. Kavya.

1<sup>st</sup> year

My Path

What am I good at? the heart yearns for everything, but the pragmatism of brain asks for that one perfect thing and here I am, again standing at the initial checkpoint, what am I good at? sharper than sharp, the question attacks like a shark,

a shudder through my spine,
neither a mermaid nor divine
victim to a murder, we are alike,
in alleys of a mirage, my soul in the dark
one vast ocean and that one, shark
humans are have their own yins and yangs
one just should not be sad
choosing others' paths is such a sham
I just cannot be someone else,
my path is where the roads are of my choices
built on the tar of my choice,
obstacles can be tackled only by my voices
such a road can only make me flare
and my path is just there.

Jaishree Rathore

1st year

#### MY WORLD

My world is slightly different, I live there, not alone, but with imperfections that I own. Imperfections that built the walls there, and the ones that I proudly wear. Imperfections that just smile and greet, and the ones that always meet. No, they don't judge my hair, nor the PJs that I wear. Neither am I replaced by a prettier face, nor by those that win the race. I am not a loser there. they know my real worth here. I cry, but not tagged a weak person, my tears teach a greater lesson. My dreams have a different meaning, it's not like a mountain leaning. The love is not a flash of light, it develops, till it feels just right. I am happy here, for it is a fact, and it's not just some business contract. But still, I live in this fear, that one day, these walls might just tear. Some day, the reality and my world might fight. and I will lose all the positive light.

> Vanshika Pandey 2<sup>nd</sup> year



## The Pigeon

It was just another thoughtful night where my mind was occupied by the constant rhythm of anxiety and worry. 2 am was not something new for somebody who lived alone. Time was just an illusion and emotions felt more real, more apt to say that it were the different emotions that divided a day into sections. Happy mornings with a will to make more of the semester break , gloomy afternoons with cold chapatti and curd , a dawn danced off with some quirky music and then a stage of suspension .

When today and tomorrow meet I am still writing my check-list searching in a frenzy through the pinterest feed. It was raining that day, more of a hailstorm kind of day. I failed to notice a cry for shelter, a cry for help amongst the soothing white noises in my room. I opened the door and walked towards the loo. Before I got hold of the door knob something flew over me and fell as if gravity failed.

A pigeon! oh sorry, that's not how it sounded in my zoo-phobic mind that time.

#### A PIGEON!

I was used to the dark, the fear and the solace it offered and this creature was trying to steal some away from me. I tried my best to shoo it away but he was helpless. My fear did not last long like always, I was looking at it, trying to find a shelter in the rain, underneath stairs with a broken wing.

We stared at each other, assuring ourselves that, "it won't harm you".

That broken wing was a familiar one ,he reminded me of the broken pieces that I hide from the rest of the world , trying hard

to heal it. For a moment we did understand each other and he gently moved behind the stairs into a small hole on the wall similar to my own withdrawals to the comforting world I hid underneath my two layered blanket.

Assured of both our safety I went into the loo and came back to my room. I locked the first door - the railed one out of the two doors that opened to the working area, hoping to sleep.

I couldn't stop thinking about the wingless one.
Is he going to heal?, does he have anyone? Is living a life worth it?, how can I help with his wings? And from there I slipped to those English cartoons where they put plaster on the bird's wing to heal it!

From there to my own broken wings, the healing and before I knew, I was fast asleep with the sound of the wild breeze and clinking of metals.

Next morning as usual I was energetic but different from other days as I was expecting someone today. I hoped to see my latenight visitor. My search for him mirrored my search for solutions for some questions that I have been asking myself recently. I hoped he had the answers as we were the travellers in the same train. I got hold of the water bottle, gulped a little from that and unlocked my door to a sudden sound. He was there caught between the two doors mutilated and motionless.

I didn't know what to do but my heart was filled with anger and remorse for him, leaving me alone without answers, caught between struggle and pain.

Death seemed more heart wrenching this time. What I hoped to be a good example to imbibe something from, left me answerless and gave a different moral.

I blamed myself for not locking the second door, for disturbing its final solace underneath my stairs, my cycle of thoughts were



complete when it finally reached at the realization of things that I have been doing to myself .

"The flightless bird tries, It hides how tired he is, He forfeits finally and withdraws To his humble abode of comfort, To the eternal abode"

-Arja Dileep 2<sup>nd</sup> year.

#### Afternoons

Afternoons are a magical time. The yellow curtains are shut tight against the strong sunlight. A smell of wet husk wafts from the cooler along with a drizzle of water droplets.

