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SRI AUROBINDO
COLLEGE



**Annual Newsletter of
Department of English**



THE TEAR DROPS THAT SPOKE

I was born in Tikamgarh, Madhya Pradesh, in the year 1983 in a middle class working family. Like two of my elder siblings, I too had dreamt of a life of luxuries, comforts and happiness, only to be bargained away by my bankrupt father to our arrogant landlord who lived in the city, thousands of kilometers away... I was just six then, but clearly understood the harsh complexities of life! This was not a life that I had wanted. Seeing children go to school every day and playing with their friends without the slightest worry, was something that I longed for. But on the contrary, I was made to work day and night at 'sahibs' home letting my dreams and aspirations fade into oblivion... My words could never express more than my tears did, they spoke as if calling out to my parents to set me free from those invincible shackles. It was in the same year 1989 that the Bhagalpur Riots took place back home, killing my only family along with 1,070 other Muslims. It took me a year to come to terms with my entire family's death which left an irreparable wound in my soul...

Today, I am twenty years old, still living a life which is not mine. Sahib passed away three years ago and fortunately left me a mere sum of a thousand rupees. I now work in an umbrella factory keeping my body and soul together to survive in a metropolitan.

Every now and then, I keep looking out for new work, but when set against the backdrop of an urban landscape, all hopes fail... I have no one to share my joy or sorrow, my trials and tribulations, my tears and happiness and my hopes and disappointments. But then, life has taught me to be strong because of the harsh childhood that I have endured. Today, technology transcends all boundaries but does love do the same? An ocean of happiness is not what everybody gets. Life is beautiful, isn't it? But my life has a void that can never be filled. Sitting besides the window in my

two-room apartment, which has been fortunately allotted to me, I often trace my childhood and tears never seem to stop... I do not even remember the faces of my parents very clearly, cursing the very existence of my 'empty' life. Finding strength within my grief, each day of my life passes away, teaching me a new lesson.

Suffering has always been a vehicle for deep spiritual growth. Those who have endured great suffering are generally the ones who evolve into great beings... I have a few good friends who enlighten my life in some form or the other giving me a new ray of hope and a new perspective to look at life. And although we have so much to lose in friendship, yet we have so much to gain! My life flows like a river, which keeps flowing in spite of the various obstacles it comes across. I ask myself often that should I take the easy way out by succumbing to the arduous tests of time, or challenge life and fight back with the 'sword of hope'?

Had my father been alive, I wouldn't have been able to forgive him for taking away my childhood, but his love and warmth is all that I want today, even though he has gone into an eternal sleep. My mother's tender hands over my head and her soft words of love are all that I want, all that I can ask for!! The laughter and joy of my siblings still rings in my ears as if they are a part of my life even today...

My friend always tells me, dreams written on sand were never to stay, then why cry if they got washed away...!'. All I can say is that there were tears that spoke then, there are tears that speak now, but with optimism a week flare, I know, I can overcome even destiny!!

ISHAN SETHI
Final Year

POSSESSION AND DECEPTION

Dew-dropped
velvet rose, flushed red
among the green withering leaves.
I admired.

Twirling inside my stomach
crawling up my throat
possession reached the tip of
my finger.
I plucked.

Few days past
between the faded crimson petals
in my palm, I pulled out a thorn
from my skin.
I felt deceived.

One metaphor later, the rose
ceased to be what it was
the moment I pulled it
off, for my pleasure.
I realized.

My craving for possession
limits the value of that what I love,
so darling, I'll let you
bloom in your garden, for my eyes
would bleed if my want reduces you
to nothingness.
I sigh.

MEGHNA SINGH
Final Year

FOR MY FATHER

For the person who
wanted to see me fly,
And gave me the freedom
to choose the sky.
For one who rarely
expressed his feelings,
But cared for mine,
as he wanted me to shine.

"Be a nice man" – once he
told.
For one who inspired me
to be clear and bold.
For one who filled the
image of hero in my mind,
And in nature, is very
gentle and kind.

"I wanna do this, I wanna
do that"-
To all things I asked, gave
permission so fast.
And brought me things I
liked, before I would ask.

For one who played
football with me, with a
balloon.
And the one who still
accompanies me to a
salon.

Took me places, where I
created memories,
the ones which still give
me smiles.
For the one with whom I
can walk miles.
Yes, this is for my
FATHER.
My father who wanted to
see me fly,
And gave me the freedom
to choose the sky.

