



Kalindi College, Department of English

# CAMEO



Volume VI Issue I





# Principal's Note

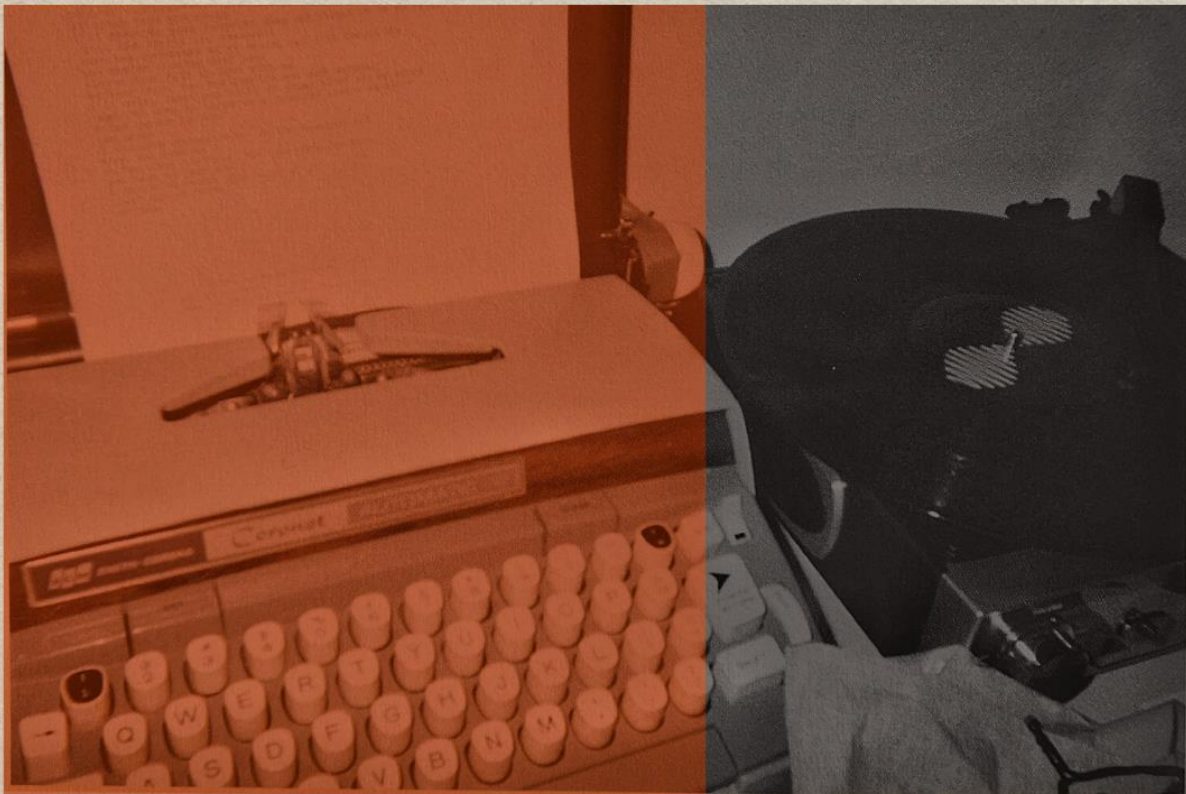


“It gives me immense pleasure that the English Department of Kalindi College continues to bring out its online newsletter, *Cameo*. It provides students of the department with a platform to showcase their creative talent in the form of short literary writings and artworks. I extend my best wishes to the students and faculty of the English department for this venture encouraging free creative expression.”

**Prof. Naina Hasija**



# Poems & Prose





I've said it all. I let it all out. Still, I feel something is left. It's probably something I wanted to hear but couldn't. Is it too much if I wish a person would say just the right words? I guess that never happens. Everyone is trying but that doesn't mean the emptiness goes away. It leaves you tempting. And though it may be an ugly feeling, shouldn't I acknowledge it?