"Mimi, come here!" Ma called out while spreading the straw mat on the floor, "You can either sleep or study but no TV for you. "

Mimi pulled at Dida's pillow and obediently lay down beside her. Dida placed her hand over Mimi's shoulder and started patting her rhythmically. The pats gradually slowed down and then disappeared altogether. Mimi could hear air whooshing out from Dida's half-open mouth.

It was time.

She slipped out from her lax grip and sneaked a look at Ma's face, she too was fast asleep. She could distinctly hear Baba's snores. Her path was clear.

She crept away to the bathroom in search of her witches' cauldron—the shiny blue bucket. Today she was determined to make a happy potion. Mimi took a box of detergent powder and a bottle of shampoo from the bathroom rack. She snuck in all the other necessary ingredients for her preparation from the kitchen.

This afternoon when Baba had come home for lunch, he and Ma had talked for a long time. Mimi saw Ma frowning and Baba pinching his nose, the way they do when they sit down with the calculator at the end of the month. Something was wrong and Mimi knew just the potion for it.

She hung up the bucket by its handle on the neck of the tap, like the murky green witch from her old picture-book used to hang her cauldron above a crackling fire. She opened the tap for water to fill up her cauldron as she stirred her potion to completion by adding the various ingredients, she had collected.

The bucket soon become too heavy and:

#### SPLASHI

It crashed down, detached from its handle and Mimi's potion decked itself all over her pinafore and the bathroom floor.

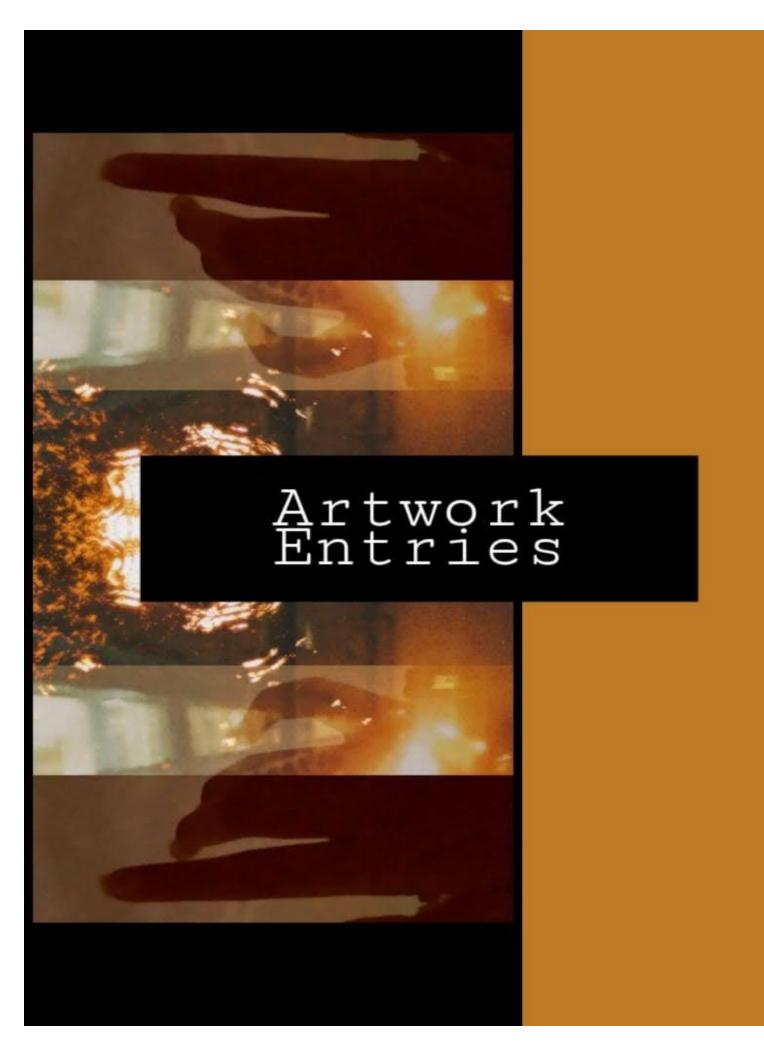
Ma and Baba rushed to the bathroom in panic on hearing the loud noise, scared to their bones. Mimi stood there too shocked to move and timidly followed the eyes of her parents as they looked over the mess she had made.

