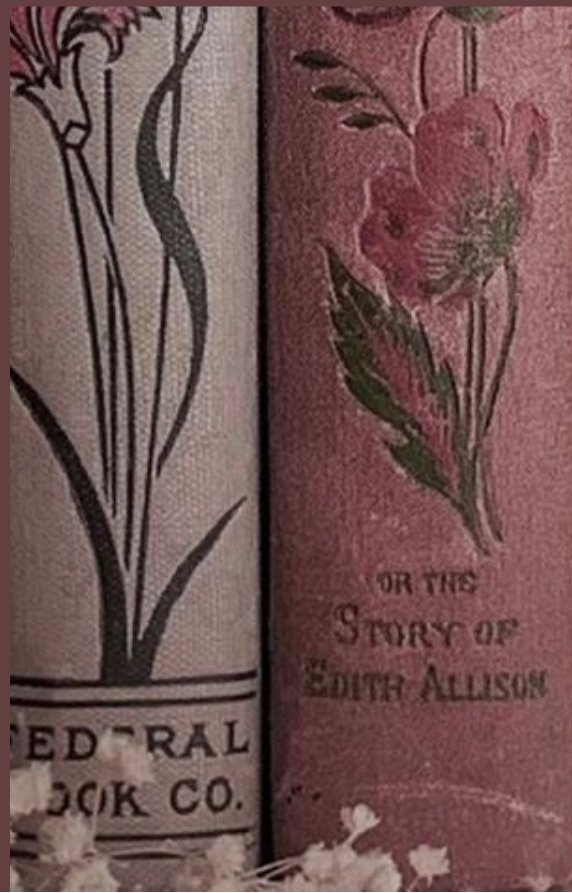
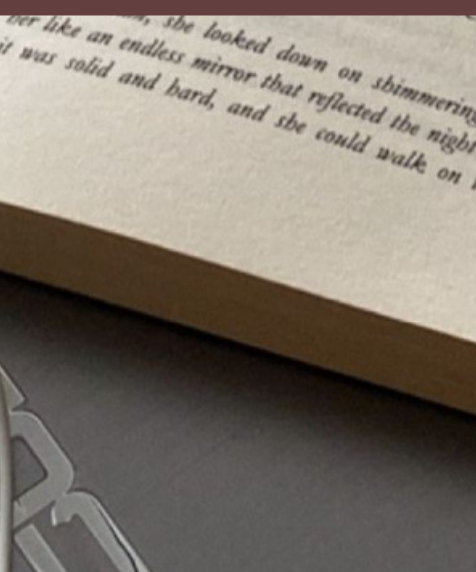


DANDELION



ALL WOUNDS DON'T HEAL

~ Sruthi Subramaniam

A punch in my stomach, A slash on my back. Ropes
around my wrists, My head in a sack.

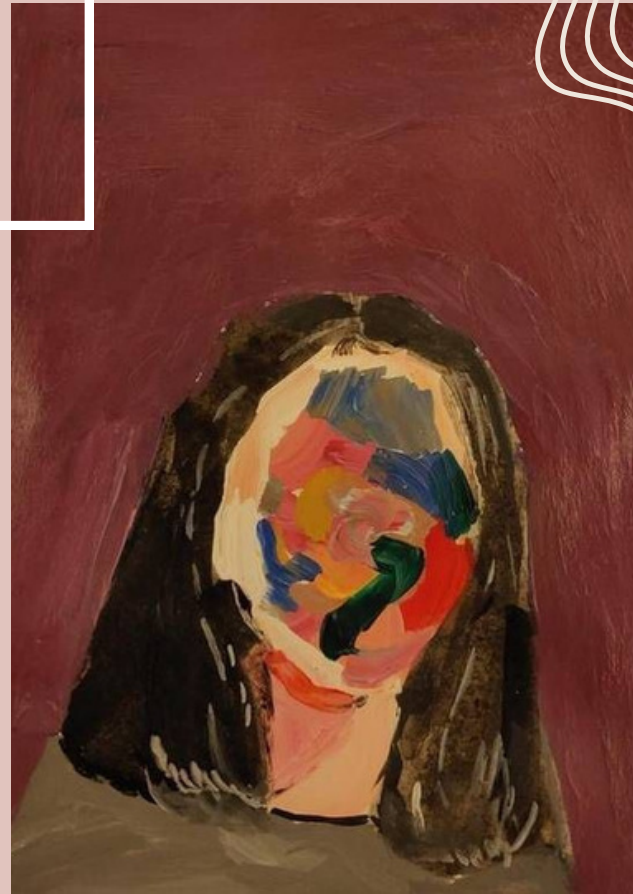
I ignored the searing pain And stood back up on my feet.
I was not ready to give up, Not till my heart had no beat.