Everyone has greedy desires and probably this one is mine. Maybe this want for perfection from others comes from the need for perfection I have for myself. And just because I accept it doesn't mean I don't detest it. This is my attempt to understand myself a little, my attempt of being the person I am looking for in others.

Ryu.

Avni Nagar

B.A. (Hons.) English, I year





## Strangling from Entangled

Two souls entangled with each other,  
one calls it love, the other has a lot to uncover.  
He rolls her in embrace,  
her heart beats with a strange pace.  
The embrace slowly turns into a cage,  
she knows nothing, but finds him a mage.  
Is it sorcery that makes her body look perfectly fine...? even her wounds, he treats  
them with brine.  
He hugs her, kisses her forehead,  
little does he know, her body; its dead.  
Her body glows as she moves in elegance,  
her flesh eaten raw, her soul begs a renaissance.  
His devotion seems peculiar,  
he gains control and her life is now a blur.  
He haunts her in day, let alone when its dim,  
no matter what, her soul doesn't escape from him. Her agony shoots, and she  
continues to suffer,  
he endears her deeper and days get rougher.  
He claims it's love, she has something to tell which she can't utter,  
two souls, one strangled to the other.

Hrishita Gupta  
B.A. (Hons.) English, II year





## *Jeevitham*

The idea of life has been tormenting human beings for ages. How shall one look at it? Life is volatile, it takes numerous forms. One might see it in a temporal sense, others might simply call it joy, sprouting every minute out of everything. It is a complex process where one struggles to keep on moving. Some say life is about moving on. It is difficult to say if one can really define life, but an urge to understand it persists. At one moment or another, we all take a long pause to reflect upon something abstract like life. O.V. Vijayan has dealt with this abstract quest in one of his novels 'The Legends of Khasak', originally written in Malayalam and translated into English by the author himself.

Vijayan introduces life as an endless journey with various stations in all its complexity. One can ride along with a final destination, can take multiple halts without any destination at all or veer in any direction at any instant. It isn't about our choices all the time; life can itself push us into directions unknown. There is no assurance of understanding the nuances of life but often it manages to amaze us and, in the process, we gain valuable experience. Vijayan writes in the novel, "for the Earth is not round but an experience of the fallible human mind", which highly emphasizes the significance of experience which life provides us. Vijayan doesn't confine himself only to the human realm only but also puts life beyond it. People of Khasak believe dragonflies to be the memory of the dead, which indicates immortality of being; human beings; life. By not ending it in the human realm, Vijayan has represented life as something eternal. People in the imaginary world of Khasak talk about people not dying at all but coming back in another form. There is one instance where Ravi doesn't cut the names of dead children from the school register as if they were still alive. If one is dead, one's memory will be there, flourishing in the form of folklore, written accounts at times or just a lost memory at the other... These memories constantly revolve around us alive! Just like dragonflies revolve around the people of Khasak. Vijayan begins the life of this very novel from a bus stop and ends it at the same bus stop but keeps it open ended. Stories of almost all characters remain inconclusive and those who are dead, their memories would turn into a dragonfly to become a part of another legend of Khasak...

Vijayan represents this form of life through the perspective of the human mind. A mind which constantly seeks meaning of existence, thinks whether it is a "sin" to live or a joy? Is it confined to this birth only or it lives forever in the form of memory? Ravi keeps asking these questions along with this sense of fear of never getting any answer to these questions. This agony can be observed strongly when Ravi says, "I am destined not to know and yet this curse is on me - the knowledge that Truth is, and that it is forbidden to man". Whether he completes his journey of understanding life or not is something that only readers can decide.

Jai Shree

B.A. (Hons.) English, III year



## Roses Painted Red

The black blood that stains the wall keeps calling my name. The longer I stare at it, the longer it stares back. Its screams echo in the small room. I inch closer and reach out. My fingers dip in the liquid, staining them in red. I stare in wonder at what once was mine, now lays forgotten in this cold room. Wiping my fingers on my white - now red- shirt, I force my aching limbs to move.