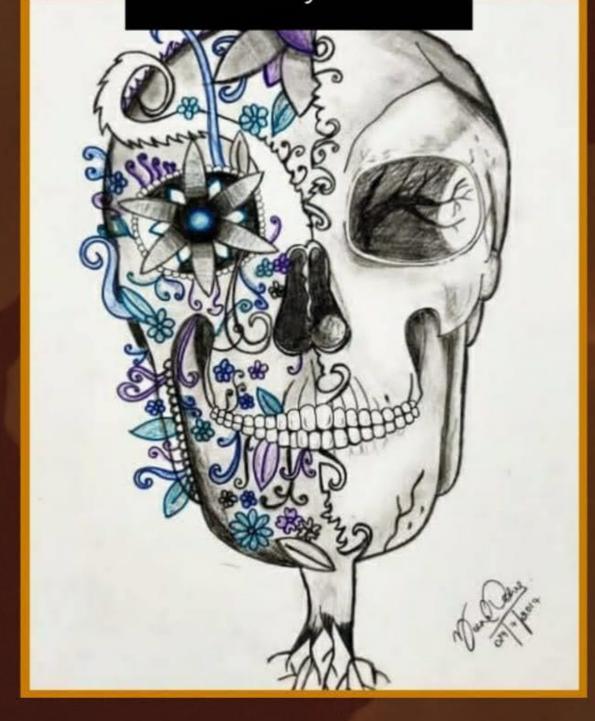
They looked at the slimy mixture, the broken bucket then at each other and burst out laughing.

Afternoons are a magical time.

Antara Dutta 2nd year.

<sup>1</sup> Dida - Used to refer to one's maternal grandmother in Bengali







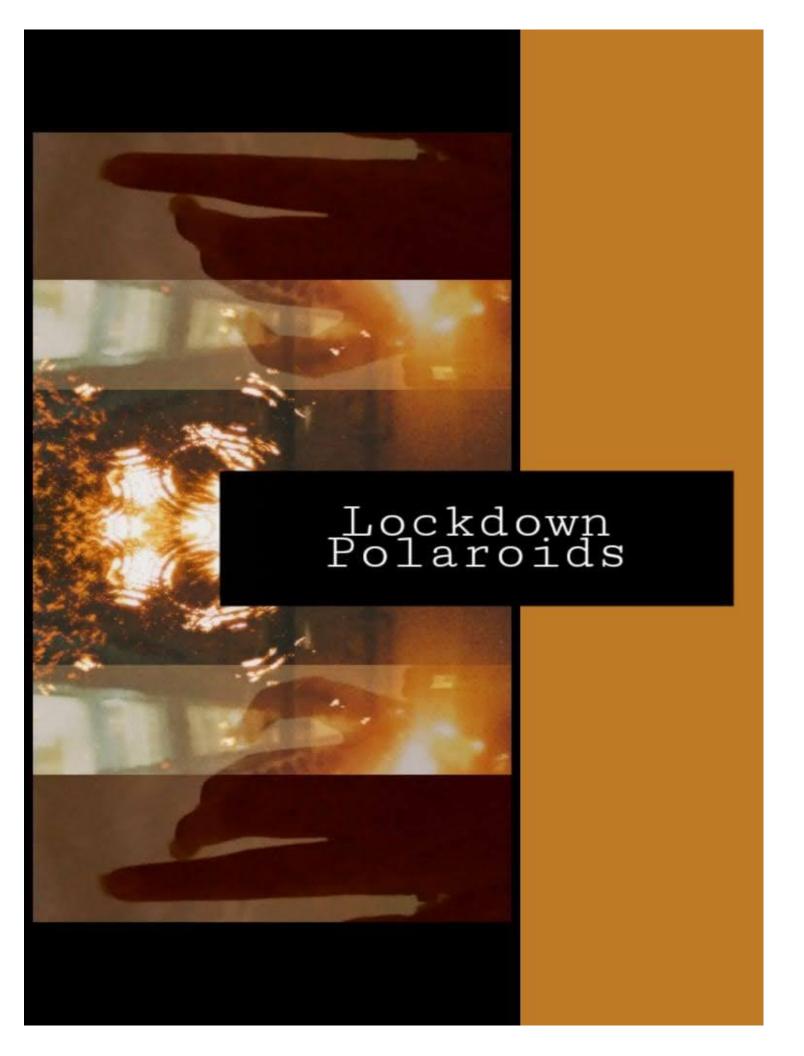
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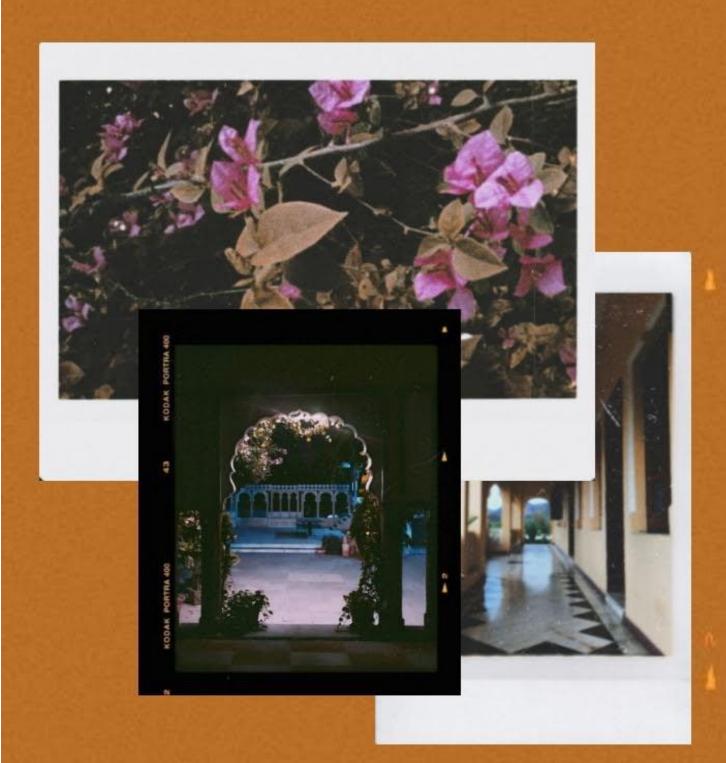