I came here for one thing, I wouldn't leave without. She
warned me beforehand, but I ignored her shout.

Parents almost never agree With anything that we say.
To that I usually adjust, But sorry, not today.

I felt myself fall again, Back onto the ground. But this
time I didn't have it in me I was beaten and pound

Her sobs became fainter, My brain folded in. I slowly got
my punishment, But I know, I did no sin.



WINDOW TO HEAVEN

~ Akhilesh Sridharan



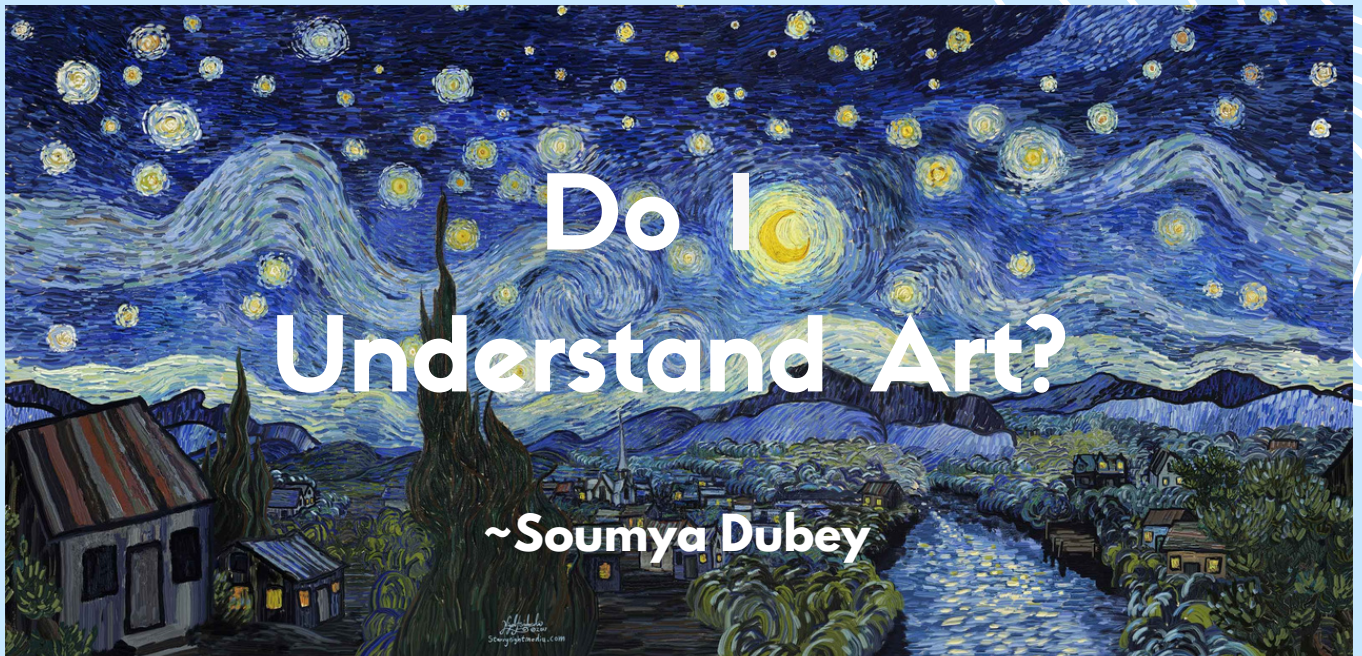
As droplets trickled down my windowpane,
And the sun veiled itself in disdain.
Conifers and Junipers packed the hillslope,
Occasional thunder lit the dismal sky with hope.