It doesn't work.

I cannot remember if the blood was fresh or not. All I remember are the white roses in the back garden. I walk through the field spotted with white as I breathe in the clean air. The sound of the stream behind me and the blue of the sky above.

Peace.

Finally,

I close my eyes and take a deep breath, hoping to catch the scent of the roses, all in vain. I cannot even imagine it for I have never buried my nose in a rose. I never had the chance. I let the black surround me as I took my final breath. I never will have the chance.

Kavya Agarwal

B.A. (Hons.) English, II year





## MOMENTS

I sat in the back of the car half asleep with the thought of the approaching end scribbled through my brain. It was the first day. We still had time. But it was going to run out and I'd have to go back and I was scared that I'd forget to be sad about it. I feared that as the days would go along, I'd settle back and maybe someday suddenly I'd feel a tightening in my chest and think of this moment but that too would soon go away. I was scared I'd forget to think about this place if I left, so I put on my music and decided to drift back to sleep. I couldn't think about not being here. I had to get all that I could while I had the time. I wasn't going to be the only one that time was passing through. I wouldn't be there to see all the ways in which she would change. But then neither would she. How much of a stranger would I become when I won't be there to sit next to her, listen to her stories about all the things she was thinking about? How many lives would I phase out of? I had no way of knowing. There was no way around it. For so long I was so consumed with going away I never realized I'd be leaving behind so much too and as the realization grew there wasn't much time left to settle with it. Just a matter of months and everything beyond seems so uncertain. I want to hold on to the laughs and the jokes and all the conversations. But they would slip away. Of course, they will. Like everything else did. I won't remember it instinctively after a while. After sometime I'd have to go back to them, take a minute to think about them. Recall what I wanted to remember. It scared me but we had to move. I wanted to. For the longest time that's all I have wanted to do. I just hope even if after sometime all of this doesn't remain with me for every minute, it comes back to me in moments. Maybe through a melody or a picture or the pink sky and I remember all that I had shared with her, and smile.

Rama Singh  
B.A (Hons.) English, III Year





## TO PLATH

A basement where she was found  
And the endless sea in which she tried to drown  
I know it hurts, I know that feeling Plath.  
I remember you calling 'dying' an art  
You performed it exceptionally well!  
You don't know Bukowski, do you?  
I wish you read him.  
He would have saved you the trouble, of making that oven dirty  
I want to believe you didn't read him  
You were so self-contained  
A confessional poet meeting an open one.  
Nah! that probably scared you off!  
A coward reading a bold one  
perhaps not your genre?  
I hope you did that for poetry  
I still remember 11 February, 1963  
You, hospital, drowning, pills, sex, bleeding, warm blood, warm bath, asylum,  
letters and each of your sprees.  
Excruciating ! I know it was  
But now you are free.

Satyastuti

B.A. (Hons.) English, II year





## FINDING

That's how I'll find it  
Just like Ginsberg did through Whitman  
Like Milton did through Virgil  
Like Pope did through Milton  
I hope I'll find it in some neon supermarket  
or, reading a mock epic  
or by putting up my headphones, listening to Hozier  
or maybe I'm Plath, with herself for her topics.  
Maybe through a movie, dead poets society?  
or TV series, 'You'?

Or through the tears like rain outside our windows.  
A good rhyme, a good sound, a complicated arrangement of words,  
which intimidates people, to even try and criticize it.  
That's how I want to write, for once!

And I'll find it, in between the rifling pages of life, till then I'll write, I'll write trash  
and welcome you with open arms to vomit all over.  
"In search of great perhaps" for which Alaska went over.

Satyastuti

B.A. (Hons.) English, II year





## WISH I COULD TELL YOU

We're left annihilated and traumatised when someone quadrangle to us departs this life; but when "mom" give up the ghost, one is left with zilch howbeit a cerebral and phrenic lethal, quotidian. What coerce existence?? MOM, sommer not a locution but an unabridged emotion.