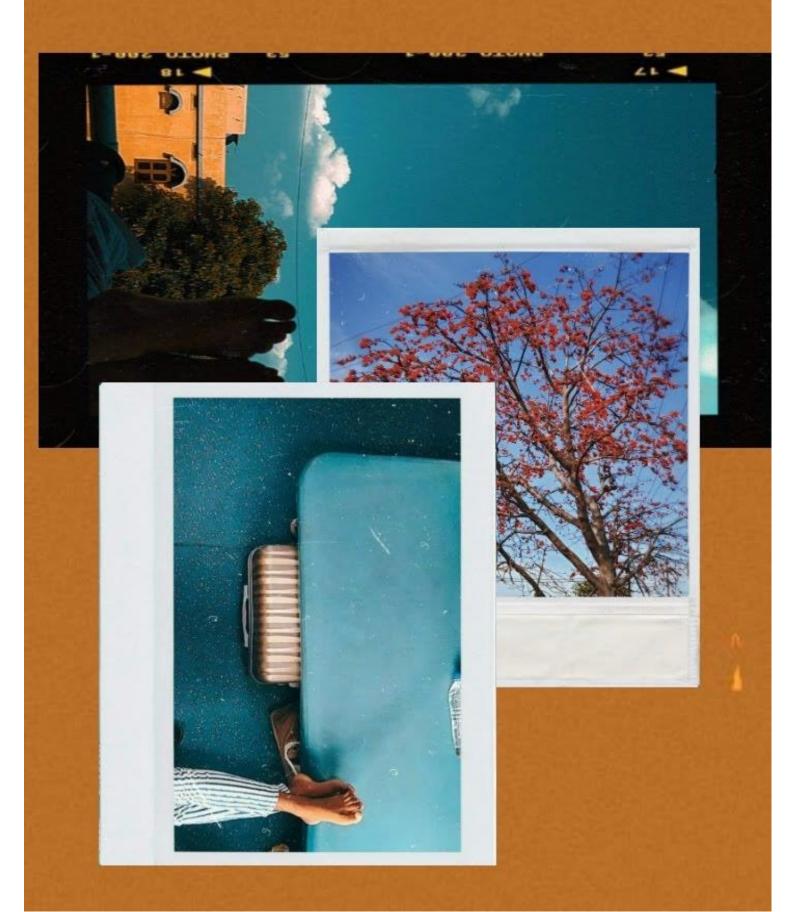


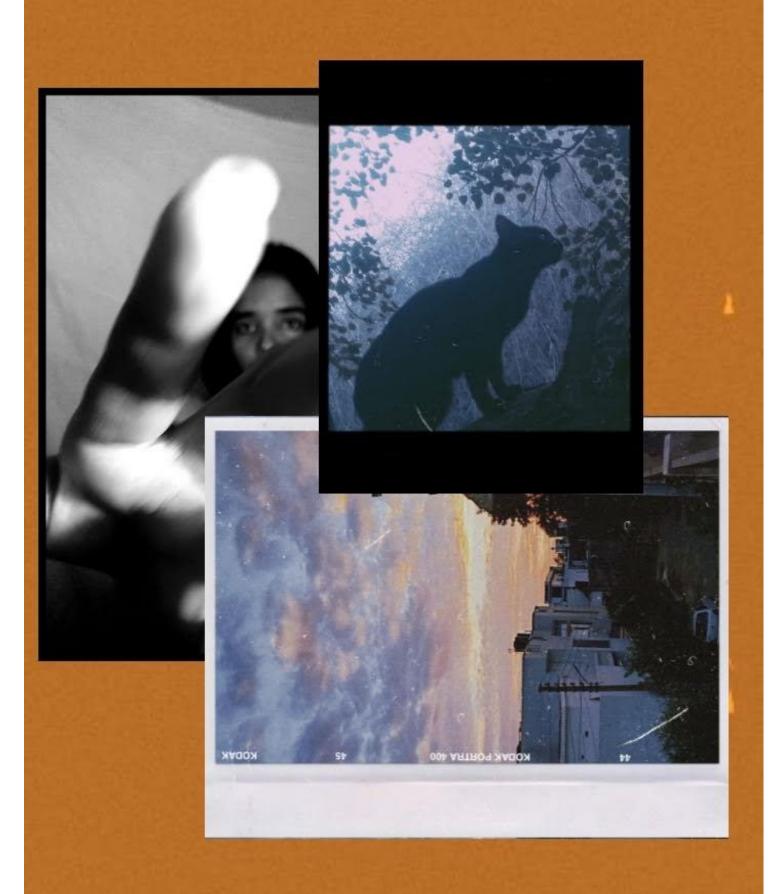


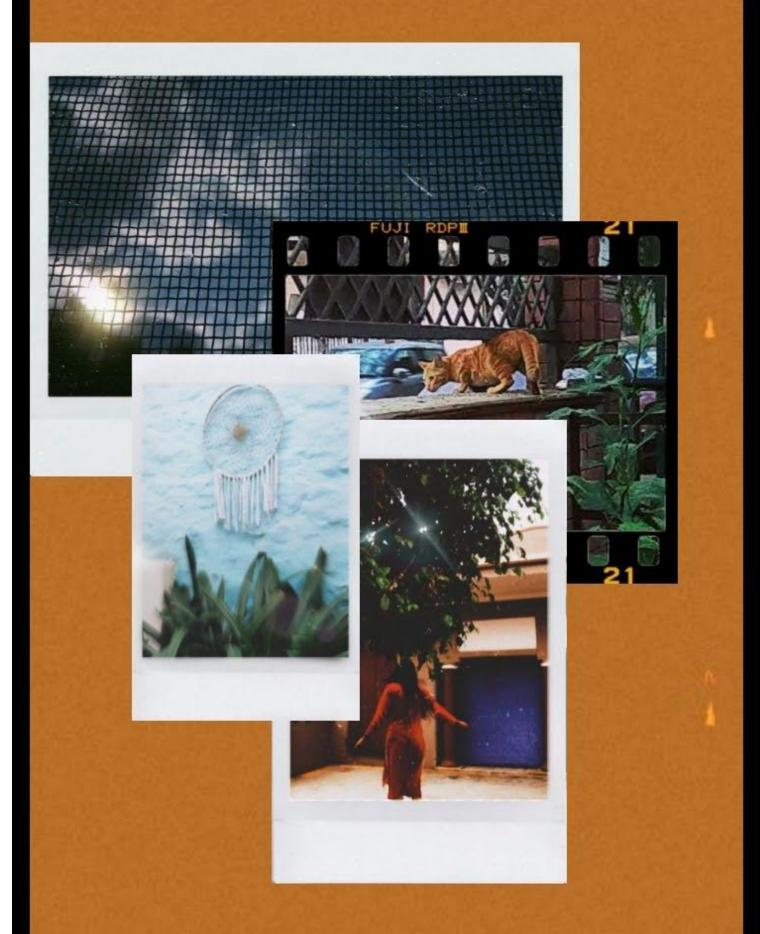
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The English Department is one of the oldest in Kalindi College. Till recently it has had the distinction of teaching each student who has studied in this college, be it whichever course she may have taken. The English Department is known for it's excellence in classroom teaching and interaction. Through it's departmental society Mitrakshar (English Literary Society) has over the years organised intellectually stimulating programmes for it's 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, it's 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 Fourth volume, Issue 2. 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 it's online publication in the spirit of nurturing the innate talent of it's students.

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