The warmth from the hearth made it restful,
As I peered through the casement soulful,
Sitting on my bed uptilt,
Wrapping my torso up with a quilt.

Croaks and chirps together sounded like symphony,
the wind carried the scent of peony.
I lost track of time gapping at this timeless sight.
The stars began to sparkle bright.

Distant lights illuminated the foothills across the seas,
Just as the drizzle slowly began to cease.
The moon unveiled itself gently,
Casting its kind angelic light mildly

Never have I seen an outlook so mesmerizing,
Never will I see an outlook so mesmerizing.
As waves washed the sparkling shore sand,
Whilst I realized heavens were here on land



"I must not have written this if it were not for art.

To me, art is not limited to talent or skill; rather, it is a way of living. It is about how you prepare your coffee in the morning. It is about how you drink it. It is about the way you fight. It is about the way you think.

Pretty much, there is no limit. Art is everywhere."

She concluded her poem with these lines. It felt serene when I heard it from her. Without realizing what it meant, I just went along with the crowd and accepted her words for what they truly were. A perfect trampoline of dancing rhythms.

I met her multiple times after that day and never failed to appreciate her for those beautiful words. In reply, she would calmly smile and say "Thank you", just like we expect. But today was different. She looked unsettled, and instead of a placid smile, she asked, "Do you comprehend the essence of what I expressed about art?"

I desperately wanted to say yes. But my mind instantly travelled back to that day. It was at this moment that I realized; my admiration was for her. I never understood her words, but her poetic expression, I never delved into the depth of her verses and naively applauded their superficiality.

I stood there, submerged by the weight of her question. Then I looked at her, and her eyes were filled with a glimmer of hope. In this vulnerable moment, I decided to be honest.

"I must confess," I began, my voice soft yet sincere. "I was enchanted not just by the verses but by the way you breathed life into them. I may not have decoded what you said about art, but I have felt your art."

She looked at me with a yearning gaze, craving to be fathomed. I longed to offer her words that could soothe her wounds, but all that escaped my lips were these simple phrases.

"Today, as you questioned me, I realized that I had merely skimmed the surface. As I now understand, it was about sensing the pulse of emotions and the untold stories that each word was infused with."

She intercepted, saying, "The way you said it is an art." I stood there confused, and before I could ask, she smirked and left.

I never got to see her again. I have been over this a thousand times, but here I am clueless with her voice echoing in my brain, "Do you comprehend the essence of what I expressed about art?" I still find myself wondering, "Do I understand art?"

LIKE ANOTHER DAY

-Sila Mishra



As I left my humble abode of green,
I saw the metro stations in between,
More hugs and kisses than weddings galore,
Lovebirds and embraces, never a bore.

The hospitals heard more prayers each day,
Than the graveyards where the dead now lay,
Hopeful souls and faith abound,
Echoing through the halls profound.

Pigeons perched on electric wires,
More than those on terraces to inspire,
City life and its winged friends,
Their presence never truly ends.

More people behind bars than healing,
Seeking solace, but fate unyielding,
Therapy needed, but justice prevails,
More bottled up than freeing tales.

More liquor stores than places to read,
A sobering thought, indeed,
Cigarettes more common than jobs,
As the unemployed wander like lost mobs.