ASHISH KUMAR
Second Year

The Education System of India

India is considered as one of those countries which have the toughest schooling system. Though Indians are spread across the world and have reputed jobs, the question to be debated is- whether the rigors of Indian schooling are actually worth it or not?

American Inventor Steve Wozniak recently stated that, "The culture here is one of success based upon academic excellence, studying, learning, practising and having a good job and a great life. That's a lot like Singapore: study, study, work hard and you get an MBA, you will have a Mercedes but where is the creativity? The creativity gets left out when your behaviour is too predictable and structured, everyone is similar. I am not an anthropologist and I don't know the culture of India well enough. I don't see those big advances in tech companies. What is the biggest tech company here, Infosys maybe? I just don't see that sort of thing coming out of Infosys and I have done keynotes for them three times."

Though he was slammed back then for his remark, but if we dwell deeper into what he said, was it completely wrong? Probably not. We all know that at NASA, around 40% of the scientists are Indians but most of them have done their higher studies in US itself or other reputed foreign universities. Our honourable

Prime Minister Narendra Modi once said that we Indians should be job-givers rather than job-seekers. In our education system, students are judged by their marks not by their intelligence and skills, or rather we can say that their intelligence is judged by their marks. We have a very close example of the institution in which we are studying- "University of Delhi". All over India, it is famous for its high cut-offs and to get into the so-called prominent North Campus colleges, one has to score above 95%. So if a student does not score so much, is he/she to be considered intelligent? Not at all. Alas! In India things are very different. Most of the students are studying only for percentage instead of gaining knowledge, and this mentality has to change. The concept of running behind marks should be challenged at the school level itself. A student should not be someone who necessarily excels only in academics but also in sports, singing, dancing and extracurricular activities. There should be an overall personality development too. Hence, we need to have slight modifications in our education system where students with less marks should also be encouraged to pursue their passion. Maybe a time would come when most of the gold in Olympics would be won by Indians!!!

ANUKRITI SHARMA
First Year

the LIGHT WITHIN

There is this light that I cannot see,
that light is not outside but within me.
All my childhood, I was enlightened by this light
When did the time come that I lost its sight?
It might have been in my report cards

All the time that light was within yards.
I have fooled myself all my life,
that I have searched for it in disguise.
Maybe, I was driving myself too much,
that I have lost its divine touch.

If I had seen it at first,
I would not have longed for its thirst.
Thank God! I am able to recognize the light,
that lay within me with its beautiful sight.

I have been fighting this lifelong fight,
To see in the end, just a glimpse of that light.

VISHAL CHAUDHARY
Second Year

Crowd at the India gate,
There always is,
Two pools, long at both sides,
And jamun trees in the park.
Some are ripe.
When you go plucking some,
They say it's auctioned.
The road from Rashtrapati Bhavan to
India gate, Rajpath,
where the Republic Day parade takes
place,
Is also almost sold off.
But I wonder- How they will stop the
squirrels?

PUSHKAR
First year

The night is cruel in winters,
And then come rays bringing happiness.
It has come in the DDA parks.
It hasn't arrived here; the sky-rise
buildings didn't let it through.

There, grandmas' and grandpas' have
been out on a walk with their grandkids.
And there are people who were out all
night.
A dog finds some sun and sleeps there.
It hadn't slept the whole night.

People living under the flyovers,
'Show us your Aadhaar,'
They don't have one.
'then, you can't stay here,'
Can someone please ask Kingfisher and
Reliance for one?

PUSHKAR
First Year

The Dream to Fly

It's all cramped up and dark,
Like I am caged inside these walls.
Slimy, with just enough to breathe;
No clue to what had been my future,
Or what my past will be.

Stagnant in the void, I heard a soothing
noise;
Unsettling all in me like the call of
divine voice.
A tussle began between the limiting
prison and me,
Cracked open the shell, handing me
freedom's keys.

A revelation of the heaven's infinite
blue above ,
The place of my calling- the dreamy
abode of love.
Seeing it within grasp, tears rolled
down my eyes,
My heart filled with bliss and I rejoiced.

Savouring the sky, a chill went down
my spine,
As my gaze met that of a hovering
winged giant.
Fear may have inherently been
induced, but
It was something else that shattered
me,
My will to live, the dream to soar the
skies,
All my existence was reduced to
unyielding fluttery.

Seeing my pathetic attempts to fly, he
smiled disdainfully.
Foresaw my only option- escape to
ocean waters, and
Swooped towards me to perform the
elegant slaughter.
Fate stood there mocking me, as I
fluttered in vain,
Still trying to get the slightest feel of
tasting the Heavens.

ANIKET RANJAN
Second Year