Lately, two of my friends lost their mom. With COVID cases augmenting diurnal, people are also moribund. Can we even recoup someone who's no more? The answer is no. Yes we bust a gut to enliven, getting irrational and go doolally.

Leaving behind mother is losing track of oneself. But plonking myself in the possie, I wrote a poem. I ne'er covet such stich and so scribbling this was rustling heart aches. My love to people who lost their moms and are persisting along their memories.

Here I go

The fondle of you being here,

The enigma we shared,

Flinching abroad my blues,

I savvy you've been there;

The humane breeze

buzzing hugs from heaven,

Tender raindrop

falling on seventh;

Vest-pocket snow flakes bestowing on your face,

Oh, they trimmed with an angel lace,

The bluebird's chirping twitter

I desiderate I could trace;

The glees and tears

lock-horns throat in my ears,

The usher light who forged it right,

Modus operandi, I couldn't fear!

Close-knit solicitous ways,

Those drop-dead pulchritudinous days,

The shots of juncture

and yet it lays;

Whensoever I smile

I root you out here,

Discarnate- in hallucination

howbeit cognisant you're here;

I whoop you,

I espy you,

You dote on me,

viz I do;

-To all who lost their mothers and are persisting along with the memories.

Vanshika Gupta

B.A. (Hons.) English, I year

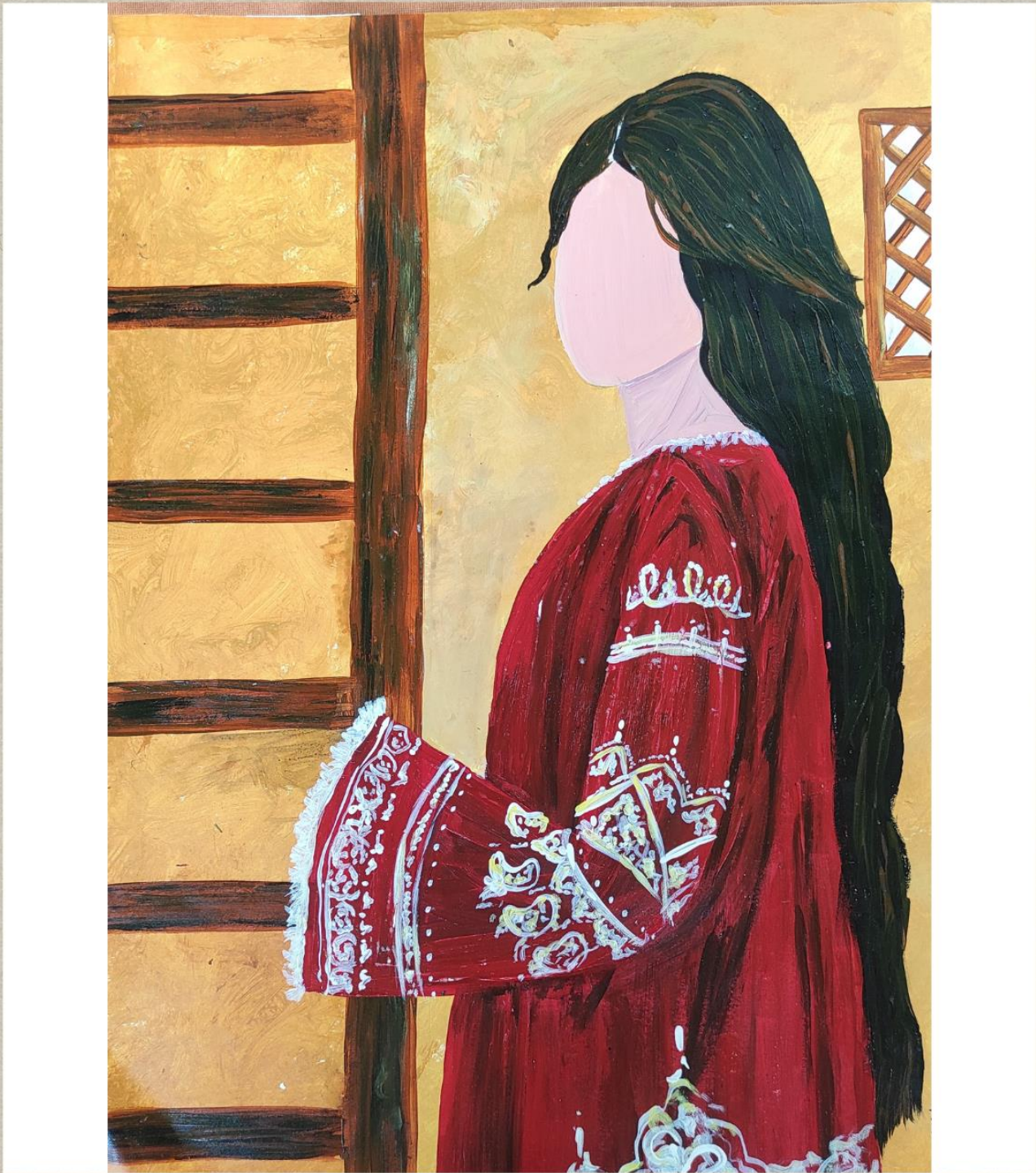




# Artwork Entries







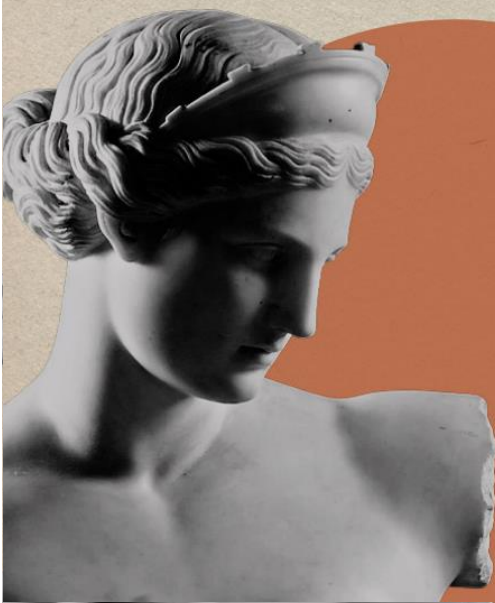
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**Samiksha Gosain**  
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**Aditi Saluja**  
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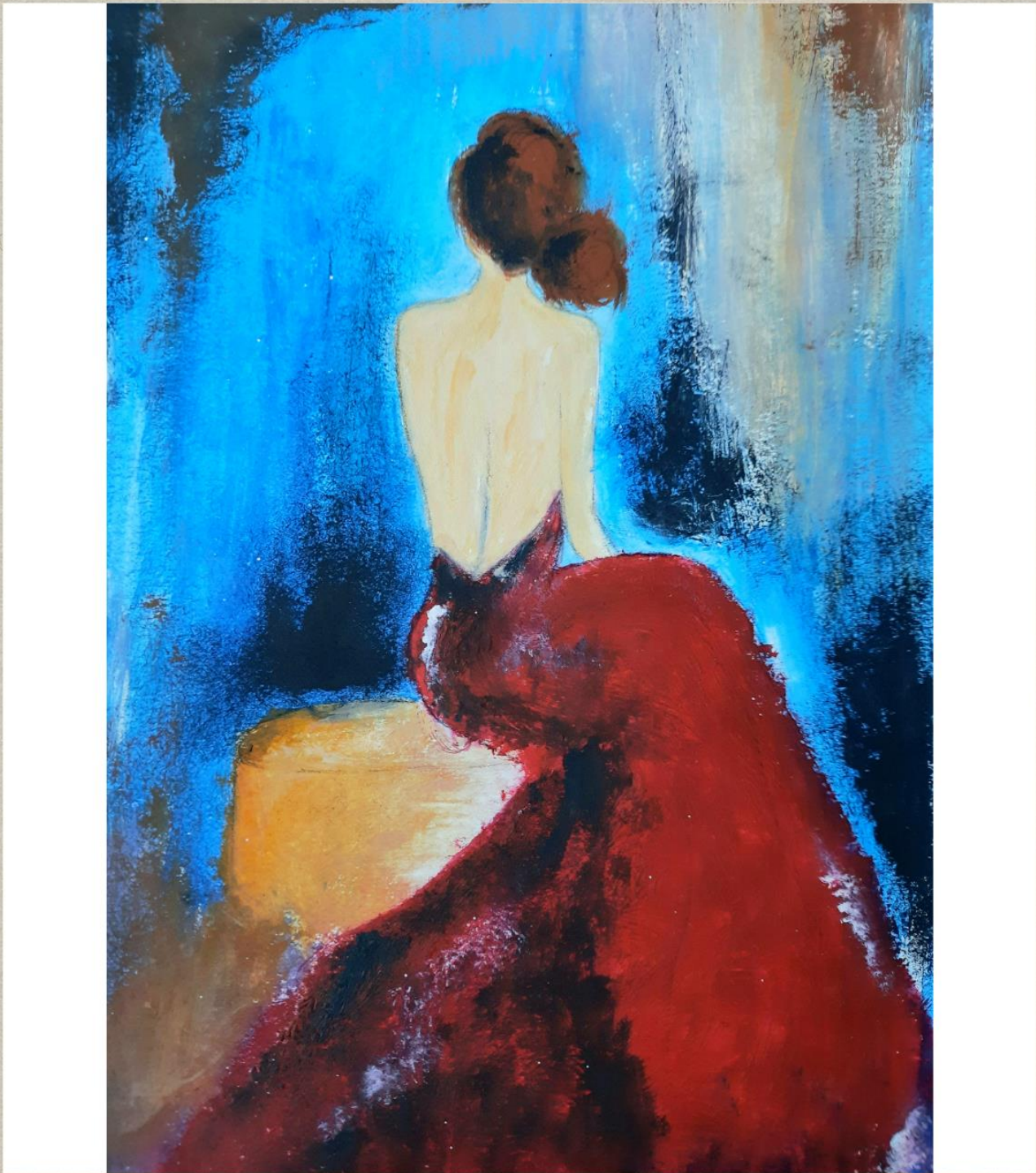
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1st Year