More accidents than cycles on the street,
A dangerous race, with no retreat,
The odds against, the future bleak,
A cautionary tale we must all heed.

More high-rise buildings than the stars,
Some with windows, some without,
On the back of the serpentine road,
There goes someone switching on the light

As I head home there are items in the list,
More than the dreams behind my eyes,
Some songs whispered as the dough kneaded,
There still lies another Sunday before all Mondays.

The Dilemmatic Spiral



~Vedansh Pandey

I woke up at 12 noon on Sunday. And yes, I am fed up with being educated by pep talks such as , " You are a habitual late riser ", " You seem to follow no routine to achieve your goals" and so on. So before moving ahead, promise me that you will not chant these things if you are a child or a job professional (Because I know that college students won't).

Even if you do , I'll happily ignore it since I had woken up to a weather where large clouds covered the sky and cool winds ran through the fields, slapping my face lovingly as a mother does to his child and I could feel the winds tickle through my body. These winds were capable enough to make the trees dance on their beats. The sun tried to catch a view of this enchanting environment through veiled glances, hiding behind the clouds. Even the insects could not resist their temptation when the sweet aroma of flowers took control of their senses. Just when this natural beauty had captivated me, it started drizzling.

For me, it was an escape. An escape from the laborious day that had caught hold of me and I was like an insect caught in a spider's web, pleading for mercy. Six hours of schooling and extra tuition hours tormented me more than what Hitler did to his subjects. But finally, here was the day. The day where I would not scratch my head thinking about my shortcomings and rectifying them. The day where I would not complain and curse my god for not favouring me at crucial times. The day when I would let myself know that the power of satisfaction surpasses that of forceful introspection. The day when I would wash all my worries with the rainwater cascading right from heaven.

I could sense someone pinching me and I was awakened to reality. "Go, get ready for your school. It's already 6 o'clock". Parental stuff, you know. I was in for another tormentous day and I could see the sun chuckle at my foolishness as I stepped out of my house.

WHERE YOU LEARN

-Nevish Pathe



Let's start dreaming
and waves go streaming
Dreaming a spot where you fool
your besties in the school

Where your teachers
don't call upon you 'funny creatures'
Dreaming a spot what you could live
getting more than you give

Where maths for buddies is not any fear
and teachers say, "You solve, my dear!"
Where marvels of science unfold
to reveal the truth untold

Where wisdom is showered
and your brains are powered
Where teacher-student is the best relation
and the cause of sorrow and elation

Where students beneath the roof
have diverters far aloof
Where students are netizens
growing forward citizens

Where books are not boring
making you roaring
Where there are no tests only for the best
leaving the rest in tempest

Where teachers shape the mould
from a feather to fine gold
Where to get knowledge for free
and devote yourselves to the wisdom-tree

Where you don't leave the memories of past
and are close to your heart till you last
Where classrooms are like your dorms
no fear of rules nor the storms

Where interesting are studies
for cheeky buddies
And where sports
are not dramas of courts

When plenty of chances you have got
to enjoy the dances you were taught
Time seems to be falling short
to show your talent to the lot

Where matter no books
neither your looks
Where you get everything from books
to your favourite cooks

Where labs and libs are not far
for you little shining star
Where it's proud
being a part of crowd

Where there are no periods in your thinking
keeping your mind always blinking
Where no one cries
with punishments as lies
Where no one vies
for tears in eyes

An Ideal School is the place
where you rise, where you grace
It's not a building so high
but the memory of an eye.

Having spent so much time
I'm bugged matching the rhyme
Dreaming a place where you can charm
feeling it as your very own farm

With all this, I'm too fine
Is your School better than mine?!

IVY - (AN ILLICIT AFFAIR?)