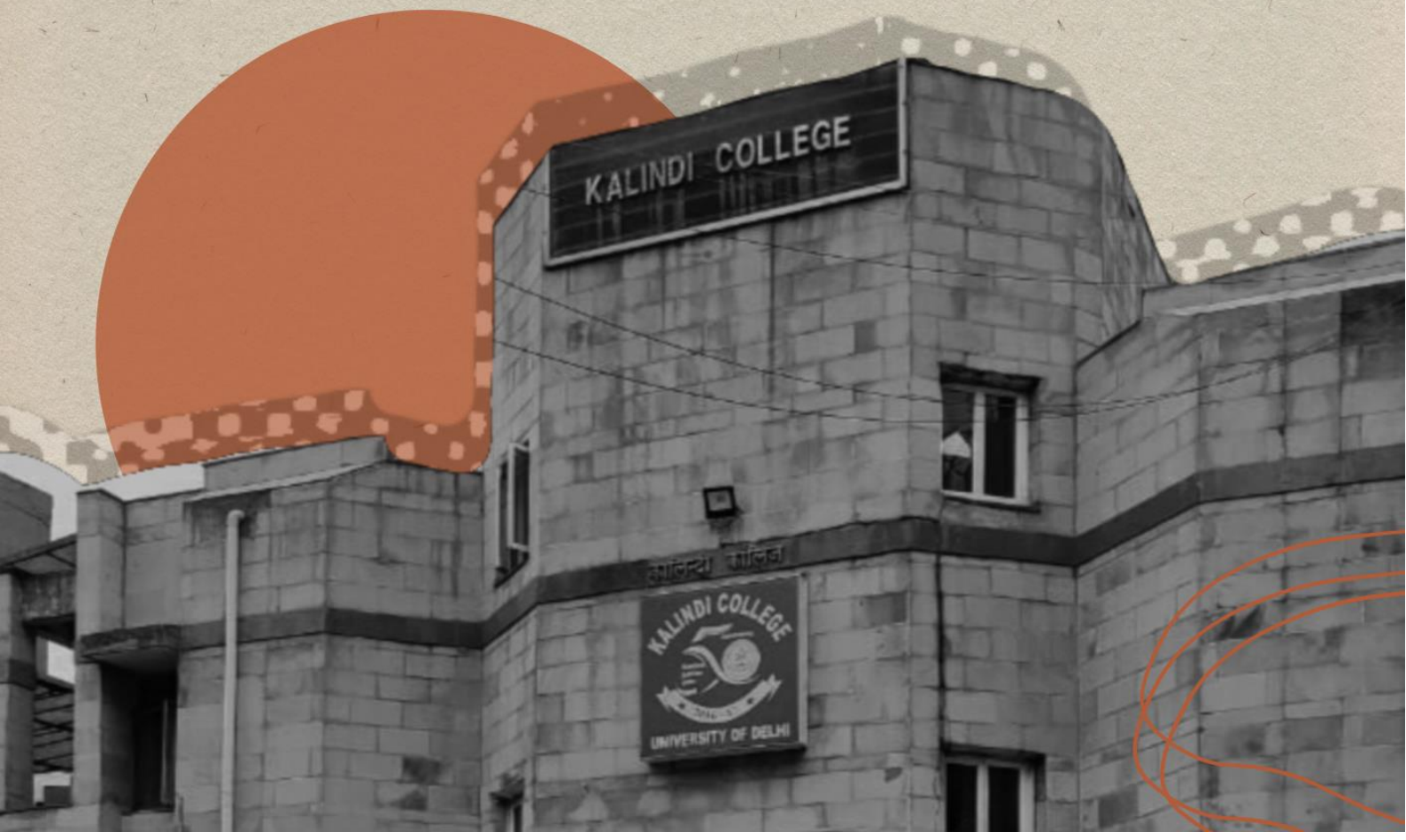


Avni Nagar  
1st Year

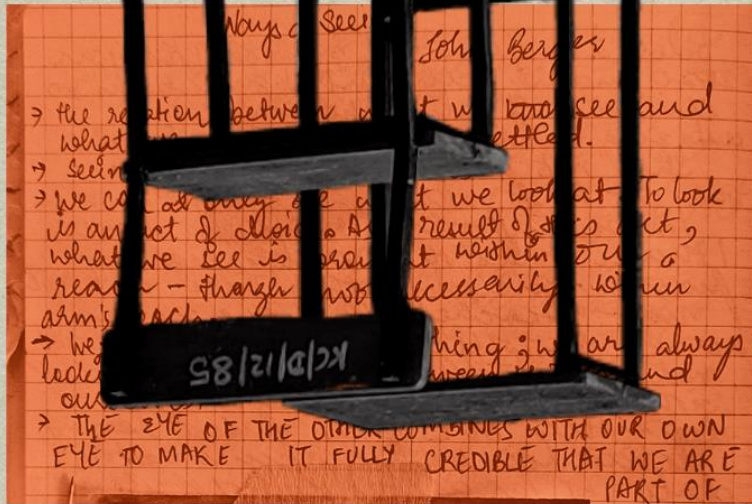


The English Department is one of the oldest in Kalindi College. Till recently it had the distinction of teaching each student who has studied in this college, be it whichever course they may have taken. The English Department is known for its excellence in classroom teaching and interaction. Through 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 sixth volume, first issue. 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.







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