-Ananya Bist

How's one to know?
The excruciating disposition of the Faux.
Serendipity of ivy of ardour, burgeoning inside
Yet the Essence of reality overlooking this sight,
Oh! damned be its commiserating eyes.
With the mind, now accustomed to survive pretentious lives,
But the eyes, how could they lie, never would they lie.
Every night I shut my eyes, lying down, pursuing the story
that could have been mine
, With your soul growing in mine, head on my shoulders,
our breaths intertwined.
But Alas! the Morning comes, dismantling the castle,
dehazing the fantasies I weaved,
As we don't belong, and for someone else's lover
How could I grieve,
Oh! How dare I grieve
So, I sit back, smothering the turbulence of passion rising
inside
Fate commanding me to adore from sight,
Craving the signs, yet adore from sight.
Woe is me! unfathomable be the words of my plight
but the heart learnt to stay quiet,
now loves to stay quiet.



NOT A CRAZY SHOE POEM!

-Rujuta Pradhan



Where did I lose my shoe?
I asked I really don't know of who.
My feet, my lineage, an heirloom familial,
Their crookedness,
my only semblance congenial
, Frenzy to camouflage a flaw so trivial,
A mask so perfect, acceptably imperial,
Was my impeccable shoe!

I wore it with pride,
Comforted, now no one can deride,
The imaginary ugliness that I hide,
Inside the shoe, always by my side,
'You are paradisiacal' convinced me my shoe!

Foot and shoe, stuck like glue,
Opinions showered of a bond so true,
But languidly toxic suspicions brew,
Fictional blemishes apparent to its view,
And unrelenting to reason became my shoe!

Yet, it asserted amorously,
While my foot it devoured remorselessly,
That no other shoe,
nor boot, would ever be desirous,
Imperfections of my foot, too outrageous,
Still indispensable to vie, I thought of my shoe!

It secretly and silently,
Bit me very violently,
And yet I loved it ardently,
That someday it may fervently,
Not be my ill-fitting shoe!

I tugged and pulled at my ragged toes,
Hoping each befittingly grows,
The self-assault adding to my woes,
A threat unthinkable it did pose,
Abhorrent now were my feet to my shoe!

Years past I asked again, Where did I lose my
shoe? I really don't know of who!
They said they saw my wounds too,
But never breathed a word about
my bruises blue, Because
I quieted them every time they knew
With what I had rehearsed all through
"Its my clumsy fault and not that of my shoe!

Where did I lose my shoe?
I asked again I really don't know
of who. In unison they answered -
I mistook a block of wood for a shoe
And it wasn't really my fault too!

URGE TO IRK OUT

-Samarth Panda

When the tendons of hope fall out, While the basin of tears
dries out, When the shadows of destiny fade out
and the memory of smile dwindles out
There spreads a moment of solitude
Disrupting, degrading, discouraging
All the foundations built built by love, friendship and joy.

Such moments trap me in a cage
A dark, thorny and a huge cage and
me engulfed in a timid shape
Yelling and crying out for aid

"Oh please find me; I can't be a prisoner of
my own self" Locked beyond your reach in a far place.

I feel the pain by a far stretch but
I'm repairable Coz I can emerge out of this jail.
It's just I can't find the keys As it's pitch black in here.

I need a guide - to direct me to the keys
I will follow your voice and find them
Unlock the prison and turn on the lights.

I get trapped in these places often Buried deep within walls
Where my cries aren't heard and my struggle unseen.
I must be patient and wait for a voice Because the Urge to Irk
Out must never cease to



This was DANDELION - IITK's literary newsletter.

Dandelion is an initiative by the ELS team to provide a publishing platform to budding writers of IITK, a creative delight for reading enthusiasts and brain-tickling word games for the puzzle fans. Hope you enjoyed this edition and become not just active readers, but regular contributors to this space!

We are open to accepting entries in all formats (poems/stories/articles/reviews/anything else) by anyone (any year/branch, no need to be an ELS secretary either).

If you wish to get published (anonymously or otherwise) in our next edition, drop us an email at litsoc.iitk@gmail.com!

- by ELS team

